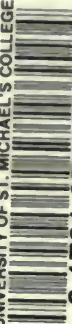


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AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Vol. VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1871.

No. 27.

Religious Orders---No. 5.

BY DR. O. A. BROWNSON.

My apology to the readers of the AVE MARIA for having delayed so long the continuation of the series of articles commenced, is that I have been prevented by ill health and other pressing engagements. In making engagements I am apt to forget that I have not the robust health and the capacity for continuous labor which I had as a younger man, and consequently am apt to undertake more than I am always able to perform. Yet at no period of my life have I been more industrious, or written and published more than since I discontinued my *Review* in October, 1864, though very little of what I have given to the public has appeared under my own name.

This fact, that my name has not been given, accounts for the impression, I am told, that a portion of the Catholic public have that since the discontinuance of my *Review* I have been doing nothing, and what is worse, that I have virtually ceased to be a Catholic, or at least an orthodox Catholic, and to have become indifferent, if not hostile, to Catholic interests. Those who have read during the last five years my articles in the *Catholic World* and the *New York Tablet*, to both of which I have been a constant contributor, to say nothing of my articles in the AVE MARIA, and my two publications, the *American Republic*, and *Liberalism and the Church*, published with my name, should be convinced that the impression in both respects does me injustice. I am a Catholic—a thoroughgoing Papist, and no one has any right to call me a liberal Catholic. If for a moment I went too far in my efforts to conciliate Liberalism and the Church, I have long since corrected my error, I have uniformly defended the Syllabus, I accept *ex animo*, the Papal supremacy and infallibility as defined by the Council of the Vatican, and I wrote, the editors of that periodical will forgive me for saying, the article on “Sardinia and the Pope,” in the *Catholic World* for this present month of June. I do not go with the Dollingers, the Hyacinths, or even with my late friend Montalembert, in the last year or two of his life. I may err, I may sin and lose my own soul, but I have never had since my conversion even a temptation against faith, have never experienced the slightest repugnance to obey any command of the Church or the Holy Father, as soon as made known to me, and if ever I have sought to restrict the Papal authority to its minimum, it has never been for my own sake, or because I wished for myself a larger margin for private judgment. I dared not exact of those without more than the law required.

I hope the readers of the AVE MARIA will pardon me this personal explanation, as they are the only public I at present address under my own name, and between whom and myself there are any personal relations. In writing to them I merely think aloud, for I regard them as true, warm-hearted friends. My reputation as a man and a writer is a matter of indifference; but my reputation as a Catholic, a loyal Papist, and a devoted son of the Church, I hold very dear, and cannot suffer to be tarnished. All my hopes for my country as for my own salvation are centered in the Church, the living body of Christ, who only hath the words of eternal life. But enough and perhaps too much of this.

My readers are aware that in my articles on the Religious Orders I am not giving their history, nor attempting to set forth the ascetic life of the cloister, to neither of which am I competent; but am considering them solely in the light in which they illustrate the uncompromising way in which the Church deals with the world in every age and country, opposing always to it the truth or an institution that condemns its dominant error and in its practical operation effectually roots out its dominant vice and establishes the opposing Christian virtue in its place. We have seen how she does this in the vow of poverty. In this vow she condemns the grasping and avaricious disposition of those who make haste to be rich, strips wealth of its prestige, and gives to poverty the place of honor,—a practical illustration of the beauty of “Blessed are the poor, or the poor in spirit.” In this the Church reverses the rule of heathenism, and even of Protestantism, that the poor are the unfortunate

classes and that riches are to be sought as the source of honor and destination. The world despises the poor, treats them with contumely and contempt, as does even modern philanthropy, which honors them not as poor, but seeks to elevate them by assisting them to escape this poverty and to become rich: the Church honors the poor, regards them as the jewels in her crown, even as poor in this world's goods.

No less striking an illustration of the same uncompromising principle is found in the vow of chastity which the religious take. This vow is fully as much in the face and eyes of our own age and country as the vow of poverty. For permitting it to be taken by her religious, and exacting it of those who wish to enter religion, the world accuses her of that mark of apostacy designated by St. Paul, that of "forbidding to marry." I remember well when I verily believed that the Church looked upon marriage as a defilement, and that she actually condemned it as sinful, and forbid it to her children. I was so taught by the books I read, and the community in which I lived. It was an absurd error, since the Church holds matrimony to be always a sacred thing *res sacra*, and under the New Law, a sacrament, a mystery symbolizing the union of Christ and the Church. The Church forbids the persons who aspire to a certain state of life to marry, but she compels no one to enter that state, and prohibits anyone to enter it except from choice and special vocations. What she exacts is that they who voluntarily and from deliberate choice take the vow shall keep it, in obedience to the command, "Thou shalt forswear thyself, but thou shalt perform unto the Lord thy vows." A vow solemnly taken is a solemn thing, and cannot be broken without grievous sin; but no one is obliged to take it, and not every one is allowed by the law of the Church to take it. This is not forbidding to marry, in the sense of the Apostle, or treating marriage as unclean and sinful. It only, while recognizing marriage as a sacrament, and therefore as holy, recognizes a higher and still more perfect state, a state like that of the angels of God, in which they neither marry or are given in marriage, to which some are specially called.

Under the Old Law maternity was held in the highest honor, for the promised Messiah was to be born of a woman, and the synagogue or congregation of Israel was propagated by natural generation; under the New Law, virginity holds the highest rank, for our Lord was born of the Virgin Mary without prejudice to her virginity, and the Church is propagated by the election of grace, by spiritual births, not by natural births. Spiritual maternity under the Christian order must necessarily be higher and more nearly connected with

births unto Christ than natural maternity. There are other reasons why under Christianity virginity should take precedence of maternity, and celibacy for the kingdom of heaven's sake should take precedence of marriage, but these are sufficient for my present purpose.

There would also be great impropriety in taking the vow of poverty, if not accompanied by the vow of chastity. This vow means something more than simply keeping the body as the temple of the Holy Ghost, and pure, undefiled; it means that, and also the renunciation of the right to form family relations and obligations, the renunciation of natural for spiritual marriage, of natural offspring for spiritual offspring. He who is not free to make and does not make this renunciation, has not the right to take the vow of poverty, or to renounce the right of private poverty. They who have family obligations are not free to take the vow of poverty, for "he who provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel, and hath denied the faith."

The vow of poverty and family relations would not and could not go well together; and every experiment made to couple them together, in or out of the Church, has proved a disastrous failure. If marriage is retained, private property must be retained. Even Plato, where, in his imaginary Republic, he proposed a community of goods, held it necessary to abolish marriage—and the Communists of our day do the same—and couple the community of goods with the community of wives, an abomination too horrible for any Christian man to contemplate.

The vow of poverty, if taken at all, must be coupled with the vow chastity in its furthest and most comprehensive sense, of the entire consecration, body and soul, to the heavenly Spouse and the complete renunciation in the natural order of family ties or relations; otherwise, the communities formed would be as fatal to morals as the proposed parallelograms of the Owenites, the phalansteries of the Fourierists, or the Oneida community of perfectionists. Any attempt to reform society by the renunciation, forced or voluntary, of private property on the maxim of the late M. Proudhon: "*La propriété c'est le vol*," without the complete renunciation implied in the three monastic vows, will not only prove abortive, but in the last degree deleterious. The communism of modern reformers is based on the principle of indulgence; the monastic communism is founded on the contrary principle of self-denial—of giving up all houses and lands, wife and children, to Christ—all sensible goods and enjoyments for the goods of the spirit, in order to imitate our Lord in His humiliation and suffering. The monastic principle effected a real reform, and was the principle

of that marvellous progress of European civilization and society from the downfall of the Western empire in the fifth century to the rise of Protestantism in the sixteenth,—a progress unequalled in any other period of human history; the principle of indulgence, or of providing for the gratification of the senses and the passions or lusts, acted on by modern liberals and reformers, has resulted in replunging most modern nations into the barbarism, the vices, the crimes, and the abominations of ancient Greece and Rome, Syria and Babylonia, even Sodom and Gomorha.

We need not wonder at the contempt of the modern world for monastic institutions and virtues, or its hostility to the devotion so fervently practised by the religious and all good Catholics to blessed Mary, ever Virgin, the Immaculate Mother of God. They are not of the world; they are a rebuke to it, and it hates them as satan hates the living God. Under the influence of the reformers or prophets who run without being sent, the world has relapsed into paganism, and it sees and can see no attraction in self-denial, no heroism in sacrifice, no beauty in the purity and sanctity of the Virgin Mother. Those things are hateful to it, for its heart is corrupt, and its light has become darkness. How should it be otherwise? Yet one of the encouraging signs of the times is the recent revived and increased earnestness of devotion to Mary the Immaculate, and the growing number of vocations to the religious life. These vocations are not as yet as many as we would wish, especially among our own countrymen to the priesthood; but they are numerous enough to make us hope that the world has reached its lowest step, and is on the point of being redeemed, and ascending through grace once more to Him who died on the Cross to serve it.

Contributions for the Holy Father.

The following-named persons have contributed to the Papal Fund:

B. F. Sheridan, Lebanon, N. H.	\$2 00
Mr. John Conahan,	2 00
Mrs. M. A. Conahan,	1 00
Miss [] for Conahan,	1 00
Mr. Alphonsus Conahan,	1 00
Miss Agnes Conahan,	1 00
Mr. John Conahan, Jr.,	1 00
Miss Fannie Conahan,	1 00
Miss Hilda Conahan,	1 00
Miss Maud Conahan,	1 00

"The reason why we make so little progress in virtue is because we try to do too much. We forget that if we possessed *one virtue* in perfection, we would be saints."

"Our Ladye of the Snow!"

BY THOS. D'ARCY MCGEE.

If, Pilgrim, chance thy steps should lead
Where, emblem of our holy creed,
Canadian crosses glow—
There you may hear what here you read,
And seek, in witness of the deed,
*Our Ladye of the Snow!**

In the old times when France held sway
From the Balize to Hudson's Bay
O'er all the forest free,
A noble Breton cavalier
Had made his home for many a year
Beside the Rivers Three.

To tempest and to trouble proof,
Rose in the wild his glitt'ring roof
To every trav'ller dear;
The Breton song, the Breton dance,
The very atmosphere of France,
Diffused a generous cheer.

Strange sight that on those fields of snow
The genial vine of Gaul should grow
Despite the frigid sky!
Strange power of man's all-conqu'ring will,
That here the hearty Frank can still
A Frenchman live and die!

The Seigneur's hair was ashen gray,
But his good heart held holiday,
As when, in youthful pride,
He bared his shining blade before
De Tracy's regiment on the shore
Which France has glorified,

Gay in the field, glad in the hall,
The first at danger's frontier call,
The humblest devotee—
Of God and of St. Catherine dear
Was the stout Breton cavalier
Beside the Rivers Three.

When bleak December's chilly blast
Fetter'd the flowing waters fast,
And swept the frozen plain—
When, with a frightened cry, half heard,
Far southward fled the Arctic bird,
Proclaiming winter's reign—

His custom was, come foul, come fair,
For Christmas duties to repair
Unto the *Ville Marie*,
The city of the mount, which north

* The original church of Notre Dame des Neiges stood upon what is now the "Priests' Farm," on the southern slope of the Mountain of Montreal. It was originally surrounded by the habitations of the converted Indians and their instructors, in the "Mountain Mission." The wall of defence and two towers still remain, in good preservation, fronting on Sherbrooke Street, Montreal. The present chapel of the same name stands in the village of Cote des Neiges, behind the Mountain.

Of the great River looketh forth,
Across its sylvan sea.

Fast fell the snow, and soft as sleep
The hillocks look'd like frozen sheep,
Like giants gray the hills—
The sailing pine seem'd canvas-spread
With its white burden overhead,
And marble hard the rills.

A thick dull light where ray was none
Of moon, or star, or cheerful sun,
Obscurely show'd the way—
While merrily upon the blast
The jingling horse-bells, pattering fast,
'Timed the glad roundelay.

Swift eve came on, and faster fell
The winnow'd storm on ridge and dell,
Effacing shape and sign—
Until the scene grew blank at last,
As when some seaman from the mast
Looks o'er the shoreless brine.

Nor marvel aught to find ere long
In such a scene the death of song
Upon the bravest lips—
The empty only could be loud
When Nature fronts us in her shroud
Beneath the sky's eclipse.

Nor marvel more to find the steed,
Though famed for spirit and for speed,
Drag on a painful pace—
With drooping crest and faltering foot,
And painful whine the weary brute
Seems conscious of disgrace.

Until he paused with mortal fear,
Then plaintiff sank upon the mere
Stiff as a steed of stone—
In vain the master winds his horn,
None, save the howling wolves forlorn
Attend the dying roan.

Sad was the heart and sore the plight
Of the benumb'd, bewilder'd knight
Now scrambling through the storm.
At every step he sank apace—
The death-dew freezing on his face—
In vain each loud alarm!

The torpid echoes of the rock
Answer'd with one unearthly mock
Of danger round about!
Then muffled in their snowy robes,
Retiring sought their bleak abodes,
And gave no second shout.

Down on his knees himself he cast,
Deeming that hour to be his last,
Yet mindful of his faith—
He pray'd St. Catherine and St. John,
And our dear Ladye call'd upon
For grace of happy death.

When lo! a light beneath the trees,
Which clank their brilliants in the breeze—
And lo! a phantom fair,
As God's in heaven! by that bless'd light
Our Lady's self rose to his sight
In robes that spirits wear!

Oh! lovelier, lovelier far than pen,
Or tongue, or art, or fancy's ken
Can picture, was her face—
Gone was the sorrow of the sword,
And the last passion of our Lord
Had left no living trace!

As when the moon across the moor
Points the lost peasant to his door,
And glistens on his pane—
Or when along her trail of light
Belated boatmen steer at night,
A harbor to regain—

So the warm radiance from her hands
Unbind for him Death's icy bands,
And nerve the sinking heart—
Her presence makes a perfect path.
Ah! he who such a helper hath
May anywhere depart.

All trembling, as she onward smiled,
Follow'd that Knight our mother mild,
Vowing a grateful vow—
Until far down the mountain gorge
She led him to the antique forge,
Where her own shrine stands now.

If, Pilgrim, chance thy steps should lead
Where, emblem of our holy creed,
Canadian crosses glow—
There you may hear what here you read,
And seek, in witness of the deed,
Our Ladye of the Snow!

WE translate the following letter sent to M. Veuillot, and which appears in his paper, *L'Univers*:

ESPARRON, April 26, 1871.

Mr. Editor: Will you have the kindness to open your columns to this little letter? A few days ago my brother was given up by the best physicians of the place. Expecting nothing from man I placed all my hopes in heaven. ^{and made} I made a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Lourdes, where I promised the Blessed Virgin to have published in some journal the case of my brother if she would deign to listen to my prayers. My trust was not in vain; the following day—my brother, after drinking the water of the grotto, experienced an evident change for the better. Since that time he improved daily without the aid of any physician, and to-day he is completely cured.

My duty remains, and it is to fulfil it, Mr. Edi-

tor, that I solicit your aid. In the hope of obtaining it, I am with profound respect, Mr. Editor,

Your humble servant,

CHARLES LATRILLE, *Priest.*

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEW HOME AT HAYLANDS.

After that, without in the least referring to Lucia's fruitless adventure, Allan Brooke proposed to her the next day to go with him to visit the grave under the old beeches at "Buckrac." And every day after, when the weather was fine, they used to cross the river in his fast-sailing little yacht, loaded, by his private command to the gardener, with a freight of choice flowers, which made the small craft as gay as Cleopatra's barge,—and with which she, with lavish hand, used to cover her mother's resting-place.

"I'd rather do it all myself, please," she said, the first time they went, reaching out her hand to withhold his as he was in the act of laying a cluster of passion-flowers above Zoë's breast; "she was all mine, and I all hers," she added, as if talking to herself.

"As you wish," he answered gently,—for how could the child know that to him too, the quiet sleeper below had been all that life held most dear.

"No!" she said, another mood coming swiftly over her as he was about removing the flowers; "let them be: *she* would like it if she knew. My darling loved everything that was good to me; and you are good to me, Mr. Brooke, so you may always put some flowers there, right over her poor broken heart. Did you know that her heart was broken, Mr. Brooke?"

This was the first time Lucia had ever spoken so much of her mother to him, and every word she uttered gave his faithful heart a pang, and was an unintentional appeal to him, full of pathos, asking for protection and tenderness.

"Life breaks most hearts, little one, in one way or another; but take comfort in knowing that hers, if wounded here, is healed now where tears are wiped away from every eye, and where there is no more sighing or weeping forever," he said, in low gentle tones.

Lucia was bending over a great heap of flowers, selecting the loveliest and most fragrant to weave in a garland to encircle her mother's grave, but

there was something in her guardian's voice and words that sunk like a soft refreshing dew into the fevered wound of her heart; and, lifting her head quickly, she looked with a bright trusting glance, which almost made her plain face beautiful, into his eyes, and said in trembling joyous tones: "Yes! oh yes, Mr. Brooke,—that is what she once told me with her own lips! How selfish I am to want her back! Oh, my darling!" she cried, kneeling by the grave and throwing her arms around it, while she pressed her cheek close to it, "I am glad, glad that you are there where comes no pain nor sorrow any more; yes, I am glad!"

Allan Brooke felt that there should be no witness to an *abandon* of grief so sacred as this; and moving away, his eyes moistened with tears, he sat down on the mouldering tomb-stone that covered the dust of old Sir John Ramsey and watched the river flowing on in its ceaseless, changeless course, ever the same while all else was changing, still bright, and drinking in, never satiated or weary, the indescribable glory of sunsets, the glittering splendor of moon and stars, the soft brooding shadows of the whispering woods, the first smiles of the rising dawn which came ever like a fair spirit out of the darkness,—while all the time living hearts were fading and breaking in the struggle of life, it still whispered its low sweet song as it fled past to the sea, while the earth was filled with the sigh of countless lamentations which never ceased—never ceased although thousands of quivering lips long wrung by human anguish drooped daily into eternal silence; for the empty ranks are ever filling up, and the deep pitiful undertone of life goes on only waiting for the judgment day to hush it to rest and turn its sorrow into joy, its wail into *laudates*.

He felt a light touch on his shoulder, and turning quickly saw Lucia standing beside him—and there was, he noticed, a peaceful softened light in the child's eyes which he had not seen there before.

"I have finished, Mr. Brooke, and am ready to go now," she said.

"So soon, my child! I am in no hurry."

"I'd rather go away while they are fresh," she said, pointing to Zoë's grave, covered deep in flowers.

"Then we'll take a sail up the river, if you like; perhaps we shall have time to go to St. Inigoes," he answered, as they went down the path leading to the river.

"Yes!" she said thoughtfully; "I shall like that."

The wind was fair, the tide coming in, and they soon reached the old mission, and had time to pay Father Jannison a visit, who was delighted to see them, and behaved to Lucia with an affectionate sympathetic kindness she never forgot. These

visits to Buckrae, the sails on the river, and the trips to St. Inigoes where Father Jannison daily expected them, proved a great solace and restorative to Lucia. Allan Brooke watched her moods with an observant eye, and noticed that when most happy the more silent she became, and found out—not by words, but by her silence—how enthusiastic her love for the beautiful in nature was. He saw how much those excursions up and down the river delighted her; he knew it by the kindling of her eyes, by the soft glow that flushed her cheeks, and the tranquil smile that rested upon her lips, when with her hand idly trailing in the cool water as the boat swept on, she watched the glory of the sunset, when cloud and wave were flaming and flickering with radiance; when the east, like a blushing bride reflected back in rose-tinted hues and half veiled sparkles of brilliance the departing smiles of day; when the broad river looked as if sprinkled with rainbows, and the dark cedars along the shore sent out the fragrant aroma of their veins, like incense; and the last low warbling of the birds nestling in their branches mingled with the low rushing sound of the waves! He saw how she loved to watch the solitary herons on the edge of the salt-marshes, waiting with half-closed eyes and grotesque posture for their unwary prey—and listen to the click of the sedge-hens, busy building their nests among the tall grasses skirting the shores; in fact, he saw that the child's nature was in perfect *rapport* with nature, and knew that had she not been Christian she would have found deities in every lichen-covered rock, in every mossy glen, in every bubbling spring, in the beautiful river and groves of oak and pine; in the stars, the sunset; in the dawn and in the darkness; but the vitalizing knowledge of God who created all, consecrated this love for nature, and turned it into a true adoration of His attributes. Neither of them had analyzed or defined what the other felt or discovered—hence there arose no conventional reasoning or restraints to fritter away the illusions of imagination and fancy on her part to dull scientific facts, and destroy the sweet sympathetic enjoyment he felt in watching the unfolding of her rich, strangely endowed nature.

It may be thought that Lucia's character is overdrawn, but it must be remembered that she was a strange, exceptional child, who inherited a passionate, morbid temperament, who was baptized in sorrow at her birth, who had grown old under the shadows of hate and dread before any of the blossoms which usually make glad the hearts of children had time to spring around her way; and it is not to be wondered at that having lived under the moral gloom of such a cloud she scarcely appreciated the rich adornments and luxuries of her

early home, or the lavish profusion of natural beauties around it, until she lost them, and was plunged into what seemed by contrast a cold, dreary twilight without music or stars.

But Lucia's life in her new home was now comparatively happy: it would have been entirely so but for the empty void in her heart which nothing could fill, and the deep grievous longing that came surging with irrepressible emotions over her at times for just one single glimpse of her mother, for just one close embrace, for just one instant's rest upon her bosom! These natural but vain yearnings kept the sunshine out of her life, and gave her an introverted sort of existence; while at the same time, imperceptibly to the grieving, sensitive child, they led her more constantly with a strengthened and fortified will to seek help and consolation where alone it can be found—at the sacred feet of Jesus and Mary. Between their suffering humanity and her own, Lucia found and clung to the sacred link that united her spirit to theirs. "They pity me," was her constant thought, "for they too suffered, and their sorrows were greater than mine."

A new pleasure entered into Lucia's life. One day Allan Brooke proposed to her to take lessons in music, he offering to instruct her. Nothing could have delighted her more; her face lit up instantly with one of her rare smiles; and she exclaimed, impulsively seizing his hand, "Now! now, Mr. Brooke. I am ready, if you please."

"So am I, Lucia," he answered, much gratified that he had at last found something to give her pleasure; "we'll begin right off." In a few minutes the music-room was thrown open; the music-books were turned over, until an elementary work he searched for was found; and Lucia, thrilling with strange delight, took her first lesson. Her master understood perfectly the science of harmony: this study had been for years the solace of his lonely life, and it was to him the unfolding of a new delight to be able to impart what he knew of the mystery of sweet sounds to a pupil of such keen perceptions and true genius as his ward.

Lucia's love for music amounted to a passion; she made rapid progress, and before long surmounted most of its rudimental drudgery and technical difficulties, and presently her heart learned to find expression, when the moods of her silent and unutterable grief swept wildly through it, in exquisite chords and sad minor keys; at such moments she poured forth tempests of harmony alternating with brilliance and gloom, with weird sweet trills between, like light through rifts of dark lowering clouds—whereby the fury of her stormy nature was calmed and the hunger and thirst of her soul appeased. Her guardian often

stood unseen by her, listening to these revelations of her inner life, until gradually the music-storm sunk into low sobbings and faint whispers; then he knew that peace was folding its wings around her perturbed spirit, and he rested content when, like light rising out of darkness, her rich soprano voice soared up in some rare old anthem or hymn to the Mother of Jesus that he had taught her.

Sometimes when the weather under the influence of an easterly wind would be wet and foggy two or three days at a time, Lucia fell into her old dumb moods and sat for hours motionless and silent, as if frozen, looking through the window towards "Buckrae," heedless of all Chloe's efforts to cheer her up and get her to talk; when she did speak it was in quick, angry tones, ordering Maum Chloe to "go away," which she generally did in double-quick time, marching straightway to the library to urge the master to "make haste and get Miss Ellen to come; if he didn't she sa'ly b'lieved Miss Lucy'd go stark starin' crazy;" adding solemnly: "It's my b'lief she's done got a 'spell' upon her anyhow." Upon which Allan Brooke made himself miserable, and forthwith penned another letter to Mrs. Yellott, begging her to lose no time in coming to "Haylands" if she ever loved him or cared for his comfort and peace. The letter dispatched, he sent to ask Lucia to come down and look at some new pictures, or help him to arrange his cabinet, or examine his cameos and mosaics; but when she came,—for whatever might be her mood she never disobeyed his slightest wish—she was listless and silent, and examined the rare and beautiful things as if she were in a dream from which it was impossible to rouse her. Finding his efforts useless at such times to win her from her dark mood, he grew almost beside himself with a feeling of dread responsibility, and was at an utter loss how to solve the problem of a life so fitful and strange! But one day he found out by accident that nothing soothed and lured his ward out of her gloomy apathetic moods so effectually as the grand old music he sometimes played on the organ: then he ceased importuning her with attempts to rouse her into a pleasant interest in things about her, but, leaving all the intervening doors wide open, he would sit down at his organ and send its magnificent tones filled with the inspiration of the old masters of music rolling in soft solemn thunders through the lofty rooms, or execute melodies so sweet and thrilling that unearthly voices seemed to mingle with them; when presently, as if obeying the spell of an incantation, a slight little form would come gliding in like a shadow, pausing on the way to listen as if entranced; then, drawn nearer and nearer by the sweet magnetic chords that vibrated in every

nerve and shed an unspeakable calm over her sorrowful soul, she would stand close beside him; and finally, quite subdued and weeping softly, the evil mood would pass from her even as Saul's did at the sound of David's harp, and with her head bowed against his shoulder, humble and full of peace, she waited without a wish or thought beyond the present until her guardian arose from the instrument. Sometimes he said: "Are you here, Lucia?" or, "My child! how long have you been here?" or, "How good of you, little one, to come and take care of me in the dark;" then hand in hand they would go into the cheerful well-lighted drawing-room, or to tea, where Chloe generally had some marvel of delicate cookery hidden among the flowers with which she always profusely decorated the table to tempt their appetite, which, if successful, was eulogy enough to delight this female Sybarite with a delight unspeakable. The evening that followed, and many days afterwards, Lucia was almost cheerful, listening with delight to her guardian while he told her marvellous tales of other lands or read aloud some exquisite poem which stirred her imagination and charmed her taste. He initiated her into the mysteries of chess, of which she became extravagantly fond, and often grew eager and excited over the chances of backgammon, and amused her guardian by exhibiting some of the sharp traits indicating a natural love of play, which convinced him that what a cynical writer once said about "all women being at heart gamblers" must in the abstract be true.

But there was in all this a restraint, as well as a constrained effort, which was often irksome to the man, notwithstanding the tender memories that made Lucia an almost sacred object to him and the manly true pity he felt for one so desolate. "She's a most uncomfortable little thing to have charge of," he often thought; "the fact is, I do not know how to manage her or what to do with her; I do wish Ellen would come. The child can't grow up like this; and what in the world will become of her when I go to Washington?" Then he would call her to drive with him, or sail with him out towards the bay, when her enthusiastic delight in the indescribable beauties of nature more than recompensed, for the moment, for all the anxious care she gave him.

But one morning about day-dawn there arose a great uproar at "Haylands;" there came a heavy rumbling up the sinuous gravelled avenue as if an earthquake were in progress; the barking of watchdogs, and the prolonged baying of the fox-hounds, the shouts of the negroes and the shrill notes of a horn, all mingled together in a dire confusion of sounds which startled Lucia from her sleep and made her spring from her bed to the window be-

fore her eyes were fairly opened. Throwing back the curtains she looked out and saw an old-fashioned lumbering stage, loaded with trunks, drawn up in front of the house, from which a lady and two children emerged, all looking frowsy, tired, sleepy, and ill-humored. As soon as they were fairly out, the lady began in no amiable tones to give directions about the baggage, scolded her maid, and threatened to report the driver to those who would dismiss and punish him—and all about a handbox which one of the obsequious negroes had officiously snatched up and run into the verandah with, and which, not seeing, she thought had been dropped somewhere in the road. She was a tall handsome woman, but there was something in her face that was far from pleasant—a shrewd, domineering, haughty look, but for which she would have strikingly resembled her brother—for it was Mrs. Yellott, come at last. Lucia's keen perception told her at once who she was; and while, with perhaps a prevision which cast a shadow of coming events over her soul, the forlorn child scrutinized the woman's face, she, attracted by a possible magnetic power, looked up, and their eyes met; holding each other's glance in sharp encounter, they mentally measured each other with that instinctive, unreasoning logic so common to the female mind, and both felt that they should hate each other. Lucia snapped the curtains together, and curled herself up in bed full of bitter fancies; Mrs. Yellott and her children were conducted to her apartments, where, tired and sleepy, they sought rest and soon became oblivious of all outward impressions in the deep slumber that swiftly fell upon them. And quiet reigned once more.

The first news Allan Brooke heard from his man who brought in his boots was that "Miss Ellen had done come."

"Bless my heart, that's good news. Where is she, Joe? when did she come?" he asked excitedly.

"Dey's all 'sleep, Mass'r; an' dey comed jest 'bout light," answered the man.

"Where's Chloe?" was the next question.

"She's in de kitchen havin' chickens picked, and breakin' eggs for warfles, sir!" said Joe with a grin; "an' she's sot Susan to pickin' crabs—she says she's gwine to devil some."

"She's going to give my sister a good old-fashioned Maryland breakfast," said Allan Brooke good-naturedly, as he drew on his boots.

"Ki-ya, dat's zactly what she said, sir,—'cos,' she says, says she 'Miss Ellen she's bin a livin' up thar 'mongst de Yankees whar dey feed on 'taters an' red herrin' year in an' year out,'" answered Joe, brushing his master's coat in the most scientific way.

"I'll have to take you up there some day, Joe, and let you see for yourself," said Allan Brooke, knowing how useless it would be to attempt to argue against an impression which was so firmly fixed in the negro mind of that day in relation to the diet of Yankees, whom they held in sovereign contempt as "poor white folks" because they "didn't own niggers."

"Don't, Mass'r,—for God's sake don't, sir! I'd a heep ruther be sold to Georgy dan to go thar," whined Joe, almost crying with terror.

"Joe, I'm afraid you don't tell Father Jannison what a glutton you are— There,—that will do!" said Allan Brooke, passing a moment before the dressing-table to brush his hair—"I shall know how to punish you now if any more of Chloe's watermelons are missing,—be off with you."

Breakfast waited long beyond the usual hour that morning before the sleepy travellers made their appearance—to Chloe's intense disgust, because the delicious cakes she had prepared with such fuss and care got overdone with "sobbin' and stewin' by de fire to keep hot." But at last Mrs. Yellott, exquisitely but simply dressed in a white morning wrapper of India mull trimmed with fine lace, and a tasty little French cap ornamented with pale rose-colored ribbons just poised on the top of her puffed and curled hair, came in, followed by her two children, who were also carefully attired, and with great effusion rushed to her brother and embraced him, talking rapidly and asking fifty questions before he had time to speak. Then he kissed the children, and the party drew up around the breakfast-table—Mrs. Yellott taking the head, at her brother's request—and while she poured out and sweetened the coffee and added the cream to suit each one's taste, she gave him a most amusing account of her night journey in the stage, omitting, however, the little episode at the end of it, about the box. They were laughing over her misadventures when Lucia, who had gone some distance for a walk, came in. Allan Brooke held out his hand, and holding hers for a moment before she sat down in her accustomed place by his side, said: "Lucia, my dear, that lady is my sister Ellen of whom you have heard me speak, and these are her children, Frank, Mary and Louise Yellott. I hope you will be good friends."

"Oh yes, we will be the best of friends," said Mrs. Yellott, in a silvery voice which would have deceived Lucia had she not heard its capacity for harshness and invective a few hours before when the lady was berating the servants in language neither refined nor womanly; "I knew your mother, Lucia; we were playmates—and I hope you will try and like me." This was a nice little speech, but it got no farther than Lucia's ears;

there was wanting in it the true ring of genuine feeling which her sensitive perceptions instantly detected, so she only said as she sat down: "I will try, ma'am," and remained silent. One of Lucia's glowering moods was gathering about her, and she did not look attractive; her dress hung badly fitting about her; and the black fabric, unrelieved by white ruffle or collar or the slightest tint of rose in her cheeks or lips, did not conduce to the improvement of her sallow complexion; while her eyes, wide open and with a defiant stare in them when she did raise them from her plate, half frightened the little Yellotts, then made them giggle, which she was not slow to see; in another moment she pushed back her chair, and ran out of the room before her guardian could interpose a single kind endeavor to prevent it. An awkward silence followed, broken presently by Allan Brooke, who proposed to the children to go out on the lawn and select trees for a swing which was to be hung for their amusement, after which they were to pick strawberries and go to the dairy to eat them with cream. They were enchanted at such fine prospects, and rushed out to get their hats and romp on the lawn until their uncle was ready.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am that the children laughed, Allan; poor little things, they meant no harm," said Mrs. Yellott when they were left alone together.

"No, I suppose not; but Lucia is not accustomed to the society of children or of strangers, and is very sensitive," answered Allan Brooke, balancing his spoon upon the edge of his cup; "her life has never had much sunshine in it, and the loss of her mother has grieved her almost to death."

"She's a strange-looking child," observed Mrs. Yellott, feeling her way cautiously.

"Yes,—and strangely gifted. She is by nature painter, poet and musician, and I fear full of idiosyncrasies."

"Poor child! what a nature to go through life with! But she is very plain, and her mother was such a beauty! I'm really afraid, Allan, that you have got yourself into trouble, for if I have any penetration this girl is going to give great anxiety to whoever has the management of her," said Mrs. Yellott, in soft, purring tones.

"It may be as you say," observed her brother; "but we will not, if you please, Ellen, discuss such disagreeable contingencies. Lucia is my ward, my adopted daughter as it were, and I am prepared to accept all the responsibilities of the position." Allan Brooke said this in grave, almost stern tones, which had a meaning, as his sister well knew.

"Oh," she quickly answered, "I did not exactly

understand what the relations were between you. I was not aware that you meant to adopt the child—"

"Yes—she is now, and will continue to be, as my own child," he said, in that grave, positive way of his from which there was no appeal; "but not to the hurt of your children, Ellen; remember that; and I tell you so frankly, because I want no ill-feelings towards the child."

Atrocities Committed in Paris.

The excesses committed in Paris by the men with whom many in this country sympathized until the full development of their anti-social as well as anti-religious principles in the late atrocities, scarcely bear to be recorded; yet they contain a lesson that should be deeply pondered, for in them we see the inevitable result of wilful disobedience to the Church established on earth by our Divine Redeemer. Certain men of France have for centuries done their utmost to destroy the faith of that Catholic nation; the education of youth has been taken from the Church and placed in the hands of men who openly taught doctrines contrary to those of the Church,—of men who made a profession of their denial of Revelation—and these men were praised by the press, lauded as "men of science" in this country, as well as in Europe, and the Holy Father, speaking in the name of the Church, was maligned because he had the courage to condemn the false doctrines that were deceiving even good men, and leading the ignorant to their destruction; he was laughed at and derided, because years ago he pointed out the results of those false doctrines—some of which we have seen in the horrors of the Paris revolution. The burning of a part of Paris is thus described by a correspondent of the *London Times*:

PARIS IN FLAMES—THE BURNING OF THE TUILERIES.

At dark I climbed upon the top of the Hotel Chat-ham, and a sight, such, I trust, as I never may see again met my view—the southwest of Paris was a sheet of flame, and I began to fear that the menaces which we had scoffed at as idle threats were about to become a terrible reality. From Anteuil to Montrouge the heavens were lit up by a series of conflagrations which died away in sulphurous smoke only to burst forth again with a loud report, and spread still further westward. We are at a loss to conceive what could be on fire. Passy seemed smoldering slowly, the real blaze being more in the direction of Luxembourg. It shot up in showers of sparks, revealing a dark mass of dome that loomed black against the sky. This we took to be the Pantheon, and rejoiced in the fact that the river lay between us and the advancing tide of flame. The smoke spread slowly, but surely, and some one announced that the Pantheon had caught fire. We saw

light shining through the roof, and presently an immense jet of flame shot straight up into the sky, revealing a form which was at once recognized as the central pavilion of the Tuilleries. A cry of horror burst from the lips of the people who had assembled on the roof at the discovery of the terrible truth, and we gazed fascinated as the flames licked rapidly the mass of buildings, shooting up from time to time in long forked tongues, accompanied by heavy white clouds of naphtha-smelling smoke. Although at so great a distance from the scene of operations, we could hear the roar and clatter of shivering slates and rafters, while we were so well lit up in our position on the roof that bullets began to whistle in our direction, probably from the linesmen on the opera-house, who took us for members of the commune celebrating our hideous victory. Shells whizzed past us, rattling down in neighboring streets, and we began to feel our situation precarious. By this time the great pavilion was a mere skeleton of golden light cut by curved ribs of black, and crowned by a square gallery. It reminded me somewhat of St. Peter's when illuminated, St. Peter's, of course, appearing as a toy in contrast. I continued to stare, scarce daring to believe my eyes, when suddenly there was a vivid light; the pavilion had sunk in with a crash, and a stream of sparks flew straight into the heavens, literally mixing with the stars. Steadily the fire advanced, with a certainty that indicated the presence of petroleum in large quantities, and we were forced to admit at last that the great collection of the Louvre was to be sacrificed. Fortunately the pictures of the Italian school are hidden away; but who shall replace the antique statues—the Venus of Milo and the Polyhymia—that are destined to be destroyed by the diabolical spite of the madmen who have been a terror to us for so long? The sight and the reflections which it engendered were so awful as to blind us to the presence of other conflagrations that were springing up along the line. A huge red bar like a giant furnace indicated that a large portion of the Quartier St. Germain was being destroyed, while a light in the Palais Royal and another in the Luxembourg suggested the idea that all Paris was indeed to be destroyed, and that at any moment our own quarter might be sent into the air through the agency of powder or petroleum in the sewers which run under the principal thoroughfares. Sick at heart I lay down, to be awakened shortly after by violent detonations.

The atrocious conduct of these men, who carry the anti-Catholic principles to their extreme limits, is thus described in the correspondence of the London *Telegraph*:

SCENES IN PARIS ON ASCENSION DAY.

The occupation of the church of Notre Dame des Victoires was accompanied by peculiar atrocities. The guards appeared there at 4 o'clock on Thursday afternoon. Their first act was to expel with various insults and foul abuse the numbers of people who were saying their prayers; then they arrested the clergy and some of the neighboring inhabitants who came in to protest. The doors were shut, and the prisoners were informed

by an officer, in a pompous speech, that the object of the visit was "to seek for corpses in the name of high morality." The stone pavement was pulled up; the treasure of the church, which was very considerable, including gifts of precious objects and votive offerings worth more than £10,000, was soon discovered in a cellar; but the search for "corpses" was less productive. It was not till late in the evening, when the diggers got down deep into the old burial ground, that skeletons were found. During the night the guards, of course, got drunk; in the intervals of their work they put on the vestments of the clergy, and executed dances and sang obscene songs before their prisoners—telling them that they had just dug up "the fresh bodies of women slaughtered by the priests," but refusing to allow a doctor, who was incarcerated with the others, to verify the accusation. Citizen Le Moussu, chief *commissaire de police*, decided over the proceeding; he was joined at 9 next morning by Potter, a member of the commune who on his arrival, violently attacked the imprisoned priests, screaming to them, "*Misérables, combien avez-vous de femmes?*" but who finally softened down and said that everybody should be released if no charge could be substantiated. At the same moment a priest arrived from the church of St. Augustin, which had been seized and closed two hours before, to ask permission from Citizen Le Moussu to perform the burial service in the crypt of his church, urging that several funerals were awaiting his return. In reply he was instantly arrested, with the organist of St. Augustin, who had accompanied him, and the funerals were left to themselves. All day the prisoners were kept, a great orgie going on round them. They saw the church polluted in ways which cannot be described; they saw the cash-box emptied, the boxes for voluntary gifts forced open and their contents seized; they saw the National Guards receive their pay out of the money thus obtained, and become drunker and drunker; they saw the lustres, the lamps, the bronze ornaments, and everything else of value pulled down and packed into cases, which, with, the treasure, were carried off in four large vans. Then the obscene insults recommenced a *cantinière* being remarkable even among the drunken brutes in the incredible foulness of her imagination and her language. At last, at 6 Thursday evening, after a detention of 26 hours, the prisoners, save one priest, were told they might go home. Such is the account given to me by one of the released. I have heard many other odious details, but do not mention them because they were not included in the statements of my eye-witnesses, and may be exaggerations.

The commune in its supreme wisdom has found out that the "small fathers," their grandsons, and great grandsons have been using Louis Treize's church as a murderer's, not a robber's cave; and it has now determined to get at the truth. The Nationals go about tapping the walls, and if there is a hollow sound, out they come in force, swords and guns pickaxes, "pioneers and all," and break open that which was probably a monastic family vault. If a bone remains unmoistened they shake their fists and call the murderer of the individual of which it was once a component member any name except saint or gentleman. At present they

have dug up 60 skulls and bodies, more or less to match. The skulls are stacked up like cannon-shot in Woolwich yard, and the limbs were ranged in a semi-circle round them! It is a horrible spectacle, but it draws "great houses," and that is what the women are so eager to rush and pay to see. Anatomical skill is trying to fit the bones to the body, and the bodies to the skulls; while other professors are endeavoring to find the date and the cause of the death of these victims to monkish evil passions, who must have been dead at least 220 years. You see a National Guard take up a bone, and playfully hit his captain; the drummer trying a thigh-bone on his parchment; another man holding up an arm to a lady as if he were going to lecture on it, or beg her kind acceptance of the trifle. Beyond are two gallant youths playing catch-ball with a skull!

Ascension Day, I need hardly say, is one of the great religious festivals in this city; and so, early on Thursday, a large number of women of all classes, dressed in the deepest mourning, appeared at the gates of this church and demanded admittance. They were told that there were no longer religion, or churches, or "Our Ladies," so they had better go home quietly. Then ensued a regular row and one lady struck a National in the eye. The more serious, however, retired to the corner of the Rue des Victoires, and knelt by the side rails in the street. No sooner was this seen than a more than usually ruffianly National called from the mob ten of the dirtiest boys he could find, and caused them to kneel in front of the great entrance; then he re-entered the sacred edifice, and returning in a few seconds told them literally to shut their eyes, open their mouths, and see what "Our Lady" would send them. A perfect thrill of horror ran through the square, peopled though it was by the worst class in Paris, when they saw the ruffian put into each gaping mouth—the consecrated wafer! His brother officers and men roared with indecent laughter, and the gamins grinned; but the crowd was silent, and the kneeling women wept. Not content with this, the "Nationals" then rushed in, got some hundreds of these wafers, and threw them among the mob as for a scramble. The pious worshippers tried to buy them up for all the "sous" they had with them; an instant 300 gamins were round them, trying to sell the "Host," while the officers and gentlemen of the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth battalion stood by, highly amused at this disgusting and disgraceful scene, which I have in no one point or by no one word exaggerated. As we came away we heard that the iconoclasts had commenced their wretched work at the Chapelle Expiatoire. Surely within a few days Versailles must conquer, and some very strong-even-handed justice must compel the poisoned chalice to the lips of these rampant ruffians.

A scene took place yesterday at the magnificent new Church of the Trinity, at the end of the Chaussee d'Antin, on the Boulevards, which is worth describing by itself. After stripping the building of all the valuables and decorations, which were systematically carried off in three furniture wagons to be sold, I presume, the federal guards brought out the marble statue of the Virgin, and a gem of art, blackened its eyes with

charcoal, made a hole in its mouth, into which they stuck a dirty short pipe, and finally dressed up the statue in the costume of a *cantiniere* who disrobed herself on purpose. They wound up this exploit by dancing a kind of *carmagnole* around the statue and drinking obscene toasts.

An Imposing Funeral.

We take an extract from the cable despatches. It relates to the funeral of the murdered Archbishop of Paris.

Some of the men who are mentioned as having attended the funeral could not fail to see (in the murder of the Archbishop) the result of their own teaching.

PARIS, June 7.—The funeral ceremonies to-day, over the remains of the five clerical victims of the Commune, were solemn and impressive. Notre Dame was grandly arrayed. The central object in the solemn pomp was the gorgeous catafalque contained the remains of the Archbishop, surrounded by minor structures bearing the corpses of the Abbé Duquerry, the Curé of Madelaine; the Abbé Suret, Grand Vicar of the diocese; the Abbé Becourt and the Abbé Sebastian. The coffin of the Archbishop was covered with a pall of black velvet, embroidered and enriched with a massive silver cross. Thousands of tapers were burning in the silver candelabras, and the incense vessels were also silver. The floor was covered with black cloth, and the pulpit covered with black gauze, bespangled with silver stars. Transepts one hundred and fifty feet wide appeared like huge recesses. Black drapery covered every statue, except those of the Virgin and Child and St. Denis, first Bishop of Paris. In the midst of all were the black and charred remains of the bishop's chair, and his throne, also half burned, from which the communists endeavored to burn the cathedral. It was, and will be, left intact, as a memento of the time.

Along the route of the procession the windows and streets were crowded with spectators. Bells were tolling. A salute of guns was fired. A strong force of regulars, with reversed arms and muffled drums, were in the procession. The funeral car of the Archbishop was covered with silver, and was drawn by six horses. Another beautiful car, containing the remains of Suret, followed.

The procession left the cathedral at 11 o'clock. Inside, the church was crowded with members of the assembly, priests, and Sisters of Charity. At 11 o'clock the priests' deputies, with music, left the chancel and proceeded to the great doors, which were draped in black, to meet the coffins. Chanting was then commenced, and outside was heard the beating of drums, pealing of trumpets,

and roaring of cannon. At the elevation of the Host the firing was repeated. The altar was magnificently decorated, and the services were long and solemn. McMahon, Douai, Vinoy, l'Admirault, and Favre were present.

Our Club.

BY J. F. P.

NUMBER TEN.

If the number of D. Ds. in our midst be any indication of our character, I think we must be the divinest Club on the face of the earth. Where all these "doctors" came from or where they got their titles is a mystery which I can't explain; and why they call themselves "divines" is the most mysterious thing of all, for, certain I am, divinity is the least and the last thing that enters into their ludicrous harangues. It is really amazing to hear and see the reckless levity and the pompous gravity with which they discuss the most sacred questions. They speak of John and Paul and the Bible with the same heartless flippancy and cold materialistic calculation that speculators do of the opinions of the leading operators in gold and greenbacks. They accept whatever suits or seems to suit their personal notions of eternity, and reject whatever they deem to be "unprogressive." It makes one indignant to hear these upstarts assuming the right to interpret the Scriptures with a dogmatic insolence that only very brazen quacks can exhibit in vending their spurious pills. If we are to believe them, we must come to the conclusion that Christ Himself misunderstood His own doctrine, and left the world in darkness for nineteen hundred years as to the meaning of His teachings in the Bible. I cannot believe that they are conscientiously honest in their religious rantings, or that they are actuated in their impositions by any higher motive than that of gaining a livelihood, which they are too lazy or too ignorant to earn in any other occupation. If, for instance, these self-made "divines" honestly believe, as they proclaim, that every man has the absolute right to read and interpret the Bible as he pleases, then by what authority do they specially constitute themselves the readers and interpreters of the Bible to their congregations, when every member thereof is held and declared to be as good and as competent a judge of the meaning as the preacher is himself? If the "divine"—bless the mark!—says to Messrs. Butcher, Tailor and Shoemaker: "You will find all you want in this Bible; read it for yourself," then what justification has this "divine" for wheedling his flock into

the notion of building a church, and giving himself a fat salary for measuring out spiritual food, when every one has only to sit quietly in his own house and find all the truth he needs by reading his Bible, and when each one of the flock knows the measuring business just as well as the shepherd himself? It seems to me that such a state of things is a farce in which none but knaves could be induced to play. Laughable enough it is to watch them excommunicating and anathematizing each other for doing what all declare to be a fundamental right of each and of all. They all claim to possess the exact truth, the same identical truth, and the same identical amount of the same identical truth, and yet they hold it to be necessary to dispense this same truth under as many radically different aliases and human inventions as there are sects. After the lapse of centuries one man starts up and discovers that *he* has found out the way to heaven; that all before him have made a grand mistake; that now all must accept his "view" of Christianity, or be lost; he invents a Church; calls it, very properly, by his own name, and becomes a "Reformer." His successor takes a different "view" of things; re-reforms the reformed, and tells his hearers that they can believe what they please, provided only their "views" coincide with *his* reformed reformation, and so on *ad infinitum*. As generation succeeds generation,—like political organizations,—revisions, amendments, reformations, "boltings," "wings," "reconstructions," and concessions to "progress" and "the spirit of the age" are found necessary, so that a man's eternal salvation is tinkered and trifled with as if it were of no more value than a "seat" in a State assembly.

In our last meeting, we discussed the question:

Resolved, "That it is the duty of this Club to ascertain and proclaim the best means of uniting all those who profess the doctrine of Christianity."

The Rev. Horace Cooper Hooper Wix, D.D., was the first speaker. He was a minister of the High Church establishment, and was not ashamed of his position. He could tell them that lights on the side-table during service would attract and reconcile all the divergent interests involved in the resolution. [A deep groan, and an exclamation of "Idolatry!"] If this was idolatry, he was an idolater. He referred them to Dr. Johnson for the meaning of the term kneeling. He would conclude by telling them that they could not find what they sought unless they *all* became High Church members. [Indignant hisses.]

The groaning gentleman, Reverend Hezekiah Spottletoe, D. D., thought there was Popery in the speech of his predecessor. Casting a scornful glance at Doctor Wix, he eloquently exclaimed:

"You can't fool me! The way to reconcile all these difficulties is by the Bible. It speaks of a 'little horn with eyes.' This little horn means the monument on Bunker Hill; the right eye means a Roundhead, and the left eye means a Mayflower. Put them together with Plymouth Rock as a basis and you have the 'gates of hell' and a signal standard capped by a head and surmounted by a flower! In other words, you must go back—"No going back! We want progress and civilization!" shouted several voices.]

Mr. O'Lannigan thought if the priests could be made to keep quiet, and do without anything, we would all be happy and united. He was opposed to the priests having anything. [Cheers.]

The Reverend Simius Scienticus Tipp, D. D., thought a knowledge of Darwinism was all that was necessary to settle these religious disputes. Professor Huxley had filled up the geological gap to which unscientific reference had been made, and as there never have been any aboriginal horses in America, it was clear that man was descended from the monkey. He had great respect for the Bible, but still scientific persons felt that there was something vague about Genesis. Darwinism solved the difficulty, although he thought the German School was sounder. [Assenting and dissenting manifestations.]

The Reverend Philander Alexander Cyrus Titt, D.D., was antonished to see people groping after truth, when the principles of Swedenborg would lead them all into the New Jerusalem where they could have games and other innocent amusements.

The Reverend Fidelity Cromwell Stickler, D.D., didn't believe in games in the New Jerusalem, or any other place. He thought such things were ungodly. He thought Swedenborg hadn't a clear view of New Jerusalem things.

The Reverend Jonas Kant Kollier believed in games everywhere. It seemed to him that theatrical exhibitions ought to be introduced into the churches on Sundays. This would draw crowds from the theatre, and harmonize all the difficulties about religious matters. [A groan from Dr. Stickler, and cheers from the rest.]

The Reverend Wellington Washington Montague Tibb, D.D., didn't exactly know who was the founder of Universalism, but he felt it was the religion to end all contentions. It was *en rapport* with advanced science, because while the latter had ignored fire in this world, the former had extinguished it in the other world. Fire was only an *ignis fatuus* not recognized by science, therefore it didn't exist at all. Unscientific persons held its existence, it was true, but science proved that fire was only flame, and that flame was simply hydrogen gas heated to whiteness or redness. Let the

Club pass a resolution in accordance with these views, and there would be an end to all religious differences. [Cheers.]

Professor Bottle had spent his life in exploring the mysteries of chemistry. He thought a chemical analysis of phrenology, and of a great many other things said to-night, would show that there was little besides arrant humbug and nonsense in these discussions. The existence of chemical affinity, although only known by its effects, was nevertheless a fact, as proven by its effects which were inexpressibly beautiful. Chemistry was the only branch of science which, if properly applied, could unite all religious differences. He regretted to say that Popery was opposed to Chemistry. [Cheers.]

Mr. Adamson was absent from the last meeting of the Club, and as I have nothing of his to report, I thought it might be interesting to take up the space in exhibiting the astounding religious gyrations through which we are capable of going. As the vacation is now upon us, I may not have an opportunity of reporting our proceedings to the readers of the AVE MARIA for some weeks, but, for want of that, I refer them to the proceedings of the numerous "scientific" and "religious conventions" as reported in the daily papers, and I guarantee that a perusal of these will present a series of "scientific" and "religious" farces which may have found their equal, but not their superior in OUR CLUB.

Notices of Publications.

A COMPENDIUM OF THE HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Rev. Theodore Noethen. Third revised edition. John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

The appearance of the third edition of this Compendium which we have already favorably noticed in the columns of the AVE MARIA, proves its deserved success, and proves, also, that it was a book needed. We earnestly hope that Rev. Father Noethen may continue his labors in this line, and that both he and his publisher may meet with equal success in getting out other books of the same kind.

THE LOVE OF JESUS, or Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, for every day in the month. By Rev. D. Gilbert, D. D. First American, from the latest London, edition. John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

The London edition of this work has the *imprimatur* of the Most Rev. Henry Edward Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, and the American edition is published with the approbation of the Most Rev. Martin John Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore. This is as it should be; all books of

devotion should have the *permission* of the ecclesiastical authorities before being placed before the public.

Besides the visits for every day in the month, the devout reader will find in this little book some of the most beautiful prayers to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; a translation of St. Thomas' *Adoro Te devote*; Prayers for the Devotion of the Forty Hours; the Litany of the Saints, in Latin and English; the Litany of the Blessed Virgin; Devout Acts of Praise,—which should always be said, as is the custom in many churches, by priest and people after Mass; and many other pious devotions.

THE HOLY EXERCISE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD. Translated from the French of F. F. Vanbert, S. J. P. Fox, St. Louis, No. 14 South Fifth Street.

This little book says much on a most important subject. To feel the presence of God in our daily occupation cannot fail to spur us on to the exact fulfilment of our duties, to overcome weariness and discouragements, and any one who will make a practice of reading this book will soon begin to "keep himself in God's holy presence."

We observe that the translator has fallen into the error of rendering the French *vous* and *votre* in prayers addressed to God, by the English *you* and *your*, instead of *thou* or *thee*, and *thine*. We hope this may be corrected in the next edition.

PATRON SAINTS. By Eliza Allen Starr. Baltimore: Murphy & Co., publishers.

Many books on the lives of the saints have already been placed in the hands of the public, each possessing a peculiar merit of its own; but hitherto, so far as we know, no work has appeared in this department, so peculiarly suited to the capacity, taste and longings of young readers, as the one now before us, on which the talented authoress has so successfully employed the fine intellectual gifts bestowed upon her by Almighty God.

In this volume of 382 pages we have a brief biography of twenty-two great saints, narrated in a pleasing and attractive style, suited to the capacity of an ordinarily intelligent child and still sufficiently dignified to be pleasing to the most learned. Throughout the work there are, in addition to the interesting facts related, many beautiful and pious reflections so tastefully interwoven into the principal history, that they appear an integral part of the story itself, while they serve to impart to the pious young reader the spirit of the saint whose history is related, and inspire in him a love of those noble virtues which made that saint great.

The book is also illustrated with twelve engravings, but to these we cannot give the praise which we cheerfully bestow on the work itself. On the contrary, we deem them rather a blemish than an ornament. We are sorry to see a book, otherwise so excellent, deprived of much of its æsthetic merit by such unskillful engravings, and would be glad to see these replaced by others or entirely omitted.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[From the Lamp.]

Our Lady's Knight.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

When Bertrand was able to leave his bed and sit up, he gazed with a rapture of delight on the gorgeous flowers and magnificent gardens upon which his window opened. It was a scene of marvellous beauty to the Englishman: the varied beauty, the glowing colors of the richly perfumed plants, the fountains where each drop of spray was like a rainbow, the picturesque and graceful shrubs, the trees of luxuriant foliage, and over all the clear blue sky. As it set in the "crimson west" the sun seemed to send him sweet messages of love and home in every beam. The soft breeze that came laden with rich perfume whispered to him of the tender mother across the seas, who would never let her son languish in prison while a rood remained of the lands of the Helde. He did not murmur as yet; he was weak and languid, and he filled his heart and imagination with visions of swift-coming liberty and home. But as health returned, and new strength and life came with it, a wild longing for liberty seized him. He, whose childhood had been spent amidst the woods and fields of England, whose ardent hopes and thirst for glory had brought him to the Holy Land—he who had led soldiers on to danger and to death, whose name had become a proverb for bravery and strength—to be shut up in that little room where he had barely space to move! It seemed incredible. He thought of his past glories, his military renown, the hopes with which he had left his home; was all to end in this a prison cell and a captive's death?

The proud martial spirit writhed at the thought. Anything but that. Give him the keenest pang death brings on the battle-field, the sharpest torture that could end his life; but not that—not the long torturing imprisonment and its wretched ending.

Poor boy! he was a boy in heart although a man in years. He bowed his head on the narrow grating where the sunbeams peeped in, and wept aloud. Vividly before his mind came the thought of the noblest conquest of all. Greater than the warrior who wins whole kingdoms, greater than the victor whose arms have never failed, greater than the king whose standard should wave over the grandest countries of earth—greater than all these is the man who conquers self; who can win the victory over his own will, wishes, and desires,

the rights of authority necessary to governing the Universal Church, have been received by us, in the person of the Most Blessed Peter, directly from God Himself. Nay, those prerogatives and rights, and the very liberty of the Church, were born and acquired by the Blood of Jesus Christ, and are to be valued by the infinite price of His Divine Blood. Ill, then, would we deserve of the Divine Blood of Our Redeemer, were we—which God forbid—to borrow these our rights, especially lessened and debased as they wish to lend them, from rulers of the earth, who are sons, not masters, of the Church. Thus said to princes, fittingly, that great light of sanctity and doctrine, Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury:

"Think not that the Church of God is given you as to a master, to make use of her, but that she is commended to you as her advocate and champion. Nothing more pleases God than the liberty of His Church."

And the same Saint wrote in another place, adding incentives to duty:

"Never count that your dignity is lessened, if you defend and cherish the liberty of the Church. Deem not that it humbles you, when you exalt her. Think not that you are weakened, when you strengthen her. *Lift up your eyes, and look all about you; examples are at your hand.* Meditate on the Princes who fight against the Church, and trample on her. See whether it is profitting them! What is becoming of them is too plain to need speaking of. Assuredly, they who promote her glory, with her, and in her, will find their own glory." (St. Anselm, Epp. 12 et 42.)

And now, Venerable Brethren, after what at other times, and here, we have explained to you, it surely can be dark to no one that the wrongs done in these woful times to the Holy See have rebounded on the whole Christian Commonwealth. The wrongs of the Apostles, as St. Bernard says, since these are the glorious rulers of the earth, affect every Christian; and since, as St. Anselm says, again, the Roman Church works for all the churches, whosoever takes away anything belonging to her, is recognized as guilty of sacrilege, not only against her, but against all the churches. Nor is there a shadow of doubt that the keeping of the rights of this Apostolic See is most closely joined and tied to the highest purposes and interests of the whole Church, and to the liberty of your Episcopal ministry.

Thinking and meditating on all these matters, we are bound, anew, to enforce and to profess what we have oftentimes declared, with your unanimous consent—that the Civil Sovereignty of the Holy See has been given to the Roman Pontiff by a singular counsel of Divine Providence; and that it is of necessity, in order that the Roman Pontiff may exercise the supreme power and authority,

divinely given to him by the Lord Christ Himself of feeding and ruling the entire Flock of the Lord with fullest liberty, and may consult for the greater good of the Church, and its interests and needs, that he shall never be subject to any Prince or Civil Power.

You, Venerable Brethren, and with you the faithful committed to your care, knowing these things well, are justly moved, all of you, for Religion's sake, and for the sake of justice and of peace, the foundation of all other good things, and you have given to the memory of future generations the worthy sight of faith and love, constancy and firmness, on behalf of the Church of God, and in her defence, in which you have set a new and noble example. But, since the God of all mercies is also the Author of these good dispositions, we lift our eyes, our hearts, our hopes, to Him, unceasingly beseeching Him that He will increase, strengthen, and confirm the excellent dispositions and the piety that is common to you and to the Faithful; and we, also, earnestly exhort you, and the people committed to your watchfulness, that as the contest waxes in its heat, you will call to the Lord, with us, more fervently, and with more effusion of heart, that He may Himself hasten the days when He will again smile on us.

God grant, also, that the Rulers of this earth—whom it much imports that such a pernicious example of usurpation as we endure may not take root and flourish to the destruction of all power and order—may join with one consent of minds and wills, and that, hushing quarrels, the disturbances of rebellions being appeased, and the deadly counsels of the sects abandoned, they may unite in one movement for restoring to this Holy See its rights, and, with these, his full liberty to the visible Head of the Church, and the desired calm to Civil Society. Nor less, Venerable Brethren, plead with the Divine mercy in your prayers and in those of the Faithful, that the hearts of the wicked—escaping from the blindness of their minds, may be converted, before the great and fearful day of the Lord shall come; or else that He, in crushing their infamous counsels, will show how foolish they are who strive to overthrow the Rock that Christ has set, and to violate His Divine privileges. On these prayers our firmest hopes in God are founded. "Think ye, that God can turn away His ear from His most dear Spouse, when she shall have cried out to Him, while resisting those who have been torturing her? How will He not recognize the bone of His bone, and the flesh of His flesh—aye rather, in some sense, the spirit of His Spirit? Now, indeed, is the hour of malice, and the power of darkness. But the hour is the last, the power is quickly passing. Christ is with us, the Power of

God, and the Wisdom of God, and the cause is His. Have confidence; He has conquered the world."—*St. Bern. Ep.*

Meantime, with great courage, and sure faith, let us follow the voice of eternal truth, which says: Strive for justice, for thy soul; and even to death fight for justice, and God will overthrow thine enemies for thee.

Finally, Venerable Brethren, praying to God from our heart for the richest blessings of heavenly gifts on you, and on the Faithful, clergy and laity, committed to your care, as a pledge of our especial and intimate love to you and to them, we impart to you, and to the same our beloved children, most lovingly, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the fifteenth of May, A. D. 1871—the twenty-fifth of our Pontificate.

The Virgin Mary's Knight.*

A BALLAD OF THE CRUSADES.

BY THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

Beneath the stars in Palestine seven knights discoursing stood,

But not of warlike work to come, nor former fields of blood,

Nor of the joy the pilgrims feel, prostrated far, who see

The hill where Christ's atoning blood pour'd down the penal tree;

Their theme was old, their theme was new, 'twas sweet and yet 'twas bitter,

Of noble ladies left behind spoke cavalier and ritter, And eyes grew bright, and sighs arose from every iron breast,

For a dear wife, or plighted maid, far in the widowed West.

Toward the knights came Constantine, thrice noble by his birth,

And ten times nobler than his blood, his high out-shining worth,

His step was slow, his lips were moved, though not a word he spoke,

Till a gallant lord of Lombardy his spell of silence broke.

"What aileth thee, O Constantine, that solitude you seek?

If counsel or if aid you need, we pray thee do but speak;

* In the Middle Ages, there were Orders of Knights specially devoted to our Blessed Lady, as well as many illustrious individuals of knightly rank and renown. Thus the Order called "Servites," in France, was known as *L'Esclaves de Marie*, and there was also the Order of "Our Lady of Mercy," for the redemption of captives; the "Templars," too, before their fall, were devoutly attached to the service of our Blessed Lady.

[Poems by Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Published by D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay street, New York.]

Or dost thou mourn, like other *frères*, thy lady-love afar,
Whose image shineth nightly through yon European star?"

Then answer'd courteous Constantine, "Good Sir, in simple truth,

I chose a gracious lady in the heyday of my youth, I wear her image on my heart, and when that heart is cold,

The secret may be rifled thence, but never must be told. For her I love and worship well by light of morn or even,

I ne'er shall see my mistress dear, until we meet in heaven,

But this believe, brave cavaliers, there never was but one Such lady as my holy love, beneath the blessed sun."

He ceased, and pass'd with solemn step on to an olive grove,

And kneeling there he prayed a prayer to the lady of his love,

And many a cavalier whose lance had still maintained his own

Beloved to reign without a peer, all earth's unequal'd one,

Look'd tenderly on Constantine in camp and in the fight;

With wonder and with generous pride they mark'd the lightning light

Of his fearless sword careering through the unbelievers' ranks,

As angry Rhone sweeps off the vines that thicken on his banks.

"He fears not death come when it will, he longeth for his love,

And fain would find some sudden path to where she dwells above.

How should he fear for dying when his mistress dear is dead?"

Thus often of Sir Constantine his watchful comrades said;

Until it chanced from Sion wall the fatal arrow flew,

That pierced the outworn armor of his faithful bosom through;

And never was such mourning made for knight in Palestine

As the loyal comrades made for thee, beloved Constantine!

Beneath the royal tent the bier was guarded night and day,

Where with a halo round his head the Christian champion lay;

That talisman upon his breast—what may that marvel be

Which kept his ardent soul through life from every error free?

Approach! behold! nay, worship there the image of his love,

The heavenly queen who reigneth all the sacred hosts above

Nor wonder that around his bier there lingers such a light,

For the spotless one that sleepeth, was the *Blessed Virgin's Knight!*

WRITTEN ON LADY-DAY, 1853.

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

LUCIA'S VAIN ENDEAVOR.

"Why, surely, Allan," began Mrs. Yellott, in an injured tone, "you do not suspect—"

"I am not a man much given to suspicions, Ellen; but then you see I know human nature and its weaknesses pretty well, and know that it is the most natural thing in the world for people to be jealous of the influence of strangers who may be thrown in among them, especially where inheritance is concerned. Lucia is not altogether destitute, but she was homeless and friendless, and the orphan of the only woman I ever loved; so I have taken her, to fill up, in a measure, not only a duty to humanity, but the vacuum left in my existence by my unhappy disappointment."

"I don't think you owe so much to the memory of the woman who deceived you, whatever your inclinations may be towards the child. As far as I and mine are concerned, there will be no interference in whatever plans you may have for her!" said Mrs. Yellott, with a fiery snap of her fine black eyes, which she quickly veiled by looking down at the prismatic glitter of a *solitaire* diamond on her finger, upon which a ray of sunshine came flickering and dancing through the vines.

"No, I suppose not; I cannot imagine anyone interfering in plans of mine; no one that I know of has a right to do so; but in our talks do not let the ashes of the dead be disturbed; Zoë's memory is dear to me, is sacred to me,—I wish it to be remembered!" he answered, in that low undertone, in which was concentrated the force and energy of a will unused to contradiction.

"Certainly, Allan; certainly, your wishes and feelings must be respected. It was thoughtless in me to say what I did, but I had no idea—I thought time—in fact, I hoped that the old wound was closed;—and then you know I love you so dearly, that it is natural I should still hold some little resentment towards the cause—well, we won't speak of it again," said Mrs. Yellott, confusedly.

"Yes, I suppose it was natural; but we understand each other now on that point; and I want you to be kind to the child, Ellen, for my sake."

"I will do what I can for her, Allan; but she looks like an impracticable little thing. I never saw such eyes in my life—they express nothing but defiance; and then her ways are so uncouth and unkempt!"

"Try and make it happy for her here,—that is all I ask. She is a strange child; she has one of those tangled problematical characters so difficult to unravel or understand, but I fancy that your womanly tact and experience may find the clue which will make the task I have undertaken more easy. But it must be done kindly and patiently, whatever you do. Meanwhile make the old house gay; let us have plenty of young people, and dancing, and music, and picnics, and excursions. You are *au fait* in all such matters. And see here, Ellen! for God's sake get some young-looking clothes for the child; she's dressed like an old Methodist. I don't know anything about it, but it seems to me that her frocks—is that what you call them?—don't fit her."

"No, they don't fit her," said Mrs. Yellott, amused at the grave man's perplexity; you have just hit the nail upon the head, Allan; she needs companionship, and she needs dressing. But we shall have to go to Baltimore to get her rigged out properly,—and the change would do her good."

"Thanks, Ellen,—that is a good suggestion. Go to London, if necessary,—anywhere for Lucia's good; I give you *carte blanche*. Only be kind to her; that is the only condition I impose. Everyone must be kind to Lucia if they wish to avoid displeasing me," he answered, feeling that he was being greatly helped out of his difficulties; then he lit his cigar and went out to talk over plantation affairs with his overseer, who was waiting on the veranda for him.

"Well I must say this is decidedly pleasant, to have a Grand Panjandrum set up, whom I and my children are expected to worship!" said Mrs. Yellott, in a bitter tone. "I declare, I think she's the horriddest looking child I ever saw in my life; and to think of his having adopted her! robbing his own flesh and blood of what would be theirs by right. I don't think I can stand it! But there's no use contending with Allan; he's as obstinate as a man can be, with a will like iron, and I shall have to be very prudent if I expect to gain anything; but I feel already that I shall hate the ugly little owl."

Then the servants came in to remove the breakfast things, and she went up to her apartments to have her trunks unpacked and direct her maid where to arrange their contents, a work of some magnitude, as there were ten trunks.

Allan Brooke saw that Lucia was not with the children and went to the music-room in search of

her, and found her half buried among the cushions of his own chair, pale and glowering.

"Here you are, little one," he said pleasantly. "I thought I should find you here. How comes on the Nocturn?"

"Not very well; I did not practise much yesterday. Do you wish me to try it, sir?" she said, without looking up.

"Well, I have come for you to go with me on a little frolic with the children; we are going to put up a swing, then we are going to pick strawberries, and are all invited to the dairy to eat them with cream."

"If you wish it, I'll go, sir," she said.

"Yes, I think it will do you good, and when you are tired of it all, you and I will come back to our enchanted palace here, and enjoy the Nocturn together," answered Allan Brooke, as, holding Lucia's hand, they went out together and joined the little Yellotts on the lawn, and watched with a sort of wonder their exuberant enjoyment as they romped and tumbled and scrambled about like so many young kittens over the smoothly-shaven grass. She knew nothing of children, never having been accustomed to them—she had lived entirely with grown up people, and her sole and constant companion had been, since her earliest recollection, her sorrowful, silent mother; and as she sat apart watching them, and heard them shouting and screaming at each other as if they were all deaf, and saw them tripping each other up, and wrestling until they would all fall in a heap together shrieking and laughing; when she saw them climbing up to her guardian's broad shoulders, and pulling and tugging at his coat tails, and throwing themselves like animated battering-rams against him in a futile endeavor to overthrow him, she thought they were the rudest young animals she had ever seen. But she stood it all until they began to pull and haul at her hands to get her into one of their romps, after Allan Brooke had gone away; but by some dexterous movements she escaped from them, and flew into one of the labyrinths of the dense shrubbery, eluding all pursuit, and never stopping until she reached Chloe's vine-covered cabin, which the master had caused to be built for the faithful old servant and given to her with the acre of garden land around it in fee forever. Here everything was quiet, and Chloe had just come from "the Great House" to rest and have a smoke, before undertaking the ice-creams and "float" she intended making for dessert that day. Chloe loved company and a grand parade and stately ceremonial, when all the silver and cut glass had to be brought out, making the table glitter, but children visitors set her wild,

particularly Mrs. Yellott's, who she declared were so "pizen spoiled" that it was worse than a fire or flood to have them around. She guessed very shrewdly the cause of Lucia's visit, but Maum Chloe had the wisdom of serpents, and said nothing; she only made much of Lucia's coming, and made her sit down on her chair of state, a rocker, covered with white dimity very much beruffled, which she never offered to anybody except "Mars'r Allan" when he sometimes dropped in to see how she was getting on.

"Thar now, rest yourself honey; you look dead beat. 'Pears like you been a runnin'. I doesn't like to see little ladies runnin' an' tarin' like young foxes; now, when you cools off I'm gwine to git you to read—you know what—he! he! he! Lord a' massy! to think of de sense in dat head of his'n!" said Chloe, hauling out an old newspaper, smelling sweet of lavender and fragrant herbs, from a shallow wooden box, which she placed in Lucia's hands. "Seems to me," she added, "I never hears it harf often enough. Its next to hearin' Father Jannison preach one o' his hallelujah sermons."

And Lucia, who, in her peculiar way, was much attached to Maum Chloe, was glad to oblige her by reading out aloud to her for the fortieth time a newspaper report of Allan Brooke's maiden speech in Congress years ago, a speech that the now experienced statesman and ripe scholar never thought of without smiling at its ambitious rhetoric and hisalutin phrases, its scraps of classic poetry, its words fished up from the depths of the dictionary, its attempts at forensic display and spread-eagle oratory! But in Chloe's estimation the wisdom of Solomon was foolishness to it; it tickled her ear, it mystified and awed her, it convinced her that she had cradled on her sable bosom the greatest intellect ever created, and she used to weep and shake her head while listening to it as if it had been a tragedy or sermon. When Lucia finished the speech, which was nearly incomprehensible to her, she refolded the paper and gave it to Chloe, who restored it reverently to its receptacle and proceeded to make her toilette for the day, and when she was arrayed in her gaily-sprigged chintz dress, her much-trimmed apron, her clock stockings through the web of which the sable of her skin shone darkly, her high-heeled shoes, her astonishing turban of genuine Madras of the gayest colors, her glittering yellow beads from which hung a little silver crucifix, the gift of Father Jannison, Chloe was a picture to behold, and was looked upon by the plantation negroes as something unapproachably grand and awe-inspiring. Having finished dressing, she said: "Now, little Missy, we better be gwine; an' if you can make

friends wid dem young 'uns of Miss Ellen's, it'll make it peaceabler, I reckons."

"I don't like them, Maum Chloe; they're horrid and rude," said Lucia, her eyes flashing.

"Dey aint got much manners, dats a fact; but den, honey, you know Mars'r Allan's got to be considered, and you must try and git 'long wid 'em for his sake."

"I'll try to; but I wish they hadn't come to 'Haylands,'" she said.

"We got to meet heaps o' people in de world we don't like, and mought as well begin fust as last," said Chloe, sententiously.

Lucia said no more but walked on, thinking over the situation. What Maum Chloe said had wisdom in it, and gratitude to her guardian demanded some effort and forbearance on her part towards his kindred, so she determined to get acquainted with the little Yellotts and be kind to them if possible.

That "if possible" was a wise reservation; and no efforts towards good are ever altogether fruitless, even if they fail of their aim; but Lucia's heart was growing faint within her at her daily failures in carrying out her good intentions. It cost her a great deal to make the endeavor to propitiate Frank Yellott and his sisters; she really did violence to all her habits and inclinations when she joined them in their walks and play and sought to amuse them indoors by telling them marvellous fairy tales improvised for the occasion, and showed them all that was best worth seeing of her guardian's treasures; and so long as the novelty of having the strange little girl with them lasted it was well enough—but, superior to them in all respects, they could not altogether understand her, and began to feel her presence not only irksome but a restraint. Then they began, rather cautiously at first, as if feeling their way, to tease and chaff Lucia, after the tormenting fashion of children; and as they were three against one, she found the odds a serious disadvantage and impediment to her praiseworthy attempts to make friends with them. She feared that her patience would not hold out under her daily provocations—and being too proud to complain of their rudeness, she had to go on fighting her own battles as best she might, without having an open outbreak, which she determined to avoid if possible. Allan Brooke watched from a distance, well pleased but making no comment whatever. Now and then he passed his hand kindly over Lucia's head and told her she was "a nice little hostess," which gave her heart and courage to continue her thankless task; but he little imagined the struggle her proud passionate nature was undergoing, and laid the flattering unction to his soul that the companionship of these children

—so near her own age—was doing her good. He never saw the faces they made at her—never heard them gibe and make fun of her, call her Indian, and talk gibberish to her in ridicule of her foreign origin; he had not the remotest suspicion of their savagery, for they took very good care not to indulge in it when there was a possibility of his seeing or overhearing it. When in his presence, they drew on their velvet gloves and hid their claws. But one day they went just a hair's breadth too far, and frightened Lucia by springing out on her from an unexpected corner in a darkened passage with shrill yells, making her drop a beautiful and costly vase she was taking to the conservatory to get filled, which broke into fifty pieces at her feet. Glowing with sudden fury, all her hot tropical blood surging to her head, she flew at them—and possessed, for the time, of unnatural strength, she held them, laying blindly about their faces and necks until, breaking away from her, they ran panic-stricken and screaming to their mother, with the print of her nails and the marks of her fingers upon their cheeks and necks. It had all been so sudden, this moral cyclone, that the forces of her nature had suddenly roused into action—that when Lucia was left alone, and heard the howls of her tormentors dying in the distance, a great numbness and blindness came over her and she staggered against the wall, where she leaned white and trembling—her first thought being: "What have I done? I have grieved the most holy Virgin! If my darling mamma knows it she is sorrowful and ashamed. And Mr. Brooke! oh, what shall I do? After all his goodness, and patience—" Then she made a quick and sudden resolve. Her guardian was in the library; she had left him there a half hour ago; she would go to him and tell him all about it herself: no one should tell on her, for she never doubted that he would believe every word she said. To think was, to Lucia, to act—and without a moment's hesitation she went towards the library, staggering and holding on to things as she went, and, opening the door, went in. When Allan Brooke looked up the child was standing white and trembling beside him, looking so ill and with such a look of her dead mother in her face that he involuntarily uttered a cry and pushed back his chair as he threw out his arm as if to save her from falling.

"What is the matter, Lucia; are you ill?" he asked.

"No, sir," she almost whispered; "I have been very angry—in a great passion. Frank and his sisters frightened me and made me break that vase your bought from Venice. I was going to fill it with flowers and put it on the organ against you came."

"Sit down, my child; there's no need to be so distressed about the vase; I did not value it very highly. Sit down; your poor little heart is going at a dreadful rate."

"I'd rather stand, sir, please. That is not all. I believe— I believe I beat them," she gasped.

"Who? my sister's children? oh, Lucia!"

"I was in a great passion, and I'm not sorry, for they're wicked, cruel children," she sobbed. "I am so miserable! I want to go away, Mr. Brooke, I won't stay where they are; they make faces at me and mock and torment me all the time, and I have tried so hard to be good to them. Indeed I am telling you the truth, Mr. Brooke."

"I am sure of that, Lucia," said Allan Brooke, feeling much disturbed, and speaking gravely; "but you did wrong to strike the children."

"I could not help it, sir."

"Lucia, my child, go up to your room and remain there until I send for you. I will investigate this affair, and if my sister's children are in fault they must be punished," said Allan Brooke as he got up and pulled the bell-cord.

"Send Chloe to me," was his brief order when the servant answered the bell. But before Chloe came, Mrs. Yellott rushed into the library in a state of such angry excitement that she could scarcely articulate.

"Sit down, Ellen, and try and calm yourself," said Allan Brooke, sorely disturbed. "You know I can't endure fuss of any kind, and we might as well go over this affair as quietly as we can."

"It is easy to *talk* of being quiet, but it is impossible just now. My children have been cruelly treated by that dreadful girl; their faces are scratched, and Frank's eye is swollen up as big as my fist! I have come to tell you that I shall have to go away; nothing would induce me to stay in the house with such an evil, wicked being," exclaimed Mrs. Yellott speaking rapidly.

"Taint all her fault, Mass'r Allan," burst out Chloe, who had come in just behind Mrs. Yellott and had heard the whole story from Lucia; "I tell you, Miss Ellen, your children's as much to blame as little Missey; dey have treated her dretful! I seen dat wid my own eyes. Day in an' day out, dey did everything could be thought of to aggrawate her an' worry her, till I thought sometimes she'd pitch into 'em an' give 'em jessce,—but she didn't—she 'haved herself like a born lady till to-day, and I s'pose dey was a little too much for her."

"Hold your tongue, Maum' Chloe, until you are spoken to!" exclaimed Mrs. Yellott, angrily; "you forget yourself."

"No, I doesn't, nuther, Miss Ellen. I never forgets dat I nussed you at my breast, honey, and it 'ud be natur for me to stand up for you an' yourn

thro' thick an' thin, when I can do it without lyin'; *dat* I won't do for any livin' human. But I can't stand up for dem children, 'case I been watchin' of 'em and how dey treated dat poor desolate little gal dat was doin' her best, *agin her natur*, to make 'em have a good time," said Chloe, nothing daunted.

Allan Brooke felt convinced in his own mind that Chloe's statement, which corresponded so exactly with what Lucia had told, was correct; but he did not say it in so many words; he only said "That will do, Chloe; you can go now; Mrs. Yellott and I will talk the matter over and see what is best to be done;" and Maum Chloe sailed out, feeling in her very bones that the master would deal justly and kindly with the young offenders all round; "Only," she muttered, "I'd like to give dat boy and dem two gals one good trounciu' dat dey'd 'member to dar dyin' day! 'Taint like it used to be; dey spars de rod an' spiles de chile nowadays, den wonders what's de matter! Pshaw!"

The conference was quite a long one between Allan Brooke and his sister; and, however it was, she came to the conclusion that it was her best policy not to take too high a stand with him; then she conceded little by little that her "children *were* sometimes rude; that they were thoughtless and full of high spirits, and might have teased Lucia more than they should have done, and finally ended by offering to overlook her violence towards them and give them orders to behave better in future."

"I know nothing about children, but I suppose the spirit of tormenting is natural to them; it seems to me, however, to be a most hurtful and injudicious thing for them to be unrestrained in their passion for giving pain solely for the sake of amusing themselves; it has a tendency to make them selfish, cruel and domineering. You talk to Frank and the girls, Ellen, about it, and I will speak to Lucia this afternoon, when we get to 'Buckrae' and we are quite alone. Then after the storm is allayed, my dear," said Allan Brooke, well pleased to find his sister grown reasonable, "we must have a dancing party for the children—or something, I don't care what, so it amuses and keeps them out of mischief."

Lucia did not appear at tea that evening. No one ever knew what passed between her guardian and herself; but Maum Chloe, who was on the watch, saw that a calm, peaceful expression rested upon her face when she came in, and knew by the sign that her heart was no longer in a wild fever of angry emotion.

The next morning Lucia came in to breakfast a few minutes after the family had assembled around the table, but instead of going to her place, she walked up to Mrs. Yellott, and with her great,

wild eyes unflinchingly fixed on the face of the astonished woman, said:

"I could not help it, ma'am, what I did yesterday, and I am sorry that I got in such a dreadful passion. I will try not to do so again."

Mrs. Yellott gave a little laugh, and drawing Lucia to her, kissed her; she knew that was the proper thing to do; then she made Frank ask pardon for himself and sisters for their rudeness to her, and peace seemed to be restored. When Lucia went to her chair, her guardian held out his hand, and, pressing hers, held it until she sat down, signing his approval, by this little act, of a scene that was to him entirely unlooked for, and which gave him a new insight into the character of his ward.

Then Mrs. Yellott, after the first surprise, began to analyze Lucia's little speech. "She did not say," thought she, "that she was sorry for what she did to the children; she made no humble concession as to her being in fault herself, and asked nobody's pardon; in fact her first words proved that she had considered herself *driven* to make the assault, and left the blame on my poor darlings; her next was an open acknowledgment that she had got into a dreadful passion, for which she was sorry; then came a voluntary promise to try not to do so again." All this was nothing to Mrs. Yellott, who would like to have seen Lucia eating humble pie; she would have liked to forgive her and patronize her, but the child's simple straightforwardness and the evident sacrifice she had made to principle and duty precluded this, and irritated her beyond measure. "The proud little minx!" she muttered, when thinking over it all for the hundredth time that day; "a time of reckoning will come between us yet; but I must bear a great deal in silence now, for the interests of my children. I hate the very sight of her."

Month of the Most Precious Blood.

The month of July, dedicated to the Most Precious Blood, is one in which many festivals of interest are found; and though the month is for many a time of relaxation, still those festivals should not be forgotten.

Amid all the pleasures which a Christian may with propriety allow himself, the thought of his responsibility to God for all his acts must be kept in view, and the one who is so unfortunate as to be unmindful of it, is soon brought back by the merciful hand of God to a recollection of it. The recollection of the sufferings of our Lord and of His crucifixion should be often brought to mind, that our hearts may not be too much taken up by the amusements in which we may participate.

Celebration of the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the Holy Father's Election.

All over the world this twenty-fifth Anniversary was celebrated. The fact of Pius IX reigning twenty-five years—longer than any other Pope since St. Peter—is among the many extraordinary events that illustrate the glorious Pontificate of the Holy Father. Throughout the United States the festival was celebrated by some on the 17th, by others on the 21st; and the columns of the daily papers contained telegraphic reports from all the principal towns, some of which we mentioned last week, but the celebrations unannounced in the papers were far more numerous than those which were reported by telegraph. In every congregation the virtues, the sufferings and heroic life of Pius IX were spoken of by his children; prayers to God were offered up for him; the protection of the Blessed Mother of God, to whom Pius IX is so devoted, was implored for him; the Holy Sacrifice was offered up for him on every altar; and processions with all the pomp and circumstance that enthusiasm for the heroic courage of the Holy Father could suggest were made in order to testify the feelings of veneration and love that all the Catholics of the world have for Pius IX.

Next to the love of the good, the hatred manifested by the wicked shows the greatness of a man.

Pius IX received both of these manifestations; for while Catholics were thus rejoicing and thanking God for the preservation of the Holy Father's life beyond "the years of Peter," the emissaries of those men whose atrocities in Paris we have read with horror, were plotting to assassinate the Pope. Happily the plot was discovered, and the designs of the wicked were frustrated.

We Catholics should never cease our prayers for the Holy Father, nor relax in our efforts to support him in his destitution by our contributions, nor allow our enthusiasm for him to grow cold until he be restored to his temporal possessions. The encyclical which we publish this week (a translation made by the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*) shows us in what light we should consider the civil sovereignty of the Holy See; it "has been given to the Roman Pontiff by a singular counsel of Divine Providence; and it is of necessity, in order that the Roman Pontiff may exercise the supreme power and authority divinely given to him by the Lord Christ Himself, of feeding and ruling the entire Flock of the Lord with fullest liberty....that he shall never be subject to any Prince or Civil Power."

The Bishops of France and Austria are making persistent representations to their governments

that the Holy Father's temporal possessions be restored to him.

Notices of Publications.

PATRON SAINTS, by Miss E. A. Starr. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have received from Messrs. Murphy & Co. a copy of this book which we announced some time ago in the columns of the *A V E M A R I A*. Messrs. Murphy & Co. have done their part well, and have published the book on excellent paper, with clean type.

We have not an artistic eye, and cannot, therefore, pronounce upon the engravings; but we have no doubt that many will be highly pleased with them.

For the style of the book, we need only say that the book is written by one who thoroughly understands the importance of her work, who makes it a work of love, and who enters into the thoughts of those for whom she writes; add to this her perfect knowledge of the subject matter, and the interesting manner she has put it before her readers, and you have an idea of the book, which, though addressed principally to the young, will be found interesting by older readers.

HOSANNA OF THE LITTLE ONES: A select manual of Sacred Hymns, appropriate for the principal seasons and festivals of the Ecclesiastical Year, selected and arranged by G. Duchmig.

This selection has been made with "a special view to the wants and capacities of Catholic Schools, Convents, Colleges, &c.," and the proceeds are to be applied to the founding of Free Scholarships in the Seminary, or Normal School of the Holy Family, St. Francis, Wisconsin.

Orders should be sent to G. D's H., Library of the Catholic Teacher Seminary, St. Francis, Milwaukee Co., Wisconsin.

In Memoriam.

Died in Norfolk, Virginia, March 23, 1871, Rev. JOSEPH AMBLER WEED, aged fifty-three years and eight months. Born of Protestant parents in Virginia, gifted with superior talents, and endowed from early youth with an earnest, upright and pious character, Mr. Ambler Weed became a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Grace was given him ere long to see the truth, and without hesitation he gave all he had hoped, or the world had promised, to follow Christ. He was received into the true fold by the Rt. Rev. Dr. McGill, Bishop of Richmond, in 1857.

Eight years later, after mature study, and some

delay occasioned by the convulsed state of the country, he was ordained priest in 1866, and at once devoted himself with ardor to the laborious duties of a missionary priest. He was for four years pastor of Staunton, Virginia.

Filled with zeal for the salvation of souls, and thinking only of the spiritual needs of his flock, he gave little heed to the signs of an overworked constitution and failing health, which led friends to urge him to spare himself in some degree, or even to withdraw, for a time, from his field of labor. He thought only of the children confided to him,—not at all of himself.

In the winter of 1870, his health and strength completely failed, and he was forced to yield. For months he lingered, turning every hour to good account in view of his approaching end, and striving to sanctify each day by celebrating the Holy Mass, and by such works of the ministry as his enfeebled condition would allow him to perform. At last he heard the Master's voice, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant"—the angel of peace gave the expected summons; he met it calmly and sweetly as the priest of God should.

He expired fortified with the Sacraments of the Church, and amid the prayers of the Clergy and Daughters of St. Vincent, kneeling around his dying couch. May our end be like his.

Requiescat in pace.

Miraculous Restoration of Mrs. Ann Mattingly, of Washington, D. C., Together with the Documents.

APPENDIX.

The above history of the miraculous cure of Mrs. Ann Mattingly is corroborated by thirty-seven affidavits before justices of the peace. They can be seen in a book of pamphlets, at the Athenum of Philadelphia, marked on the back "47, Pamphlets, Vol. 21. C 39." Amongst them the following are the most important:

MRS. ANN MATTINGLY.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, *City and* } *Sct.*
County of Washington.

On the 24th day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four, personally appears before me, a Justice of the Peace for the county aforesaid, Mrs. Ann Mattingly, of the City of Washington, who, being sworn on the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, deposes and saith, that she is now about forty years of age, as she believes; that during the summer of the year 1817 she began to feel an uneasy sensation in her left side which continued gradually to increase in painfulness, and in a short time concentrated to a point on the left side of her left breast, when she could dis-

tinely feel a small lump at that spot, about the size of a pigeon's egg, which became so bad as to be rendered extremely painful by the slightest touch of her finger or pressure of her clothes. That some time in the month of September of the same year, at the request of her brother Thomas, she showed the parts affected to Doctors Jones, Cutbush, and M'Williams, the two first named of whom directed external applications of hemlock and mercurial ointment, and prescribed other remedies, but the means resorted to did not disperse the lump, or produce any relief whatever. That on the Monday after Easter Monday, in the year 1818, she was seized with a violent puking, which continued at intervals for several hours, during which Dr. Jones was called in, and prescribed for her; that her indisposition continued to increase for several days, when it assumed a more alarming aspect. During this period she was visited by Dr. Blake, in aid of Dr. Jones, and was by them put under a course of mercury, which produced a salivation of several weeks continuance, but from which she derived no more benefit than from the external applications. During a year or more, after this period, she was unable to leave her bed, or for months at a time to turn herself in it without assistance. That during this period Dr. Jones almost constantly visited her from once to three times a day, and often at night, without affording any other inconsiderable and temporary relief; that she was occasionally visited during this period by Dr. Blake, and once by Dr. Shaaf from neither of whom did she derive more relief than had been afforded by the prescriptions of Dr. Jones, and that she continued in the most distressing condition until the tenth of the present month: the violence of her suffering, however, occasionally varying, and at times so far abating as to admit of her sitting up, moving about in the room, and sometimes sewing.

She further deposeth and saith, that during the whole period of her illness, since about March, 1818, she does not recollect any moment at which she was free from severe pain, and that, for the most part, her sufferings were so excruciating as to deprive her of all strength and power of action, and that she frequently fainted from the extreme acuteness of her pains; that she has, during the same period, been in the habit of vomiting large quantities of blood and offensive matter, and that she has no recollection of having, at any time, spit without emitting some portion of blood. That, generally her sensations appeared to her to be such as might be occasioned by boring her side, immediately under and next to her arm, with an auger, a constant tweaking or pinching of her side with numerous pincers, and a cutting of her flesh with sharp instruments; that in the lump on the side of her breast, which increased somewhat in size, and continued until her final recovery, she has frequently felt sudden and most acute pains, which seemed to shoot off in every direction from that spot, causing her agonies which are indescribable.

That immediately under her shoulder blade, in her left shoulder, and her left arm from her shoulder to her elbow, during the whole period of her illness, she felt pains nearly as severe as that in her side, and that she was only enabled to use the lower part of that arm and

her left hand by supporting her elbow with her right hand or resting it with something else—that she constantly felt a tightness across her breast, as if lashed tightly round with a cord, and an internal burning and smarting sensation, resembling, as nearly as she can conceive, the exposing of a raw burn to a hot fire: that for about six months immediately preceding the moment of her restoration to health she had been afflicted with most distressing fits of coughing, and latterly with daily chills and fevers. That during her most afflicting and painful paroxysms her tongue has been parched with a constant fever, and seemed to her to be as hard and rough as a nutmeg grater, and that she had constantly a bad and disagreeable taste in her mouth. That since the commencement of her illness she experienced a general loss of appetite: but during the periods of most severe suffering she has been unable, for several weeks together, to take any solid or substantial food; and the small quantities of tea which she at times attempted to take, her stomach rejected. That she was often seized with a severe cramp in her breast, in her side, and in her shoulder, and sometimes in her stomach and extremities.

She further deposeth and saith, that pursuant to the directions of Prince Hohenlohe, a Catholic priest of Bamberg, in Germany, as communicated to her by the Rev. Mr. Dubuisson, assistant pastor of St. Patrick's Church, in the City of Washington, she performed a novena or nine days' devotion, in honor of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, commencing on the first day of the present month: and having made her confession to the Rev. Mr. Matthews, rector of the church aforesaid, the Holy Eucharist was administered to her by the Rev. Mr. Dubuisson, at a little after four o'clock on the morning of Wednesday the tenth of this month. That, in consequence of the hard and dry state of her tongue at the time of receiving the Blessed Sacrament, five or six minutes elapsed before she was able to swallow it; but directly after having done so, she found that she was relieved from all that pain and sickness which at the moment of her receiving was, if possible, greater than at any former time, and so intense as to threaten her immediate dissolution; and she immediately found herself able to arise from her bed, without any assistance, and, in the presence of the Rev. Mr. Dubuisson and her attending relatives and friends, kneel in thanksgiving to Almighty God. That, from the moment of her restoration, her appetite has been perfectly good; and while she is rapidly regaining her natural strength and flesh, no symptoms of disease, or the slightest indisposition of any kind, has been felt by her, and that in the place of the former disagreeable taste in her month, she has constantly had a sweet taste, nearly resembling that of loaf sugar.

Finally, she declares that, at the moment of receiving the Blessed Sacrament, she felt so extremely ill, that believing the time arrived when she must either die, or through the mercy and goodness of God be restored to health, she made this mental prayer or aspiration: "Lord Jesus! Thy holy will be done,"

Sworn to before

R. S. BRISCOE,

Justice of the Peace.

SUPPLEMENT TO MRS. ANN MATTINGLY'S DEPOSITION.

Of the many hundred persons who visited me since my extraordinary cure, several have asked me if it was not effected by the breaking of an abscess in my side, and a copious discharge from it. I consider myself bound in gratitude to God, the sole Author of my restoration to health, to prevent the propagation of such an erroneous opinion, by solemnly declaring that I had no knowledge of any abscess in my side, and of course I perceived no breaking or discharge of any. Such, in fact, was my exhausted and debilitated state, that it was with great difficulty that I could spit at all during that night, and what I did spit was in smaller quantity than usual. Equally erroneous is the opinion that my imagination effected my cure. I had long expected the hour, when Almighty God, in His mercy, would deliver me from my sufferings, by withdrawing me from a world, to me a scene of misery. I believed that hour was now at hand; with calm resignation I awaited it. The lump on my side was so inflamed and so painful, that I could not suffer my arm to touch it; and the sinews of my arm being contracted, I could not keep it entirely from touching my side. In this distressing situation, I, calmly and without agitation of mind, awaited the final close of my earthly miseries, when suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, all pain left me, my body was entirely healed, and I found myself in perfect health; a blessing of God, which I have continued to enjoy since, without interruption, to the present moment.

ANN MATTINGLY.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 3d, 1824.

Sworn to before me, a Justice of the Peace, for the City and County of Washington, District of Columbia.

JAMES HOBAN, [SEAL.]

Justice of the Peace.

DR. WILLIAM JONES.

In the summer of 1817, I examined a tumor, seated in Mrs Mattingly's left mamma, and was of opinion at the time, that it partook of a schirrous character. Some months subsequent to this examination, I was called to visit her, and found her with pain in the side and breast. The tumor had become painful, and the pectoral muscle somewhat contracted. After prescribing for those symptoms several months, and the disease continuing to resist, I requested the attendance of Doctors Blake and Schaaf; what their opinions were of the case, I do not recollect; but the treatment suggested by them, produced no improvement in the patient. During Mrs. Mattingly's illness, (but at what period I am not prepared to state,) her complaint assumed a more formidable aspect; the stomach became irritable, and began to eject large quantities of blood; sometimes florid, but mostly grumous and fetid. When this last symptom presented, I was of opinion, that it was *vicarious*, and not until convinced by Mrs. Mattingly, that the functions of the uterus continued to be performed, (except when she was very much reduced,) did I abandon it.

Dr. M'Williams, who also visited her in consultation with me, and witnessed the continual discharge of blood, &c., was of opinion that her case was hopeless, and simply advised the use of palliatives. I concurred,

and having observed laudanum to mitigate her suffering more than any other medicine, directed its use to be continued *pro re nata*.

Notwithstanding our opinion, that the disease was not within the control of medicine, I continued to call occasionally, but had not done so for some months prior to the first instant, when I was particularly requested, by her brother, to see her. I found her laboring under incessant cough, and chill, every afternoon; in addition to those symptoms which I have been accustomed to see.

The sulphate of quinine was directed; but her attendants stated that a very inconsiderable portion of it was retained; it was discontinued, and the laudanum, in large doses, repeated. I continued my visits to the fifth, and believing anodynes only indicated, did not see her again till Wednesday the tenth; when, by the personal request of Captain Carbery, (who assured me that my patient was cured,) I called, and to my great surprise and gratification, she met me at her chamber door, in apparent health.

W. JONES.

WASHINGTON, March 30th, 1824.

DR. ALEXANDER M'WILLIAMS.

I believe it was in the year 1816 or '17, I was desired to see Mrs. Mattingly. She requested a candid opinion as to the nature and probable danger of a deep-seated tumor in her left breast, which she apprehended to be cancerous. After examining fully, and learning all the circumstances connected with the case, I gave it as my opinion, that although this was not at the time a cancer, yet it would be safe and advisable to have it extirpated, as in time it might become one.

After this, I did not again see Mrs. Mattingly until two or three years after, when I was requested to see her in consultation with Dr. Jones, the attending physician. At the time of our visit, her sufferings were apparently extreme, and gave every reason to conclude that the disease was making rapid progress on the internal organs, as nothing could be more offensive than the effluvia from her breath. The matter discharged by coughing, puking and spitting, was so disagreeable as to induce me to leave the room as soon as decency would permit.

I also observed a white handkerchief covered with blood, which was apparently discharged from her stomach.

On conferring with Dr. Jones, I freely gave it as my opinion, that her case was hopeless, and that palliatives were all that was left for this pious and excellent woman in her languishing condition; in which opinion Dr. Jones fully concurred.

ALEXANDER M'WILLIAMS.

CITY OF WASHINGTON, D. C., March 25, 1824.

DR. GEORGE A. CARROLL.

WASHINGTON, April 3d, 1824.

I hereby certify, that I accidentally saw Mrs. Mattingly at her brother's, some time last fall, and that she seemed to me to be then in a helpless state of disease, and beyond the power of medical aid. I certify further, that I called this day to see her, and find her exhibiting no indication of disease whatever.

GEORGE A. CARROLL, M. D.

REV. ANTHONY KOHLMANN.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, *City and* } *Sct.*
County of Washington.

On this twentieth day of March, in the year of our Lord 1824, personally appears before me the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace for the County aforesaid, the Rev. Anthony Kohlmann, of Prince George's County, in the state of Maryland, who being sworn on the Holy Evangel of Almighty God, deposed and saith, that, whilst residing at Georgetown College between five and six years ago, he became acquainted with Mrs. Ann Mattingly, who then was ill—that soon after he was called to visit her, the Rev. Mr. Matthews being absent, and, as everybody thought her at the point of death, he administered to her the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction; that, ever since that time, he has been intimate in the family of her brother, Capt. Thomas Carbery; and during his residence in the City of Washington, (from October, 1820, to July, 1823,) on his frequent visits, he often found Mrs. Mattingly vomiting a great deal of blood, with a mixture of matter resembling pieces of flesh, which threatened to suffocate her. That, once in particular, she described to him the tumor on her side, as so painful, that the softest linen pressing on it, caused her the most acute pains, and such sufferings, as if sharp knives were constantly thrust into her body; and that, during the last six months, on his occasional, though pretty frequent visits from the country, he has seen her subject to fits of coughing, as if her whole frame would break into pieces, which it sickened him to witness. In short, that he can say he has seen her in a state of excruciating pain, with little or no abatement, for nearly six years.

The deponent further saith, that he was most earnest in inviting Mrs. Mattingly to have recourse to the prayers of Prince Alexander de Hohenlohe, as he was full of hope that hers was a case reserved by the Almighty for the manifestation of His extraordinary favors to His Church; that after it had been agreed upon that she should so, and unite in prayers with the Prince, on the 10th of the present month of March, being informed by the Rev. Mr. Dubuisson of the day when the previous nine days of devotion should begin, he joined in it; that, on the ninth of this month, he paid a visit to Mrs. Mattingly, late in the evening, and found her as low as he had ever seen her—that to him she had all the appearance of a dying person—that her voice was so weak, that he had to apply his ear to her lips to distinguish her words, and she told him she could scarcely see or hear. That, notwithstanding, full of confidence he told her: "all this is for the better," and was greatly edified by the evidences which she gave of her faith and resignation. That, on the next morning, (the 10th,) he said Mass in the Chapel of Georgetown College, at half after three o'clock, in union of intention with all the persons who performed the devotion—prayed with more than usual confidence, and cannot pretend to describe his feelings, when, in about an hour or two afterwards, he learnt that Mrs. Mattingly had been suddenly cured at fifteen minutes after four—and, about nine o'clock on the same morning, with his own eyes, beheld her restored to that health of which it was universally thought she was bereft forever.

Finally, this deponent wishes it particularly to be recorded, as his invariable opinion, that from the state of excruciating pain in which he saw Mrs. Mattingly, for nearly six years, her sudden recovery fell hardly short of a resurrection from the dead, nothing indeed but Divine Omnipotence being capable of reorganizing into a perfect state of health, and in an instant, such a frame as hers was, the wreck of sickness and corruption.

ANTHONY KOHLMANN.

Sworn and subscribed before

WILLIAM THORNTON, [SEAL.]
Justice of the Peace.

THE REV. STEPHEN LARIGAUDELLE DUBUISSON.

I have had the honor of Mrs. Mattingly's acquaintance (a sister of Captain Thomas Carbery, the present Mayor of Washington,) for more than two years. I habitually visited her, and always found her a prey to an inward illness, with which, I was told that she had been taken about six years ago. The symptoms which I witnessed, or frequently heard herself state, were the following:

She constantly felt excruciating pains in her chest, on the left side. It seemed as if her inside frame, in that part, were corroded by a cancer. She usually threw up blood and a mixture of corrupt matter in such quantity, that it may well be said to have been by full bowls. Owing, no doubt, to that internal ulcer, her breath was extremely offensive. Oftentimes she spoke to me of a red and hard spot below her left breast, which at intervals threatened to break open. From the violence of the pains in her breast, she had lost the use of her left arm, so far as to have been unable to lift it up or to use it in dressing, without assistance, for about six years. In her worst paroxysms, which lasted, not merely a few days, but whole weeks, and returned several times each year, it was impossible for her to take any substantial food whatever. She has spent as long as four weeks together literally without swallowing anything else than a few cups of tea or coffee. She then used to be reduced to that state of weakness that she could not stir from her bed; and it was a subject of astonishment to all her friends that she lived. Towards the last period she experienced an increase of malady. She was taken about six months ago with a cough, which became worse and worse, and for the last six weeks was such as to place her in imminent danger of expiring in the height of the fits. I do not recollect ever witnessing anything like it, both for violence and the puking of blood, with which it was attended. Finally, she was taken a few weeks since with chills and fevers. In short, so continually was the state of suffering of Mrs. Mattingly, that I remember only one period when she enjoyed some relief, and that but a temporary and very incomplete one; for the few weeks immediately preceding her cure, she was in a sort of agony, which, I found, almost everybody judged must have been the precursor of her departure from this world.

The physicians consulted on the case, or who attended, had declared that it was evidently out of the reach of medicine. Mrs. Mattingly has always been remarkably religious in her disposition: some of her friends suggested the step of applying to Prince Hohenlohe, for his prayers in her favor, as the power granted

him from heaven to cure suddenly disease beyond the reach of human skill became daily more manifest. She did not ask it: her resignation was as great as her sufferings were acute; she agreed to it, however, as a means of recovery, in which she felt inclined to put great confidence. The Rev. Mr. Anthony Kohlmann was to write to the Prince. Captain Thomas Carbery, on the occasion, in March, 1823, drew up a statement of Mrs. Mattingly's sickness in its origin and progress, which was confirmed, under signature, by Dr. Jones, her attending physician. Mr. Kohlmann was obliged to leave the city, to reside at Prince George's County, without having written to the Prince. He knew that I intended to make application to the Prince for some other persons, and requested me to include Mrs. Mattingly, in my list of petitioners—I promised to do so, but my professional duties, numerous and incessant, left me no leisure time, and the very delicate nature of the step caused in me an involuntary tendency to procrastination; so that it was not until November last, that I spent an evening at Captain Carbery's house, for the express purpose of writing there a letter to the priest, Prince Hohenlohe. I then penned a draft of a letter, which draft I now have among my papers; but I still delayed, and finally my letter went only under date of the 2d of January last, enclosed in some other dispatches, in the care of Mr. Petry, formerly the Consul General of France at Washington. I assuredly could not expect an answer from the Prince by this time.

In the beginning of February last, Mr. Kohlmann, returning from Baltimore, reported that the Rev. John Tessier, a Vicar-General of the Diocese of Baltimore, had received a letter from Prince Hohenlohe, stating that his highness would offer up his prayers on the tenth day of every month, at nine o'clock, A. M., for the benefit of those persons living out of Europe, who wished to unite in prayers with him. It was immediately proposed that Mrs. Mattingly should apply for the efficacy of the Prince's prayers, on the tenth of the same month of February last. But the Prince recommended a nine days' devotion in honor of the *Name of Jesus*. I was of opinion that this religious exercise must have been gone through previously to the day appointed to pray in union with the Prince. I therefore invited Mrs. Mattingly to wait until the tenth of the present month of March. Meanwhile, impressed with a kind of awe by the nature of the proceedings, I determined to act with the utmost circumspection. Accordingly, I wrote to the Rev. Mr. W. Bescher, in Baltimore, to obtain some more positive information. His answer fully satisfied me with regard to the existence of the letter on the part of the Prince, received in Baltimore, and likewise respecting several late striking cures in Holland. Not contented with those precautions, I would have the approbation of the head Pastor of the Diocese, Archbishop Marechal, before taking upon myself to direct the infirm persons alluded to in their devotions, in such a step as an application for their cure from Heaven, through the efficacy of the prayers of Prince Hohenlohe, a Roman Catholic Priest, residing upwards of four thousand miles from this place, and at the precise time of prayers in union with him.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[From the Lamp.]

Our Lady's Knight.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

Solyma could not forget the young Christian's words. Many hours after the sun had set in the golden west, she would watch the blue sky where the pale moon gleamed and the stars burned. She wondered what was on the other side, who was the beautiful Queen the captive loved so well; why, as his emblem, he had chosen a stainless lily. Rapid and wondering were the eager thoughts that rushed through her mind; a strange new longing, that she could not understand, filled her heart. She said to herself, over and over again, that she would give everything she had in the world to see and speak to that wondrous lady. As the captive worked amongst the bright flowers, she listened more eagerly than ever to the clear musical voice that seemed to rise to the very heavens, uttering so often the name she had grown to love.

No news came of the ransom; the Saracen chief never spoke of gratitude towards the captive, but the severity of his imprisonment was relaxed. Occasionally, too, he found in his cell a dish of ripe fruit and a flask of rare wine. He knew they had been sent there by the Saracen's daughter.

One day, as he was busy at work among the roses, he heard something that resembled a moan. Going in the direction of the sound, behind a large heap of stones which were being used for the erection of a new fountain he found a man wearing the captives dress, lying white and senseless upon the ground. Bertrand's heart sickened as he noted the heavy iron around the prisoner's ankles, and the chains upon his wrists. He raised the wearied head and pillowed it upon his arm, while tears, of which the soldier was not ashamed, fell upon the white cold face. Was this the end of high hopes and military glory, this long captivity, this lingering death?

The face upon which he gazed was a noble one, although the deep lines upon it told of ruined hope and sick despair. Slowly the dark eyes opened and the white lips murmured, as though they would fain utter some word.

"You are very ill," said Bertrand gently, and in his own tongue: "what can I do for you?"

"Nothing," replied the sick man, in the welcome Saxon speech, "nothing; lay me down and let me die."

"You are my countryman," said the young knight. "I am English; I come from the fair county of Devon. I am called Bertrand Talbot, of the Helde. I have been nearly three years here in prison. Who are you?"

"I," he replied, "have almost forgotten my own name, it is so long since I have heard it. I come from Kent and used to be called Hubert Dacre. It is fifteen long years since I fell into the hands of this Saracen chief."

"Have you hopes of ransom?" asked Bertrand.

"Alas, I know not. I left a wife and three fair children behind me, and I came to the Holy Land. I expended a small fortune in equipping myself and ten followers for the wars. I left my wife and children a goodly estate, but I do not see how they could raise half the sum this cruel extortioner demands. Ah, God!" continued the captive, "what cruelties, what indignities have they not heaped upon me since all hope of the money failed! I have been forced to the hardest labor, deprived almost of food, driven with violence to work when my strength failed. Now the time has come when I can stand no longer; lay me down, my brother, and let me die. I dreaded death, but I thank God the time has come at last. I am so weary."

Our Lady's Knight laid the suffering captive down upon the ground. He went back to his cell, where the day before a dish of ripe rare fruit had been left: he fetched it, and poured the fresh cool juice between the sick man's lips. It refreshed him, and then Bertrand helped him to his cell. When the captive prayed one of the great officers of the chief's household to obtain permission from his lord that he might share his cell with his countryman, the chief smiled contemptuously and gave consent. What had seemed to him a boon not worth granting was like new life to Hubert Dacre. In spite of himself, tears would rain down Bertrand's cheeks when in his nightly dreams the worn-out captive would murmur the names of his wife and children, fancying himself once more at home.

"My home was so happy," he would say to the young knight; "we dwelt in a quiet homestead near the sea. In my dreams I behold again the walls of my house covered with wild roses and climbing flowers; I see the green meadows, the dark woods, the golden cornfields, and the orchard where my children loved to play. In the morning the sun used to wake me, shining in my room; when I opened my window, the perfume of the hawthorn and woodbine seemed like a message from heaven. I loved my wife so dearly, and my children were the best part of life. I left them," he continued, the old martial fire returning to his eye—"I left them when the cry came from the

Holy Land. I knew I should meet danger, I did not fear it; I knew I might meet death, I did not dread it; but never in my wildest dream did I picture a fate so sad as mine. For fifteen years I have lingered a hopeless helpless captive; every day it seems to me that I have died over and over again. I have learned to bear in silence and resignation my daily labor, but I cannot endure the visions that come to me in the night."

"What are they?" asked Bertrand.

"Visions of my wife, my children, and my home," he continued. "Sometimes I imagine myself in the sweet fragrant meadows, the hawthorn blooming upon the hedges, the wild flowers springing in the grass. I look upon the quiet beauty of the English skies, and think of this land as of a dream. Oftener still I see my wife's sweet face shining upon me, and hear her bid me 'God speed' as she did when I left her so many years ago. Oftener even than that I dream of my three children: Oswald was a fine handsome boy of thirteen when I saw him last, and Ethel had blooming cheeks and bright eyes, but the fairest and best beloved of all was my little golden-haired May. I held her in my arms when I came away; she clasped her soft loving hands about my neck, her tender lips kissed my cheek, and her little tears fell upon my face.

"Come back again soon," she whispered; 'come back to love me.'

"Ah, Bertrand, in my sleep, in my dreams, I feel again the touch of those innocent lips; those child-like limpid eyes look into mine; my face burns where those tears fell, and her sweet voice calls to me, 'Come home soon;' I wake and wish my torture ended, that I might die. It is fifteen years since I held my child in my arms, yet she is ever the same to me. I cannot fancy her grown or altered, although I know she is a child no more; it is the bright golden head and laughing face of a babe that shines before me and tortures me with its tender beauty. Ah, me, I shall never see wife, children, or home again!"

The young knight's heart melted within him, as the feeble voice murmured of those beloved ones, and grew weaker day by day.

"I had a beautiful dream last night," said Hubert Dacre to Bertrand one morning: "I saw my little May; she stood there near the cell door, she beckoned me with her hand.

"Come home, dear," she said; 'we are weary of waiting; but I knew we should see you again.'"

"Take hope and courage," said the young crusader; "God is good. You know not what happiness may be in store for you. God rewards magnificently those who serve Him well."

And as the knight taught sublime lessons of

resignation and patience to the wearied captive, they stole deeper and deeper day by day into his own heart. For the first time he saw and felt their full beauty, and began to understand that nothing was worth living for save heaven.

"What would it matter, after all," he said one day to himself—"what would it matter if my little span of life were spent here in captivity, provided I reach heaven in the end?"

Hard and bitter had been the discipline of that young heart before such thoughts as these came. After all, earthly glory, military fame, high renown, were beautiful; but what were they compared to the grandeur of the man who has so far conquered himself as to live only to do God's will, no matter what it may be or where it may lead him to? A new happiness came to him—the happiness that springs from perfect resignation—and the voice that sang amidst the flowers grew sweeter and clearer day by day.

One morning as he was going to work the Saracen chief sent for him. He was seated in great state, surrounded by the chief officers of his household. Before him stood a noble stranger wearing a religious dress new to Bertrand; on the table there lay a glittering mass of English gold.

"Sir knight," said the Saracen chief, "your ransom is paid in all honor. You are free to return home with this noble stranger, who has come to seek you."

"It is true you are free," said the stranger. "I have brought from England the ransom of many noble knights, and I have a pledge for their safety. Some are here, others are imprisoned near Aleppo: I go now to free them; I will return for you in a few days."

"Tell me," cried Bertrand, "did my mother send this money? Is she well?"

"Your mother sent it, my son," replied the stranger gravely. "She is well, for she is now amongst the saints of God."

"Do you mean," he cried, "that she is dead?"

"I who knew her cannot call it dying," was the reply. "I like better to say that she is gone home. Heaven, not earth, is the abode for such souls as hers."

"You are free from this moment," interrupted the chief. "You are no longer my prisoner; but if you like to remain here until your escort leaves the country, do so."

Bertrand bowed courteously and hastily quitted the presence of the chief and his officers. He had read the list of names of those knights who were ransomed; that of Hubert Dacre was *not* among them. He went out alone to the scene of his labors, the gorgeous flower-garden. He wanted to stand under the blue sky and realize the fact that he was free.

Free as the wind that played with the roses, once more he could cross the sunlit seas, once more he could look upon the Helde and play in the grove. Never again would his mother's gentle eyes gaze upon him, never would her dear voice utter tender words and blessings; but she, he knew, had "gone home to rest."

He said nothing all that day to the sick captive, who murmured in his sleep of his wife and his golden-haired May. Once Hubert, noting the new light in his face, asked what had come to him; but the young knight could not tell that wearied heart-broken man that he was free.

Night came, and when the two Christians knelt and said their evening prayers together, Bertrand wept for very joy. Soon, so soon it seemed now, he would hear the church bells in old England chiming over the smiling meadows; once again he would kneel before the altar where his Lord was really present; once again the perfume of incense, the chants of the Mass, the prayers of the Church, would charm him as they had so often done before. He could not pray, at least in words; his heart overflowed with gratitude, and tears of happiness rained down his face.

"What is it, Bertrand?" asked Hubert gently. "O, surely dreams are not coming to you as they do to me, making sleep a torture! I could die happy if I might see my children once more, for half a minute, just to gaze upon their faces and then close my eyes for ever. What has come to you? why do you weep?"

"O Hubert," replied the young crusader, "I did not like to tell you, but I must: do not wonder that I weep, for I am free."

"Free!" cried his listener, clasping his thin hands—"free to go where you list?"

"Free," replied Bertrand, "and in a few days I leave for England; my ransom is paid."

"Great God," cried the captive, "show me Thy mercy! He is free; let me not linger here. Bertrand, men call you our Lady's Knight; for our Lady's sake help me!"

A GREAT many persons would feel greatly offended if told that they were not good Catholics, while in practice they act in direct opposition to the teachings of the Church, thus giving great scandal. This was illustrated by the following incident: A number of Catholic men, of this class, were drinking till reason had lost her power, when they began to quarrel over some slight circumstance. A gentleman passing by, stepped to the window, which was open, and in a loud voice cried out: "You are no Catholics!" In a moment the cause of their quarrel was forgotten, and all rushed out to chastise the man who made such an assertion.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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No. 29.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER

Of Our Most Holy Father, Pope Plus IX,

ANNOUNCING THE NEAR APPROACH OF THE COMPLETION OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR OF HIS POPEDOM, AND PROCLAIMING PLENARY INDULGENCES, SUBJECT TO THE WILL OF ORDINARIES OF DIOCESES.

To all Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops, and other Ordinaries of Places in Favor and Communion with the Apostolic See:

PIUS PP. IX.

VENERABLE BRETHREN: Health and the Apostolic Benediction! The bounties of God call us to praise His goodness, since they show forth the glory of His majesty, and a new gift of His safe-keeping in our regard. For, now, the TWENTY-FIFTH year is about to be fulfilled since, by the will of God, we undertook the Ministry of this Apostolate. How thorny the times of our Pontificate have been, is so well known to you that it needs not our telling.

It is most clear to you, Venerable Brethren, from the whole run of what has happened, that the Church Militant is holding its course, tossed always between fightings and victories. Most surely, God tempers all that takes place, and rules on this globe, that is His footstool. Most surely, that He may fulfil all the counsels of His wisdom, He makes use, often, of instruments weak and scorned.

It is Jesus Christ our Lord, the Author and Highest Ruler of the Church, which He bought with His own Blood, who, moved also by the prayers of St. Peter, the most blessed Prince of the Apostles, and who ever lives and governs in this See of Rome—for the greater glory of His Name, and for the good of His people—has, by His free grace and strength, vouchsafed to govern and uphold our weakness and littleness, even to this lengthened time of our Apostolic calling.

Hence it is that, leaning on His aid; and ever using the counsels of our Venerable Brethren, the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church; and, more than once, calling you hither, Venerable Brethren, who have flocked to us at Rome, adorning this See

of Apostolic truth by the beauty of your virtue and of your united devotion; we have availed, in the course of this, our Pontificate, by our Decree, and that of the Church throughout the world, to declare, by a dogmatic definition, the IMMACULATE CONCEPTION of the Virgin Mother of God.

We have, in the like manner, decreed the honor of worship as Saints, to a large number of heroes of the Catholic Faith, by whose intercession—as especially by that of the Mother of God—we have full hope that, speedily, help will be brought, in these distressing times, to the Catholic Church.

It has been, equally, to the advantage and to the renown of the Catholic Church, that, in dislocated and unfriendly regions of country, we have spread the light of the true faith by Catholic Missionaries, and have established the order of an Ecclesiastical Hierarchy in sundry places.

We have, also, stamped, with condemnations the most solemn, prevalent errors, budding out markedly in our days, against human reason; against right morals; against the civil as well as the Christian commonweal. Also, God helping, we have tried to put in harmony, both in Europe and in parts of America, ecclesiastical and civil rights.

In many parts of the Eastern Church, also which, from the beginning of our Apostolic Ministry we have held in special regard, we have taken counsel for the Catholic welfare.

Of late, also, it has been granted to us to begin, and to carry forward, the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican, some of whose fruits have been received to the very great profit of the Church, while others have, for causes well known, been postponed by our order.

Nor, Venerable Brethren, have we ever failed in what the duty and obligation of our *Civil State* required of us? The greetings and praises that, as you well remember, made an exception of the beginnings of our Pontificate, were, in a short time, so changed to reproaches and hostile actions that they compelled us to go as an exile from this our beloved city. But, so soon as, by the united care and prowess of Catholic peoples and princes, we were restored to this our See, forthwith we used

all our power to the increasing and harmonizing, for our faithful subjects, of that solid and true prosperity, that we have ever recognized as the most weighty of the duties of our Civil sovereignty.

Then it was, however, that the greed of a neighboring Power sighed after the possession of our temporal States; preferred obstinately the whisperings of the sects of hell to our paternal and repeated admonishments and words; and, at last, as you know, surpassing far the shamelessness of that prodigal son that we read of in the Gospel, has attacked with force and arms this our very city, that he coveted for himself, and now against all right holds in his grasp, as if it were his property. It is impossible, Venerable Brethren, that we should not be vehemently moved at this wicked usurpation by cause of which we are suffering. We groan within ourselves, exceedingly, recognizing in this iniquity the plottings that look not only to the subversion of our Civil Principality, but also, and together with it, if that were possible, that our Spiritual Power, and the Kingdom of Christ on earth, might be blotted out. We groan in anguish, in view of so great evils, of those, especially, by which the everlasting salvation of our people is brought in danger.

And in the sharpness of our sorrow nothing more grieves us than that we are deprived of the liberty wanting to bring the needed remedies for such evils. And to these causes of our sorrow, Venerable Brethren, there has been added the long and pitiable series of woes and ills which have stricken and afflicted the most noble French Nation. These evils have been vastly increased in late days by outrages unmentionable, perpetrated by a scum of savage and lost men; and, namely, the atrocious crime of impious parricide, in the slaying of our Venerable Brother, the Archbishop of Paris, has harrowed our soul, as you well understand from the awe and horror that act has excited throughout the world. There is, finally, another and even deeper bitterness that we suffer, Venerable Brethren. It is the sight of so many children rebellious against us, loaded with the chains of so many and heavy censures, with no ear for our paternal words recalling them to duty, no care for their eternal salvation, flouting the long-suffering of God, who has given them time for repentance, and provoking, obstinately, the wrath of God's vengeance, when they should rather try the timely fruit of His mercy.

But now, through all these vicissitudes of affairs, the Most Merciful God being our protector, we see approaching that birthday of our Elevation, on which, as we have succeeded to the See of the Blessed Peter, so, though very far from equalling

him in his merits, we are found his companion in the prolonged years of his Apostolic service. This new gift vouchsafed by God is singular and great. To us, alone, it has been granted, out of the great array of our most holy predecessors, through the long course of Nineteen Centuries. This is God's doing. So, too, we recognize in it the more wonderful goodness of God, when we see that during this time of our Pontificate we have been counted worthy to suffer persecution for justice' sake. And, again, when we behold the astonishing movement of devotion and love by which Christian peoples are most earnestly stirred, in all lands, towards this Holy See, with an impulse without exception.

We try our powers in vain, to answer our duty of thanksgiving for all these favors, granted to us, who are so unworthy of them. Therefore, while we beseech the Immaculate Virgin Mother of God to teach us to give glory to the Most High, in the self-same mind as She did, in those grand words: *fecit mihi magna qui potens est*, ("He that is Mighty has done great things for me,") we ask you, also, Venerable Brethren, that, with the flocks committed to you, you will say with us canticles and songs of praise and thanks to God. *Magnificate vos Dominum mecum*—"Magnify the Lord with me, (we say in the words of Pope Leo the Great,) and let us exalt His name together, that all the graces and favors we have received may redound to the glory of the Giver of them all." But tell, also, your faithful people that our burning love and most grateful affections go forth to them for the signal testimonies and duties that they have so long and so markedly rendered.

For what belongs to us, while we may rightly take the words of the Royal Prophet: *Incolatus meus prolongatus est*, ("The time of our abiding here has been prolonged,") we need the help of your most earnest prayers, that we may have strength and confidence rightly to give back our soul to the Prince of Shepherds, in whose bosom is the comforting for the evils of this thorn-set and troubled life, the blessed haven of undying quiet and peace.

But, that the benefits God has lavished on our Pontificate may redound to His greater glory, opening the treasury of spiritual graces, we give you power, Venerable Brethren, to each one in his Diocese, either on the *sixteenth* of June, [day of Papal election of Pope Pius IX.] or on the twenty-first, [the day of the Pontifical coronation of our Holy Father] or on *any other day*, to be chosen at your will, that you may, and may have the right to, give the Papal Benediction, with the addition of plenary indulgence, by our Apostolic authority, in the *usual form of the Church*. And

wishing to promote the spiritual welfare of the faithful, by the tenor of these letters now written, we grant, in the Lord, to all the faithful in Christ, whether secular or regular, and of either sex, wherever, or in whichever of your Dioceses they may be, who shall have made a good confession, and received Holy Communion, and will have prayed to God for concord among Christian Princes, the extirpation of heresies, and the triumph of the Catholic Church; on whatever day you may, severally, have appointed or chosen, for granting this Benediction, that they may gain a plenary indulgence for all their sins. In vacant Sees, we grant the same, subject to the day chosen by the Vicars Capitular. Nor do we doubt that, on this opportunity, the faithful will be stirred to prayer, and that by their multiplied supplications, we may avail to receive that mercy which the view of so many passing evils do not suffer us to postpone seeking.

For you, meantime, Venerable Brethren, we implore from God Almighty constancy, heavenly hope, and every consolation; the earnest of which, and the pledge of our greatest affection, we wish to give, to you, and to the clergy and people committed to each of you, in our Apostolic Benediction, which we give from an overflowing heart.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on June 4th, Feast of the Holy Trinity, A. D., 1871, the twenty-fifth of our Pontificate.

PIUS PP. IX.

Stella Matutina.

Shine out, O Star, and sing the praise
Of that unrisen Sun whose glow
Thus feeds thee with thine earlier rays—
The secret of thy song we know.

Thou sing'st that Sun of Righteousness,
Sole light of this benighted globe,
Whose beams, reflected, dressed and dress
His Mother in her shining robe.

Pale Lily, pearled around with dew,
Lift high that heaven-illuminated vase,
And sing the glories ever new
Of her, God's chalice, "full of grace."

Cerulean Ocean, fringed with white,
That wear'st her colors evermore,
In all thy pureness, all thy might,
Resound her name from shore to shore.

That fringe of foam, when drops the sun
To-night, a sanguine stain shall wear:—
Thus Mary's heart had strength, alone,
The passion of her Lord to share.

—AUBREY DE VERE.

Death of Right Rev. John Heary Luers, D. D., First Bishop of Fort Wayne.

The sad news of the death of our Bishop reached us after the last number of the AVE MARIA had gone to press.

Right Rev. Bishop Luers had gained from the very first the confidence of the clergy and laity of the diocese, by his good judgment in deciding matters of importance, but most of all by his indefatigable zeal in furthering the true interests of his diocese.

The following telegrams informed us of his death:

"CLEVELAND, June 29.—Bishop Luers, of Fort Wayne, arrived in Cleveland on Tuesday evening to confer Orders at the Roman Catholic Seminary on Lake street. At half-past 5 o'clock this morning he conferred Minor Orders and Deaconship, and then set out for the depot, intending to go to Erie, where he intended to confer the Order of Priesthood to-morrow morning. A carriage was pressed on him, but the Bishop declined it, saying that he felt so well he would prefer to walk. Before attending to his spiritual duties at the seminary, he had eaten a hearty breakfast, and never felt better in his life. Upon reaching the northeast corner of Bond and St. Clair streets, the Bishop suddenly fell forward on his face, striking the edge of the iron gutter-plate, which cut a severe gash on his upper lip. He was carried into the residence of Father Hannin near by, where he faintly gasped once or twice, and then died. Dr. Weber, who was immediately called, pronounced it a case of apoplexy."

"FORT WAYNE, Ind., June 30.—The remains of Bishop Luers, who died suddenly of apoplexy in Cleveland on yesterday morning, reached here at 3:30 this afternoon in a special car set apart by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern and Toledo, Wabash and Western roads. The cars and engine were draped in mourning. A delegation of 33 members of the Catholic Church from here met at Toledo, this morning, an escort of 20 laymen and 20 priests, who had in charge the bishop's remains. Together they accompanied the corpse to this city. At the depot, on the arrival of the train, there were, at least, 2,000 people gathered, the two lines, consisting of benevolent and other societies, reaching for five squares down Calhoun street. They were in full regalia, and their banners and flags were heavily draped. The body was placed in a hearse, and was taken to the cathedral, where it lies in state until Tuesday morning, July 4, when, after a funeral sermon by Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, and grand High Mass, it will be deposited in

its final resting-place in the cathedral vault, under the altar."

"Bishop Luers was in his fifty-second year. He was consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of Northern Indiana when it was first organized in 1858, and has since then labored zealously and efficiently in promoting the cause of the Catholic Church in his diocese. He left home a few days since for Cleveland, was in good health, and while walking along the street was attacked with the disease and died in ten minutes thereafter. Many expressions of sympathy have been received from all parts of the country from prominent members of the Church. A large number of bishops and priests will be present at the funeral, and extra provisions are being made by railroads to transport any number who may desire to attend the funeral from all sections. It is thought it will be the largest funeral ever witnessed in Northern Indiana, if not in the State."

Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General, Very Rev. Father Corby, Provincial, Rev. Father Granger, Superior of Notre Dame, Rev. Father Lemonnier, Vice President, and several others, go from the college to pay their tribute of respect by being present at the funeral.

Pastoral of the Archbishop of Westminster.

The following are the most important passages in the Pastoral, and will doubtless be read with great interest by the Catholic public:

CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND.

God be praised that in the midst of all our contentions and divisions, God is still worshipped in England. Englishmen believe that Christianity is a Divine revelation, and that Holy Scripture is the written word of God. They acknowledge His commandments as the law of their conscience, and the measure of all just laws. They recognize the obligation, not only to rest upon the first day of the week, but to sanctify it by the worship of God. They are not ashamed to confess Christ before men as their Lord and their Redeemer. They do not hide their faces from Him for fear of the world; nor do they hide their faith from the world, to flatter its levity. We have our Godless men indeed, and a handful who pretend to a higher intellectual power by shutting their eyes to the light of noon. We have "our men of culture," who dream that they are the light of the world. We have also our sceptics and unbelievers, and a cloud of loquacious, shallow critics, who preach to admiring circles in the idle classes of society. We have also among us a gross material unconsciousness of God and divine things, in multitudes who from their infancy

have hardly heard His name. The fault is hardly theirs, for they have never been trained in the Christian faith. We have also all manner of moral evil in all ranks and orders of our English life. But all these things are partial, disconnected, subordinate, as are the currents and whirlpools in the sea to the great deep, which day and night obeys the universal laws of its ebb and flow. So with the people of England, they know, they believe, they worship God, as He has revealed Himself in Jesus Christ. The tradition of England is Christian. God has never been rejected as the Author and the Judge of our public order. Shattered, indeed, in many things, and now of late perilously threatened by the active invasion of science falsely so called, and by a pert and pedantic unbelief, nevertheless the worship of God pervades the mass of the people, and maintains in the public intelligence and conscience of the nation, the great and governing principles of moral life, which sustain the supremacy of law and the recognition of our mutual duties and rights.

THE JUDGMENT OF GOD ON THE REVOLUTIONARY SECT IN PARIS.

We have more fully drawn out these things, because at this moment before our eyes we see a terrible judgment of God on these who cast Him off. We see the legitimate working out of a political system, which began, some eighty years ago, with blaspheming our Divine Redeemer and then proceeded "to decree the existence of the Supreme Being." They would have called Him by name, if they had known it, and they would have known it if they had known Him. The loss of the knowledge of the worship of God in Jesus Christ effaced the moral law from the conscience, and dissolved the bonds of private and public life. From that day the same people has reeled onwards—a spectacle of instability, falling and rising, but rising to fall again. Dynasty after dynasty, revolution upon revolution, have succeeded, but to vanish away. The legislators of the rights of man have now spoken their last word, and worked out their logical and moral results, in the profaned churches and the blood-stained streets and universal wreck of Paris. The capital of the new civilization and of progress is in ashes. We say this with a profound sorrow and sympathy for Christian, Catholic, and chivalrous France. For it is not France that has rejected God, insulted His Immaculate Mother, blasphemed the most Holy Sacrament, defiled sanctuaries, martyred the priests of Jesus Christ, slandered Sisters of Charity, trampled down the rest and the sanctity of the Lord's Day, trumpeted infidelity, and glorified atheism. It is a sect, a faction, a conspiracy, spreading throughout all nations, making its nest at this time in Paris; strengthening and arm-

ing itself with the anarchical principles of the last century, in which neither the rights of God nor the duties of man are to be found. This, and not France, has tormented and overthrown the social order of many nations, and has now finally encompassed the Vicar of Jesus Christ. None indeed has so bitterly expiated this gospel of anarchy as the city whence it came forth to afflict the world. The spectacle is too near, too vivid, and too awful to need words. The smoke of its palaces is on our horizon, the heat of its burning may almost be felt. You see it before you; for days, weeks, months, you have been watching the last full revelation of what man without God becomes and what he perpetrates. It is come at last in fire. But this is not the worst. The atheism of the last century has borne its fruits in the profound humiliation of a noble people, in the impossibility of a stable dynasty, the extinction of the idea of country, and the disintegration of France. Happily the turbulence and the tyranny of revolution have been struck down by the conscience and will of the French nation—a people, with all their aberrations, profoundly Christian: the noisy minority of infidels and the inert multitude of the indifferent notwithstanding. The other day, for the first time for many generations, the Assembly of France decreed that prayers should be made for its peace; thereby once more recognizing God as the sole fountain of order and stability. "Behold, he prayeth," (Acts ix, 11,) was the sign that he who had persecuted Jesus had found mercy.

In England, for the past thirty years, two conflicting operations have been actively at work. The one has been, the perilous effacing of God and of religion from our public laws. In the legislature all positive enactments on religion have been becoming fewer year by year. The "religious difficulty" having been found insoluble, God has been excluded from our laws: they are becoming purely secular. The other operation happily at work, is a vast and vigorous effort of voluntary piety and zeal to promote the knowledge and worship of God. Of this we are ready to use the words of the Apostle, when even those who were against Him made known the name of Christ: "But what then? so that by contention or by truth Christ be preached; in this also I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice." (Philip. i, 18.) The multitude of places of worship has been increased to such extent that the name and the worship of God in England are advancing every year over waste places of our land. In this the Catholic Church is doing its work. Great as is its poverty, it has been expanding everywhere. We announced to you two years ago, that within a few months of that time eleven new churches would have been added to the diocese.

The last number was opened on our return from the Ecumenical Council. Many places in the diocese are still in need of churches. Many of our churches are not worthy of the name; they ought to be replaced by structures becoming their sacred use. Others again, which a few years ago were sufficient for the people, are now too small. To build new churches, to re-build or enlarge those which exist, demands of us all our efforts. In many parts of London the crowds at the evening services are so great that enlargement is urgently needed. The multiplication of our clergy, and therefore of the Masses, provides sufficient facility for all to hear Mass, on days of obligation; nevertheless in many localities a church is urgently needed in the midst of the poor, to which they can come without difficulty, and without feeling the restraints which sometimes make the poor reluctant to enter the churches frequented by the rich. Another duty also which lies upon us claim your help—namely, the reparation of our existing churches. Some of them are old, and built in times of poverty, when those who went before us were unable to do all they would; others, again, have been with difficulty raised, and therefore are less solidly built. The need of repair is therefore of frequent occurrence, and often very burdensome.

We have no means for this work, as you know, but your alms. To you, therefore, we turn with confidence; for you have never failed to help according to your power. What you give will return in spiritual graces upon your poorer brethren, and will bring an abundant reward upon yourselves. "Give, and it shall be given to you; good measure, and pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall they give into your bosom." (St. Luke vi, 38.) The poor are God's almoners in spiritual things. Their prayers will go up before the altars you build up for them and for their children; and will bring a recompense beyond all your offerings upon you and your homes, in life and in death.

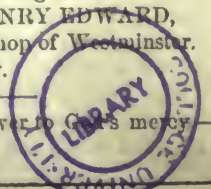
"But you, my beloved, building yourselves upon your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, waiting for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto life everlasting." (St. Jude, 20, 21.)

Given at Westminster, and appointed to be read in all churches and chapels of the Diocese on Trinity Sunday, when the Annual Collection will be made for the Church Building Fund.

✠ HENRY EDWARD,
Archbishop of Westminster.

W. A. JOHNSON, Secretary.

GRATITUDE is man's answer to God's mercy.—
Father Faber.



Sacredness of Home.

The following words of the eloquent Monsignor Capel deserve the marked attention of parents, guardians and teachers:

There is one word, dear brethren, that expresses in itself more to satisfy the heart and mind than any other word we use in our language—it is the word "Home." The word at once wells up things which were forgotten; it associates itself with past memories of the sweetest and dearest kind—memories associated, if you will, with sorrow, yet which have attached us more to those we have been linked with by blood relationship than aught else has done. The same word recalls to us traditions of those who have given us life; it recalls to us a time of innocence, and puts before us a period in our lives when our hearts, fresh from the hand of God Almighty, were open to impressions, generous in belief, and earnest in action. Thus, dear brethren, I might continue describing that which is associated with this word; but rather than do this, I will hasten at once to that which I have to put before you as the closing subject of the series in Family and Christianity—the sacredness of that home which God has established on earth.

Just as the word "family" puts before us a living unity created by the hand of God, so does the word "home" put before us the material association with that unity so created. Home is in the sight of God the spot where birth began, where education commenced, where our life received the impress which has colored it, and will color it to its close. God has constituted home as the great school for teaching, and at the same time as the tremendous citadel which shall protect us against surrounding evils. As He has given us a mother to nurture us, a father to protect us, and brothers, sisters, companions and associates in our life, so also has He given us our outward house, the material spot on which we can place our finger, the one centre whence we are to draw those springs of knowledge and morality, which would aid and protect us throughout life. That spot, dear brethren, is sacred from this very fact, that God has constituted it, and in itself it is that centre whence our life intellectual, moral, and physical is drawn.

Now, dear brethren, the question at once occurs, Wherein are these elements of sacredness to be found? What constitutes the sacredness of that home? That sacredness is both negative and positive, and I will first turn to the negative aspect, to the consideration of that home as being the spot which is not to be polluted, having an atmosphere into which nought which is ill or that can poison the mind in any way can enter; to the duty which

is imposed on the father and also on the mother to surround that home with the protection necessary to keep off ills and miseries in the midst of which we dwell.

It seems to me, dear brethren, that the first of these is in the material house itself, and its adornments as put before us. Our eyes were made for seeing, and sight after all is that sense whereby we can cultivate the feeling of beauty which God has impressed upon us; therefore, we realize that the father who loves his child will do his best to cultivate the eye, the æsthetic feelings of the child, and all that is possible will be done in that home to raise the child from the contemplation of material beauty to the higher Source of Beauty who is on high. It is natural for the child to learn from its knowledge of the authority and love of its earthly father, what its Father on high is; and so also, dear brethren, it is natural for the child, by the constant contemplation of things beautiful, to raise its mind from earthly beauty, and make use of it as a mere ladder whereby it may ascend to the Source of all beauty.

Such then, dear brethren, must necessarily be, in the mind of the good and Christian parent, his thought in the adornment of his house, in the use of objects of beauty, in putting his child in contact with the great products of art, and all that has been done by men in the order of beauty. We can realize at once that the parent in doing this has but one thought—the culture of that which is noble in beauty, and the extension and development of the highest tastes of those committed to its charge. But, as you know, there is first a fallen nature, with its depravity; a mind which is easily excited and inflamed by that which refers to passion. Helpless as is the child, yet there is to be found in its mind a germ, which afterwards in life will burst forth, and even express its revolt against the intelligence and free will which the child possesses. That lower nature may easily be fanned into a flame, and by sinking and descending may be easily led astray and turned against this very beauty God has constituted.

Not merely is there the depraved nature itself of the child, but, alas! art and that which is beautiful and ought to be impressed by the hand of God, and permits of modesty, has been sullied by men of genius, who were highly gifted in the natural order, with an appreciation of and power to produce things which are beautiful. Are we not, dear brethren, almost ashamed to recall to ourselves, as our thoughts pass from one picture-gallery of Europe to another,—as we recall to ourselves statuary and objects of beauty formed by the hand of man—does there not rise up in our soul a strong feeling of regret, that materialism should have so

strongly stamped itself upon those beautiful objects? Is there not within our souls pain at the remembrance that art, which ought in itself to have raised men to the highest idea of beauty, has descended to show beauty in objects of which we are ashamed? Had man remained in his state of purity and submission to the will of God, had there not been revolt, dear brethren, on the part of our first parents against the God who created them, there would not have been this feeling of shame, nor sully thought in the mind of any one of us. We are fallen, and we must be taken as fallen men; we are not to be dealt with as though grace had restored us to that first position in which our parents were created. God Almighty has redeemed us with a great price, and has blotted out the guilt of sin and its eternal punishment; yet, nevertheless, He has not restored our nature to the high position it was in when God first called it into existence. Therefore, to deal with our child, or friend, or the world, as though by becoming Christian we took our place of innocence as of old, would be the very worst of mistakes and necessarily lead to the most painful of consequences.

Now with the remembrance, dear brethren, of these two facts before us—on the one side the depravity of the human heart and the germ of that depravity in the child—and on the other side, that those who have been highly gifted have manifested this depravity in materialism, and the representation of that which oftentimes is gross and offends the sacred purity of modesty which belongs to the at the ver, we learn at once a grand lesson even in the culture and structure of our house and the adornments we use there.

Believe me, dear brethren, there are fashions that rise at different times in the world, under the name of which men would fain find excuse for the representations and descriptions of wrong which are to be found in this world; and because those who are in high places, having the control of society at large, have undertaken the patronage of art, whether sculpture or painting which is material, then has society followed in the same career, quite forgetting the fact of the depraved nature to which I have just referred. It is not because a picture is to be found in the possession of one who is highly gifted, or because it is to be found in the home of one who bears the name of Christian, that copies of the same should be put within the reach of the whole people. No fashion can override the law of God, that is absolutely unchangeable; and where morality is concerned we are to be guided by the Holy Spirit of God and by the Church, and the instincts of those who have been holy here on earth.

Your duty is, therefore, to look with steady eye and care to those adornments, to that which may

gratify the eye—even to that which may tend to cultivate beauty, and see that that beauty is not sullied by anything which is impure or may lead to impurity. You know, dear brethren, that in making reference of this kind, I am but reminding you of an extremely important fact which has occurred in your own lives, not once, but many times—that misery has brought near to your hearts, because the eye, which is never tired of seeing, has been permitted to rest upon that which ought never to have been portrayed before Christian eyes. Many a man is obliged to avow that the first seed of his fall arose from looking at objects, during childhood, which contained in them a poison that would inflame passion and lead the mind astray!

Am I overdrawing the picture, dear brethren? Is it not perfectly true?—and if I dared do it, might I not go much further in condemning the miserable habit of putting within the reach of children and innocent minds the representations of objects that ought never have been looked at? On whom falls this responsibility? Assuredly, parents and guardians, to whom God has entrusted these little ones, are primarily responsible to Him for any harm which may grow under such circumstances; and I ask, when, at the hour of death, parents are about to stand in the presence of God, what will it avail them to remember that they have instructed their children in art, cultivating form, color, and all connected with composition, whether in painting or sculpture, at the expense of purity and modesty? Our senses are dangerous in every way, for they are the inlets of the soul, and as we look around on that beautiful nature with its unceasing song of praise ascending to God on high, strongly winning and charming our souls with its various colors and subdued forms, is it not true to say that representations of things immodest in themselves do but cast poison into the soul with the same strength—nay, even stronger, than do those beautiful things from God's own hand raise the soul to Him?

Then for the sake of our homes this is the first of our parental duties, never to permit, under any pretext whatever, objects to be brought in contact with our children that may for the mere gratification of sense, or even for the cultivation of better feelings, make modesty or purity suffer in any way. You may say to me, "Yes, but the familiarity with those things will necessarily take away from them the first aspect of badness; it is because people are not habituated to seeing those things that therefore wrong comes." Dear brethren, I make an allowance indeed, and admit that much injury may come by overdoing and overstating things. That is true, but the margin is a narrow one, and

beyond it there is another fact which cannot be denied, that hundreds of thousands of persons ruin their souls by the increasing gratification of what must excite passion and wickedness.

Is it Fair Again?

The first step of the Executive in enforcing his "Indian policy," has been an act of great *unfairness* to us in the appointment of the "Christian Commission." Under the "policy," as proclaimed, our status entitled us to four members, or half of the Commission; yet our existence, *as a Church*, has been totally ignored and not even one member allowed us as our share.

Did we meet with a greater *fairness* at the hands of the Commission as appointed? Let us see. The newspapers announced some time in November last that the President (through the Commission) had decided to appoint thirty-eight Indian agents from the different missionary and religious denominations of the country in place of the army officers. The same status which under the "policy" entitles us to one-half of the Commission, should also in all *fairness* entitle us to one-half or nineteen of the agents to be appointed. Did the action of the Commission conform to this principle? How did the distribution stand among the Churches?

Methodists.....	7
Presbyterians.....	6
Baptists.....	5
Episcopalians.....	6
American Board of Foreign Missions.....	2
Dutch Reformed.....	2
Unitarians.....	2
American Missionary Society.....	4
Roman Catholics.....	4

Total.....38

Four instead of nineteen, out of thirty-eight, or one-tenth of the whole!! Is this again what you call *fairness* and *official religious impartiality*?

The Commission has granted us one agent in Dacotah, one in Mexico, one in Montana, and one in Idaho. The balance of the Indians have been turned over to Protestant agents, with a view, of course, to make them Protestants, as the avowed object of the Commission was to promote the conversion of the United States Indians to Christianity; while it is a fact well known on this coast that all the Indians of Oregon, Washington, Montana, with hardly any exception, are Catholic, or have been at least regularly attended to by our Church for over thirty years. The Indians of Arizona and New Mexico are all either Catholic, or inclined that way. In Nevada, Idaho, Indian Territory

and Dacotah, thousands of them are Catholic, or desire to be so, and in Colorado they have always been visited by Catholic priests. Along the Missouri river, upon an extent of country of some eight hundred miles, the Indians are distributed on six reserves or stations. Five of those stations for several years past have been asking for priests to instruct them in religion, and they have always refused Protestant ministers. One of those stations only have been set aside to us.

Thus by one stroke of the new "policy" is our Church *practically* deprived of the free exercise of the *right* which is guaranteed to her by the Constitution: viz., the free exercise of her ministry wherever she pleases on American soil. We may be in *theory* allowed to visit and exercise our ministry on those *Protestant* reserves; but *in practice*, so many difficulties will be put in our way that it will become a moral impossibility to do so. Have we not already, as an instance in point, the former action of the present agent of the Yakimas? When only a civil officer of the Government over the Indians, on a reserve in a great majority Catholic, he refused the Catholic missionary the use of the reserve for the exercise of his ministry in behalf of the Indians, and even threatened to interfere with him by brute force, for teaching and ministering to them outside of the reserve. What will he not do, now that he is *officially* established by the United States Executive the *spiritual* as well as the temporal ruler of those Indians?

But perhaps the Executive at Washington will be prompt to apply a remedy, *what's charge*, grievances are made known to him. The arrogant and unjust interference of agent Wilbur, in religious matters, has been brought to the notice of the proper department *officially* and otherwise; and yet, in spite of all, agent Wilbur has been reinstated and is still kept in office. How then can we rely upon prompt redress from the proper source whenever needed? Hence it becomes evident that the "policy" not only has been so far *unfair* and *partial*, but in nine cases out of ten it threatens to become Constitutionally *unjust*. A. B.

—Catholic Sentinel.

DIED, at Garnettsville, Ky., on the 15th of May, MRS. MARY ANN TIKE, age 21. Being a member of the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, we recommend her to the prayers of the Association.

"ZOE'S DAUGHTER."—The 10th chapter of this highly interesting story—or rather biography, for the characters are from real life, with the names changed—came too late for the present number of the AVE MARIA. It will be given next week.

Miraculous Restoration of Mrs. Ann Mattingly, of Washington, D. C., Together with the Documents.

[CONCLUDED.]

I consequently wrote to Archbishop Marechal, whose answer confirmed the information I had already received, communicated various directions on the mode of proceeding, and graciously promised his joining in prayer with us on the appointed day, 10th of March instant.

I owe it to the truth to say, that I then should have been unjustifiable in my own eyes, had I not directed, assisted, countenanced Mrs. Mattingly and a few more persons similarly situated in their call upon heaven; and that if I had delayed so long, it had by no means been from distrust, for I had not the least doubt left on my mind concerning the miraculous cures obtained by Prince Hohenlohe's prayers in Europe, and I entertained a lively hope that Heaven would grant us also some favor of that kind.

We, therefore, entered upon the preparatory exercises of devotion. According to the directions which I had gathered from various sources, we proceeded as I am going to state.

The novena, *i. e.*, nine days devotion in honor of the *Name of Jesus*, began on the 1st day of March, so as to be concluded previously to the 10th. It consisted of the Litany of the *Holy Name of Jesus*, with some other prayers, such as the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity and Contrition, and the short ejaculation: *Lord Jesus! may Thy name be glorified.*

In order to pray as much as possible in union of hearts at the very same time, it was agreed upon that those religious exercises should be performed every morning of the novena, precisely at sunrise. The relations and most intimate acquaintance of the infirm persons joined in the devotion, and I spoke or wrote to many of my co-laborers, and also several other religious persons, inviting them to join in prayer with us, particularly on the morning of the 10th. I imagine that the number of those who, in this country, thus implored Heaven for the favor alluded to in union with Prince Hohenlohe and his own friends in Germany, was nearly two hundred.

During the course of the novena Mrs. Mattingly was desperately ill; I saw her on the 20th of February, and 7th and 9th of March, always confined to bed, and frequently in those fits of coughing and vomiting of blood, which looked very much like her last struggles with death. When I left her, on the 9th, at about half-past ten o'clock at night, she was worse than ever, and there was an expression of gloom upon all physiognomies in the family.

The essential conditions required by the Prince on the part of the infirm, are a lively faith, an unrestricted confidence of being favorably heard, deep sorrow for sins, and an immovable purpose (to use the literal translation of his own words) of leading an exemplary life; a novena, in honor of the *Holy Name of Jesus*: the reception of the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist,

and prayers in union with him at the appointed time.

The time appointed by the Prince for persons residing out of Europe is as above stated, the tenth of each month, at nine o'clock in the morning. In consequence of the difference of longitude between this continent and Germany, the difference in the rising of the sun is about six hours; so that, here, three o'clock after midnight is about the corresponding hour to nine in the morning at Bamberg, where the Prince usually resides. I therefore requested the families to be up and at prayers from two o'clock, and the Rev. Mr. W. Matthews, the Rector of St. Patrick's Church, being Mrs. Mattingly's confessor, heard her confession on the evening of the 9th, that she might be in readiness to receive the adorable Eucharist early next morning.

I celebrated Mass in St. Patrick's Church at half-past two o'clock, and afterwards carried the Blessed Sacrament to Mrs. Mattingly at her brother Captain Carbery's house. On my arrival, she was in the same state of extreme weakness and suffering, and a puerile cough which came on made me almost apprehensive lest she might be prevented from receiving Communion, but it proved of very short duration. This was the hour of expectation.

I dispose everything according to the rites of the Church. A small towel was to be put under her chin: she would help to fix it, but finds herself unable to lift up her arm. I address her with very few words of encouragement—telling her that the best possible exhortation for her was the very letter of Prince Hohenlohe's directions, which I read to her. I then gave her the Holy Communion. There were some consecrated hosts left in my pix. I shut and wrap up the whole—give the usual blessing to the family (there were five persons in the room, relatives or friends)—and kneel down before the Blessed Eucharist previous to taking it with me on retiring: when, behold! Mrs. Mattingly fetches a deep sigh—rises slowly to the sitting position—stretches her hands—and exclaims, with a firm, though somewhat weak voice: "Lord Jesus! what have I done to deserve so great a favor." The emotion, the affright of the persons in the room, is betrayed by sobs and tears and half-suppressed shrieks—I rise with a thrill through my whole frame—step to the bed-side—she grasps my hand;—"Ghostly Father!" she cries out, "what can I do to acknowledge such a blessing." My first, my spontaneous expressions are: "Glory be to God!—we may say so! oh! what a day for us!" I then bid her say what she felt: "Not the least pain left." "None there?" said I, pointing to her breast.—"Not the least—only some weakness." I asked her how she has come to be relieved. She had felt as if she were dying from excess of pain—had offered up a short prayer of the heart to *Jesus Christ*—and instantly had found herself freed from all sufferings whatever.

"I wish to get up," she exclaims, "and give thanks to God on my knees." "But," I replied, "can you?" "I can, if you give me leave." Her sisters immediately look for her stockings (she used to lie in bed nearly dressed)—but upon my observing that our very first occupation should be to give thanks, we kneel down, she remains sitting in her bed—and all recite three times

the *Lord's Prayer*, with the *Hail Mary*, and *Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost*, as also the short ejaculatory prayer, *Lord Jesus, may Thy name be glorified!* She joins with continued firmness of voice—(I then looked at my watch. It was twenty-two minutes after four. I accordingly estimated that the cure had been effected at about fifteen minutes after four.) Directly after her stockings are brought—she is surrounded by her friends—gets up and walks unassisted and with steady deportment to the table dressed in the shape of an altar, on which the blessed Eucharist lay—there bends her knees, and remains for a while lost in an act of adoration.

I confess that the impression upon my soul was so profound at the sight of the whole scene, but particularly of this last circumstance, that I do not think it could have been more so had I seen Mrs. Mattingly dead and raised to life again. In the habit of finding her perpetually in bed or on a sofa, racked with pains, spitting—vomiting blood—when, at once, in the sudden transition of one minute to another, I saw her rise up, stand, walk, kneel down, and speak with words and in a tone of voice which denoted soundness of mind as well as of body—I underwent, I believe, the very same sensation as if I had seen her rise out of the coffin. There was especially in her look and features something which I shall not undertake to depict; an expression of firmness, and of earnest awful feelings, the recollection of which it will be my consolation to preserve through life: O faith in Jesus Christ! those are thy effects.

As I had to hurry on to another sick person's house, I left Mrs. Mattingly about ten minutes after her cure. I immediately determined upon going on the same day to Baltimore to be myself the bearer of the important news to our venerable prelate, Archbishop Marechal. But multiplied engagements detained me until eleven o'clock. Then, on the point of leaving Washington, I went down in company with the Rev. Mr. Matthews to see Mrs. Mattingly again. She came and met us at the door, knelt down to receive her Pastor's blessing; in short, looked and acted as one perfectly restored to health, who has only more strength and flesh to recover.

We are now on the 17th of March; seven days therefore have elapsed since her cure. She is daily acquiring strength, as is witnessed, I may say, by the whole city, which flocks to Captain Carbery's house in order to see her. Dr. Jones, her physician, has examined her and found no vestige of the red tumor which she had on her side, nor any sign whatever of ill health; a very remarkable trait; as also the following which several of her friends have been able to ascertain. Previous to her sudden recovery, her breath, as I mentioned before, was extremely offensive; from that moment all kinds of unpleasant effluvia from her stomach have been dispelled; and she declares that she constantly has a taste like that of loaf sugar in her mouth.

Whilst in Baltimore on the 11th, I hastily drew up in French a provisional account of this glorious event for Prince Hohenlohe, and left it with the Rev. W. Bescher, Pastor of St. John's Church, to be forwarded by the first opportunity. I deemed that step a duty of gratitude to the truly blessed man, whom the Almighty thus

makes the instrument of His wonders for the benefit of mankind; as I now feel it a sacred part incumbent upon me to procure authenticity and notoriety to this deposition, in order that God may be praised in His works; a deposition to which I swear on the Holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, with full certitude of accuracy, and which, I trust, I would subscribe with my own blood.

STEPHEN LARIGAUDELLE DUBUISSON.

CITY OF WASHINGTON, 17th March, 1824.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, *City and* } *Sct.*
County of Washington.

Be it remembered, that on the 17th day of March 1824, before the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for the said county, personally appears the Rev. Stephen Larigaudelle Dubuisson, Assistant Pastor at St. Patrick's Church, in the City of Washington, who being sworn according to the law, makes oath that the foregoing statement subscribed by him, and any matter and thing therein contained, is true. Witness my hand.

JOHN N. MOULDER, [SEAL.]
Justice of the Peace.

Is it not a magnificent thing to be a Catholic? Faith is such a glorious gift. Think how it makes over to us, as if they were—and they truly are—our own hereditary possessions, all the grandeurs of the universal Church, the famous Church, the martyr Church, the Church that is never old, but ever has a perpetual freshness like the Holy Trinity, ever virgin as Mary herself, ever wet with blood as the martyrs were, ever teaching like the apostles and doctors, ever witnessing like the confessors, ever suffering innocently like the Holy Innocents themselves, and sending up a perpetual song of victory even out of the fires of persecution. O how we ought to bless God, now that we know Jesus, that we were not born in the poor times of the patriarchs and prophets, before the Blessed Sacrament! Ah! how they desired to see our day and saw it not! Nay, we even seem privileged in our day beyond elder Christian times; for the longer the Church battles with the world the more venerable she seems to become, and her victories of grace more brilliant, and the heavenliness of her ways more wonderful. Time "writes no wrinkles on her brow," but adds line after line of glory and freshness. She seems, because we know her better, to grow more beautiful, more powerful, more bright of face, more sweet of voice, more strong in arm, more motherlike in manner.—"*The Blessed Sacrament*," by F. W. Fuber.

SOME men will not shave on Sunday, and yet they spend all the week in shaving their fellow-men; and many folks think it very wicked to blacken their boots on Sunday morning, yet they do not hesitate to blacken their neighbors' reputation on week days.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[From the Lamp.]

Our Lady's Knight.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER V.

All night those few words rang through Bertrand's ears. *How* could he help him? what could he do? He could not raise his ransom. To find his own he knew all the resources possible had been tried. He might appeal to the king, who promised to assist him in his hour of need; but there was a faint rumor that the Lion Heart had fallen into the hands of his enemy, and lay in prison.

Help him, for our Lady's sake. "Ah, my sweet Mother and Queen," cried the young knight, "you know I have never refused anything asked me in your name. Teach me how to help this poor prisoner, who is captive in the cause of your Son."

Like the sound of a clear silver chime, or the whisper of an angel, these words came to him:

"Give him your ransom, and let him go free."

No voice uttered them; they sounded only in the depth of his own heart. They were but his own thoughts; yet the young knight started as though some one beside him had spoken aloud.

There was a sacrifice—could he make it? give up for ever all hope of seeing the white shores of old England? never to gaze again upon his loved home, neve to stand by his mother's grave, or listen more to the sweet chiming of the Sabbath-bells? To linger for perhaps a long life in that hopeless captivity, working through the long day amid Eastern flowers, longing with fierce wild desires to be once more in the battle-field, or at least among his fellow-men? to give up for ever all hope of fame and glory, to die in that far-off land, where no prayer could be said over him?—he with his strong young frame, so full of life and vitality; he with his breast on fire with glowing hope! Ah, no; such a sacrifice would be noble, magnificent, but beyond him. God did not require or even expect it. What a wild dream it was! How foolish he had been to let such a thought even cross his mind! All this and more he said to himself, but he could not forget it.

"What would be the reward in heaven for such a deed?" he wondered. "What would our Lady say to one who should make so great a sacrifice for her sweet sake?"

All night he lay awake, trying, but in vain, to

harden himself against the gentle pleading voice. In his sleep Hubert Dacre was at home again; he heard him speaking to his loved wife, and caressing his little child; then, with a most bitter sob, the worn and wearied man cried still dreaming, "Show Thy mercy to me, great God, and let me be free!"

What had he in England compared to this poor captive? No loving wife, no tender children mourned him and called for him with unavailing cries. He had no earthly ties. He had vowed himself to the service of his Lady and Queen. Perhaps she would be better served by him in captivity. She would know how much he loved her, if for her sake and for her love he made this great sacrifice. As he thought and pondered a stray sunbeam peeped into his room, and through the narrow grating there came upon the cool morning air the sweet perfume of the fragrant Eastern flowers. The sunbeam and the fragrance made him think of heaven. What was the fairest of earthly beauty to the glory there? and what share of that glory would not God give to him if he made a sacrifice such as God loves? He had been asked for help in the name of Mary. Ah, if it cost him his life, he must give it. A few more years—nay, even a lifetime—of captivity were but as nothing when compared to the magnificent reward.

Then rising from the rude couch where he had tried, but in vain, to sleep, he knelt and prayed. As he knelt with this sublime resolve in his heart, the sunbeam fell upon his glowing face, and our Lady and Queen accepted the sacrifice made for her sweet sake, and designed for her knight a magnificent reward.

In few, simple, but eloquent words, he laid his life and liberty at our Lady's feet, telling her his help had been asked in her name, and there was but one way in which aid could be given. He gave his freedom, and took upon himself the captive's chain. Sweet to him, he said, would be henceforth the burden of his captivity. He should bear it for her sake; sweet would be the labor and toil, the privations and cares. It would be all for her; never again should a murmur pass his lips. He would praise her that she allowed him to suffer, as her knight should do.

Was it wonderful that our Lady smiled when the angels laid this prayer before her?

Not one word did Bertrand say until the stranger knight, who had a pledge for the safety of all the captives he ransomed, came to the palace. Then he told him in few words that he would remain, in order that Hubert Dacre, who had been fifteen years in prison, might go free.

Heroic acts of virtue and bravery were not uncommon in those days. The stranger knight said little: he told him it would be hopeless to look

for another ransom for at least many years to come, that he had better well consider what he was doing. When the young knight told him he had considered and must do it for our Lady's sweet sake, he said no more. Tears came into his eyes as he gazed upon the brave earnest young face, and he laid his hands upon Bertrand's head, and blessed him.

They asked permission of the Saracen chief to make the exchange. He was nothing loath. Hubert Dacre was worn out with his long sufferings; Bertrand Talbot was young and active, and no one had ever brought the chief's favorite flowers to such perfection as he had done. He laughed when he heard that one man had voluntarily given up his freedom for another.

"How foolish these Christians are!" he said with a sneer; "they have no sense."

I cannot describe to you the wild joy of Hubert Dacre, when the glad tidings were brought to him. He knelt at the young knight's feet, and called him his savior and deliverer. He kissed the kindly hands that took his chains, and his warm glad tears fell upon them. What blessings he called down on that noble young head! He tried to speak of his wife and his little May, to say how they would thank him; but his words failed, he flung himself on the ground, and wept aloud. He could not believe in his happiness; he was crazed and dizzy with joy. Then, when he grew calmer, he told Bertrand that if all other resources failed, he would go from door to door and beg until the ransom was raised for him. What joy there was in that long-tried wearied heart when he looked his last upon the palace, the garden, and the flowers!

I may tell you here that Hubert Dacre's trials were ended. When, after a long and painful journey, he reached the home he had left so long ago, wife and children were there, by God's blessing, to meet him: the son, a fine manly youth; Ethel, waiting her mother's permission to become a nun; and his darling, his golden-haired May, still a tender loving child in heart, if not in years.

If Bertrand could have known how they loved and prayed for him, how they told the story of his charity and self-sacrifice until it spread over England, and all men spoke of our Lady's Knight, who languished still in captivity! But the only reward he cared or hoped for was the approbation of his Lady and Queen.

In the palace near Damascus, the story spread: the Saracens laughed, the Christian captives rejoiced that so noble and kindly a heart remained amongst them. Solyma heard it, and wondered still more. She said, as had been said of old,

"How these Christians love one another!"

Year succeeded year, and our Lady's Knight never repented his sacrifice. The Saracen chief,

whose life he had saved, showed him no mark of kindness or gratitude. Solyma still gazed upon the quiet midnight skies, and wondered about the Queen who lived above them. Still the captive labored at his work, and grew to love the flowers he tended as though they were living beings. Day by day the sweet voice, that sang so clearly of the love of Mary, grew more like unto the voice of an angel. Seasons came and went, the flowers died and bloomed again, and no news came from that outer world to which Bertrand Talbot had once belonged.

The old chief lingered, dying slowly, as strong men often die; the sun rose and set, the tides ebbd and flowed, the planets went on their course, but no change, no release, came to the captives of Solymon.

Day by day the soul of the knight grew more beautiful and more fitted for heaven. All there had been of earth clinging to it was fading away. Bertrand rose early, that he might have time to meditate and pray. He went gladly to his work; for he did it all for God. The heat, the burden, the fatigue, the captivity, the restraint—he bore all cheerfully for the love of Jesus and Mary. When the day's labors were ended, he went amongst his fellow-captives, cheering and consoling them, speaking bright hopeful words of the glorious heaven to come, nursing the sick, and tending the dying. There was not a captive in that palace who did not love and bless our Lady's Knight.

He had almost trampled human nature under foot; earthly glory, military fame, and high renown had ceased to charm him; he longed only for heaven, and the glory of the saints. He knew nothing of what was passing in the world. They had heard something of the imprisonment of the Lion Heart, but no one could say if he were safe again in England. So ten long, long years passed on, and the brave noble young knight who had left home so proudly bearing a stainless lily upon his blue shield, was now a saddened wearied man, longing only for heaven.

At length the Saracen chief fell dangerously ill. He bethought himself of the sweet voice he had heard so often amidst the flowers, and he sent for our Lady's Knight, bidding him sing. Every evening, when the sick man wanted rest, Bertrand came to him, and sang the sweet old stories of his Mother and Queen.

Solyma listened, and her wonder grew deeper. The love of this Lady whom the knight served moved her strangely; and when the chief, soothed by the soft music, slept, she asked numerous questions, which Bertrand loved to answer.

Little by little the beautiful life of our Lady was told to her, and the young girl became absorbed in

the mysteries of the Faith. One longing took possession of her: it was to become a Christian, and live as Catholic maidens did in houses belonging to God.

In all the beauties and mysteries of the ancient faith the knight instructed the lady. He saw that she had a grand soul, capable of any sacrifice for the love of her crucified Master, now that she knew Him.

In patience she bided her time. While her father still lived she could do nothing; she was chained to the side of the sick man, and would not say one word to distress him. But when her duty to him was ended, she resolved to go to England, the land where Mary was loved and honored, and with her fortune build one of the houses Bertrand described, where those who loved and wished to serve God dwelt together.

The chief lingered on his sick bed, and no news came from England of the ransom that Bertrand had now long ceased to hope for.

Hubert Dacre had worked hard to obtain it, but affairs were not in a prosperous condition in England. The long imprisonment of Richard had thrown the kingdom into disorder, men were taxed to their uttermost, and years had passed before he obtained the sum necessary for the release of our Lady's Knight. It was finished at last, and by trustworthy hands the ransom was sent, and Hubert Dacre looked forward with rapturous delight to seeing his friend—who had been so true a friend—again.

CHAPTER VI.

An unexpected happiness came to the poor captives. A Norman priest made his way amongst them, in order that he might comfort them by the administration of the Holy Sacrament of Penance. He was disguised so that it would have been impossible to have guessed at his sacred ministry. Surely God in His goodness never granted a greater favor than this. The joy of making this confession was too much for the crusader, worn and wearied with his captivity. He was never quite the same after it; his face glowed with a new light. It was as though the glory of heaven shone already upon it. His voice grew sweeter and clearer, yet more feeble; day by day strange pains attacked him; there were times when he could not distinguish between dreams and things that really occurred. As he worked amidst the flowers, strange stupors came over him, and he could take no note of time. A weak faint trembling seized him, and yet he could not touch the coarse food given him to eat. Even the ripe fruit that still he found at times in his cell lay there untasted. Strange dreams came to him. There were times when he

forgot that he was a lonely captive in a foreign land, and he fancied himself again a child, hisping his prayers at his mother's knee or praying before the image in the grove. Again he rode a victorious knight in the field of battle, carrying before him his well-loved shield, whereon shone the stainless lily, the emblem of his Queen.

Yet, in the midst of these pains and trials, the bright soul grew more beautiful day by day, and more fit for heaven. There was little stain upon the purity of the white robe given to him in his baptism. He had made good use of his sorrows. One and all he had offered them to God in expiation of his sins; he had grown to love suffering, because it brought him nearer every hour to the feet of the Eternal Father. And so it was that the more he endured, the brighter and more radiant grew his soul, until God smiled upon it, and it was ready for home.

He felt no dread when the hour of his death approached; the glory of heaven had already begun to dawn for him. One day—it was when the roses were in bloom, and despite his fast increasing illness, he was at work amongst them—the Saracen chief had grown worse, and could no longer bear the music which had charmed him into rest. All that day it seemed to Bertrand that strange voices sounded in his ears, and a dazzling light shone wherever his eyes fell. Yet those who heard his evening hymn said that the sweet sad notes had never sounded so clearly. He sang for the last time the praises of the Lady and Queen he had loved so well.

When evening came, he went into his cell; he could no longer withstand the weakness that overpowered him. He sat down near the grating, where to the last he could see the evening sky.

"You will help me, my Mother," he murmured. "During life I have served you; in my death help me."

His head fell back against the hard walls of his cell, an act of contrition came from his white lips.

Ah me, who repays love and fidelity like our Lady? I must not tell you what she did for her knight in the hour of his death. The glory of heaven shone in that cell. Those who found the captive in the morning spoke with wonder of the smile upon his lips, and the rapturous expression on his face.

His mission was ended; his soul stood before the great white throne of God. He is bright and beautiful now amongst the saints of God, and his crown is one of surpassing glory. In heaven he bears a lily more stainless and resplendent than the one he bore on earth.

There was grief even among the rude Saracens

when it became known that the knight was dead. The fact might have remained long undiscovered; but, strange to tell, on the day of his death the ransom arrived. When they went to his cell to give him the freedom for which he had once longed so wildly, they found a mightier Power had been before them, and set the captive free. Never again did the sweet clear voice sound amidst the gorgeous Eastern flowers.

Ah, and when he knelt before our Queen, he did not forget the poor heathen lady who had been so kind to him. His first prayer was for her.

When the Saracen chief died, his daughter came to England. She restored the ransom to Hubert Dacre, and together they built a church, dedicated to Our Lady of the Angels. Solyma was baptized and received the name she loved so dearly. She was known amongst the Carmelites as Sister Mary of the Angels. While she lived she loved and cherished the stainless lily. It stood ever upon the altar of the church before the Blessed Sacrament. She liked best to see it there, for it seemed to her that our Lady's Knight was keeping watch before his Lord.

Men have forgotten him now, although his story lingered long in their hearts, but in heaven all love and cherish "our Lady's Knight."

C. M. BRAME.

[Translated from the French.]

THE THREE WAYFARERS.

There lived in ancient times two young noblemen, rich and comely as heart could desire. Their names were Tonyk and Mylio. Mylio, the elder, was almost sixteen, and Tonyk just fourteen years of age. They were both under the instruction of the ablest masters, by whose lessons they had profited so well that but for their age they might have received Holy Orders, had such been their vocation. But in character the brothers were very unlike: Tonyk was pious, charitable to the poor, and always ready to forgive those who had offended him; he hoarded neither money in his hand nor resentment in his heart. Mylio, on the contrary, while he gave but his due to each, would drive a hard bargain besides, and never fail to revenge an injury to the uttermost.

It had pleased God to deprive them of their father whilst yet in their infancy, and they had been brought up by their widowed mother, a woman of singular virtue; but now that they were growing towards manhood, she deemed it time to send them to the care of an uncle, who lived at some distance, and from whom they might receive good counsel for their voyage through life, besides the expectation of an ample heritage. So one day,

after bestowing on each a new cap, a pair of silver-buckle shoes, a violet mantle and a well-filled purse, she bade them set forth towards the house of their father's brother. The two boys began their journey in the highest spirits, glad that they were travelling into a new country. Their horses made such good speed that in the course of a few days they found themselves already in another kingdom, where the trees and even the corn were quite different to their own. There one morning, coming to a cross-road, they saw a poor woman seated near a wayside Cross, her face buried in her apron. Tonyk drew up his horse to ask her what was the matter; the poor beggar told him, with many sobs, that she had just lost her son who was her sole support, and that she was now cast on the charity of Christian strangers. The youth was touched with compassion,—but Mylio, who waited at a little distance, cried out mockingly:—

"You are not going to believe the first pitiful story told you by the roadside; it is just this woman's trade to sit here and cheat travellers of their money!"

"Hush, hush! my brother," answered Tonyk, "in the name of God; you only make her weep the more. Do you not see that she is just the age and figure of our own dear mother—who may God preserve!" Then stooping down towards the poor woman, he handed her his purse, saying: "Here, my good woman, I can help you but little; but I will pray that God Himself may be your consolation."

The beggar took the purse, pressed it to her lips, then said to Tonyk: "Since my young lord has been so bountiful to a poor woman, let him not refuse to accept from her this walnut. It contains a wasp with a sting of diamond."

Tonyk took the walnut with thanks, and proceeded on his way with Mylio. Ere long they came to the borders of a forest, and saw a little child, half naked, seeking something in the hollows of the trees, whilst he sang a strange and melancholy air, more mournful than the music of a requiem. He often stopped to clap his little frozen hands, saying in his song, "I am cold!—oh, so cold!" and the boys could hear his teeth chatter in his head.

Tonyk was ready to weep at this spectacle, and said to his brother:

"Mylio, only see how this poor child suffers from the piercing wind."

"Then he must be a chilly subject," returned Mylio; "the wind does not strike me as so piercing."

"You may well say so, when you have on a plush doublet, a warm cloth coat, and over all your violet mantle, whilst he is wrapped round by little but the air of heaven."

"Well, and what then?" observed Mylio; "after all he is but a peasant boy."

"Alas!" said Tonyk, "when I think that you, my brother, might have been born to the same hard fate, it goes to my very heart; and I cannot bear to see him suffering. For Jesus' sake let us relieve him."

So saying he reined in his horse, and calling the little boy to him, inquired what he was about.

"I am trying," replied the child, "if I can find any dragon-flies asleep in the hollows of the trees."

"What do you want with the dragon-flies?" asked Mylio.

"When I have found a great many I shall sell them in the town, and buy myself a garment as warm as sunshine."

"And how many have you found already?" asked the young nobleman.

"Only one," said the child, holding up a cage made of rushes enclosing the blue fly.

"Well, well, I will take it," interposed Tonyk, throwing to the boy his violet mantle. "Wrap yourself up in that nice warm cloak, my poor little fellow, and when you kneel down to your evening prayers, do not forget to say a 'Hail Mary' for us, and another for our mother."

The brothers rode forward on their journey, and Tonyk, having parted with his mantle, suffered sorely for a time from the cutting north wind; but the forest came to an end, the air grew milder, the fog dispersed, and a vein of sunshine kindled in the clouds. They presently entered a green meadow where a fountain sprang; and beside it sat an aged man, his clothes in tatters, and on his back a wallet which marked him as a beggar. As soon as he perceived the young riders, he called to them in beseeching tones. Tonyk approached him.

"What is it, father?" said he, lifting his hat in respectful consideration of the beggar's age.

"Alas! my dear young gentleman," replied the old man, "you see how white my hair is, and how wrinkled my cheeks. By reason of my age, I am grown very feeble, and my feet can carry me no further; therefore I must certainly sit here and die, unless one of you is willing to sell me his horse."

"Sell thee one of our horses, beggar!" exclaimed Mylio, with a contemptuous voice; "and wherewithal have you to pay for it?"

"You see this hollow acorn," answered the mendicant; "it contains a spider capable of spinning a web stronger than steel. Let me have one of your horses, and I will give you the spider."

Mylio burst into a loud laugh. "Do you only hear that, Tonyk?" said he, turning to his brother. "There must be two calves' feet in that fellow's shoes."

Tonyk answered gently, "The poor can only offer what they have."

Dismounting he went up to the old man and said: "I give you my horse, my honest friend, not in consideration of the price you offer for him, but in remembrance of Christ who has declared the poor to be His chosen people. Take and keep him as your own, and thank God, in whose dear name I bestow him."

The old man murmured a thousand benedictions, and mounting, with Tonyk's aid, went on his way, and was soon lost in the distance. At this last almsdeed Mylio could no longer contain himself, and broke out into a storm of reproaches.

"Fool!" cried he angrily to Tonyk, "are you not ashamed of the state to which you have reduced yourself by your folly? you thought, no doubt, when you had stripped yourself of everything I would go shares with you in horse and cloak and purse; but no such thing. I hope this lesson at least will do you good, and that by feeling the inconvenience of prodigality, you may learn to be more prudent for the future."

"'Tis indeed a good lesson, my brother," replied Tonyk, mildly; "and I willingly receive it. I never so much as thought of sharing your money, horse, or cloak; go your way, without troubling yourself about me, and may the Queen of Angels guide you."

Mylio answered not a word, but trotted quickly off, whilst his young brother followed him on foot, keeping him in sight as long as he was able, without a thought of bitterness arising in his heart. Thus they went on towards the entrance of a narrow defile between two mountains, so lofty that their tops were hidden by the clouds. It was called the Accursed Strait; for a dreadful being dwelt among those heights, and there lay in wait for travellers, like a huntsman watching for game. He was a giant, blind, and without feet, but had so fine an ear for sound that he could hear the worm working her dark way within the earth. His servants were two eagles, that he had tamed, for he was a great magician, and he sent them forth to catch his prey as soon as he could hear it coming. So the country people, when they had to pass the dreaded strait, were accustomed to carry their shoes in their hands, and holding their breath, lest the giant should detect them passing. But Mylio, who knew nothing of all this, went on at full trot, until the giant was awakened by the sound of horses' hoofs on the stony way.

"Ho, ho, my harriers, where are you?" cried he. The white and the red eagle hastened to him. "Go and fetch me for my supper what is passing by," exclaimed the giant.

Like balls from cannon mouth they shot down

the ravine, and seizing Mylio by the violet mantle bore him upwards to the giant's den. At that moment Tonyk came up to the entrance of the defile; he saw his brother in the act of being carried off by the two birds; and rushing towards him he uttered a loud cry, but the eagles almost instantly vanished with Mylio in the clouds that hung over the loftiest mountains. For a few seconds the boy stood rooted to the spot with horror, gazing on the sky and the straight rocks that rose above him like a wall; and sinking on his knees, with folded hands he cried.

"O God, the almighty Maker of the world, save my brother Mylio!"

"Trouble not God the Father for so small a matter," cried three little voices close beside him.

Tonyk turned in amazement. "Who speaks? Who are you?" he exclaimed.

"In the pocket of thy doublet," replied the three voices.

Tonyk searched his pocket and drew forth the walnut, the acorn, and the cage of rushes containing the three different insects.

"Is it you who will save Mylio?" asked he.

"We, we, we," they answered, in their various tones.

"And what can you do, you poor little nobodies?" cried Tonyk.

"Let us out and thou shalt see!"

The boy did as they desired, and immediately the spider crept to a tree, from which she began a web as strong and as shining as steel. Then, mounting on the dragon-fly, which raised her gradually in the air, she still wove on her silvery network, the several threads of which assumed the form of a ladder constantly stretching upwards.

Tonyk mounted, step by step, on this miraculous ladder until it brought him to the summit of the mountain. Then the wasp flew before and led him to the giant's den.

The den was a grotto hollowed in the cliff, and lofty as a cathedral nave. The blind and footless ogre was seated in the middle, swaying his huge body to and fro like a poplar rocked by the winds, singing snatches of a strange song, while Mylio lay on the ground, his legs and arms tucked behind him, like a fowl trussed for the spit. The two eagles were at a little distance, by the fire-place, one ready to act as turn-spit, whilst the other made up the fire.

The noise which the giant made in singing, and the attention he paid to the preparations made for his feast, prevented his hearing the approach of Tonyk and his three tiny attendants; but the red eagle perceived the youth, and, darting forward, would have seized him in its claws had not the wasp at that very moment pierced its eyes with

the diamond sting. The white eagle, hurrying to its fellow's aid, met the same fate. Then the wasp flew upon the ogre, who had roused himself upon hearing the cries of his two servants, and set herself to sting him without mercy. The giant roared aloud like a bull in August. In vain he whirled around his huge arms like windmill sails; having no eyes he could not succeed in catching the creature, and for want of feet it was equally impossible for him to escape from it. At length he flung himself face downwards on the earth to find some respite from its fiery dart, but the spider then came up and spun over him a net that held him fast imprisoned. In vain he called upon the eagles for assistance: savage with pain, and no longer fearing him, their only impulse was to be revenged upon him for their long slavery. Fiercely flapping their wings, they flew upon their former master, and tore him in their fury, as he lay cowering beneath the web of steel; with every stroke of their beaks they carried off a strip of flesh, nor did they stay their vengeance until they laid bare his bones. Then they crouched down upon the mangled carcass,—and as the flesh of a magician, to say nothing of an ogre, is a meat impossible to be digested, they never rose again. Meanwhile Tonyk had unbound his brother, and after embracing him, with tears of joy, led him from the cavern to the edge of the precipice. The dragon-fly and the wasp soon appeared there, harnessed to the little cage of rushes, now transformed into a coach. They invited the two brothers to seat themselves within it, whilst the spider placed herself behind like a magnificent lackey, and the equipage rolled onwards with the swiftness of the wind. In this way Tonyk and Mylio travelled untired over meadows, woods, mountains, and villages,—for in the air roads are always in good order,—until they came before their uncle's castle. There the carriage came to the ground, and rolled onwards towards the drawbridge, where the brothers saw both their horses waiting for them. At the saddlebow of Tonyk hung his purse and mantle; but the purse had grown much larger and heavier, and the mantle was all powdered with diamonds. Astonished, the youth turned towards the coach to ask what this might mean; but, behold, the coach had disappeared; and instead of the wasp, the spider, and the dragon-fly, there stood three angels all resplendent with light. Awe-struck and bewildered, the brothers sank upon their knees. Then one of the angels, more beautiful and radiant than the others, drew near to Tonyk, and thus spoke:

"Fear not, thou righteous one, for the woman, the child, and the old man, whom thou hast succored, were none others than our Blessed Lady, her Divine Son, and the holy Saint Joseph. They sent us to guard thee, on thy way, from harm; and now, that our mission is accomplished, we return to Paradise. Only remember what has befallen thee, and let it serve as an example forever."

At these words the Angels spread their wings, and soared away like three white doves, chaunting the "Hosanna" as it is sung in churches at the Holy Mass.

AVE MARIA.

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Religious Orders---No. 6.

BY DR. O. A. BROWNSON.

The Puritan, who had the principal hand in shaping the moral and religious character of the Anglo-American colonies, was rigid enough in moral exactions; and while he was absorbed in his war against priests and monks, and in clearing away the forests, subduing the soil, making himself a home in the wilderness, and defending it against his savage enemies, he succeeded in keeping himself for the most part, exteriorly at least, within the limits of the moral law. His absorption in the struggle for life, the excitement of the fight, the rigid discipline he introduced from the Mosaic Law and from Calvin and Knox, enforced by the vigilant espionage of his church members over one another, the ruling elder, the tithing man, the constable and the magistrate, all enabled him actually to maintain, at least as to exterior acts, the community he founded far purer in manners and morals than it has remained.

But with the relaxation of the struggle, the growth of wealth and luxury, discipline was relaxed, the church members became less prompt in acting as spies on one another and reporting each other's sayings and doings to the congregation or the session; the ruling elder disappeared, the tithing became a myth, and the magistrate abandoned morality for politics, or looked after them only so far as they might affect his political interests. Puritan morality then broke down, or survived only in various philanthropic associations and movements, which made little or no demands on the private or domestic virtues, or personal purity of heart or body. It never had any interior life, and when its exterior supports were knocked from under it nothing remained to sustain it. It attempted the impossible. It would convert the Evangelical Counsels into laws, and maintain the strict life and discipline in general Christian society of the convent or monastery, without seclusion, celibacy, or the assistance of supernatural grace. Separated by its heresy and schism from the Fountain of supernatural life, grace it had not

and could not have, except that common grace given to all men; celibacy it condemned and abhorred as a sin against nature; and marriage, which it encouraged and made all but obligatory upon every Christian, could not be kept pure and holy by unassisted nature. Puritanism exacted of nature without grace, especially when coupled with its doctrine of total depravity and moral inability, more than nature could give, and necessarily got less.

The failure of Puritanism to maintain all the strictness and severity of the religious life with marriage and without the grace of vocation, has very naturally been followed by a fearful reaction which even threatens to engulf the American people in the vortex of vice and immorality. By condemning celibacy as contrary to nature and impossible, by sneering at virginity as something, if not sinful, at least far below the conjugal state, and by reducing marriage from a sacrament to a civil contract, and dissoluble by the order or permission of the civil magistrate, it destroyed the very conception of Christian marriage, or of marriage as *semper res sacra*, as always something sacred, extinguished the Christian family, undermined the domestic virtues, on which public virtue and the very existence of society depend, and perverted both the public and private conscience.

The Puritan, probably, did not foresee the consequence of denying marriage as a sacrament, and making it a civil instead of a religious institution. Society depends on the family, as we are taught when the Scripture says: "And God created man in His own image; male and female created He them."* The family depends on marriage, by which "the twain are made one flesh." The reduction of marriage to a civil institution, and the denial of its sacramental character, is the elimination of religion from the family and, consequently, from the very basis of society. It is to leave society without any divine law or support, to be sustained by the state, and the state to be sustained by unredeemed and unassisted nature alone. By denying the sacredness and indissolu-

* Genesis, i, 27.

bility of marriage, placing it in the category of human institutions, Puritanism, as all Protestantism, eliminated religion from the government of the marriage relation, and found itself reduced to the necessity of sustaining both the family and society, the domestic and social virtues, without God.

The consequence has been that these virtues, having only a natural and civil support, are rapidly disappearing, if they have not already disappeared, from the entire Puritan community. Eliminating religion from morality, reason becomes the slave of passion, and the only supports left to virtue are the natural sentiments, instincts and inclinations, and these are precisely what, when unrestrained by religion, lead to vice, crime, immorality,—every species of sin and iniquity. The adoption of the principle of divorce, and reducing marriage to a simple civil institution, leaves the relation of the sexes, as all human institutions, and the civil law itself, when religion is eliminated, to the direction and control of the passions, sentiments, inclinations, instincts of an imperfect and fallen nature, to the concupiscence or carnal mind which works all the evil in individuals, in families, and in nations. These have lost Christian marriage and the Christian family, and have made marriage, through the liberty of divorce, no longer what God made it, that is, of “the twain one flesh,” but in several of the states what somebody has not inaptly called “successive polygamy,” and, it may be added, what is still worse, “successive polyandry.”

By eliminating religion and all sense of duty from the relation of the sexes, the road is short and straight to the popular doctrine of the day, that the marriage is in mutual love, and any couple who mutually love each other are truly married in the sight of God, and those whose hearts God has united, no man should dare put asunder. Hence powerful and energetic combinations of strong-minded women, *esprits forts*, and weak-minded or ambitious men, at work day and night, under the specious pretext of woman's rights, to abolish all marriage laws, and leave the relations of the sexes to the operation of unrestrained sentiment or passion, dignified with the name of Free Love. If marriage is essentially in the mutual love of the man and the woman, it can have no regard to the birth and education of children, but must look solely to the self-indulgence and pleasure of the married couple, to which children would be a great incumbrance, and hence we see already, to a fearful extent, the maternal instinct stifled in sensuality, and mothers, in order to be free from the cares and duties of maternity, not only consenting to but actually seeking the destruction of their offspring

before they are born. So far is this carried that we see it in the more decidedly Puritan States of the Union telling on the population, which but for recruits from abroad would rapidly diminish.

Chastity, as a Christian virtue, can hardly be said to be any longer recognized, and if it exists at all in our Puritan community, it exists, not as a virtue, but as an instinct, or as a matter of temperament. The moral corruption of our society, if seen in the interior, is something fearful, and falls little short of that of the heathen, as referred to by St. Paul in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, or that which proved the destruction of the earliest civilized and most renowned nations of antiquity. The evil is great and alarming, because it follows logically from the principles which are almost universally accepted as the basis of American society, and is really only the natural development of the anti-Catholic civilization of our age, and which like all false civilizations contains in itself the seeds of the most utter barbarism. But is there any remedy? If so, where and what is it?

I approach the answer to this question with some diffidence, not from any doubt as to what the answer is, but from distrust of my ability to make it clear and convincing to the general reader. It is certain that the preaching and even the example of what is only of strict law, as the highest ideal of Christian chastity, cannot suffice even to arrest, much less to cure the evil. Even the truth retained by false religions is turned into a lie and deprived of its virtue. The cruelty and licentiousness in which all heathen religions terminate are, intellectually considered, only misapplications and perversions of the great and fundamental principles of the true and primitive religion they have retained. A nation, as the soul, can be redeemed only by an expiatory sacrifice. It needed the expiatory sacrifice of the God-Man on the Cross to redeem the human race, and it is only by the expiatory sacrifice of those He loves and who love Him, voluntarily made in Him, and for Him, that a nation can be redeemed and restored to Christian life and virtue, and therefore in the ordinary providence of God, not without the religious orders which Puritanism so violently denounces.

They that marry do well, says the Puritan with St. Paul, but he forgets to add with the same blessed apostle, that they who do not marry do better. Marriage is lawful, is honorable, but it is not the highest state nor the highest ideal of Christian perfection. In assuming that it is, and placing virginity, or celibacy for Christ's sake below it, the Puritan placed before him, not the highest but in reality the lowest ideal. He who aims only at

the lowest is sure never to attain to the highest, but is not unlikely to miss even the lowest. Marriage involves no idea of expiation or sacrifice; it was instituted in the garden before sin entered into the world and expiation was necessary. It has no redeeming or elevating character, though they who enter into it from pure motives and faithfully observe its laws are blessed in themselves and their children, yet they make no sacrifice, offer nothing to God, indulge only a chaste and lawful love, which, however, is in itself only the love of the creature, not of the Creator, and as represented in the popular literature of the day, is pure idolatry.

The Puritan in adopting marriage as the Christian ideal excluded the life of sacrifice, of expiation in imitation of the life of Christ on earth, and therefore placed himself out of the condition of being a fellow-laborer and fellow-sufferer with Christ in redeeming, purifying, and sanctifying the race or a nation. The principle on which the religious orders are founded is that of sacrifice, of expiation, and intercession, in imitation of our Lord Himself, and whose life and passion they seek to renew in themselves, not to atone for their own sins, not as a penance for their transgressions, but as a sacrifice, an expiation, and a continued intercession for others, for the love of God and the good of souls. It is therefore that I look to the religious orders as the instruments in the hands of God to arrest my country in its downward tendency, and replace its vice and immorality by holy purity and Christian chastity.

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER X.

"ESSE QUAM VIDERI."

The children's ball, or *fête champêtre* as Mrs. Yellott preferred calling it, now fully decided on, was a most politic idea, and showed no little degree of sagacity in Allan Brooke's estimate of womankind. He knew that the preparations for it would so engross his sister's mind that she would have no time to brood over what had just passed between Lucia and her children nor have many opportunities to snub her. In fact she set about her task energetically: she had to make out a list of those who were to be invited, a delicate and difficult thing to do always, particularly in a provincial neighborhood; she had to write numerous orders and directions to be sent to Baltimore for French confectionary and other luxuries which by no possibility could

be obtained nearer home; she had to drill the servants, devise novelties, plan, and think, until she was half wild with excitement herself, and the entire household in a state of tumult and confusion. But she was in her true element; she not only had fine taste in such matters, but really great executive ability to carry out her plans when formed. Besides this, she had the faculty of attending to everything at once, and of drawing every one within range of her influence into her fussy preparations, getting them up to their eyes in business before they knew where they were.

Allan Brooke's chief aim in giving the ball was Lucia's happiness; he wished her to meet the young people of the neighborhood and have her thoughts turned into channels which would divert them entirely from the old brooding memories; but he wisely kept his intentions to himself, and Mrs. Yellott did not suspect them, for Lucia was as yet a subordinate idea in all her plans, not to be much considered except when she was more than usually disagreeable, and on such occasions scarcely able to restrain the savage instincts of her nature; her only desire was to slap her face until it was black and blue, feeling that such a form of chastisement was the only one that would satisfy her and sufficiently degrade Lucia. But the necessity of strangling and keeping down such cruel desires only intensified the venom of which they were born. However, the pleasant excitement and constant occupation afforded by the coming *fête* gave her, as we before remarked, but little time to torment herself about Lucia, and she plunged energetically into her plans, determined that it should outvie anything ever seen before in this part of the country, and that her children should have the best time they had ever had in their lives.

Lucia slipped off every morning or evening to Buckrae to make beautiful with flowers the mound above her mother's grave; her guardian had given orders that she was to have the yacht whenever she wished, and to go alone whenever she felt so disposed. Sometimes he went with her, but he had of late discontinued going altogether, fearing that his presence possibly imposed a restraint upon her.

These were happy hours to Lucia, when alone with her dead, no one near to observe or criticise her,—not a sound except the flitting and warbling of the birds and the soft rustling of the leaves to break the silence, and the air full of tender memories which gathered around her like soft embraces. It seemed like home, for here she could cry her fill with no one at hand to chide either coldly or kindly; here she could sing the beautiful hymns and anthems she had learned in her new home, with a feeling that somehow and somewhere near her

mother listened; and here, when light of heart, she sometimes trilled the little songs they used to sing together, ever feeling her near. It was freedom, solace and peace to the strange child to be there alone; and her guardian saw that she always returned with a brighter and more peaceful expression in her face than when she went. Then a standing order was issued that the yacht was to be at her disposal whenever she wanted it, and he told her to order it without ever consulting him about it.

"Are you going over to-day, Lucia?" he asked one morning, after a long practice with her of one of Beethoven's grand sonatas.

"If you please, Mr. Brooke,—that is, if you do not want the yacht."

"No, I do not want it; but, if you don't mind, little one, will you go to St. Inigoes?—we must try and persuade Father Jannison to come to our party. I have written to ask him, if you will take the invitation."

"That is lovely!" exclaimed Lucia with one of her rare merry laughs; "I will go, Mr. Brooke, and won't come away until he promises—"

"Allan! oh, dear me! Allan, I never saw such dark rooms as you keep!" cried Mrs. Yellott, bursting in, stumbling over footstools and scraping herself against the angles of tables and musical instruments.

"It seems light enough to me, Ellen; but stand still until I throw open this shutter," he said kindly.

"Never mind,—my eyes are used to it now; the fact is I came out of such a glare that I am nearly blinded," said Mrs. Yellott, throwing herself among the cushions of a deep luxurious chair while she fanned herself violently with her hat. "It is excessively hot, and I am in such a worry."

"Worry! what is the use of that? Keep cool, child, and don't try to do everything at once," answered her brother, amused at her flurry.

"That is what men always say! but you know, Allan, that people can't dance to the music of organs, and I wouldn't give a snap for a piano to dance by," she exclaimed petulantly.

"Well, no. I never saw but one dance to organ music; but it was certainly the loveliest spectacle I ever beheld!"

"What nonsense you are talking, Allan! but let me hear about it; perhaps we might arrange something of the sort here, and the novelty of the thing would make it charming," she replied eagerly.

"I fear that it would be impossible here," said Allan Brooke, with a quiet smile. "The dance I refer to took place in the grand cathedral at Seville, on the Feast of *Corpus Christi*. I happened to be there at the time, and was kneeling at

no great distance from the grand altar, expecting nothing more than the usual solemnities, when I saw a procession of children enter from a lateral chapel who were arrayed as if for presentation at court, in rich silks, costly old yellow laces and sparkling jewels, each one crowned with lilies and roses, and altogether magnificent in honor of their Lord and King whom they had come to adore. And now I observed that they moved in slow and graceful rhythm to the sacred melodies of the organ and an orchestra of stringed instruments, and ranged themselves in couples in a semi-circle before the grand altar, then knelt. The archbishop and his attendants, all arrayed in magnificent vestments literally incrustated with gold and precious stones, now came in and ascended the altar, which blazed with hundreds of waxlights; the tabernacle was opened and the Sacred Host deposited by the hands of the archbishop in the great gold ostensorium and elevated for the adoration of the faithful, who all bowed reverently and humbly before the solemn Presence. This over, the music swelled out in louder symphonies; and the children, now standing, joined their hands and formed a figure that was star-shaped, and began their sacred dance before the Blessed Sacrament, moving in and out, clasping and unclasping hands, changing the figures into harmonious combinations while they scattered the garlands of lilies and roses that crowned them at the foot of the altar, covering the tapestried steps deep with bloom and fragrance, until it seemed to me that each note of the music that reverberated and soared in such divine strains throughout the lofty domes and arches of the cathedral was represented by a living soul, and that each soul, as it moved to harmonious numbers, a living tangible presence, adored the Lord in His earthly tabernacle."

"We can't do that," said Mrs. Yellott, with a sigh. "What we want is a fiddler."

Lucia had listened to her guardian's description of the sacred dance with kindling eyes and glowing cheeks; she longed to hear more and ask a thousand questions—but he burst out laughing at Mrs. Yellott's absurd remark, and told her he "thought she'd have no difficulty in finding one."

"I thought so too, Allan; I've got two good banjo-players, two tambourines, but only one fiddle, and *must* have two; I can't do with less, and never dreamed of any difficulty until word came just now that Dave had sprained his wrist wrestling for a wager! Think of that now! I went right off to "the quarter" to see for myself, and it was so, sure enough; his wrist and hand are swelled up nearly as big as his head, and heaven only knows when it will ever be well."

"Has the doctor seen his hand?" asked the master

"I declare I don't know; I was so worried I did not ask."

"That must be attended to at once," said Allan Brooke, pulling the bell-cord.

"Upon my word, Allan, you spoil your negroes beyond everything. The doctor, indeed! Why, they know how to doctor themselves with herbs and things, and what's the use of going to the expense of a doctor?"

"Dave must be taken care of. You know I am opposed to slavery; I hold it to be a heathenish, cruel institution, but it has pleased Providence to make me a slave-owner, and I feel morally and religiously responsible for their welfare. Joe," he said to the man who answered the bell, "send one of the boys on horseback to ask Dr. Beans please to ride up to look at Dave's wrist."

"Yes, sah!" answered Joe, and disappeared.

"Allan, *what* am I to do about a fiddler? All my plans will be ruined if I can't get a fiddler," asked Mrs. Yellott, in a fever of impatience.

"I know one," said Lucia to her guardian.

"Where? I'll go right after him, if you'll tell me where he's to be found," said Mrs. Yellott, brightening up.

"It is Jupe," answered Lucia, but still speaking to Allan Brooke; "he plays most beautiful dance-music. I heard my mamma say that he used to be famous once; and I know that he plays well, for he played for me many a time."

"He may,—but you're not a judge; anyhow I'll see him. I remember him now perfectly, Allan,—one of the Buckrae negroes. Good gracious! I thought he was dead long ago; he was an old man when I was a girl. Can you send me across the river, Allan?"

"Lucia is just going to Buckrae, I believe."

"Oh, well, that will do! I'll take the children, poor little things! they'll enjoy it so much."

"But Lucia generally goes there alone, Ellen, and she can see Jupe for you," observed her brother, with a significant look, by which she understood she was not to press the matter.

"Oh, well! I have quite enough to do; if Lucia will be good enough to fetch Jupe over to see me, I shall be glad to be let off," she answered, while her eyes emitted little sparkles of anger.

"If he is there I will tell him to come; he has a boat of his own, and maybe he can come right off. I have to go to St. Inigoes, and shall not be back for some time," replied Lucia.

"That will do," said Mrs. Yellott, coldly. "I don't care how he gets here, so he comes in time. Will you be good enough to take a message to Father Jannison for me?"

"Certainly, ma'am," said Lucia, quietly.

"Please tell him that I and the children will be

over on Saturday to see him. I want to go to confession, you know, Allan, and I can kill two birds with one stone,—pay him a visit and attend to my religious duties at once," said Mrs. Yellott, laughing.

"I will tell him," answered Lucia, rising to go.

"Just stop one moment, please. I thought there was something!" said the indefatigable woman; "have you no party dresses, or anything light and pretty, Lucia, that will do to wear to the party?"

"No, ma'am. I never went to a party in my life."

"Well, but have you not some pretty embroideries and penas and things in that great trunk up stairs, that could be made over for you? Maum Chloee says you have lots."

"I do not know what is in that trunk. I have never opened it," answered Lucia, with quivering lip.

"You *must* have a party dress, and there's no time to lose; so if you don't mind, and will let me have the keys, I'll look over the things and select something suitable."

"Pardon me, ma'am,—will not to-morrow do?" said the poor child, shrinking involuntarily farther from her, and speaking low. "That was my mother's trunk."

"Oh, as you like," answered Mrs. Yellott, with a little toss of her head; "I only wished to serve you. I have no desire to rummage your trunks through idle curiosity."

Allan Brooke knew how much the sensitive child must be pained at all this. He could say nothing,—he only bit his lips,—and taking up his hat, said: "I believe the yacht is waiting, Lucia, and you ought to make much of the fair wind. Run and get your hat and mantle.—Don't tease her about things, Ellen," he added, as Lucia, glad to escape, ran out of the room; "she is very sensitive, and the least allusion to her mother hurts her. I saw her shrink when you proposed opening that trunk. I suppose her mother's clothes are in it."

"I'm sure I was not aware she was so touchy. I suppose it's her Spanish blood," replied Mrs. Yellott. "It is extremely disagreeable to be always on the Ps and Qs with a child! But you know, Allan, she cannot appear at the party looking like a fright; it would reflect upon us."

"No; that is undesirable. I wish Lucia to be well dressed, of course. But I don't know how to help you over the difficulty. She's a strange child, and it certainly requires great tact and great kindness to manage her; we must not push her in any way; I won't have her pushed, even about the dress. Let us wait and see what to-morrow will bring forth; I dare say it will all be right,—but here she is," said Allan Brooke, as Lucia stood in the doorway, waiting to start.

"Don't forget to see Uncle Jupe," called Mrs. Yellott, as the two walked away together. "'All right' indeed!" she said, in bitter accents; "it seems all wrong, more like, to me. It is plain to see that this stranger is paramount here. Everything is deferred to her whims; and this, that, and the other can't be done because it is disagreeable to her yellow ladyship. It makes everything feel strange to me here at 'Haylands,' and the way she has bewitched my brother, and even Maum Chloe, beats everything! I hate the little snake!"

It may be asked "was Mrs. Yellott a Catholic?" Yes, she was a very regular Catholic. She never missed Mass on Sundays and holidays of obligation, and made it a practice to approach the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion at stated times and seasons. She was a great formalist, and kept severely within the letter of the law, but we are constrained to say that her selfish and egotistical nature derived but small profit from the spirit thereof. There was nothing wanting in the Sacraments—as there was nothing wanting in Christ that Judas became what he was; nor was anything wanting in the Church, that she, one of its members, seemed alive, but was dead. She was of the "earth earthy," and, like many others, thought that a strict attention to, or observance of, exterior duties, covered a multitude of shortcomings, and exempted her from that warfare with herself which all souls who earnestly desire salvation must engage in, but which the very contemplation of made her uncomfortable. She thought it no harm to listen to floating gossip, or particular slander—no matter if reputations and fair names were damaged and tainted by the recital; she felt a secret satisfaction in hearing of the downfall and misfortunes of people, and did not scruple speaking of the faults of her best friends,—but not in an unchristian or unladylike manner, believe me: all this uncharitableness was salved and plentifully beplastered with "Oh, it was such a pity!" and "I feel the deepest sympathy; but then,"—*et cetera*—and "I am truly sorry it has got out; but did you hear the worst?"—and "ifs" and "buts" which instead of palliating the story, whatever it might be, in the least, intensified its malice. And this lady who belonged to several charitable associations could drive hard bargains with the poor; she understood the science of getting the very utmost out of people; and when she did give to the poor, it was of something filched from them. She prided herself on her worldly wisdom, and her ability to take care, first, of her own interests, not caring what became of the surplus; or whether, if there was any surplus left—But we will not farther analyze Mrs. Yellott's character; unfortunately there are many of her kind, who, nowadays

different in their works from the world around them, make people wonder if the Sacraments have lost the power of rehabilitating the soul with all the newness of a life of grace, and stand a stumbling-block and impediment to more sincere and timid Christians. These are the sort of Catholics who see the mote in their neighbor's eye, not discerning the beam that is in their own; who are ever taking scandal at the omissions of others whose interior lives are sealed books to them; who wear the guise of piety while their every act savors of the world, the flesh and the devil. Men outside the fold, when they see devotees of fashion, slanderers, wine-bibbers, and those who hold their good name lightly, Catholics who by ways "dark and devious" heap up riches, approach the august and divine Sacraments, and measure their daily lives by their profession of divine principles and the helps they have, turn away with a sneer, thinking religion—if such as these are religious—not worth the trouble of inquiring into, a hollow mockery and a cheat. It is such Christians as these who come naturally in close contact with the world, who mix with it, and invite its contempt for themselves and the faith they profess—and cause it to turn away its eyes from those whose lives, holy and humble and pure, illustrate the true spirit of a true Church—hiding from it the beauty of holiness by the interposition of their own evil example and the glare of a false piety.

But let us return to Lucia, who having had a swift sail across the river went straight up to Jupe's cabin, and for a wonder found him at home. He was mending his nets, crooning out an old ditty in quavering tones, while Bruce, now far advanced in his dotage, basked on the hearth, as close to the raked up embers as he could get without burning himself. The old negro lifted his head quickly as Lucia's shadow fell upon him, and when he saw her standing in the doorway his face lit up with a grotesque and delighted expression; he extinguished his pipe, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, then wiped his hand on his old patched breeches, and pushing aside his work with his feet he bobbed his head, and, while he chuckled almost to the verge of suffocation, held out his black knobby old hand to welcome her. Lucia laughed,—she always laughed at Jupe, who liked being laughed at by her,—and shook hands with him.

"No, I can't stay a minute, Uncle Jupe," she said as he wiped off a bench for her to sit down; "I just ran up here to tell you that you are wanted at 'Haylands' as soon as ever you can paddle across. Mrs. Yellott wants you."

"Dat's Miss Nelly. Jest like her. An' whose gwine to catch oysters for me while I se losin' time

over dar? I say, little Missis, what do she want? for I dunno as I can spar de time," said Jupe, who, like the generality of his class, enjoyed being coaxed and making much of what they did.

"There's to be a great dance at 'Haylands,' Uncle Jupe,—a party for children,—and Dave the fiddler has sprained his wrist, and they want you to play the fiddle in his place," said Lucia.

"Yah! yah! yah! How do Miss Nelly know my wrist aint sprained too? Lord, chile, I'se too old for sich junkettin's. I can't play now fittin' to be heerd; why, honey, dey'd jest larf at my scrapin'. Once upon a time I'd a drawn my bow agin any nigger in Maryland," said Jupe, flourishing his hands and trying to look modest, his delight beaming out, however, in every wrinkle of his dusky face.

"Oh, Uncle Jupe, you *can* play,—I know; I've heard you play, and danced to your playing,—you know I have. You play dance music splendidly! Please go,—won't you?"

"I'll see if I can manage it," he replied, shaking his head dubiously.

"And Mr. Brooke wants you to come—and if you don't it will spoil all the children's fun. Now I'm going; let your old nets and things wait, and be off," said Lucia in that pretty, peremptory way, which the old negro liked the best of all.

"I'll go jest to please you, honey," he said, inwardly delighted, not only at the prospect of the good time ahead, but at the honor of being invited to scrape his bow once more before the "quality," to the tunes of "Malbrouke," "Rob o' the Bowl," "Drunken Sailor," and other fashionable dancing music of the day. "I'll go, but it'll 'bout ruin me. I promised to fotch a load of oysters to a man from Georgetown what's got his wessel at our landin' a-waitin'."

"You'll have time for that Uncle Jupe; the party is not to be until next week, and to-day is only Tuesday. Good-bye, and hurry over to 'Haylands'."

When Lucia got back to "Haylands" they were all at lunch in the dining-room, so she only stopped at the door to inquire if Jupe had been over, and on hearing that he had, and was engaged for the important evening, she told her guardian that Father Jannison sent his love to everybody, and wouldn't miss coming to the *fête* on any account,—only he must not be invited to dance, as he had forgotten how." Every one laughed except Mrs. Yellott, who remarked: "I do not like such levity in a priest."

Having delivered her message, Lucia ran up-stairs to lay off her things and have a private conference with Maum Chloe before she went back to her cabin, which she usually did about noon. Throw-

ing her hat and mantle on the bed, she stepped into the room where Chloe usually spent several hours each day, mending and darning and inspecting the house-linen and wearing apparel; but she was not there, and Lucia made a tour of the bedrooms hoping she was in some of them; but not finding her, concluded she had gone home, and thought she would run down and get some luncheon, then go to Maum Chloe's cabin and tell her what she wanted. But on passing the door of her guardian's room it was suddenly opened by Maum Chloe herself, who had been tacking up fresh muslin curtains to the windows, hanging a mosquito net over his bed, and putting things generally to rights,—and not wishing to be called off, as she was sure to have been at least fifty times by Mrs. Yellott, she had locked herself in and had been deaf to all rappings and calls and other demands for admittance.

"I'm so glad you're here, maummy. I've been looking everywhere for you!" exclaimed Lucia.

"Come in here, chile, and set down. Does you want anything?" said Chloe, shutting the door after Lucia came in. "I thought you was over yander."

"I've just come back, and I run up here to look for you, while they are all at luncheon, to speak to you about something," said Lucia, flushed and flurried.

"Yes, honey; what is it?"

"Well, you know, they—that is, Mrs. Yellott—she wanted to hunt through that big trunk—you know—for something to make me a party dress, but I told her I would look; so I want you to come with me to unlock it, and take the things out," said Lucia, with almost breathless eagerness.

"Dat's right," answered Chloe, nodding her head approvingly; "Miss Ellen's so pryin'; she always was. But don't say nothin' 'bout it 'till dey all goes ridin' dis arfternoon; den we'll see what we can find, my pretty."

"That will do very nice; but what a funny old book this is, Maummy Chloe!" said Lucia, resting her hand on a great thick clumsy volume, covered with green baize which was both faded and tattered, that lay upon an old-fashioned table that stood in a corner of the room.

"Dat's de Word of God, honey; it b'longed to my ole Missis, Mars'r Allan's mother, and it was her father's before her, and theirn afore him; and its got all de births and deaths and marriages for ginerations writ down in it; and it's full of de beautifullest picters! Mars'r Allan he sets a heap of store by it, and he often shows 'em to me and tells me 'bout 'em. But run down now, chile, an' get some snack,—you must be hungry; but stop a minnit, and let me bresh back your hair and tie a

piece of black velvet round your head to keep it smooove. Mars'r Allan he's mighty pertic'ler, and likes to see everybody lookin' deir best."

"Does he? Well, you may. But will you let me look at the pictures some day?"

"Deed will I, an' be glad of de chance," said Chloe with alacrity, as they went along the hall to Lucia's room.

"Don't tie it tight; I won't have it tied tight; and oh, maummy, you have taken the skin off my head brushing so hard," complained Lucia, whose hair had always flowed almost unkempt, and never bound up either in fillet or net.

"Laws, honey, I never did see such a change as a little fixin' makes in you,—dey won't know you down-stars!" said Chloe, surveying Lucia's improved appearance with delight, and stopping her to make another loop in the bow she had tied at the side of her head.

"I don't like it; it chokes my head, and feels so fussy against my cheek,—but I'll let it stay if you like it, maummy."

"Dat's a pretty, now. Mars'r Allan'll be delighted,—run along down now."

That "Mars'r Allan" would be pleased quite settled the matter with Lucia, and the velvet, bow and all, was allowed to remain; and when she went into the dining-room, her cheeks flushed and her eyes bright, her kind guardian surveyed her with a pleased and surprised look, without knowing what had made such a change in her appearance, and thought: "She is *not* such a fright after all."

That afternoon, with many a heart-ache, Lucia examined her mother's trunk, the one indicated by Mrs. Yellott as being likely to contain the most precious of poor Zoé's costly wardrobe. Underneath the garments which she remembered she had seen her mother wear sometimes in Cuba—there were rich and elegant dresses of silk, lace, and rare embroideries, as fresh and crisp as when first bought in Paris years before; and under these was a pile of beautiful gauzy fabrics which had never been made up—blue, blossom color, white, and canary colored, with satin stripes of flowers and arabesque designs running through them, each strip deeply edged with gold threads. Lucia shook her head, as Chloe held up each pattern in an ecstasy of admiration at its beauty.

"I will not take off my black to please *anybody*. Put them all back, maummy. I will stay in my room,—and I'd rather do that after all," said Lucia, with a gloomy look, as she turned away.

"Here, stop honey! here's somethin' that'll jest do!" exclaimed Chloe, as she held up a white pena with a column pattern of black, edged with gold, running through it. "It was in de very bottom of de trunk."

"Yes, that may do; put the rest away, maummy," said the child, with a sigh that sounded like a sob; then throwing the dress-pattern over her arm, she ran down to her own room and locked herself in to have a good cry to herself. But Maum Chloe remained,—she wanted to find a fan and sash ribbons to make Lucia's outfit complete. In one compartment or rather drawer of the trunk she found a collection of beautiful French fans—fragile, glittering things, bought by Zoé in the days of her splendid misery; also a sash of broad white *gros grain* ribbon with a vine of black and gold running through the centre; and still rummaging, she discovered a case of delicately-scented fine lace handkerchiefs; and elsewhere, in a box by themselves, flowers of every hue and shade. She selected a mother-of-pearl and lace fan, one of the handsome handkerchiefs, and the black and white sash, leaving the flowers behind with a sigh—refolded the things with scrupulous nicety, and reverently locked the trunk, which to her uncultivated imagination held the most untold treasures.

"The little sneak!" said Mrs. Yellott the next day, after examining the beautiful dress and the other articles, and coveting them a thousand times. "It's a shame to cut up such a splendid thing into a dress for such a little fright; she'll never look anything less than a fright, no matter what she puts on. And this splendid handkerchief,—it is real point d'Alençon; I wonder how many more of them are in that trunk; I must ask Chloe."

But Lucia, happily, neither heard nor cared. She had promised to look for something suitable to wear, and she had done so; but had she not thought it would please her guardian to appear at the *fête* and be prettily dressed, she would have gone to Buckrae and remained until it was over, let who might have objected. In her music dreams at the organ or piano, in her visits to her mother's grave, in her long, solitary walks—for she avoided the children, and kept out of the house as much as possible—she forgot all about the dress, and but seldom thought of the painful necessity for her to be present at the *fête*.

It appears the editor of *Don Pirrone* was not seriously injured in the duel, mentioned last week, as reported at the time. He was well enough to fight another with little Prince Sciarra, a day or two ago, in which also he again got scratched. The object of both these duels seems to have been, not to chastise him for the impertinence of his writing, but, on the contrary, to afford to the world the knowledge that these two youths are of opinion that any obscure scribbler is to be treated as an equal by a nobleman. The delight of the Radical editor at having been scratched by the swords of two real aristocrats would be amusing indeed, if it were not so pitiable.

STARS OF OUR LADY; Or, Glances Through the Calendar.

JULY.

The Saint of Assisi was making his last Apostolic journey through the States of the Church. Everywhere miracles signalized his progress. All who needed special favors, whether for soul or body, drew near to "Father Francis" with tender confidence, sure of the reception they would meet from the gentle saint who partook so largely of the spirit of Him whose sacred stigmata he bore. Among these marvellous manifestations of his power with God, the little town of Bagnara was the scene of one, the results of which will be felt throughout the Church to the end of time. The noble house of Fidenza was wrapt in the gloom of approaching desolation. The little heir lay dying, parental tenderness and skilful science alike powerless to prolong the infant life so precious. With tearful eagerness the Lady Ritella availed herself of the opportune arrival of Father Francis, and uniting the sacrifice of ancestral pride to his prayers, vowed to dedicate the child to God in the Order of Friars Minor. Her faith was rewarded. The word of St. Francis brought back bloom and vigor to the fragile little frame. Was it in his loving sympathy with the parents' joy that he burst forth in the exclamation: "*O, buona ventura!*" or with a prophetic vision of the "good about to come" from that miraculous cure? The rejoicing household adopted that expression of delight, and the baptismal name of John Fidenza was replaced by the stately yet musical appellation of Bonaventura, a name destined to take rank with the highest saints of the Church.

Born in 1221, Bonaventura was but five years old when the saint went to receive his seraphic crown, and it might be said that the mantle of his holy preserver fell on this child of election. The history of his boyhood is best given in the brief eulogy passed upon him by the Professor of Theology in the University of Paris, where he was sent to pursue his studies, when in his twenty-second year he entered the Franciscan Order—"So pure and innocent is this youth that he almost seems to be exempted from the consequences of Adam's fall." We feel the wonderful value of this testimony when we remember that it came from no ordinary master, dazzled by precocious piety to which he was unused, and with natural partiality turning for relief from the common run of students to delight in one whose talents would repay his care. It was the tribute of the celebrated doctor of theology, Alexander of Hales, whose genius was the pride of Paris, and whose holiness fell but

little if any below that of canonized saints; who could boast of a St. Thomas of Aquino among his many brilliant and holy pupils; and whose great work on theology (styled the foundation of the Angelic Doctor's "*Summa*" by many critics) was eulogized by no less an authority than Pope Alexander IV, as "a river flowing from paradise, a treasure of science and wisdom." Happy the young friar in being placed under such a master, and happy the master who could claim as his pupil the Dominican, Thomas, and the Franciscan, Bonaventura.

It is very touching to notice the close, life-long friendship that existed between these guiding lights of the two young Orders already so famous, and how much they were alike in many respects, while each was the model of his particular Order. What a beautiful picture is that of the Angelic Doctor, whose learning was the marvel of the age, going humbly to Bonaventura to ask him how he acquired his surpassing knowledge of theology. How eloquent the unspoken reply of the seraphic doctor, the loving glance with which he pointed to his crucifix. Well, indeed, might those two ardent lovers of Jesus crucified have for each other a love surpassing that of David and Jonathan. Chosen to plead the cause of their respective Orders before those who would exclude both Preaching Friars and Minor Friars from the Professor's chair in the Universities, and thus restrict their sphere of usefulness, Bonaventura and Thomas gained the victory, and were called to receive together the Doctor's cap. Then ensued a loving strife of generous friendship and saintly humility between the two, as to which should receive the prize first, in which our saint had the noble gratification of forcing the distinction on his friend.

Burning love of the adorable Sacrament of the altar was the ruling passion, one may say, of those two souls, so free from earthly passions, so rich in heavenly instincts; and the Dominican's inimitable hymn *Adoro te devote*, has its counterpart in the Franciscan's poetic prayer *Transfige, dulcissime, Domine*. Both impetuous lovers of Mary, St. Thomas, while hesitating with the sensitive delicacy of genius and theological acumen from hastily determining on such a mystery as the Immaculate Conception, yet in his apparent opposition implied the same answer that St. Bonaventura's more impulsive spirit gave to all cavillers against the great mystery, viz., that Mary was redeemed and exempted from original sin by a new kind of sanctification,—thus suggesting the argument which another jewel of the Seraphic Order, Duns Scotus, gloriously established over all opponents at the beginning of the succeeding century.

Our Saint became a Friar Minor in the year 1243. In 1256, at the age of thirty-five, he was elected Superior of the Order, which he governed with the prudent zeal and tender care of a true son of St. Francis. Already the spirit of relaxation, with its inevitable attendant, disunion, had invaded the young Order which was serving God too gallantly to escape the malicious arts of the enemy of all good. Under the new father minister divisions were healed, fervor was renewed, and the Order flourished. He gave it also a new impetus by establishing the feast of the Immaculate Conception throughout all its branches.

In 1265, he was appointed Archbishop of York, but his tears and entreaties at the feet of Clement IV obtained his release from the dreaded dignity. The next Pope, Gregory X, was less complying. After a few more years spent in the welcome obscurity of his Order, the friar in 1273 found himself appointed Cardinal Bishop of Albano, with an "obedience" to accept the dignity without hesitation or excuse, and to set out immediately for Rome. It was undoubtedly the most severe and unwelcome obedience he ever received. A characteristic anecdote tells how he received the insignia of his new rank. Two envoys from the papal court, sent to convey the Cardinal's hat with proper *éclat* to the elect prince of the Church, found him in a Franciscan convent near Florence, engaged in the important duty of washing the dinner dishes. His Eminence elect, politely requesting the guests to amuse themselves in the garden for a few moments, quietly completed his task, and the hat was hung on a tree, says the chronicler, till he could take it decently in his hands.

Arrived at Florence, he was consecrated by His Holiness, and the two great servants of God set out for Lyons, where a General Council had been called to meet the ensuing May, to promote the anxiously desired union of the Greek schismatics with the Church. The winter and spring passed in preparations, of which arduous work our saint had a full share. His warm, tender heart was saddened by the recent death of the great Aquino, and his physical strength was yielding to the first attacks of what he knew to be a mortal disease; but the saints can die at the post of duty, nobly, manfully, gaily. The great Council convened on the seventh of May, 1274. Five hundred bishops, seventy abbots, and a thousand other dignitaries, with royal ambassadors from France, England, Germany and Sicily, were present; and in this brilliant assemblage, St. Bonaventura had the place of honor at the right hand of the Sovereign Pontiff, who presided in person. Our saint made the opening address, and by his fervid, impassioned

eloquence then and on subsequent occasions carried all hearts by storm, charming the Greek deputies into a ready concurrence with the Latins.

How closely are joy and sorrow entwined in the history of the faith! It is as with our own little histories, and we love the Church all the more tenderly that it seems like a human life from these touching alternations. On the sixth of July, at the fourth session, Pope Gregory intoned the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for the union, a gush of joyous tears telling his deep emotion as the Greeks afterwards chanted the Nicene Creed in their own tongue, repeating twice the words, "Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son." The day following his heart was wrung with grief at the news that the new Cardinal, from whom he hoped many years of arduous duty to religion, lay on his death-bed. It was too true. As the opening of the Council was shadowed by the death of the great Dominican doctor, so was the joy of its close chastened by the loss of the equally glorious and beloved Franciscan. A few days of suffering, sanctified by the sweet rites of the faith, administered by the Holy Father himself, and with a last look of smiling love at his crucifix, his favorite "school of science," the seraphic doctor passed to the arms of the Crucified.

His funeral was such as had never attended even the obsequies of kings. The Pope and his court mingled with the immense train, and the funeral sermon, or as it might rather be styled panegyric, was preached by tears as eloquent as his words by a noble Dominican, afterwards Pope Innocent IV.

With all his various duties of preaching, monastic government, and teaching, St. Bonaventura was one of the most voluminous writers of his age. His works, taken with those of his friend, St. Thomas, would of themselves form a sufficient school of theology and devotion, were all the writings of the innumerable lights of the Church swept out of existence.

But dearest and perhaps most valuable of his legacies is the devotion of the *Angelus*, the noble invention of his love for an incarnate God. The *Angelus* bell! For six hundred years has its silvery chime been echoing from clime to clime, making sweet music in every land as it learns the lovely mystery of Nazareth. Children catch its tone as their first intelligent idea of devotion; aged ears, expecting soon to hear the melody of Jesus' voice at the judgment, still listen to hear the *Angelus*; dying eyes brighten at this last and sweetest of earthly reminders. How many conversions has that bell wrought—how many glorious deeds of religion prompted—how many temptations silenced—how many sorrows has it soothed—how many

joys consecrated! What sweet music does it make to the Sacred Heart throbbing in the tabernacle! What millions and millions of *Ave Marias* does it bear to Mary's throne!

The *Angelus*! The distinctive devotion of Catholicity. In our days we have seen heresy formally adopt the Cross which in its more prosperous times it had derided as the exclusive emblem and badge of "Popery." Next we have seen ceremonies, devotions and even doctrines transplanted boldly or by might to alien ground, where the fair exotics pine and die, spite of zealous if awkward care. It is well, perhaps. Though it *does* look ludicrous to us Papists (thank you, dear Dr. Brownson, for claiming the old term of reproach as *now* one of our cherished titles), yet those bright things, so strangely appropriated, will doubtless continue to win noble and earnest spirits, as they have already done, to the illimitable gardens of faith where all things bright and beautiful flourish in immortal vigor. But no covetous hand has yet been laid on the *Angelus*. There is too much Mariolatry in that for the most aspiring High Church or extremest Ritualist. We are almost sorry for this particular exception, for we remember (as doubtless they do also) St. Augustine's prophetic antiphon:

"REJOICE, O VIRGIN MARY! THOU ALONE HAST DESTROYED ALL THE HERESIES IN THE WORLD."

The bell of the *Angelus*! Softly its summons

Thrice every day calls our wandering thoughts home,
To praise with the fervor of love's adoration

The Word once made flesh in a virginal womb.

Scarce has the morning its golden gates opened,

Ere countless processions to heaven flock through
Of prayers that have waited the *Angelus* chiming

This fond act of homage in faith to renew.

The burden and heat of the midday are pressing

More heavily down on the tired heart and brain—

But listen! the *Angelus* rings out its music

And life winged from Nazareth darts through them
again.

Ah not for repose or delight He descended

To this land of exile and labor and care;

Hath He not dwelt here as a wayfarer weary,

And felt every trial He gives us to share!

The twilight draws near: do its shadows remind us

Of those which encompass the vale of the tomb?

While weary of this world, yet shrink we from passing

To that which is veiled by death's palpable gloom?

Ah no! for the bell—sweet-voiced herald of mercy,

Its message sends out through the gathering gloom;
On the dark night of death Bethlehem's star hath arisen,

And lights with its halo the once-dreaded doom.

O Bonaventura! name worthily given

By Assisi's Saint, thy true father and guide,—

How brightens thy crown in the glow of the glory

The *Angelus* brings to the faith of thy pride!

At morn, noon and even, when Mary to Jesus

Conveys this heart-tribute from millions untold,

Doth not a sweet ray from her starry eyes beaming

Thy glorified soul in new rapture enfold?

If every name in the calendar is dear to the "Queen of all Saints," what shall be said of the lovely name that graces the twenty-sixth of July? Mary's love for her mother,—how far beyond all our imaginings it must be! a reflection, in some degree, of her Son's filial piety. "A mother's glory is from her daughter;" how inconceivable then the glory of St. Anne. As St. Joseph has his highest eulogy briefly traced by the inspired penman, "Joseph, the husband of Mary," so all is included in that dear title, "Anne, the Mother of Mary." The heart asks no more to awaken its reverence and love; the mind craves not the homely details that are so delightful in the case of other saints; it knows St. Anne without them. The few traditions, which of others would be so unsatisfactory, form a complete picture of her, and imagination lingers delightedly over a life unique in the history of the whole human race. It gratifies us to know that she as well as her husband was of the house of David, and of the chosen tribe of Judah, for it makes the royal lineage of Mary complete; and to remember that the simple dwelling which was in after ages to be revered as the *Holy House of Loretto* was her home. We love to picture to ourselves St. Joachim and St. Anne living in that humble abode over which brooding angels spread their wings, which was to be the scene of the greatest marvels the omnipotent Jehovah could perform.

That they were holy beyond the holiness of priests and prophets is undoubted. The life of the two faithful spouses was one of religious seclusion and perfect proficiency in every good work. It was peaceful, as became the forerunner of the ineffable life yet to be lived beneath that lowly roof, yet it was one of deep, patient, long-enduring sorrow. Nearly a quarter of a century had passed, and still theirs was a childless home. "The Christian wife who does not wish to be a mother is a monster," says an ecclesiastical writer. What then must have been the sensitive feelings of the Hebrew wife in whom unfruitfulness was always deemed a reproach—a curse; what the intense longings of a saintly soul to number among its descendants the promised Messiah! We feel instinctively that as St. Anne advanced in grace and virtue, so in proportion became the anguish of this deprivation. It was like a prophecy of that peculiar feature in Mary's dolors which distinguished them from all other sorrows, her very love of God and submission to His appointments intensifying instead of soothing them. There is a beautiful similarity, too, in St. Anne's conformity to the

ever adorable Will that afflicted her. To our poor human judgment, so prone to judge merit by the difficulties of virtue rather than by the degree of love, it seems almost more wonderful than the submission of the Mother of sorrows, since it had not to sustain it the marvellous graces of the Immaculate Conception and the mysterious alliance with Divinity.

But on St. Anne's long night broke a dawn of entrancing grandeur. To each of the holy spouses an angel appeared, with the blissful tidings that God had compassionated their loneliness. Some of the fathers say that the message included an intimation of the great destiny reserved for the blessed offspring of their old age—a thought congenial to all our conceptions of Him “who will not be outdone in generosity and faithfulness.” It seems inevitable that St. Anne, at least, should have had some knowledge of the wonderful designs of God. The mother of the Baptist knew of the sanctification of her unborn child. Other mothers have had gracious intimations of their children's future sanctity: could the mother of the immaculately conceived Mary remain unconscious of that surpassing mystery, and the effect which the Church teaches it wrought on the reason and heart of the stainless lily of Israel!

The eighth of September brought the fulness of St. Anne's joy. O beautiful day which was to bring joy to all generations to the end of time! Day whose glories preachers and poets have exhausted their powers in depicting! Day which, in St. Bernard's words, began the reconciliation between heaven and earth. Happy, happy parents! it was no fiction of rapturous tenderness that saw in *their* child something beyond what earth had ever seen before; parental partiality with all its sweet exaggerations failed to conceive adequately the beauties and graces of the new-born babe clasped to St. Anne's happy breast. On the ninth day they gave her the name which according to the fathers, God Himself designed for her who alone could fulfil all its significance.

The eightieth day brought another foreshadowing of yet holier mysteries. St. Anne, going up to the temple for the legal ceremony of her purification, bore in her arms the first fruit of her womb to be presented to the Lord and redeemed by the prescribed offering. As in the feast of the second of February, we cannot separate the thought of mother and child in this solemn dedication in which the supernaturally gifted mind of the infant Mary joined with the mighty force of a love greater than all creation could offer to its Lord. For it was no mere ceremony of the law on the part of the loving parents. Long before, during their age of sorrow, they had vowed, if blessed with a child,

to give it to the divine service. How heavily that vow must now have weighed on the tender mother, notwithstanding her fervor and perfection. Already as she bore her infant treasure back in her yearning arms to peaceful Nazareth, her maternal heart was enduring in anticipation the pangs of parting which some sad day would bring. Already she felt the loneliness in which she would yet traverse the same road, leaving the blessing of her old age, the light of her life behind her in the temple. And she clasped closer the fair babe, in a very agony of trembling love that was to swell higher day by day as the unspeakable perfections and attractions of her wondrous child were developed, softly, unconsciously, yet magnificently, as the sunrise on the sea. Ah, what precious thing was ever possessed save in trembling bliss, and who could tell how precious was Mary to a mother's heart! Three years that young life was hers,—only three, and then through Mary herself came the long-dreaded pang. The infant Virgin, example to those she was to bring to her divine Son, sought permission to give herself entirely to the God who possessed her whole being. The time of sacrifice was come, and with it the strength never given till the needed hour. How beautiful seems to us that solemn “Presentation of the Holy Virgin in the Temple,” which the Church celebrates on the twenty-first of November: the noble parents and relatives, the religious pomp, the destined father of our Lord's Precursor officiating as high priest to receive the destined bride of the Most High.

Joy to the earth! The Immaculate Lily

Cometh thus early her place to assume,
Mediatrice of peace, through whom infinite mercy
Will lift the dark woe of a merited doom.

Joy to the heavens! Bright spirits are winging,

With love for the fallen, to view the fair sight;
Through the empyrean glad anthems are ringing
O'er the Flower of the Temple, the angels' delight.

But to the clinging heart of the mother there must have been sadness unutterable mingled with the pious exultation she felt in that brilliant ceremonial. O mysterious *Way of the Cross*, thus early wast thou trod by God's chosen ones! Even under the old dispensation of temporal blessings as the reward of righteousness, those who were to be near to the Incarnate God must share His bitter chalice. The purest, noblest, strongest souls are those which feel suffering the most keenly. Not easily, then, did St. Anne gain the multitude of glowing titles with which the Church greets her and invokes her powerful intercession. But though our filial love and pride rejoice in such titles as hail her “glory of Priests and Levites, grace of patriarchs, oracle of prophets, cloud full of dew,

cloud of brightness, praise of all saints," our hearts return more fondly to the homely names, "mother-in-law of Joseph," "mother of the Virgin Mary." She gave us Mary, gift only surpassed by Mary's own gift to the world; and so it is our glory and delight to claim Mary's sweet mother as ours also, and honor her as the beginning of the ineffable mystery of the Incarnation.

"Blessed 'mong women" was thy child proclaimed,
O, sweet St. Anne! therefore thee we hail
As blest,—the parent stem from which hath sprung
The Lily of Jerusalem, the fair Queen
Who o'er creation reigns with potent sway:
Aye, reigns by motherhood's unquestioned rights
Over the Heart of Heaven's Eternal King.

Hail, happy mother of God's Mother dear!
Our thoughts of thee are full of reverent love;
Be thine of us compassionate and kind,
As fits the parent of fair mercy's Queen.
Thou gavest us Mary,—O give us to her:
Ask the sweet daughter, in whom thou art blest,
To make us hers and Jesus' evermore.

MARY.

Sectism.

MR. EDITOR: Before starting on the vacation trip, I leave you, for the readers of the AVE MARIA, so much as I could procure of Mr. Adamson's essay on "Sectism." It was the subject which he had chosen for his last essay in the Club, but was prevented on account of indisposition from finishing it according to his design. His sickness was also the cause of his absence at our last meeting. The concluding part of his essay, I see by the outline, refers to the Catholic Church, and compares "her antiquity, divine nature, and lasting triumphs, with the spasmodic flounderings through which the sects have wriggled into and out of a brief life as barren of good as it is fruitful of discord and of all the countless evils which flow from stiff-necked rebellion against the Church of God!" If he should complete this part of his essay, I will send it to the AVE MARIA.

F. J. P.

The respectability of some people is due to their talk about respectable things. If they spoke about their own origin, every one would know all about them, and then no one would give them the credit which they claim. I once knew a person who constantly spoke of the good times he had at college, but he took good care not tell any of his friends that his collegiate laurels were earned in running errands for the institution. In a similar way the sects of the times delaim about the dignity of what they call a Church, and "boast of the deeds they have done," as if this declamation and this boasting were all that is necessary to give them the qualities and characteristics of truth. They have a vague idea that at some period or another a batch of heretics was expelled out of the

Church; that each member of this batch, imitating the Church, took to naming his invention a "Church," and thus by the prestige of a name, succeeded in saving their grotesque progeny from withering away and dying of shame at the sight of its own comical impudence, puny feebleness and inherited deformity. Blushing for its parentage, this religious progeny denied and rejected its ancestry—and well it might—thinking, no doubt, that to be the *filius nullius*, spoken of by my lord Coke, was more respectable than to be the *filius* of such a father. "The law," in such cases made and provided, "doth in its mercy allow a man to acquire a name by reputation," and in this legal way the sects, disowning each other "for righteousness sake," I suppose, and denying their parentage for self's sake, no doubt, have gone on inventing and taking out patents for newly discovered ways to heaven, and teach, like all humbugs, giving its little invention "a taking name," and all invariably winding up by tagging on. "The Church of Dick," or "the Church of Tom," or "the Church of Harry." There is something in a name you see, and in the case of sectism, it is all in a name, for who would now hear of the numberless conventicles called into being by swarms of "reformers," if those human creations, as each sprang up on the the grave of its predecessor, had not been presented under the name "Church?"

In this manner the sects have managed to "acquire a name" of respectability to which they cling for dear life, but to which name they have as much right as the flourishing youth spoken of had to college honors. Bless you, my children! You have no "Church." The bubble which "Doctor" Jones blew from his religious pennywhistle, and with which he was dextrously amusing that little crowd on yesterday, is not by any means the one which "Doctor" Smith was flying around the day before for the amusement and the edification of that same little crowd. It is true, each bubble was labelled "Church," but that was a business way the "Doctors" had of drawing customers to their religious shows. The bubble of "Doctor" Jones and the bubble of "Doctor" Smith had the same name, but they were different bubbles. Jones was cute enough to see that more people would come to gaze upon a lion than upon a goat, and as he had only a goat to exhibit, he called it a lion, and the announcement filled his pews and his pockets. The business tact of Jones was not lost upon the observant eye of Smith, so he too called his goat a lion, and found that "it paid." It was a goat, nevertheless, and not a lion, the crowd went to see in either case. The name gave it the attractiveness and the respectability it did not own, but the name did not and could not change its nature. Once a

goat always a goat, or Darwinistically speaking, *Simia semper simia*.

I have said these things for the purpose of illustrating the method of sectism in collecting audiences. Appearance frequently produces a more instantaneous effect than substance does, and therefore the loudest and the longest talker has the advantage when a "call" is given for a "pastor." After the "call"—the salary being adequate to the dignity—the "pastor" merges into the "divine," and now plain John Jones, is J. Jones, D. D. After this transformation, Dr. Jones "calls" his "flock" and tells them the advantage of having a comfortable "fold." The "fold" being constructed, Dr. Jones wants to give it a name; so, finding that his neighbors, Dr. Smith, Dr. Green, Dr. Black, and a score or two other Doctors, have called their fold "Church," he calls his "Church" also. The next point to be considered involves the longitude and the latitude of his countenance; the sanctimonious dimensions of his face, the necessary angular altitude of his eyes, and the cut and color of his clothing. The characteristic proportion and intensity of all or any of these qualities will depend on the taste and inclination of the sect to which the "Doctor" belongs. If he be an Episcopalian, he will come as near to the Priest as any fair imitation can approach the original. His "Church" will have at least one cross, and the name of a saint. All this is "taking," you see, and in some degree an excellent counterfeit of the Church. In travelling through sectism, one finds so many mushroom varieties that he can't count them. The one he saw yesterday is not the one he saw the day before, and the one he sees to-day will not be there to-morrow. Each "Doctor" constructs a religious bubble each day for the edification of his "flock" and for the display of his own inventive genius; he talks grandiloquently about the "mission of the Church," and the part it—his "Church"—has played and will play, under his leadership, in demolishing "Popery;" he grows sentimentally pathetic, and with a look of wooing humility tells the "flock" how he has watched over the tender lambs, and piped, as he sat under a wide-spreading beech-tree, to their innocent gambols in the woods and by the streams, and then the "Doctor" grows paternally eloquent and declares he will never desert them! Of course not! But, good "Doctor," don't you see how cruelly you are imposing on the lambs! If you have seen the birth of their "Church," which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is true, and if you will see the end of it—which is true in the same proportion—how can you be an honest man when you tell them that the "Church," for which you have purchased a cradle, and for which you

will be the undertaker, has played and will play an important part in overthrowing the Church of Christ? If, good "Doctor,"—Baptist, Episcopalian, Puritan or whatever else you may call yourself,—you be really honest, you know, and if you don't know you ought to know, that the grand achievements past and future which you ascribe to this squalling baby "Church" of yours, have been attempted a countless number of times, during these nineteen hundred years, by the allied forces of the devil and all the other sects who have gone before you, and that they have invariably been routed and scattered to the winds! Why don't you tell this truth to your "flock," instead of leading them on to destruction both in this world and in the next? Once upon a time a certain man had a grudge against a mill-stone, and so to avenge himself he dashed his head against it. Would you believe it, my dear "Doctor," it was the man's head and not the mill-stone that came to grief! About the same time, and in the same place, another man also had a grudge against the same mill-stone, and seeing the disastrous effect resulting from his neighbor's mode of attack, he resolved to try a different method. Accordingly, he called a great number of his friends together, stretched himself out at full length and said: "Dash it with all your might against my body, so that it may be broken to pieces against my ribs!" They dashed it indeed, but my darling "Doctor," would you believe it again! actually the mill-stone was unharmed, and the unfortunate man was crushed to pieces! Now after all this, one might think that people would cease the foolish experiment of trying to break that mill-stone. But they did not, and what is more, in spite of experience they have never ceased trying to break it, up to this day. Instead of breaking it, however, it has always broken and crushed them! In a similar way, my dearly beloved "Doctor," the sects have been trying to overthrow the Church, and although the varieties of them now in existence have the sad experience which the uniform failure of the varieties who have gone before them for almost nineteen centuries to teach them, yet they will not be taught, but continue to insist on overthrowing that same Church which Christ has promised shall remain immovable forever.

My dear "Doctor," I wish you could only see what a show you make of yourself in the awkward sprawling rebound you make every time you bump your "pastoral" head against that mighty rock on which the foundation of the Catholic Church rests as firmly as the first moment it was placed there by the hand of Him who alone can remove it! If your "Church" has done, and can do all you say, why are you so anxious to induce other sects to co-operate with you in opposing the Church?

Each one of them claims as much for its "Church" as you do for yours, and you all say if you were united you could more effectually oppose the Church. Perhaps you could; but in the alliance which one of your sects will be the leader? As among you each sect claims to be the "Church," and the genuine depository and dispenser of divine truth, it is clear that no one of you will admit the superiority of another, and as, in that case, each sect will maintain its right to the generalship, where will you get the material for your rank and file? But even as an army of generals, since on your own showings you are each the one to command, which one of your sects will be the out-ranking general?

The Episcopalian says he is the "Church," the Presbyterian, the Baptist, and each of the other sects comes in and says he is the "Church." Now which one of you is the "Church?" Neither of you will concede the claim to the other, and thus it will ever be, as it ever has been, each "Church" will be its own commander, and be obliged to fight against the Church after the manner of lawless guerillas and independent freebooters. Besides, my darling "Doctor," your aspiration for unity is an emphatic confession of your failure as a "Church," for if you be what you claim to be, then you must have not only all truth, but also the means and the ability to dispense that truth. Now if this sect or that sect be the Church, and in possession of the necessary qualities, why does it find it necessary to stultify itself by confessing, while claiming to be the Church, that other "Churches" have as much truth as itself. Either some one of these sects is or is not a Church. If it be a Church why does it *prove* that it is not, by asking the assistance of other "Churches" to help it fulfil the "mission" which it says it has received? If it be not a Church,—which is the fact,—by what authority does it persist in its cold-blooded knavery of leading men to eternal death! My beloved "Doctor," I can understand how a man can be a gambler, a blackleg or a highway robber, but I can't understand how any being, except a devil, can murder a soul? I can understand how a community of lunatics, Lucretian frogs, or Darwinian monkeys might divide themselves up into jarring sects, and build "Churches," but I can't understand how any human being in the full possession of his reason could by any possibility be anything, in religion, but a Catholic.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM says that Holy Communion inflames us with divine love in such a manner that after we come from the holy table we become objects of terror to hell itself.

Madonna del Carmelo.

It affords an interesting and instructive insight into the ideas of the Roman people, to stand day by day in the midst of the crowd watching for the eyes of the Madonna del Carmelo to move, and to listen to the exclamations and arguments the situation elicits. In a large number of instances, the dogmatic accuracy with which they express themselves is surprising, and speaks well indeed for the training hitherto bestowed in the primary schools. On the other hand, the influence of a Judaizing and infidel press is also here and there painfully apparent; while, at the same time, the instances of false reasoning resulting from a mixture of the teachings of both, are frequently curious in the extreme. On Sunday, notwithstanding the attractions offered by the programme of the Anniversary of the Constitution, the concourse was unprecedentedly large. A shop-man with an ostentatious green and white shirt, and red neck-tie, was busy going in and out through the throng, jeering at the people, and calling the whole affair an *infamia*, till the indignation which began to be apparent suggested to him to make off while his skin was whole. A couple of young folk, belonging to the working class, seemed quite satisfied, not only of the miracle, but of its continuousness, though at a time when no one else seemed conscious of it. "How can they doubt it?" I heard her say. And her companion answered, "Yes! what could be plainer?" "And did you hear what they did last night?" she asked (some of the heroes of September had covered the image with filth in the night). "Yes! I was here this morning when it was being washed off—and look at the windows they broke at the same time. That is the *liberta di oggi*! They talk about giving us liberty, and they won't even leave us our religion free!" "I would have left it on, for all the world to see what uncultured savages they are, instead of washing it off," replied the girl with a flashing glance of her dark eyes; "the brigands! they have not as much religion as wild beasts." "How they could bring themselves to do it is more than I can understand. Why I could not bring myself to treat a dog so, let alone the Madonna!" Interposed a man who stood near. And they added a good deal more very energetically in the same strain. There was another, a working man, there, very energetic too, with an explanation of his own for the phenomena, which he repeated again and again with a thorough Italian pantomime of gesture. "Of course the movement happens, but it is all an effect of light," and he spread his arms abroad towards the sky. "Now, you see the sun is low, and the eyelids are closed thus," and he closed his own with his hands. "But come to-morrow, at midday, when the sun is high," and he pointed to the zenith, "and you will see them open wide," and he lifted both his eyelids with both his hands. "I was here yesterday, at twelve o'clock, and the eyes were open then. I don't deny that; they were certainly quite open, just so," and he repeated the movement, "but now they are down again; but it is all because the light is low." This lively discussion was repeated again and again, but though the hearers were evidently puzzled by it, no one seemed satisfied. Had he been less excitable and

loquacious, I should have asked him how he accounted for the same not happening with every other picture in the world.

There was one day last week, Wednesday afternoon, when the whole multitude together exclaimed that they saw the miracle all at the same time; and their cries of wonder were so loud that a man told me he heard it in his shop in a neighboring street, and attracted by it, arrived just in time to be witness of it too. But usually it is only seen by one or two, or at most half a dozen persons at a time. One day early this week, while I was there, there was a group of gentlemen who all said they saw it together. One of them, a little more inclined to talk than the rest, had to repeat more than a dozen times to anxious inquirers the assurance of his conviction. He said:—"We were standing all five together, and had ceased speaking a few minutes, when I distinctly saw the eyes which had been closed, as they are now, looking up. I saw the whites of the eyes quite plain, and that the color of the eyes was dark. No one had called my attention to it, but I saw it of myself. They looked just like the eyes of a living person. After a minute, I looked round to see if the others saw it, and three of them made me a sign that they did. While we continued thus, alternately looking at the image and whispering to each other, 'There, do you see it now?' and such like, the fifth of us had said nothing at all, and I thought he had not seen it, but he has just told me that he did all the time, and before I first spoke, but that he was too much struck to speak." He spoke like a man of education. Afterwards he added:—"The circumstance that it was seen by so few, persuades me that it is a miracle. If we could suppose the imposture of any hidden mechanism for producing the effect, all present must have seen it as well as we." At about the time when by his description he must have seen it, I observed a working man nearer me, who was looking through a binocular, start and say, "There! look! I see it now! Look! look!" &c., but though the attention of those around was thus specially drawn and fixed upon it, all shook their heads mournfully and said they could distinguish nothing. I have repeatedly seen this sort of thing happen. And for myself, whenever I have thought I perceived the change in the position of the eyelids as described in my last, and it has happened several times, I have not been conscious, except in one or two instances, that others were seeing it at the same time. Once a man near me assured me he had seen it for five minutes together; and another, at another time, kept exclaiming, "Now, now! look now! You must be blind not to see it," &c., at a time when I and others saw nothing unusual. There are those who seem to see a more distinct movement, and a wider raising of the lids; who see them fully opened and closed like those of any living person, and this for a considerable time continuous; while I have heard six or eight men at different times, and quite independently of each other say they had seen it just in the same way as myself—a startling consciousness that the eyes of the picture gave more sense of *looking* than one knew the original painting ordinarily represented; an impression that they were a depth not of painted shadow, but of life; a (as Italians say) *simpatia* expression not to be attained by art alone; and then, almost before one could exclaim that it was so, it was all again as before, and this without seeing any actual action of opening and shutting.

Though most seem ready enough to exercise a rationally criticising spirit, it is in the great majority of

instances evident that this proceeds from a desire to arrive at the truth, and not from a spirit of scepticism. "I believe firmly that it may be so, only. I must confess I have seen nothing of it. 'Of course I do not doubt—who could?'—that the Madonna might do it, but it remains to be known whether in this instance she has;" are sentiments which I have heard expressed in those very or in similar words some hundred times. And more often still, "It is certain enough it does happen, for there is testimony enough for it, and reason enough why the Madonna might be pleased to show her power afresh, now that they call everything in question; but it is true I am not worthy to see it." A respectable grey-headed man, on one of the days, was very earnest in making out from the testimony of persons who were likely to inform him whether it was actually a fresco. The background is painted to imitate Byzantine Mosaic, which gives great relief to plain gold surrounding, and some newspapers had set the falsehood going that the whole was Mosaic, and that it was easy to move the little pieces composing it from behind. And a woman, who had been told it was "only an effect of light," told me she had taken the trouble to come at every hour of the day, and at every hour of the day had been present while some one or other saw it, "though not worthy myself to see it," she added.

This week it has become more known and talked of, so the upper classes are beginning to be more largely represented, and you cannot go at any time without meeting friends or persons known by sight. One day Prince Altieri was there, another day Prince Massinio, standing bare-headed in the midst of the crowd, and so on.

Another day there was a man with some sort of non-Roman accent who tried to demonstrate the impossibility of it, and to persuade those near him that it was all in their own eyes,—that they got tired with staring and then there resulted a vibration of their own eyelids which they mistook for those of the picture. Several people answered him with more or less of vexation, but not much to the point, and he went on repeating his arguments, to one and another till at last one said: "If that were so, how is it that I, who have been here a whole half hour looking fixedly all the time, have seen nothing?" "And I, an hour and a half." "And I, several times for an hour at a time" broke in another and another. "And that I saw it the other day quite plain when I first came up?" added another, "and my eyes were not the least tired when I saw it, for any sight is very strong; and besides, why do we see nothing of the sort on any other occasion?" The would-be apostle did not find any answer to all this, but shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

And I may further add in connection with observations, that I saw the gentleman whose circumstantial narration of what he said I have given above, the next day and the next on the spot; and though he had been looking for hours, each time continuously and most anxious to perceive the same appearance again, and that he had not distinguished it. If it were a mere vibration of the spectator's eyelids, here would have been a case with every predisposing cause for the self-deception. Of course this negative evidence is not proof, but it goes so far to answer this favorite objection that it is but just to note it.

It must further be remarked, that the whole discovery of the miracle and its subsequent observation and attestation, has been entirely the work of the people. The Trinitarian monks, over whose door it is painted, have kept a register in the sacristy for those who like to leave their testimony in writing, and held a Triduo of reparation for the insult offered on Saturday night, which numbers have attended; and the Cardinal-Vicar went to examine the spot and make a report of the matter, but this is all that ecclesiastical authority has had to do with the matter. And but for the crowd which spontaneously gather round it, and brings offerings of flowers and tapers, there would be nothing in the Piazza to denote that any prodigy was expected.—*Cor. Westminster Gazette.*

AVE MARIA.

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Footprints of Religion in the New World.

BY F. L.

It has been truly said that History is Philosophy teaching by example. It might also be said, though in a more restricted sense, that History and Geography are Religion teaching by example.

I intend in this article to make a few observations on that subject, both for the entertainment of your readers in general, and for those in particular who are still pursuing those useful and pleasing studies.

It has been the misfortune of many of our youth, as it was my own, to receive the first impressions of history from works in which no opportunity was permitted to escape of casting a slur on our holy religion; in which "Superstition" and "Dark Ages" were constantly recurring, and "Romish" and "Jesuitical" were the superlative degree of everything opposed to liberty, enlightenment, justice and truth. But we are to thank God that a brighter sun has dawned upon us. Other works are now at the command of youth; and men, by knowing us better, have learned to call in question much of their pleasant romance. Neither the Middle Ages nor any other period in the history of our race is free from the melancholy effects of the fall of man. But where seek the amelioration of these evils? Is it in the state of society existing outside the Church? In the midst of the infidelity which, like a burning sirocco, is sweeping over Europe and extending its baneful influence even to this side of the Atlantic, there is a melancholy pleasure in casting a retrospective glance at the better days—better with all their faults—which have long since passed away. Compare England of the twelfth with England of the eighteenth century, and not more different is day from night than is "merrie England" with her thousands of convent bells answering each other from every hill and valley, and inviting the people to join the religious in a hymn of praise to God and His Blessed Mother; from the irreligious, worldly-minded nation of the last century, with her ivied ruins of departed glory, with

the unrepented crime of this vast spoliation and the downward tendency of her Law Established Church founded on inanimate forms and an unmeaning ritual. A lustful avarice plundered them to replenish its empty coffers, and the leaden tread of "Progress" seeks to press them deeper into the dust. How the heart sickens to recall those happy days! In reflecting on them it is difficult to restrain our tears; and was it not that in the mercy of God a speedy resurrection begins to appear, it would be a fit subject for tears.

No, there is no religion outside the Church. The Catholic alone realizes in its full extent the idea of God's holy presence and dominion. He only knows practically what it is to say with St. Paul, "In Him we live, and move, and have our being." With him every object is in a certain sense sacred; and the deep feeling of gratitude that swells within, bids him seize every opportunity of testifying to the world that he holds all he possesses in a holy tenure. To this it is that, among other things, we owe the many sacred names that are applied to towns, rivers, islands, etc., which are to be the subject of the following remarks.

In making these observations I am persuaded that a greater interest might be infused into the study of the history and geography of our country, if teachers would be at pains to point out the traces of religion in the Western World. With a few simple instructions a great good might easily be effected; patriotism would be fostered; and a new love for religion, which seeks in this manner to attach itself to the soil, would be instilled into the young heart. If no other result would be attained, which is hardly possible, at least there would be found a pleasant and profitable means of recreating the mind fatigued by application to study,—for the minds of children are often fatigued, and stand in need of wholesome relaxation.

In the Old World where the names of places were consecrated by centuries of constant use, it would have been no less difficult than imprudent to attempt a change. The most the messengers of the Cross could expect was a patient hearing for their doctrines so much opposed to the views and

customs of the people among whom they appeared. The advice of St. Gregory the Great to St. Austin in regard to the idols and temples of England was the most prudent for them to adopt. The temples were not to be demolished, but consecrated, and the idol only to be removed and replaced by a statue of our Lady or one of the saints. All in Paganism that was indifferent should remain, all that was perverted should be restored, and that only which was palpably bad should be doomed to destruction. There are not, however, wanting places which bear Christian names, but they are for the most part of minor importance.

But on this side of the Atlantic the case was different. The field was clear, and nobly did the pioneers of Christianity occupy it. Take up a map of the American continent, and observe the frequent recurrence of "St.," "San," and "Santo." From the River St. Lawrence in the north to the Archipelago de Madre de Dios in the south, and from Trinity Bay of Newfoundland and Cape St. Roque of Brazil to Sacramento of California and the Island of St. Felix west of South America, how often do not these Catholic notes resound! All the lands first trodden by Catholic settlers bear the impress of their faith.

In the States of our Republic, where so many causes combined to change the face of everything, where peace and war held alternate sway, where a mixed foreign immigration poured in, and where migrations from one part of the country to another were constantly occurring, the first names could hardly be expected to remain unchanged. Notwithstanding this there is still found a trace more or less perceptible of the religion of the first permanent occupants. Let us begin by taking a hasty glance at the names of the counties of the several States. The Eastern States, peopled for the most part from Great Britain, a nation which of all Europe was the most hostile to the Catholic faith, and the most likely to obliterate every trace of our holy religion, bear not one name that a Catholic would recognize as his own. They are without exception of English, American or Indian origin. The same remarks may be extended to the Middle States, with the sole exception of St. Lawrence, in New York, a vestige of French occupation. Nor is the case of the Atlantic portion of the Southern States different, leaving out, however, one Jesuit footprint in Maryland and two Spanish in Florida. There are not wanting British heroes whose names are immortalized in this region. They were not saints, it may be, but doubtless they thought themselves no less deserving on that account. Louisiana and Texas remain; the former of which is French in its settlement, and has eleven Catholic names of counties, or one in four of the

entire number; the latter, brought into the United States under less favorable circumstances, when Catholic influence had begun to decline, boasts of but half-a-dozen. Few, if any, of the Western States were originally colonized from Europe, and consequently it is the genius of our own people that we may expect to find stamped upon them. It is so generally, with the exception of Missouri, where the French influence for a time prevailed, and gave its Christian heroes to six as guardians. California was settled under Catholic auspices; for although many of its people, and indeed the great majority, came in with the gold excitement, still the Missionaries and Mexican and Spanish hunters and traders had consecrated its lakes and rivers, its plains and mountains to the heroes sacred in the religion to which they belonged. Fifteen, therefore, or one in three, are Catholic.

The names of counties it may be said with truth are not a fair test of the religious sentiments of the early settlers. Those names which take their rise in the spur of the moment are a much more reliable guide to the feelings of the heart. The term applied to a State or county differs from that given to a river, lake or mountain, in this, that while the latter is bestowed by the discoverer and is taken from the circumstances which attend the taking possession, the former is generally deferred till a permanent settlement is established, the population has increased, and need is felt of a regular government. More of the Christian is in that; more of the man in this.

Viewed in this light, a more convincing argument is found in favor of the priority of Catholic occupation of nearly every portion of the continent. Avarice and ambition followed closely in the wake, in search of gold and conquest. But the torch of Religion was ever in advance. The ministers of the various Protestant sects were not long in seeking a foothold. But the historian Bancroft, in speaking of the Jesuits, arrives at this conclusion, so flattering for the heralds of the Cross: "Thus did the religious zeal of the French bear the Cross to the banks of the St. Mary's and the confines of Lake Superior, and look wistfully to the homes of the Sioux in the valley of the Mississippi, five years before the New England Elliot had addressed the tribe of Indians that dwelt within six miles of Boston harbor." However flattering this may appear, I am not certain that much more might not have been added before full justice would have been done to the children of St. Ignatius, St. Francis and St. Dominic.

It is difficult to crase from memory names that for half a century have been applied to objects of natural scenery. The population is seldom or never entirely changed, and while some remain

they will employ the old term in preference to inventing a new one. It, no less than the first inhabitants, has acquired a prescriptive right, which demands respect; and new immigrations have little leisure to devote to the discussion of names till they have a morsel to satisfy the cravings of appetite and a shelter to protect them from the inclemency of the weather and the incursions of the aboriginal tribes. By the time that such matters have received proper attention, the names of surrounding places are no longer regarded as new. They are household words, and all have learned to cherish them. The name, then, of an object in nature or of a town is the true index to the sentiments of its pioneers. A glance at the map will, as has been said, show the extent and importance of this testimony. These, in the United States, are found with some regularity in the same regions as Catholic names of counties. A shadow of our holy religion appears in the east of Maine, whence a clear sky extends to the coast of Florida. Here the "Sts.," like little clouds, appear in great number, and extend along the Gulf-coast to Mexico. Few are found in the interior, with the exception of a line along the lakes, the path of the first French missionaries. At intervals in the West Catholic settlements are visible; among which your own happy retreat of Notre Dame, St. Joseph's County, cannot be passed over in silence. But in the southwestern portion of the Union, where the country was long under the control of devoted children of the Church, Catholicity has taken too deep root to be easily eradicated. Were it not for these pleasing traces, the prospect would not be encouraging in the past, although by the religious statistics of the different denominations we outnumber in the present the church-going members of all the sects united, as appears from a late number of the *Catholic World*.

In the eastern portion of the British possessions of North America, where, although the first settlements were made by the French, their possession was very precarious while it continued and was at length forced to yield to a more powerful and less conscientious rival, the terms first applied to places have in a great measure disappeared. A remnant, however, survived the hatred of the new occupants for the person and religion of the French, and bears witness to the different feeling of the different possessors. In the interior, from which the inhabitants were not banished, and where their property was not confiscated, though they suffered a change of masters, the names which then existed were to a great extent permitted to remain. The ground was over-sown with cockle, and both grew up together.

Could we see the devoted missionary, the first

European to press the soil of Canada, far from the home of his childhood and the loved ones who guarded his tender years, seated in a bark canoe reciting his Breviary or telling his Beads, or this done, instructing the swarthy oarsmen in the rudiments of that faith dearer to him than life, much less its comforts, a faith which, as in the Apostle of the Gentiles, a burning zeal made it impossible for him not to preach; could we witness a scene like this, or perhaps see those consecrated hands seize the paddle and assist in propelling the canoe against the swift current, and then deny him the coveted satisfaction of giving, not his own, but a Saint's name to that river? Or having at length, fatigued and toil-worn, reached a rude Indian village, and there preached the faith and baptized its savage inhabitants; and with the blessings of religion given instruction on agriculture and the arts, making, as of old in Europe, religion and civilization go hand in hand,—is it too much to have that place called St. Mary's rather than York,—Ascension rather than Manchester? Who can read the touching narrative of the life, labors, and sufferings of the gentle Father Marquette—and he is but one in a thousand—and not regret that he was prevented from executing his wish and promise of giving the name of Conception to the Great River of the West, the upper waters of which he had entered with his canoe a short time before his soul passed to an eternal repose? That its name is a remembrance of the departing red race is only an inadequate amelioration of our disappointment. But not over the basin of the Mississippi only, though extensive it be, is the gentle sway of Mary of the Immaculate Conception acknowledged; the whole country bows willingly to kiss the top of her sceptre.

It is in Mexico, Central and South America, and the adjacent islands, where the intensity of the heat, the prevalence of malignant diseases, and the poverty of the country, presented an obstacle to English ambition and thirst for dominion, that Catholic names are most frequently to be met with. True, the blighting influence has been felt even there; but not to such a degree as to change the whole face of the country. One change, to speak of no other, deserves our attention. The first island discovered on this side of the Atlantic, which the piety of Columbus consecrated with the name of *San Salvador*,—Holy Saviour,—has now the beautiful and poetic appellation of *Cat Island*. After that, who will deny or oppose the march of "Progress?" In places where a new name could not be imposed, an amendment has been effected by dropping the religious characteristic, the "St.;" in other words the name has been secularized. Much of this is due to anti-Catholic geographers;

a matter which should not escape the attention of persons engaged in training our youth.

Having said so much of the existence, number, and variety of these holy remembrances of our Catholic ancestors, a fact which we urgently commend to the attention of our young friends who so often tire over dull lessons of History and Geography, we shall in our next article make a few remarks on the source whence they sprung. It has already been intimated that a religious feeling gave them birth; but it may prove interesting to examine this matter more in detail.

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER XI.

WHO DID IT?

It was not in Lucia's nature to show any pretension of friendliness to the Yellotts—mother or children; but she did sometimes join in their plays, until they grew rude and noisy, when she would slip away, every nerve jarring and her head dizzy from the uproar. And they stood in wholesome dread of her now, not knowing but that she might fly at them again, a fact which if it did not improve their morals, did their manners. They took good care that she should no longer see the faces they made at her, or hear their senseless, rude attempts at witticism, of which she was the object; they tried no more practical jokes on her, and only talked to her, or noticed her at all, when they wanted her to do something for them, or give them information which they could not obtain elsewhere,—favors which she granted or not according to her mood.

Mrs. Yellott's dislike was not openly aggressive; she had found out in time that her brother watched with jealous eye to see if his ward received a due and proper amount of attention, and made it felt, in his grave, gentle way, when he noticed that she did not. But this woman's politeness stung Lucia much more than her neglect would have done. Sometimes it was: "Frank, my boy, always help Lucia first;" or, "Louise, my child, move! I'm afraid it is disagreeable to Lucia to have you sit so near her;" or, "Don't you see, Mamie, that you have taken the largest peach,—leave it for Lucia!" or, "Lucia, excuse me, I did not see that your cup was out;" or, when out driving, she would, with a great fuss, move them all, crowding them upon the front seat together, because, as she said, "it made Lucia sick to ride backwards!" Nor could all Lucia's protestations

to the contrary alter the case. But she was careful, with all this show of interest, never to say a kind word or show the least affectionate interest towards her, or include her in the merry conferences and chats she was accustomed to have with her own children; in short, she had that ingenious way of hurting and stinging, peculiar to people who are well bred and malicious at the same time; and she did it in a style which was quite an art, and could not be resented because it was done so properly and politely; but the rap of an iron knuckle hurts none the less for its being cased in velvet, nor is the sudden dig of a cat's claw upon a confiding hand less painful because hidden beneath the soft, deceptive fur. Allan Brooke saw it all, but he could only bite his nether lip until it bled, because there was nothing that he could take hold of whereby to change the aspect of affairs; there was only a prevailing spirit of discomfort and uneasiness, and the firm conviction that his sister hated his ward and would make her feel it when the time came. "Then," he charitably thought "I suppose she cannot help it, for Lucia is a strange, unattractive child to most persons, and Ellen has not the same reasons for overlooking her disagreeable traits that I have. There's no love lost between them, I'm certain of that; but Lucia's too honest to bear malice, or do anything to revenge herself; she only makes herself disagreeable, and does not know how to conciliate. Poor child! what a warfare lies before her! But she'll fight it out,—and conquer too, I verily believe,—for I never saw a deeper and truer religious principle than she has. Heigh-ho! it will not be prudent for me to notice anything."

Meanwhile Lucia's beautiful dress was cut out, and tastily made by Mrs. Yellott's maid, Fanchette, so called since a winter spent in Paris where Fanchette was much admired, and picked up some "servant-gal" French. The girl did not love her mistress, and was consequently the friend and ally of whoever she suspected her of disliking; and she had sworn in her heart to do Lucia a kindness the first opportunity that offered, in return for the punishment Lucia had inflicted on the little tyrants, whose daily exactions made her life at times unendurable.

"Here," said Mrs. Yellott, when she handed her the material; "cut this out, and make it up for Miss D'Olivierez; don't waste much time over it, though, for I can only spare you a day. She's such a plain little thing that the dress must be made simply; so you need put no ruffling or extra trimming upon it; do you hear?"

"Yes'm."

"Go right to her room and fit it on,—and remember, I cannot spare you but a day!" Then

Mrs. Yellott whisked down to the house-keeper's room, where Chloe, breaking eggs and weighing out sugar and flour, awaited her.

"Ha! ah!" said the saucy, pretty mulatto, tossing her head, as soon as her mistress was out of hearing, "that means that it's to be made up anyhow, so's to make that poor little thing look like a fright; but jinks! you don't catch this weazel asleep, for if I don't make her a reg'lar *reshershy* dress that'll make her, if she is ugly, look *charming*, I wish I may never! I'll do it just for spite! and I'll set up of nights to make it exactly like one I saw in Paree that blessed winter. I know she'll scold, and slap my jaws; but I don't care for that,—I'm used to it, and it saves *rouge*!"

Fanchette lost no time in beginning her task. Fortunately for her kind intentions, Lucia was in one of her passive moods, and let her have her will in fitting her, and even grew interested as Fanchette, moving lightly, speaking pleasantly and kindly, turned her round and round, took up seams, laid plaits, and pinned and basted, until a waist without a wrinkle was the triumphant result.

"I think, Missy, if you'll let me *make* you a sash of the same it'll be a heap prettier than the ribbon; for such a little lady as you the ribbon's too heavy; and I'll make it lovely with trimmings of the black stripe, and it'll look a sight better with such a gauzy dress,—it'll be suitabler!"

Lucia touched the spring of her glittering little watch, and saw that it was time for her to go to the music-room, where she was to practice a celebrated and difficult duett with her guardian, and she made it a rule never to keep him waiting.

"Make it to suit yourself. I don't care much if it is never made, but thank you all the same, Fanchette," she answered, as she once more put on her miserably-fitting black dress, which had a quilling of black crape around the neck and wrists, and hastened down to the music-room.

The day before the *fête champêtre*, Mrs. Yellott went to look after some fine pears, which she had arranged with her own hands, that they might not touch one another, on a shelf, in one of the out-houses, where the garden seeds and tools and bulb roots were generally kept to ripen. Not a day passed that she did not run there at least once to see if the golden tinge was deepening upon them, and to her great joy as the critical day approached she saw that they would be just at the stage of mellow ripeness, which would leave nothing either in flavor or appearance to be desired. These pears were to be the glory and triumph of her fruit pyramids; there were none like them anywhere else in the county, and she told her brother with an exultant air, that she "was sure

the golden apples of the Hesperides did not compare with them."

This cool, dry, sequestered spot, overshadowed by great beeches, was one of Lucia's favorite places of refuge when she wished to be entirely alone to read, think, or indulge in the bitter solitariness of one of her desperate moods. Frank Yellott, out of boyish curiosity, followed her here one day, and, as he stood peeping through a crack, inhaled the fragrance of the ripe fruit, and suspected that some might be stored there; but he could not go in while Lucia was here, and he determined to loiter around out of sight, until she went back to the house, then go in and explore the place, which he did to some purpose, for he not only found the pears, but ate a number of them. "Who cares?" he thought, as he munched the delicious fruit, while the nectar-like juice ran in little rivulets from the corners of his mouth; "nobody sees me, and nobody but Lucia comes here;—they'll think she ate them!" The boy did not take a moral or religious view of the matter; he thought nothing of the Eye that never slumbers or sleeps, or of the grieved spirit, ever near, whose office it was to keep him "from striking his foot against a stone" when the voice of his conscience was heeded. But the lad's surface-training and his mother's example tended to make him a sham, and impress upon his mind that the greatest evil of a bad act was being found out. So he ate until he was satisfied, and chuckled over the awful fuss old Bligh, the gardener, would be in when he missed his pears, and made up his mind to come back in the evening and enjoy another feast.

It was nearly dusk when Lucia—who was half-distracted by the noise of hammers, as the men nailed up the evergreens over doors, windows and arches, under Mrs. Yellott's energetic supervision, and the running to and fro of servants, the chattering and giggling, and general confusion, and Mrs. Yellott's shrill notes of command sounding continually above the din—had fled to her quiet refuge, breathing the wild wish that she had a desert island all to herself, when she threw herself on a root box in one of the darkest corners. Presently, recovering from the fever and tumult of the moment, she thought she would walk down the river-path a short distance, and watch the new moon dancing upon the waves; but she heard quick, light footsteps approaching, followed by a droll little tune trilled out in snatches; then she heard Fanchette's voice saying: "I certainly see her come down this way, but I see no sign of her or of the tool-house. *Où est-elle?* Oh, how morantic it is here! it makes me feel sentimental! Oh, how sweet the leaves does rustle! Jolie! how bew-ti-ful the new moon looks—for all the world like a silver boat!—"

At this point of Fanchette's beatific soliloquy an owl-hooted right over her head, which frightened her so that she uttered an answering shriek, which frightened the owl from her nest, and brought her, flying low and blindly, almost in Fanchette's face, who fell screaming and convulsed to the ground. Lucia had seen and heard it all, and laughed as she had never laughed in her life before; but recovering her breath, she put her head out of the window, which brought her quite near the terrified girl, and said: "Fanchette, Fanchette, don't be scared; get up and come in here."

"Oh! the ghostesses! O Lord have mercy! Oh! please, good ghost, don't eat me up!" she moaned, while her teeth chattered like castenets.

"It is I, Fanchette—Miss Lucia," said Lucia, coming out and taking her by the hand.

"*You?* you a-flying out of a tree with great black wings? Oh! please, Miss, don't go and put a spell upon me. I've made your dress so beautiful, and I loves you dearly," sobbed Fanchette.

"It was an owl, Fanchette, indeed it is; she has a nest up in the hollow at the top of the tree. Come in and sit down here by me, and I'll go home with you," said Lucia, between little merry bursts of laughter.

"O Miss Lucia, is you sure it's you? I never was so scared in my born days. I haint heard a owl hoot since I was a little child. Oh, my! I've bust all the hooks and eyes off my frock, and my cosset-string went off like a pistol, I was that scared," she gasped, as she accompanied Lucia into the tool-house, where they sat down together, for Fanchette declared that she couldn't walk up to the house then to save her life.

"You were very silly to be so scared for nothing, Fanchette. That owl and I are the best of friends. I like to hear her hoot, and see her great eyes shining like two candles up there in the hollow," said Lucia, holding the girl's cold, trembling hand in both her own; but Fanchette was now crying, and the strain on her nerves was relieved by the tears she so freely shed. In a little while she became quite calm, and told Lucia that she "felt better, and would like to go home."

But as they arose to go, they heard footsteps tramping down the path, crunching and scattering last year's leaves which lay deep about here, towards the tool-house. Fanchette held Lucia tight, as the sound came nearer and nearer, and could scarcely suppress a shriek when a dark object, they could not tell what, bounded across the threshold. The intruder, who was no less a person than Frank Yellott, did not see the two faces staring blankly at him from the dark corner, but hurrying across the floor, clambered up to the shelf where the pears were, and began to enjoy

himself eating them. He ate and ate, and stuffed his pockets, and would have gone on eating but some involuntary half-smothered exclamation from Fanchette frightened him down from his roost, and he disappeared with his booty.

"Lawdy! look here, Miss Lucia, you'll hear a precious fuss 'bout them pears to-morrow, I tell you! Missis has been fussin' and worryin' herself 'bout them pears for two weeks; there's none like 'em, I've heard her say fifty times, anywhere 'bout here; and now!—I'll go right straight and tell her."

"Don't, Fanchette, it would be mean to tell, and everybody would be so mad with him. Mr. Brooke would never forgive him," plead Lucia.

"I wish Mar's Allan would give him a good trouncing; he's just dying for one big whippin'; you don't know what a awful bad boy he is; and he's that sly! Missis thinks he's a angel."

"I don't think a whipping would hurt him, and I don't care at all if he got one every day; but it is not honorable to tell tals, and you can't tell on him without bringing me in, and I won't have it. I'd die before I'd tell on him. And then, you know, Fanchette, it would grieve Mr. Brooke."

"That's maganimous, Miss Lucia; but if you won't tell, I won't. But just think of that boy! I bet you he'll be roaring with stomach-ache before morning!" said Fanchette, throwing up her hands and eyes.

As he was, frightening his mother half to death, and every servant in the house running, some for mustard, some for hot water, some for peppermint, and two off in opposite directions on horseback to bring the first doctor they could find. Towards dawn he grew more easy, and fell asleep, when the worn-out servants—not feeling remarkably good-humored at being deprived of rest, which they had honestly earned by their exertions through the day, and really needed,—went to bed, muttering to each other: "I bet it was his greediness; I never did see a boy stuff himself so in my born days!"

Fanchette laughed in her sleeve all night; and while we are far from commending her for showing such apparent heartlessness, we relate the fact that when Frank Yellott would be bawling the loudest, and twisting himself into the hardest of knots with the pain that was rending him—and his mother, nearly distracted, was crying and rushing to and fro, doing her best with mustard-plasters and draughts of warm water for his relief—this miserable Fan would rush from the room to put her head out of the hall window and laugh until she cried, feeling more than amply revenged for the long arrear of wrongs she had endured at his hands.

Lucia, unused to illness, was terrified, and thought Frank was going to die; her heart softened towards him, and she knelt at her bedside and prayed for his recovery, and said her beads for Mrs. Yellott, whose noisy distress called on the sympathies of all within hearing; then she crept to the door to ask if she could do anything, but Chloe led her back to her room and lifted her bodily into her bed, saying: "No need to be uneasy, Missy he's been; eatin' green apples, I s'pose, and it's nothin' but the colic; you go to sleep and don't sturb yourself 'bout him."

In consequence of losing rest, everybody, servants and all, were up later than usual the next morning consequently everything would be crowded together and hurried all day. There were a thousand little things to be done, and now Mrs. Yellott saw, that manage as she might, she would scarcely have time to perfect all her arrangements, and spare an hour for rest, and making her toilette, before the hour appointed for the guests to assemble. The long tables were set, and the fine damask cloths that looked like rich satin were spread over them. The rare china, bought at Sevres, the silver-gilt epergnes and candelabras, the glittering cut glass, the richly chased gold fruit stands, were placed in order upon them; nothing could have been more admirably arranged for effect, and Mrs. Yellott, well satisfied, sent word to Bligh to "bring in the fruit and flowers, and not to forget the pears."

Lucia heard the order as she came in from the lawn where she had been having a game of battle-dore with Louise Yellott, and her heart quaked within her, but she did not wait for the result, but hurried of to the music-room, where she closed the doors and began her daily practise, wondering how the matter would end. Fanchette giggled, and her eyes grew large and expectant; she would not have missed the scene she looked for her freedom, and suddenly became very zealous in making herself useful. Frank had gone sailing with his uncle, and as there was no one else in the secret, nobody felt any concern, but went on as if a pear had never grown or been stolen by a greedy boy.

"Here the flowers, marm; and here's the fruit," said old Bligh, standing at the door; "but the pears, they has been eat or stole by somebody."

Mrs. Yellott was speechless at first, then her face crimsoned and her anger burst forth.

"Who took the pears?" she wanted to know; but nobody could tell. She rated Bligh for his carelessness, and threatened him with dismissal; she grew judicial, she cross-questioned him and the servants who stood gaping around, but could not discover the slightest clue; then she demanded

to know "who was in the habit of going to the tool-house?"

"Nobody in pertic'ler, that I knows of, 'ceptin' Miss Lucy she comes thar sometimes to read. But Miss Lucy didn't eat them pears, I'll bet."

"Who did then? Tell me, I say, who did? I insist on knowing," said Mrs. Yellott, whose wrath was momentarily rising.

"I didn't; and as long as you force me to speak out, marm, I must say that my belief is strong that your own boy eat 'em; he's uncommon fond of fruit, and I heard he had a awful stomach-ache last night," answered Bligh, who knew that his white skin would save him from the consequences of his impudence. Fanchette snorted out laughing, and pretended to be seized with a dreadful fit of coughing, while a sympathetic grin appeared on the faces of the other negroes, which Mrs. Yellott was quick to see; and while it infuriated her to the highest degree, she was reminded by it that she had lost her dignity in the presence of her inferiors; and ever careful of appearances, she restrained her anger with a sudden check, calmly ordered Fanchette to tell the young ladies to come in out of the sun, and turning to Bligh said in the most dignified manner: "Bligh, my son is a gentleman, and would not be guilty of such a thing. It must have been some of the young negroes who took the pears, and I will see that they are found out and punished when my brother gets back. You should have kept the door locked."

"Couldn't do it, marm, seeing Miss Lucy was fond of coming thar. Mr. Allan had give me his orders that she was to have the freedom of the place, and I s'pose he's master at 'Haylands.'"

"You can leave the house now, if you please. Send up some more pine apples and white grapes; stop—and another basketful of the 'Hamburgs.'"

"I cut nigh all that was ripe; I s'pose you don't want the green ones? You'll find out, Miss Yellott, that that 'ar boy of yours—"

"Begone instantly, Bligh!" exclaimed Mrs. Yellott, stamping her foot, while her eyes flashed with fury. Bligh retreated, growling audibly as he went through the hall.

"And so," she thought, "Miss Lucia is the pivot on which 'Haylands' turns! She's a power here. But Miss Lucia goes every day to the tool-house to read, does she, when there's a great cool library in the house where she would not be disturbed! The sly little toad! it is she who has eaten the pears, and I shall speak to Allan about it as soon as he gets back, for it shows a moral turpitude in the girl that for her soul's sake must be checked in time. If this don't open my foolish brother's eyes to the true character of the girl, I don't know what will," and so she went on lashing herself up to

as firm a conviction that Lucia had stolen and eaten the pears as if she had seen her do it, so easy is it to persuade ourselves of what we wish to believe, especially when we have an object in so doing.

When Allan Brooke got back to "Haylands," he was told that "Miss Ellen was waiting in the library to see him," and he went straight to her, with a smile upon his face and a pleasant thought in his heart as to what amusing agony she was in then. "She was always in a fuss,—she was so full of energy; and he wondered if it was to have the course of the wind or the river stayed, or get him to bespeak the nearer approach of Jupiter and his moons to add splendor to the *fête*. But we will see," he thought, as he entered his library and found Mrs. Yellott awaiting him, looking so grave and so very quiet that all idea of *badinage* gave place to serious apprehensions of something dreadful.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked quickly.

Then she told him, only hinting at her suspicions of Lucia in the most diplomatic way, and expressing so much sorrow and regret at feeling obliged to trouble him, that Allan Brooke, grown jealously sensitive about Lucia, saw at once that *she* was the salient point of the story, and that his sister, without directly saying so, thought her the guilty one. He comprehended it all under the flimsy pretense that she made to conceal it, and the keenest interest was aroused in him, before which everything else sunk into insignificance. To have such a charge made against Zoë's daughter, and, what was still worse, the dread that perhaps there might be truth in it. But, no! He rejected the thought with generous violence; he would not harbor it a moment; this defenceless, forlorn child was his to protect and cherish for her dead mother's sake, and he would do it with his very life, if may be.

"You do not really think," he asked, gravely, when Mrs. Yellott finished her specious statement, "that Lucia ate those pears? I have never seen the smallest meanness in her; and what is more to the purpose, I offered her one of those very pears two days ago,—one I had put into my pocket to show you,—and she refused it, saying she never ate them—they always made her sick."

"Oh no, Allan, don't understand me as accusing Lucia. I only tell you what Bligh said: 'that Lucia was the only one who was in the habit of going to the tool-house,' and I thought perhaps—you know how children are—that Lucia might have been tempted, you know—but hadn't we better let the matter rest where it is?"

"No, that is not my way, Ellen. Lucia is suspected by you of this theft—to put it plainly,—and

I do not choose that she shall rest another hour under such an imputation. She must have an opportunity to clear herself, as I am sure she will be able to do; if not, I am equally certain that if it was she who took the fruit, she will acknowledge it without prevarication."

"I am glad you have so good an opinion of her, Allan. Remember, I have not accused Lucia," said Mrs. Yellott, delighted at the prospect of Lucia's disgrace.

"Not in so many words, Ellen; but it is easy to know what you think," replied Allan Brooke, as he got up and pulled the bell-cord. "Go and ask Miss Lucia to come here for a moment," he said to the servant who answered the bell.

"I do not wish my ward's feelings hurt, Ellen," he added, turning again towards Mrs. Yellott; "therefore, when she comes, I shall question her myself. I shall question her, mind you, in the firm belief that she knows nothing more about those confounded pears than I do myself."

In Memoriam.

Died, at Saint Paul, Minnesota, July 4, 1871,
SISTER WILFRED, (Miss Mary Walker,) of Mercy
Convent, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

She has vanished from earth, as a sunbeam that fades
From the valley at eve, when the shades gather round;
She has gone—yet no sorrow our bosom invades,
For she sits by the Bridegroom, with bright glory
crowned.

We grieve not: yet sadly we think, "She is gone!"
For we miss the bright smile that inspired peaceful
cheer,

We miss, too, the goodness angelic that shone
In that life to the heavenly Bridegroom so dear.

Yes, Mary, true child of the Virgin most pure,
While we weep our sad loss we rejoice in thy joy;
For the wish of thy heart is forever secure,
And thou wearest a crown that no foe can destroy.

Ah, now we recall more distinctly the time
When in childhood's young years thou didst sigh for
the day
That would shine on thy virgin espousals sublime
To the King whose affection can never betray.

Long years thou didst labor, preparing thy mind,
By a diligent search into earth's varied lore;
That with faculties strengthened, expanded, refined,
Thou mightst see the Unknown through the known,
and adore.

'Twas a labor of love; and it lent thee a grace
That attracted all hearts, as a magnet the steel,
But no creature e'er found in thy chaste heart a place,
Save the place of a brother,—He set there His seal.

Then, accomplished in person, in heart and in soul,
Thou didst shrink from the honors thy graces had won,
And retired from our gaze—leaving this to console,
That thy heavenly espousals on earth had begun.

And dwelling in peace, in fair Mercy's retreat,
Thou didst feast on the love of the heavens' chaste
King,
And thy own love kept time with thy heart's anxious
beat
And thy sigh for the hour that thy nuptials would ring.

But ah, who can fathom the wisdom of God !
We were waiting with thee to partake of thy joy—
Thou wert touched by the pale-faced destroyer's dire
rod,
And thy bloom faded fast—life was now but death's
toy.

Thou wert borne far away to a health-giving clime,
In the hope that thy vigor and bloom would return,
But the months rolled away, 'twas but staying the time
When the lamp of existence no longer would burn.

It was useless that parents stood anxiously by,
And lavished their heart's fondest love on their child ;
'Twas His will that His faithful one early should die—
And, though sad, to His will are our hearts reconciled.

Yes, fair bride of heaven, thou didst feel that the hour
Of thy triumph had come. One desire still remained :
Thou wert His, wholly His, yet thou still hadst the
power
To refuse—the great object of life was not gained.

Thou didst crave then the favor to pledge Him thy vow
Ere thou parted from earth thy Divine Spouse to greet ;
It was granted—and to the sweet yoke thou didst bow,
And the grand nuptial rite of the soul was complete.

Then rapt in calm peace thou didst wait for the call
Of the Bridegroom, to haste to His welcome embrace ;
It came—and a coffin, a corse and a pall,
Were all that remained of thy beauty and grace.

But no, 'twas not all ; for thy mem'ry still dwells,
Like a beam from on high, in our hearts sad and lone ;
And the thought of thy virtue our spirit impels
To new efforts to win, as thou hast, a bright throne.

Then weep not, kind friends, for the saintly one gone,
She is happy with Him who accepted her love ;
May we, too, be as faithful, till, life's duties done,
We shall meet her in bliss in the bright realms above.

M. B. B.

Obituary.

Died, in Memphis, Tennessee, at fifteen minutes
after 7 o'clock, on the morning of June 22, 1871,
Mrs. BRIDGET TOBIN, in the 67th year of her age.

She was born near Urlingford, County Kilkenny,
Ireland, February 4, 1805, and resided in the same
County until June, 1870, when she emigrated to
this country to be with and near her children, some

of whom had preceded her several years before.
Her remains were taken from St. Peter's church to
Calvary Cemetery, where the last sad duty of com-
mitting her body back to clay was performed.

Calvary she breathed her life away, the smile of
hope upon her lips, the glimmer of opening heaven
in her eye, the light of celestial glory on her brow.
There was no more Christian spirit than hers.
Her pure and spotless virtues needed not her last
affliction to purify them.

Her loss was ours, and were the separation
final, then were that loss irreparable. But the
form we laid in the grave we shall see again ; not
suffering from disease, not emaciated from sick-
ness, nor worn with fatigue, not pale and pulseless
in death, but "all immortal and divine," radiant
in enduring youth and in a clime "where the tread
of armies is never heard, and the sound of battle
never comes."

Dublin Freeman's Journal, Kilkenny papers,
The Irishman (Dublin), please copy.

The Effects of Christianity on the World.

Philosophy, rightly directed and applied, is but
the echo of the sublime principles of Christianity.
As St. Cyprian says, the language of philosophy is
admirable, but the life of a Christian is philosophy
realized. There have been more consistent philo-
sophers than J. J. Rousseau, and yet when speak-
ing by the voice of "right reason," he has often
given beautiful testimony in favor of the beneficent
effects of Christianity. "The last resource," he
says, "against the unbelieving man is to touch his
heart, to convince him by example and by practice
to render the glorious charms of religion irresis-
tible. What an argument is the life of a Chris-
tian against the tenets of the unbeliever? Is there
a soul in this world able to withstand it? How
eloquently it appeals to his heart to behold all
around him,—his friends, his children, his wife,
uniting to edify him, and by the fruits of their vir-
tuous lives preaching God in their acts! In all
this he beholds the image of heaven in his daily
life, and in his own house." And well may he ex-
claim: "Something more than man; something
more than human reigns here!" It is useless, it is
worse than useless, for it is very stupid, to take up
the abuses of some people calling themselves Chris-
tians, and try to make them an argument against
that religion which effected so mighty and so
happy a revolution in the world. Of course when
I say Christianity I mean Catholicity, for they
mean one and the same thing. I know that the
sects, for the sake of respectability, arrogate and
apply the name to themselves, just as sporting men

sometimes imagine it enhances the betting properties of a dog to call him Cæsar, or of a favorite horse to call him Black Hawk.

What a Cæsar! and what a Black Hawk! Alas! for the warriors whom *you* represent! High-sounding names, indeed, the sects do in like manner apply to themselves, but alas for the Christianity *they* represent! They have made their own gods, and very hideous ones at that, and spend their time in wrangling over the merits of their own handiwork. They are more bent on exploring and glorifying heathen mythology, than on carrying the Gospel to the human race. They have labored hard and successfully to develop the passions, and teach humanity the science of rebellion against lawful authority; and if, through these rebellious sects, paganism has been enabled to change its name, and the names of its gods, it has gained little for itself, and effected less for the world.

In point of fact, there was less humiliation in following the "religion" of Jupiter and the other drunken deities of the ancients, than there is in professing the low animalism and the disreputable doctrines brought into existence by those rebellious mountebanks called "reformers." On the whole the ancients are ahead of the moderns in the manufacture of "immortal gods." In point of morality and beauty, Venus was superior to any of the goddesses of the "Reformation," and none of the gods of that scandalous and infamous epoch can equal the lusty chap who is said to have exhibited on the top of Mount Olympus.

So much for Sectism. It clearly has effected nothing good for humanity. As its Cæsars are dogs, and its Black Hawks are horses, so its Christianity is paganism.

Now what has Christianity done for mankind? The answer will be found in history. Let us go back a little. A false philosophy would have us believe that liberty and morality disappeared at the dawn of Christianity. Philosophers tell us of the wonderful virtues of Greece and Rome, and say if we could recall those times there would be nothing but happiness in the world. This is what they want, and it is for this pagan happiness those sanguinary despotism secret societies are laboring so hard to-day. The object of these secret societies—see their work in Paris—is the destruction of civil order. They are the tools and the auxiliaries of Sectism in warring upon Christianity. I maintain that no man can be *honest* and *free*, and be a member of a secret society. Sectism, therefore, under any of its phases, Lutherism, Calvinism, Freemasonry, or any *ism*, will naturally turn to paganism for its *beau idéal* of everything that is beautiful and desirable, because in that it finds nothing opposed to its anarchical tendencies. In Catholicity, how-

ever, Sectism and secret societies find nothing congenial, but everything hostile, and hence they readily unite to oppose the Church because she will not allow them to lead the world to destruction.

Rough enough was the material with which the Church had to deal when first she commenced her mission in this world. The model nations of the earth, at the beginning of Christianity, were steeped in the most infamous excesses. In all the histories of the time we find related the most horrid crimes advocated and defended by the "philosophers," and sanctioned by the religion of the "immortal gods." Humanity was outraged in the cruel treatment of slaves, and the barbarity of gladiatorial murders. Everywhere we behold a spectacle of rebellion, civil war, assassination of rulers, and all the extravagant wickedness of which paganism and disgusting materialism were and still are capable. The history of paganism, or what is the same identical thing, materialism, down to our own civil war, and still later to the bloody days of Paris, is that of revolt, bloodshed and murder! There is no security, no stability possible for governments, and no virtuous prosperity attainable by society outside of the Catholic Church. All that man can hope for in this world, and all he can reach in heaven, must be hoped for and reached through the Church, even though an angel should come down from on high and tell him to look for salvation in any other place. There is no use in mincing this fearful fact! Christ Himself has said that every road outside of His Church is a road to hell! Through the Church alone, then, men can reach heaven. History proves what the Church has done for our worldly prosperity. She has civilized barbarians, and raised slaves from the grade of brutes into the rank of freemen. More than this, she has established within her fold the brotherhood of the race, and carried back to the children of Adam their lost inheritance. She has taught men that it is a crime to assassinate their rulers, and that it is not only a virtue but an imperative duty to obey lawful authority. "Our modern governments," says a French writer of fame, "are certainly indebted to Christianity for the greater stability of their authority, and for the marked diminution of revolutions. It has rendered them less fond of bloodshed, and it has softened the manners of the people. This change is not the work of letters, for where these have flourished humanity has not been more respected. Instance the cruelties of the Athenians, the Egyptians, the Roman Emperors, the Chinese." The sentiments quoted are supported by Montesquieu on the Spirit of Laws. After comparing the beneficent effects of Christian governments with the barbar-

ous and oppressive conduct of Mahometan countries, he goes on to say: "Let us place before our eyes the continual massacres of the kings and leading men of Greece and Rome; the destruction of cities and whole nations by those same leading men; all Asia laid waste by Timour and Gengiskan, and we will find that it is to Christianity we owe a political law in government, and in war a law of nations, for which human nature can never be sufficiently grateful." J.

The Papal Anniversary in the Diocese of Alton, Illinois.

Perhaps one of the most pleasant, and at the same time, successful, in the manifestation of appreciation for the character of the reigning Pontiff, was the celebration, observed by the Catholics of the city of Belleville, St. Clair County, Illinois, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Lewis Hinssen. In the forenoon of the twenty-first of last month—the 25th anniversary of the coronation of Pius the Ninth, solemn High Mass was celebrated, after which a procession formed, consisting of the young ladies in attendance at the convent of the Notre Dame Sisters; the scholars of the day schools, the various sodalities and benevolent societies, with Papal Zouaves, in full uniform, represented by young boys from eight to ten years of age, and having passed through the main streets of the progressive city, proceeded to a neighboring grove, where, being joined by the other members of their families and friends, the day was spent in social intercourse and enjoyment. At noon a dinner was served up, so that the wants of the appetite could be fully satisfied. In the evening the societies composed of male members reunited, and paraded the principal streets, in a torch-light procession, which was quite lengthy, and upon their return to the church edifice, one of the most elegant in the whole diocese, a brilliant display of variegated lights and colors met the vision of the spectator. The whole front was illuminated in a manner displaying taste in its designer. A life size portrait of the Popes, in transparent colors, occupied the main entrance, both sides of which were decked with flowers and garlands. The convent of the Sisters, a building of ample dimensions, was also illuminated; the dwelling of every Catholic, by some token, a flag, garland, flowers, green boughs, or a picture of his Holiness, indicated the joy experienced upon the occasion. A large concourse of people had assembled in front of the church, filling the streets and the cemetery opposite. Rev. Lewis Hinssen delivered an address in German, presenting the amiable character of the Holy Father in as touching a manner and as bril-

liant colors as the decorations of which his audience were the beholders. He was followed, in English, by James A. Keenedy, Esq., of Springfield, Illinois, who presented an outline of the civil and religious event occurring within the last quarter of a century and connected with the Pontificate of Pius the Ninth. Both gentlemen were listened to with the utmost attention. The whole affair forms an event in the history of the Catholics of Belleville, which during life will not be effaced from their memories.

Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Some months ago we had prepared a long list of special favors obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart: but, for reasons apparently beyond our control, the list was never published. We now hasten to make some reparation for this omission, and for the glory of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart we publish a few favors recently granted. A zealous member of the Association writes thus to us from Louisville, Ohio:

"My sister wishes me to write to you about her two children, Annie and Josie Monnot. Annie had the scrofula in her ankle three years ago. Nine holes could be seen in her leg, and she had the consumption besides. The doctor said that she could not get well again. In this critical state she made her First Communion and received the last Sacraments. Her sufferings were intense; ten pieces of bone came out of her leg. But since the time she was admitted into the Association she commenced to get better, and now one single hole remains in her limb. She walks without crutches or stick, and runs as fast as any other girl.

"Josie, her little brother, had been sick a long time, and was expected to die every minute; the doctor said he would not give a sixpence for his life, and our Reverend Pastor declared that he could not be cured, except by a miracle. Since the moment he was recommended to the prayers of the Association and was admitted as a member a sensible improvement took place: he commenced to get better as soon as the medal was put around his neck. He walks now, and is as stout and fleshy as any stout child around here. My sister desires you to publish these facts, if you deem it proper, for the glory of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. You are at liberty to mention the name."

Another pious Associate wrote to us last month, from Cincinnati, Ohio:

"I have to communicate to you two new proofs of the power and love of our dear Mother. A poor lady had some time past sent up a petition for the conversion of her husband and the cure of one of her grandchildren. The former soon after resumed his religious duties; whilst the latter, a child, a few years old, recovered the use of its lost sight all at once on the last day of a novena made for the purpose."

From a devoted Associate in Washington we received the following lines a few weeks ago:

"I am happy to tell you that the lady who sent intentions for the relief of the souls in Purgatory is completely restored to her health, after suffering for ten years."

Many other favors of the same kind could be related, but the few here recorded are sufficient to excite the devotion of the Associates, and to fill their hearts with lively feelings of gratitude to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, the hope of the desperate.

A. G.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Albert Sydney Massy.

God is wonderful in His Saints! The truth of this saying we have no doubt experienced when reading the record of their lives. The almost superhuman mortifications of St. Aloysius have filled us with astonishment; the angelic innocence of the ecstatic boy-Saint, Stanislas, has caused our bosoms to swell with admiration. Holiness has woven around their names a charm which attracts us to their imitation.

Yet, though incited by the perusal of their biographies to more exalted perfection, we find a difficulty arise baffling the holy resolution we took to imitate them,—the difficulty of ever being able to overcome the weakness of our frail human nature, and to practise their supernatural virtues. This thought occurs especially to the young, who, full of their unsubdued passions, despair of ever arriving at such exalted sanctity. Let them, however, remember—that glorious as it is to lead such lives—that holiness principally consists in doing little things well. "Because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many."

It is therefore intended to be shown, in presenting to the readers of the AVE MARIA this little sketch of a youth, who, though born of Protestant parents, having become a convert to our holy religion, practised in his own way true Christian virtue, that the task of leading a holy life is not so difficult as they may have at first imagined. For there are attractions, which incite to imitation, thrown around the simple actions of a boy, who, though not without faults, left according to the testimony of those with whom he came in contact, a life pure, free from the taint of grievous sin, practising virtues which won admiration from all who knew him, and the title of the "Little Angel." We hope that by reading this sketch of his humble life, the reader will derive the benefit of at first imitating his conduct, and afterwards, if God im-

parts to him the grace, of aspiring to the higher sanctity of the canonized saints of God.

We must begin by practising virtues in little things, that afterwards we may become perfect in greater ones. In the spring-time there comes forth the bud, which the genial breath of summer expands to the full-blown flower.

Albert Sydney Massey, the subject of this memoir, was born in Mobile, Alabama, July 17, 1854; and died on the third day of June, 1869, before he had completed his fifteenth year.

In a history as modest, unobtrusive, and brief as is his, there might not seem to be many incidents worthy of note; but during the last two or three years of his life he was constantly diffusing around him an aroma of piety. His every action was characterized by an earnest self-denial and an unswerving obedience, which strongly contrasted not only with the spirit of the age but also with his own former impulsive habits. He spoke so little of himself, or his inner life, that only an appreciative and watchful eye could observe the changes that were being wrought in his heart.

Still, his struggles and his triumphs may interest a few, who have noted his simple life, and who cherish the memory of his angelic purity.

When eleven months old, he was baptized in the Presbyterian Church,—his mother being a member of that denomination.

Although a sweet-tempered and remarkably generous-hearted boy, he seemed to possess no natural piety; and it was with the greatest difficulty that his mother could teach him his night prayers. This caused her great anxiety, which was in no way lessened when compared with his remarkable aptitude or quickness at his books or anything that interested him. With a natural reverence for his elders and people in authority, he always seemed insensible to the idea of a great, Supreme Being, who ruled over all and claimed his allegiance and love. Nor did his insensibility wear off with his increasing years. "This," wrote his mother, "filled me with the most anxious solicitude. How many times, after having committed some childish fault, have I tried to show him that it was God whom he had offended. But never could I see that my words made the least impression; for, though extremely docile and attentive, he would raise his sweet eyes wonderingly towards mine, as if he could not comprehend what I meant."

But the time came when his young heart was to receive a divine spark from above, which afterwards lighted up into a holy, burning flame. It was on the occasion of his first entrance into a Catholic church.

At the age of ten years, his parents took him on

a visit to Hamilton, Canada West; and while here, they accompanied some friends, at whose house they were visiting, to assist at the celebration of High Mass in the cathedral. He seemed much interested and impressed throughout the service; and, before turning his back upon the altar, he dropped reverently on his knees, to the great delight of his mother, who was thankful for this first evidence of devotional feeling.

Shortly after this, he went with his parents and little sister to Mexico; and in January, 1865, they reached the capital. This was in the palmy days of the Empire, when the streets were filled with soldiers of every rank and nationality. Here were the gay uniform and glittering decorations of the marshal of France; while the swarthy sons of Nubia, whose Mahomedan creed compelled a scrupulous cleanliness, caused a not unpleasant contrast in their sunny-white apparel.

And the climate! So fragrant with the perfume of sweetest flowers, but so invigorating and healthful! For the tall snow-covered mountain peaks around this beautiful valley, produce, beneath a tropical sun, the delicious coolness which makes an eternal spring. All these were novel and entrancing sights to a simple American boy, who was so calculated to enjoy nature in her grandest forms, and whose ardent spirit delighted in military pomp. But it was not the pomp of power and the glory of this world's greatness that bowed his soul with reverence and awe. Military Mass, that impressive form of worship unknown to us, and the processions of the Church on holidays, seemed to inspire him with unusual pleasure; and no child raised in Catholic Spain could have dropped on his knees more devoutly than he when the Blessed Sacrament was carried through the streets, either during the solemn and imposing procession of the feast of *Corpus Christi*, or when borne more humbly to the bed side of the sick and the dying. There was a magical power in that presence which transfixed his very soul.

One night, to quote an example, his parents were sitting with some visitors in their room, which overlooked the first court of the Hotel Iturbide. Presently they observed Albert to drop reverently on his knees in the balcony, where he and his little sister had been standing. His mother remarked that some one must be very ill in the hotel, and they all arose to look at the procession as it passed through the court. Happening to inquire for her boy, she perceived that he had disappeared. This seemed strange, as he never was wont to leave the room at night; but while gazing anxiously around for him, she saw him, candle in hand, with downcast eyes and reverent step, moving in the solemn procession.

During his stay in Mexico, he gave no evidence of any particular interest in religious affairs, except by the surprising fervor with which he seemed inspired in the presence of the Holy of Holies. When not with his mother, or engaged in French or Spanish studies, his whole time was devoted to the English game of cricket, at which, among other lively sports, he excelled. The ludicrous scenes of Carnival week gave him unbounded delight and inexhaustible merriment, taking an active part himself on the last day, in grotesque and fanciful dress.

But this pleasant stay in Mexico was not to continue much longer, for in March, 1866, he went to New York, and in April was placed at Seton Hall College, New Jersey. This select Catholic Institution was under the supervision of Bishop Bayley, a nephew of the celebrated Mother Seton, in whose honor the Hall was named. This excellent college had been recommended by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, at Manhattanville, New York, where Albert's sister had been placed some time previous. He remained here until the close of the session; and spent in the city, with his mother and sisters, the two months vacation that followed. On his return from college, he expressed a desire to his mother to become a Catholic; but little notice was taken of it on account of his tender age, for he had just completed his twelfth year. Nothing more was said on the subject, and in September he resumed his studies at Seton Hall.

About a month afterwards, his mother, who was staying in New York city to be near her children, paid him a visit, and, after some little conversation, she remarked: "Albert, there is something I want to investigate to-day. A lady friend in this city assures me that the Catholics have discarded one of the original Ten Commandments delivered to Moses; and in order to make up the number they have divided the Tenth into two. I remember myself, when a child, of having read the same thing in a Presbyterian Sunday-school book."

His face flushed indignantly as he replied:

"Oh, dear mother, could you believe such a thing? you may be sure it is only a lie, got up by the enemies of the Church. But wait a minute." And leaving the room, he returned in a very short time, bringing with him Father Corrigan, a very youthful priest, but who was Vice-President of the college. This young man, upon whom true holiness and devotion had stamped their impress, carried with him a large Douay Bible; and Albert glanced triumphantly from one to the other, as though the truth had but to be revealed to be received. After having introduced him, Albert modestly retired, and his mother had the satisfaction of seeing for the first time this ancient translation of the Bible,

with all the Commandments intact, and abundant proof that their division and numbering was the same as that adhered to by the ancient Jews.

A peculiar trait of Albert's character was his love of boyish sports. From the age of five to eleven they seemed to supersede every other occupation. Being a child of remarkable constitution and fine animal spirits, he gave full vent to his vigorous nature in manly excuses and in the companionship of boys generally older than himself. When but seven years of age, he was once asked what he supposed the world was made for? He instantly replied: "For little boys to play in." Often has he begged his mother for permission to leave the dinner table just as some favorite dessert was coming on, that he might renew his sports with his companions.

Not long after the incident above recorded, Mrs. Massey paid another visit to Seton Hall, and spent the whole day with her son. But we will give her own words:

"Being alone with my child, who had been excused from his studies, he wished to show me everything as we strolled over the grounds. After we had viewed many places of interest, among which was the new college building, then in course of erection, he placed his hand affectionately in mine and said: 'Now, dear mamma, I want to show you the sweetest place of all: you have never seen our chapel!' We were not long in reaching it, when he exclaimed: 'Oh, what a holy place! how I delight to stay away from the boys at play time and come here to pray!' And as he entered he took off his hat and knelt reverently, whilst he recited a prayer. Impressed by his earnestness, evidently so heartfelt, I said to myself: 'What a change, when such a boy would rather pray than play!' I soon observed that in his monthly reports, he always received the maximum number in Latin and First Communion class, however other studies may have been neglected."

During the winter he often wrote to his parents, asking their permission to be baptized in the Catholic Church, but consent was not granted at once. It was thought better to wait than to do anything of such a nature rashly; and spring came on before he received substantial encouragement in the step he desired to take.

On the twentieth of April, Easter eve, 1867, having obtained the full consent of his parents, he was received by baptism into the Holy Catholic Church, thus satisfying the most earnest longing of his heart. What a brave step for a boy of twelve! His family all Protestant, and he the first to express a wish to enter that Church which was soon to embrace nearly all the other members. The next day, Easter Sunday, his sister was baptized in the convent of the Sacred Heart, at Manhattanville.

On this mutually happy occasion, Albert was permitted to visit her; and on Monday morning, with hearts full of love and a new-found joy, they were clasped in each other's arms. The Ladies of the convent were struck with Albert's devotion, enthusiasm and cheerful piety. His reflective and thoughtful mind, uncommon in one so young, united with a purity and innocence equally rare, caused the good nuns to presage great usefulness in his future career; and they whispered among themselves that he was surely chosen by God to be consecrated to His holy service. A little incident occurred the first night he remained at the convent, which seemed to strengthen this belief. Being appointed to sleep in the room set apart for the priests, he was conducted there by one of the Sisters; on entering the room, the first thing that struck his eye was the hat of a Jesuit priest on the mantel, in which A. M. D. G., the initials of the motto of the order, were wrought in gold. He had never had intercourse with any but secular priests, and he knew nothing whatever of the Jesuits: but without a thought he clapped the hat on his head, exclaiming: "Oh, see here, Sister!" "Albert Massey, Doctor of God!" The Sister was delighted and soon told the Ladies, who regarded it as a good omen.

Every opportunity was given him to be as much as possible with his sister; and the time thus spent was full of edification and happiness to both.

After a few days stay, he returned to the Hall, carrying with him the good wishes and blessings of all who had seen him, besides a thousand little tokens of Catholic piety as remembrances of his happy visit.

Three weeks after this, when his sister made her First Communion, he was again permitted to visit the Convent. Preparing, as he then was, to receive the Blessed Sacrament himself, he was deeply impressed by all he saw and heard, and filled with joy in anticipation of the heavenly banquet. These two children, as they walked together that Sunday afternoon over the beautiful Convent grounds, talked of their future aims and hopes, and particularly in reference to the conversion of their parents. What a sight for God and the angels to look down upon! When they reached the slight eminence that overlooks the beautiful Hudson, they stood and gazed upon the lovely scenery around and beneath them, their hearts filled with happiness; and then, with a look of unutterable rapture and love, Albert exclaimed: "Oh, I am so happy, for I have an angel for my sister now!"

In the latter part of June he made another visit to the Convent, and remained there more than a week. This was on the occasion of the distribution of the prizes; and as his sister was among the graduates, he was allowed to be present, though

contrary to all precedent, as even the parents of the young ladies were not permitted to enjoy such a privilege. He was seated on the platform erected for the Archbishop, the bishops and priests; and he conducted himself throughout with so much dignity and decorum, that it was remarked of him afterwards that he seemed to belong to the clergy.

This was the last visit he ever made there, and it was one of the bright eras in his young life that he loved to look back upon. The holy life within the Convent walls, so full of devotion, inspired his young soul with rapturous longings for the pure happiness of that other life which can only be gained by sacrifice in this,—and he kept his eyes fixed steadily heavenward, never taking one backward glance. How often he alluded to his stay at that Convent, as the sweetest and happiest time of his life! "How I wish I could spend those few days over again! It was more like heaven than earth!" Blessed child! He found the joys he so longed for, sooner, far sooner than he expected!

It was a sad change for him when he left college, and went to his new home in Louisville. In a strange place, and surrounded entirely by new faces; without any religious influences, or any assistance or sympathy in his new faith, he dreaded the contagion of coldness and indifference; and he struggled hard not to lose the graces God had bestowed upon him. "As I look back," said his mother, "upon that time, I shudder to think of the temptations that must have beset him; and how the enemy of souls laid in wait for him, while I his mother was ignorant and unconscious of his trials and secret tears. How I might have aided him had my own soul been enlightened by knowledge and grace! Thank God, he came out from the fiery ordeal triumphant, and the last year of his life, before he went to St. Louis, was so filled with patience, self-denial and charitable deeds, that they would fill a book could they all be remembered and narrated.

There was one change in him particularly noticeable after his return from Seton Hall. He had obtained such control over his quick temper that he was slow to resent an insult; and he never engaged in those pugilistic encounters that came so natural to him a year or two before, and even when much younger. He was never aggressive,—but quick to resent; although sweet-tempered and generous to a fault to the weak or the suffering, yet his manly nature, that scorned everything mean and unjust, joined to a fearlessness that neither saw nor dreaded danger for himself, often betrayed him into quarrels from which he was quite sure to come off victorious.

This happened frequently during his residence in Mexico, where foreigners are often insulted

under the supposed indemnity which ignorance of their language would afford. But so quickly did he learn the Spanish tongue that his ready ear gave him frequent opportunities to defend himself and his country from slighting allusions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Interesting Story.

A star-lit night in the month of May cast its shadows upon a quiet lane, through which, with unsteady step, walked an old man arrayed in tattered garments. As the moon emerged ever and anon from the fleecy clouds passing over its face, the light shone on the countenance of the wayfarer, revealing his haggard, dissipation-stained features, and seeming to invest with a radiance of mercy even his very misery and degradation. Sorrowfully he pursued his way, like one deserted by the world, with head hung down, never looking up at the beautiful heaven above, until a faint sound came floating upon the evening air, and, as he approached nearer and nearer, it grew in sweetness like the melody of angels. At last he stopped before a humble cross-crowned church, and leaning his aching head against the railings, listened to the voices within as they sang:

As the dewy shades of even
Gather o'er the balmy air,
Listen, gentle Queen of heaven,
Listen to my vesper prayer.

Holy Mother, hear me hover,
Free my thoughts from aught defiled:
With thy wings of mercy cover
Safe from harm thy helpless child.

Thine own sinless heart was broken.
Sorrow's sword had pierced it through;
Give, oh give me some sweet token,
Of thy tender love so true.

Queen of sorrows guard and guide me,
Let me to thine arms repair;
In thy tender bosom hide me,
Mary, take me to thy care.

Some powerful emotion ran through the old man's frame, and moved him as the reed is swayed by the passing wind. Trembling in every limb, with a face awakened into eagerness by past memories, he slowly entered the church, and there a scene more of heaven than of earth met his view. An altar, brilliantly lighted and adorned with choicest flowers; a statue of the Virgin Mary, her brow-encircled by a crown of dazzling light, and her face seeming to beam with all a mother's love upon the children, who knelt before her shrine,

and chanted hymns in her praise. In the shadow of a dark corner he knelt down upon the church floor, and as the little voices intoned their sweet melodies, the bitter tears flowed from his poor eyes. Recollections of days, long since gone by, came back to him, when he too was a pure and spotless "child of Mary," and when in the May days of long ago he decorated her altar with garlands of flowers. Oh! how he yearned for those days of innocence to return again, and with bowed head thought of the misfortune and sin through which he had fallen so low!

The childish voices ceased, and the echo of the last departing footstep had died away, but he knew it not, and still kneeling, thought upon all the lost happiness of his life, until in the anguish of the moment he sobbed aloud. A venerable white-haired priest came to where he knelt, and gently raising him, said:

"My friend, you are troubled; cannot I help you?"

The old man looked up at the calm face of the speaker, and then casting his eyes down in shame replied:

"Father, I am a poor miserable vagrant, who once knew better days. I came into the church, hearing the music of the children, and it has made me feel how deep I have sunk since I too was like them. Now I'll go. Such a wretch as I am should not be here, in this holy place."

"Stay, my friend," urged the priest; "God has touched your heart, and you must not refuse His grace. Come with me and tell me of your life; and remember my, brother, there is no life so dark but can be made bright again."

Silently the wanderer obeyed, and with tears of long pent up feeling trickling down his withered cheeks, followed the priest to the sanctuary. There, encouraged by words of cheer and comfort, he told the story of his life, and in the generous heart of the listener found the sympathy he sorely needed. His tale was a sad, but not a strange one. Like thousands in the world, he had rioted and feasted in his youth, until, the dread retribution came. A proud father, a fond mother and a loving wife, had been taken away by the kind hand of death, before he fell entirely from manhood and became a slave to the insanity of passion. The demon of intemperance, that ruins so many of the fairest of earth, accomplished his destruction. Step by step, from the mad revelry of the gilded saloon to the brutish orgies of the rum shop, he fell lower until he became a drunken outcast among his fellow-men. It was well, as he wearily said himself, that when he had fallen so low, there were no friends nor kindred to care or sorrow for him, no heart but his own to be broken by the degradation of his lot. He was

alone in the wide, wide world; and now, when age had whitened his locks, he was a helpless wanderer, homeless and penniless, often without a mite to eat, or a place to rest his failing limbs. But that beautiful May night had aroused him from his lethargy, and the scenes he witnessed in the simple church touched a heart long insensible to its own misfortune.

A holy light of charity beamed in the eyes of the good priest as he heard the old man's story. He determined, with the help of God, to save this troubled soul, and poured forth into the ear of the wanderer the earnest language of religion and hope. He at last succeeded, and the refreshing waters of penitence cleared away the bitterness and misery which had made one life so dark and dreary.

How heaven must have smiled on that scene of forgiveness and mercy! How the angels must have praised her, the "Refuge of sinners" and "Comfort of the afflicted!" her power, awakened that old man's heart, and led him back to a pure manhood.

The priest was not a philanthropist; he was more than that—he was a minister of God. With him it was not an abstract theory; it was active, living duty. He was not content to simply bring back his lost sheep to the fold, but resolved to watch over the few remaining years of the old man's life.

After that May night these two men lived together, the penitent serving the priest in their little household, with a love and veneration too deep to be expressed in words. Little by little the sad past became a dream to the old man, and the future, though on earth it could be short, was full of joy and peace. It was one of his duties which afforded him the greatest pleasure to take care of the little church, and especially to adorn Mary's altar. As his good resolves were strengthened, his devotion to the Mother of God became more ardent. He spent many hours each day in beautifying her shrine, and could be seen often engaged in fervently praying to her.

A few years had passed away. The first day of May had come around again, and the visitors who called at the priest's house noticed that something more than the usual cause of happiness illuminated the countenance of his aged servant. During the day he was missed, and upon searching they discovered him kneeling before the altar of the Virgin as if in prayer. They came nearer and found him dead. His last breath had gone forth in thankful prayers to Mary, and before her shrine his spirit had passed away. They buried him in the loveliest spot of the little graveyard, and there often came the children, whose hymns he loved so well, to decorate the old man's grave with the flowers of May. —*Catholic Sentinel.*

AVE MARIA.

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Religious Orders.—No. 7.

BY DR. O. A. BROWNSON.

There is quite an erroneous notion prevailing in the popular mind, and which is favored by popular literature, with regard to the Religious Orders and the religious life. Many look upon the convent or monastery as a hospital for infirm souls, as a place of refuge in which one may conceal one's shame or one's trouble, do penance for one's sins, or find solace for one's wounded or disappointed affections. I have read Catholic novels even which favor this notion, and send the jilted hero or heroine to a monastery or convent to find amends for a lost human love in good works and pious exercises. It is, not unusual for the new converts, if possessed of a talent for writing, and more commendable for their faith than for their knowledge of Catholic thought and interior life, to make the jilted heroine a Sister of Charity, to place her in charge of a hospital, and to send into it after many years of wandering and sin, sick and dying, the man who had won her young affections and deserted her, to be nursed by her care, and through her words and the influence of her example brought to repentance, and is, under the grace of God, converted to the faith and enabled to die a happy death. This is very charming no doubt, very romantic, but gives a very false notion of the religious life, as well as of the proper motives for entering it.

It may be the convent or the monastery serves in some cases as a hospital for infirm souls, a refuge in which wounded souls hide their grief, a retirement in which life-long sinners may do penance and endeavor to "make their soul;" but this is not its original design, and such are not its fitting inmates, or proper persons to take the religious vows. It may be a useful retreat for them, but it is very doubtful if the assumption of the vows and obligations of the religious life would not prove of more injury than benefit to them. None but the most healthy and robust souls, souls detached from the world by the love of God, not by disappointment, or disgust, are moved by an ardent love of

heaven and of souls to make the sacrifice implied in their vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

The true idea of the religious life is that of giving up all for Christ, of an expiatory sacrifice in imitation, I may say, in the spirit of His expiatory sacrifice on the Cross for the redemption of the race. In this sacrifice the religious unite themselves to Christ, become one with Him, and therefore are called spouses of Christ, which is their endearing and affectionate appellation. This power of sacrifice of expiation by the wedding of the soul in the Holy Spirit to Christ is the blessed privilege of the true religious, or those who follow the evangelical counsels in addition to the evangelical law,—a privilege which those who know not our blessed religion have not, and can have no conception of. It belongs to a region of purity and perfection higher than they are able to raise their aspirations, and marks the radical difference between Christian asceticism and that found outside the Church or among the false religions of the East or the West, and with which too many ignorantly confound it.

Our Lord did not give Himself in an expiatory sacrifice for mankind because He hated them, despised them, or was disgusted with them; but because He loved them and would redeem and beatify them. He gave Himself for us because He loved us, and loved us with an infinite love. So the religious do not give themselves to Christ in their vows because they hate the world, despise it, or are disgusted with it, nor because they are too sensitive and weak to live in it, but because they love it and so would redeem and sanctify it. They do not take the vow of chastity because they regard the body as unclean or matter as impure, like the Manicheans or the Platonists, nor because marriage, chastely observed, is not lawful and holy, and blessed of God; but because the life of sacrifice is a more perfect, more Christlike life, and by living it they serve Him and mankind, society and souls, more effectively than they could by living in the world the ordinary Christian life. They sacrifice for Christ their earthly affections and pleasures; not as unlawful, but that they may transmute them into spiritual affections and pleasures which

are higher and nobler. The motive that moves them to the sacrifice is love, the love of God and our neighbor, not hatred of anything God has made nor of any of the relations His law allows or His love sanctifies.

The besetting sin of every country requires expiation, and can be arrested only by pure souls, healthy and robust souls who do not shrink from the burden of the Cross, voluntarily sacrificing what they are abundantly capable of enjoying, and devoting themselves to prayer and good works in expiation of their neighbor's transgressions, and in obtaining for him the graces he especially needs. It is, then, a mistake to suppose that the religious in their abnegation of the world and its temptations forget for the love of God the love of the neighbor, the second great commandment in seeking to fulfil the first, since the sacrifice is to procure through love of God not only their own perfection, but graces for their neighbor and the salvation of his soul. The more we love God the more do we love our neighbor, and the more we strive to imitate Christ the more do we give ourselves in sacrifice for souls, and consequently the more do we through grace effect for their salvation. The vow of chastity does not discredit marriage or anything that is lawful, but expiates its abuses and procures from God graces to enable the married to keep it holy and to discharge faithfully its duties. In retiring from the world the religious do not desert it as many suppose, nor throw off their duties towards it; and in point of fact, as well as in principle, there are no people who so abound in the love of their neighbor as the religious, even of the contemplative orders, who love and serve us as do the saints whom we invoke, and in some respects even more effectually; for the saints aid us *now* only by their intercession, and the religious can aid us not only by their prayers but by their expiatory sacrifices, as the saints did while in the flesh.

But I may seem to have allowed myself to be drawn too far away from the point I proposed from the first to illustrate by considering the vows taken by the religious orders. I certainly intended to say all I have said, but not precisely in this place. I intended to reserve it for the closing article of the series. But perhaps it was just as well to say it here.

The age and country we live in is as remarkable for its unchastity and impurity as for the excessive worship of wealth and horror of poverty. Very sensible people are apt to think the true way of meeting the evil is to present not the highest Christian ideal, but to withhold the counsels, and be content with looking no higher than what is of strict law or absolutely necessary to inherit eternal life. When people are so far gone as to pronounce

the vow of chastity a vow against nature, an outrage on humanity, and impossible to be kept; when marriage ceases to be held as a Sacrament and indissoluble, and is regarded as more honored in the breach than in the observance; when to honor the Virgin Mother of God and to invoke her prayers is held to be idolatry, or gross superstition, these people would tell us not to insist on too high an ideal, to be content to present chaste marriage as the ideal, and to say nothing of virginity for Christ's sake as a more perfect state than that of married life, and not to aim at the spiritual paternity or maternity, or anything above the relations of husband and wife, parent and child in the natural order. Any higher perfection will be sneered at as impracticable, as superstitious, or as lunacy. This would, perhaps, be sensible advice, if in the Christian order we had to rely on nature alone, and had no resource but to follow public opinion or popular tendencies. But the missionaries of Christ, the apostles of nations, by whose labors the heathen have been converted, the misbelieving reclaimed, the fallen recovered, and the weak strengthened, while they have always been careful to make allowances for men's ignorance and weakness growing out of their previous life and habits, and to exact of them no more than the law itself, liberally interpreted, demands as the condition of inheriting eternal life, have never failed to set forth the evangelical counsels, nor hesitated to place before the newly converted the highest Christian ideal or to encourage aspirations to Christian perfection.

Our age and country have not fallen lower and are not further removed from the Christian ideal than were the Germanic races prior to the conversion of Clovis in the fifth century, the arrival of St. Austin and his forty monks in England in the sixth century, or in Germany proper in the seventh and eighth centuries. The love of gold is not greater, the insubordination, indocility, hatred of discipline and horror of obedience, or sins of the flesh are not greater or more discouraging, and yet the religious went as missionaries among them—heathens, barbarians, cruel and grossly licentious as they were—with the three vows, established religious houses, lived the monastic or cenobitical life in accordance with the evangelical counsels, and succeeded by their holy preaching and self-denying lives, the grace of God assisting, in Christianizing them, in diffusing the spirit of peace and love, the virtues of purity, chastity, temperance, and holiness, and peopling heaven with saints.

The Roman Empire was converted by the apostles and the bishops who succeeded them, but all the outlying barbarous nations that have since been brought within the fold have been converted

through the labors of the religious orders, or colonies of monks and nuns all specially devoted to the service of Mary; and it was not till these orders had lost their fervor, and ceased to live the life of self-denial and sacrifice, or till they had been decried or covered with ridicule by such humanists as Reuchter, Von Hutton, and Erasmus, that any of those nations apostatized. I do not despair of the conversion of my own countrymen, but it will not be effected by simply preaching from the pulpit or the press what is of strict law, but by the religious orders and congregations presenting in their lives a higher ideal or perfection than that of marriage or even the lawful life of the world.

There is amongst us a sad perversion of Christian doctrine, but this is no obstacle to conversion in comparison with the terrible moral and spiritual corruption that underlies it, and which no reasoning can amend. It can be done—with grace of God always understood—only by the living example of those who are not only bound by their state to aim at the highest Christian perfection, but actually attain to it, and show it in their daily walk. It was the picture of Christ dying on the Cross for love of men that touched the heart of the barbarian chief; and made him prostrate himself and cry out for pardon and help. It is only by the living picture of the spouses of Christ nailed to His Cross in imitation of Him, and exemplifying in their lives in its perfection the virtue that the most directly opposes the dominant vice or besetting sin of our age and country, that the corrupt heart can be touched, and melted and purified by Divine Love.

The Advent of ^{red a l} _{de-up}

A VISION.

BY JAMES M'CABE.

The gate of heaven is wide unclosed,
And amid the stream of perfumed light
That issues forth, an angel bright,
As upon a silken couch reposed,
Floated adown, serene and slow,
To the languid, expectant earth below.

Her robes like woven sunbeams seem
Enriched with the rainbow's myriad dyes,
And mellowed by love,
From the blue above
Is felt the soft and gentle gleam
Of such lustrous eyes,
As betimes may beam on the poet's dream,
When he weaves his theme beneath starry skies.

Sweet music steals
Through the tranced air,
Like the silver peals
Of the vesper bells that call to prayer;
Or such as Fancy sometimes hears
With enraptured ears,
Float through the dome of the blissful spheres,
To welcome a soul redeemed from sin,
When faint from afar,
Like the chime of a star,
Through the golden portal of heaven ajar,
The songs of the seraphs swell within.

At the touch of her silken-sandalled feet,
The earth awakes from her torpor dull,
And hastens to greet, with voices sweet
Of bird, and grove, and stream's low lull,
The coming of one so beautiful.

Far down from the heart of the purple hills,
Like captives from their chains set free,
The rivers run and leap in the sun;
And with musical murmur the rippling rills,
In laughing glee,
Sparkle and sing on their way to the sea.

And in the valleys, on every side
Where her footsteps fall,
In sweet profusion prodigal
The fairest of flowers, iris-dyed,
In the joyance spring of their welcoming,
And freely fling
Their roseate radiance far and wide;
In the nectared cells,
Of whose crimson bells
Empurpling all the mossy dells,
The beaded dew-drops flash and shine
Like a wine divine
Brimming from beakers opaline.

And dallying 'mid the scented trees
That in the sunshine wave and glow,
The ever frolic, freshening breeze
Shakes buds and blossoms, white as snow,
In a mingled mass,
(Till the air is faint with fragrances),
Upon the daisy-spangled grass;
While sylvan glades still greener grow
In joy to see her pass.

But list! within each leafy bower,
Upon branches stirred
By the passing shower,
For a space is heard
Nature's sweetest vernal strain—
The rhythmic dance and resonance
Of the pattering rain:
Then sudden through
The cloud-rift's blue
The sunbeams glint over hill and plain
(A fitting close to the glad refrain),
And all is bright and serene again.

Who is it, in such radiant guise,
Comes floating, sylph-like, from the skies,

And at whose approach the lethargic earth,
 From the silent deep
 Of her wintry sleep,
 Awakes to beauty, love and mirth?
 'Tis she, the joy of all hearts, 'tis she
 Whose every hour,
 Like a precious dower
 In the gift of faith, is duly given
 On bended knee,
 And dedicate, sweet Queen of Heaven,
 By holy Mother Church to thee!
 From the flush and bloom
 Of her natal day,
 Till when 'mid incense and perfume,
 And hymn and prayer,
 Through the luminous air
 She flits like a dream of bliss away.
 And hence doth Nature greeting bring,
 And homage pay
 To this favorite child of the smiling Spring,
 And in garments gay
 Hold holiday,
 Jubilant over the coming of May!

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER XII.

FRANK YELLOTT DOES NOT GO TO THE FETE CHAMPETRE.

Lucia obeyed the summons instantly. There was an expression of mingled defiance and timidity in her great wild eyes, which reminded Allan Brooke of a hunted roe brought to bay, as she entered the library and cast a quick piercing glance at the two faces before her as if she would read their souls. The master, full of a deep compassion, placed a chair for her opposite to his own; and Lucia, her face somewhat paler than usual, seated herself without speaking, showing no sign of nervousness except twisting her fingers together in and out, with a rapid motion.

"Lucia, my child, are you in the habit of going often to the tool-house?" asked her guardian.

"Quite often, sir," she replied, in a low voice, looking quickly down.

"Were you there yesterday at any time?"

"Yes, sir; I was there for some time yesterday evening."

"Did you see any one while there?"

"I saw Fanchette!"—her voice almost in a whisper.

"Did you at any time observe a number of pears that were placed upon a shelf there to ripen?"

"What in the world was Fanchette doing there?" exclaimed Mrs. Yellott, who suddenly remembered

her maid's hysterical conduct for the past twenty-four hours; but no one noticed, and Lucia replied:

"Yes, sir; I saw the pears, but did not touch them. I do not like pears." She spoke out firmly, and looked up fearlessly.

"Did you see any one else besides Fanchette there, Lucia?" asked her guardian's kind, level voice.

Now she was silent; her cheeks crimsoned, and when she raised her eyes with a swift glance towards Mrs. Yellott there was a look half anger half pity in them, but she did not answer.

"Can you not answer me, Lucia?" asked her guardian.

"No, sir. I will not answer any more questions," she replied, in quick nervous tones, looking full into his face.

"Aha! it is just as I suspected;" exclaimed Mrs. Yellott exultingly. "Speak the truth, Lucia, if you wish to be forgiven."

"The truth! No! I won't speak the truth,—it—" Here she paused, her breath heaving quickly, the blood crimsoning her cheeks to a deeper flush, and her lips trembling. She looked guilty in her dread of betraying the real culprit. She could not bear Mrs. Yellott, but she shrunk from so cruel a stab as telling her that her son was a thief. Circumstantial evidence so far was against her, and Allan Brooke had a sick feeling at heart, but after all he might be mistaken in her.

"I am pained, Lucia; I am sorry, for both our sakes, that you will not be more frank with me. Ellen, call Fanchette."

"Now," thought Lucia, "it will all come out. Fanchette will be sure to tell on him." But she held her peace, looking down at her restless hands, while Mrs. Yellott and his exultant in her anticipated disgrace, watched her. It is a strange thing that the thought of Lucia's trying to shield some one else did not enter into the minds of either. Mrs. Yellott was a clever woman, full of devices, and penetrating enough to detect tricky or at least to suspect hidden motives in other people; but she was so bent on humiliating Lucia that she gave herself no time to think of anything else. It was more strange, however, in Allan Brooke's case, because his nature was a noble and magnanimous one, full of generous motives and humane aspirations, which always led him to extenuate and find excuses for others rather than accuse and condemn.

Fanchette looked a little scared and a little saucy, when she made her appearance jauntily dressed, as usual, and displaying her very best *de Paroe* air.

"Fanchette," began Mrs. Yellott, with a severe air, "my brother wishes to know if you were at the tool-house last evening?"

"Yes'm; I went down there to get a little air."

"And who did you see there?" A quick look of intelligence passed between Lucia and Fanchette, which did not go unnoticed, and Allan Brooke felt like gathering Lucia in his arms and rushing away with her, to spare her the pain and humiliation that he was sure was coming.

"I saw a owl, Missis, and it scared me almost to death," answered Fanchette, with a little nervous giggle.

"Do not trifle with me, but tell me this instant *ut* you saw there. I am not speaking of owls."

"I saw Miss Lucia; she helped me up—"

"Did you see no one else?"

The proceedings were here interrupted, and all farther questioning rendered unnecessary, by the entrance of Maum Chloe, in a state of high fluster and indignation, holding in one hand a soiled linen suit of Frank Yellott's, and in the other, two half-eaten pears. Chloe was a privileged person at "Haylands," and when she was irate she was no respecter of persons. She marched straight up in the midst of the group assembled, and turning the pockets of Frank's pantaloons wrong side outwards, after having slammed the over-ripe pears upon the table before Mrs. Yellott, with a vim that flattened them, held them up, stained past all hope with the juices of the mellow, half-decayed fruit that had been stuffed into them.

"Now you knows, Miss Ellen, what made that 'ar boy of yourn have such a stomach-ache last night, 'larmin' the whole place; *he* eat them pars; why look here at this shirt front an' his wristbands, they is stiff an' black, an' 'twont come out nuther!"

Mrs. Yellott could not speak at first; then she declared, as soon as she recovered a little from the shock, "that it was all a made-up thing to spite her and her poor, fatherless Franky;" and bursting into tears left the room, followed by Chloe, predicting that "that boy's greediness would be the death of him."

"Lucia, my child, forgive me for troubling you with a single question about this affair; some of those days I will be able to explain why I did so; but trust me, it was for your own sake, little one. Run away, now, and let me see you bright and blooming this evening."

"You'll forgive Frank, Mr. Brooke?" she asked, timidly. She could not yet understand that *she* had been suspected.

"Well, I can forgive Frank for the loss of the pears, and his greediness has already been punished by a night of severe suffering; but for his meanness and slyness, and leaving others to be suspected and accused! No! I cannot forgive that so readily," answered her guardian, with such

a stormy look about his brows that Lucia trembled and ran up to her own room.

"Now, Fanchette," said Allan Brooke, sternly, to that gay young woman, "I command you to answer me truly; did you, or did you not see Frank Yellott at those pears?"

"I don't like to speak, Mars Allan; you know, sir, Missis'd be so mad, and she threatens so often to sell me off to Georgy* when she gets in her passions, that I'm 'feared she'll do it some day."

"That is not to the point; give me a direct answer and I will protect you from the consequences," said the master, sternly.

"Well, Mars Allan, maybe 'twas his ghost, but it was something mightily like him, and he ate and stuffed pars 'till I thought he'd bust; so thar!" blurted out Fanchette.

"Did I understand that you and Miss Lucia were in the tool-house together when he came in?"

"Yes sir, that was the way; the owl scared me, then Miss Lucia called me and scared me, then she made me come in and set down by her in the corner, way back by the end window, 'till I got better, for I was that weak, Mars Allan, I thought I was dyin', and then while we sot thar *he* come in and climbed up to the shelf and—"

"Why did you not speak to him to stop him?"

"I felt 'shamed, sir, and I reckon Miss Lucia did, too, for she made me promise not to tell. Did Miss Lucia tell, Mars Allan?"

"No, Miss Lucia did not tell. Go away, now, and send Frank here; and remember, if you get into any trouble about this, let me know it."

"Yes sir,—*marcee!*" said Fanchette, dropping a courtesy, as she went out of the library. "I hope he'll catch it; Missis may promise to punish him but, *jai na croyez par cela*, she'll just coddle him the more and make him think he's a persecuted saint." Much relieved by letting off some of her execrable French, Fanchette adroitly kept herself up to the eyes in filling the vases with flowers, and decorating every available spot with them, so much to Mrs. Yellott's satisfaction, that she seemed to be in high favor for the rest of the day.

What passed between Frank and his uncle we do not know, except that being pushed pretty close to the wall, and seeing no loop-hole of escape, he confessed his fault and was ordered to his room to remain there until after the *fête champêtre*. Mrs. Yellott cried and remonstrated, but her brother was firm, and she had to make the best of it she could. Lucia heard her tell Father Jannison that "Frank had been imprudent, eating unripe fruit, which made him ill, and was still too sick to leave

* Georgia.

his room, poor child." Lucia shrank away out of sight, ashamed for the woman, who told her white lies so glibly and pathetically, to see her, and wishing to spare her the mortification of knowing that she had overheard her.

It was a brilliant scene, with the great rambling house in the centre, brilliantly lighted up, and every available spot in the spacious, lofty rooms, decorated with garlands and flowers; the lawn and groves were illuminated with transparencies of every color and shade, and filled with groups of happy, gaily-dressed children, who flitted about like butterflies, while the grown-up guests walked, stood, or sat about in groups admiring the scene, and exchanging the news of their respective neighborhoods, and listening to the distant sound of music floating out from the ball-room, where, however, the dancing had not yet begun. Father Jannison was there in all the glory of a new *soutane*, sash and *bonnet-carré*, imported expressly for him by Allan Brooke, which arrived opportunely for the occasion,—just one week before. He had a pleasant word for all; Protestants as well as Catholics surrounded him wherever he moved; the children clung to his skirts and hung by his hands, and his old friends had to talk to him over their heads, for he would not allow them to be sent away. Sam Meggs and his wife were also delighted lookers-on of the *fête*, the guests of Bligh, the gardener, who was an old comrade of Sam's the few weeks that the latter was compelled, by military power, to serve on picket duty, when Cockburn was prowling up and down the Potomac and laying waste the pleasant homes on the bay shores with fire, rapine and sword.

At last the children, attracted by a glittering display of fireworks farther up on the grounds, rushed off, leaving Father Jannison free, and he stood talking with Allan Brooke and a group of gentlemen about the treaty of peace just concluded with England and other public affairs, when Lucia, whom he had not yet seen, although he had inquired and been on the look-out for her ever since he came, ran up to him in a state of the wildest, merriest excitement, seized his hand, and after kissing it, in her pretty Spanish fashion, exclaimed: "I have been looking everywhere for you, *Padre mio*; come with me this instant!"

"Why, bless my soul, Lucia, is it you? why, my child, I didn't know you! Brooke, I can scarcely believe my own eyes!" said Father Jannison, astonished and delighted at Lucia's improved appearance.

"'Haylands,' you see, agrees with my ward," answered Allan Brooke, looking with proud eyes on Lucia, though scarcely less astonished than Father Jannison at her strange transformation,

effected by the skill and taste of Fanchette, who not only assisted at her toilette that evening, arranging the fullness of her beautiful transparent dress, through which the gold threads glittered like fire-flies, but fixed her hair and confined it by a string of Roman pearls around her head, which formed a pure contrast to its glossy blackness and to the midnight flashes of her great wild eyes. The sash was a marvel of good taste, the sleeves loose and flowing, the body gathered around the throat under a narrow frill of fine lace, and a geranium leaf with a few sprigs of white jessamine worn in place of brooch or ribbon. In contrast with her dress, her cheeks were crimson with excitement, her lips glowing, her eyes flashing, and taking her all in all, she looked actually radiant.

"Come, Mr. Brooke, just one minute; I want you to see a sight," she argued.

"Well, gentlemen," said the master, yielding, "I suppose we must follow this imperious little lady, my ward, Lucia d'Olivierez."

Lucia curtseyed and led Father Jannison off in triumph followed by the others.

"Is that Zoé Ramsey's daughter, Brooke?"

"Yes," he answered, reservedly.

"I heard that you had adopted her, or something."

"She is my ward."

"Ah! Poor Zoé! is it true that her marriage was very unhappy?"

"There was some such rumor I believe," answered Allan Brooke, wincing and wishing the man was in China.

"She's going to be very handsome," was the next remark of his interlocutor. "She's a perfect Titania!"

"She's a very gifted child, but will not be pretty I fear," he replied.

"Wait until she grows to her eyes and nose; they are both a little too big for the size of her face now. I tell you, Brooke, she'll make a handsomer woman than her mother, who was a beauty."

"She may, I have not thought about it," answered Allan Brooke, coldly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

As regards a multitude of resolutions St. Francis de Sales remarked that the more spring was luxuriant in leaves and blossoms, the less honey did the bees gather, as they will flutter about madly and take no pains to draw the materials wherewith to build their honeycombs.

MISS ELIZABETH BRANNAN, of Mittineague, Massachusetts, contributes five dollars to the Papal fund.

The Footprints of Catholicity in the New World.

BY F. L.

[CONTINUED.]

From what history teaches us of the deep, unfeigned piety of the Discoverer of America, we naturally expect to find everything connected with his voyages and discoveries bearing the hallowed impress of religion. Consulting the narrative of his life and labors we are not disappointed. Turning to Barry's excellent "Life of Columbus," we have these words in regard to the ship on which he erected his pavilion: "Placing her under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, he had her blessed and named the *Santa Maria*"—Holy Mary, (p. 131). When the preparations for the voyage were completed and everything was ready for the anchor to be weighed, "They went, in procession, to the monastery of La Rabida, their commandant at their head, to implore the divine assistance, and to put themselves under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin. They attended Mass, received the Holy Eucharist from the hands of Father Juan Perez, and returned, in a religious procession, to the caravels"—(p. 134). After many days marked by severe trials and vicissitudes hitherto unknown,—days in which the courage of the crews continued to sink, while the superior genius of the Admiral shone more brilliantly—days, each of which was closed by the solemn chanting of the *Salve Regina*, the expected land at length appeared to rise from the depths of the gloomy ocean. Religion, as usual, prompted and characterized their first proceedings. "He recommended them to watch all night, and engaged them to pass the time in prayer"—(p. 156). These few remarks on the character and circumstances of the voyage prepare us for the long array and great variety of names applied to islands, capes, rivers, mountains, plains, cities, and, in a word, to every object to which a name of right belonged or could with propriety be given.

To avoid confusion, I shall adopt, as far as is practicable, a fixed order, arranging the names into classes with reference to the circumstances which gave rise to them. Nearly all the instances to be hereafter adduced are taken from the work already referred to, a few only being selected from other works on the settlement of the continent. I had wished to make selections from the history of our earliest missionaries; but it is impossible. Their entire writings are a tissue of sacred names. Half a dozen are to be met with on many pages, and I can, with greater brevity and full as much satisfaction to the general

reader, say, they knew no other than sacred names, as is amply demonstrated by the facts of the case. The words of the historian of our country, Bancroft, are not an exaggeration. He says: "The history of their labors is connected with the origin of every celebrated town in the annals of French America; not a cape was turned, not a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way."

First, then, are names which sprung from the pious sentiments of a grateful heart. They are the most numerous, for all might with justice be comprehended in this class, since whatever a name may eventually have been, it took its rise from this common source. Circumstances, however, not unfrequently intervened to make its rise less direct and spontaneous. The first land pressed by the tread of a European, that of Columbus, received the name of our divine Redeemer Himself. I cannot find words more appropriate than those of our historian to portray an event so fraught with importance, one destined to exercise so great an influence not only over the destinies of Spain, under whose auspices the land was discovered, but of all Europe and of Christianity, as the taking possession of a new continent, doubling the extent of the known world. "There, standing up with majesty and displaying the standard of the Cross, he offered up to Jesus Christ the first fruits of his discovery. In order to give glory to God, who had shown it to him, after having protected him from so many perils, he gave the island the name of *San Salvador*, which means 'Holy Saviour'"—(p. 159). If the first island must bear the name of Christ, the second, for a like reason, must honor her who bore Christ for us. It is known to the present day by a name dear to the heart of every Christian, dearer to those of our day than to any other, and thrice dearer to us, the Catholics of the United States. Was it chance; was it the devotion of Columbus to this mystery; or was it not rather a special decree of Providence, brought about by the powerful prayers of Mary, that, thanks forever to our good God, honored the Immaculate Conception at so early a day on this shore of the Atlantic? It was not a fortuitous event. The same voice was heard that prompted a favorable response to the earnest appeals of our prelates a few years ago. We have here a proof of the devotion of Columbus to a mystery which for nearly four hundred years to come was to be, as it long had been, a question of debate among the most learned theologians of the Church,—a question which was not finally settled till a powerful voice was raised on this side of the ocean. Not less convincing nor consoling is the evidence here afforded of the affection with which Mary Immaculate regarded this virgin land. She began at this early day, and continued to urge a

claim which all her children recognized, but which was not confirmed by the solemn decision of the Church till a short time ago, an epoch within the memory of most of us. The finishing stroke was given in raising the feast to the dignity of a holyday, by our beloved Pius IX, whose remarkable devotion to Mary is rewarded by his being permitted to complete a term in the sovereign pontificate which, since the days of St. Peter, was not granted to any of his predecessors. Without burdening the page or fatiguing the reader—if indeed he could yield to fatigue in a matter so replete with interest, both patriotic and religious—I will invite his attention to another instance. The crews of the three caravels, after meeting with unusually severe winds in doubling a cape, succeeded at length, and the feelings and action of the discoverer are expressed in the following passage: "The Admiral, in the name of the crews, solemnly thanked God for this sudden relief from their troubles, and, in token of his gratitude, he gave the cape the name of *Gracioso Dios*, or "Thanks to God"—(p. 460).

A very common origin of names is found in the saint's day on which the discovery was made. The devout Catholic imbibes the spirit of the Church, which sanctifies the days of the year by affixing to them the names of one or more of her faithful children. If the vessel of discovery be attended by a priest, or if the commander, as was the practice of Columbus, is in the habit of reciting the breviary, this holy exercise brings the saint prominently before the mind; his prayers and protection are invoked, and in the moment of success he, after God, will receive the first token of gratitude. As an example, I may cite as follows: "He cast anchor in a port admirable for its safety and the magnificence of its site, which he named "St. Nicholas," in honor of the saint of whose feast this was the day"—(p. 184). St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest town in the United States, owes its name to the landing there of Pedro Melendez, August 28, 1565. Names traced to this circumstance are so common, and offer themselves so plentifully to the student of American history, that I shall leave them and pass on without further remark.

The beauty of the scenery in a newly-discovered region is a feature so well calculated to inspire the Christian soul with love for the Creator, and fill it with aspirations after that place the beauty of which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man," that it must be regarded as the third fountain of sacred names. The pious Admiral who always "passed through nature up to nature's God," was endowed with an imagination capable of seeing the beauties of nature, and a soul able to appre-

ciate the harmony of the works of God, while to these he added a humility which prompted him to be wholly oblivious of self, and behold only the praise of the Creator in the contemplation of the creature. We are not therefore surprised at meeting frequently with passages like the following: "This place, the wonders of which astonished the mind, inspired respect and holy thoughts, received, therefore, the name of *Puerto Santo*, 'Holy Port'"—(p. 177). Or, again: "The squadron cast anchor in a port to which Columbus gave the name of *Santa Gloria*, from the ravishing beauty of the surrounding country"—(p. 293). Love is inventive and can discern the presence of God as well in the rugged mountain as in the tiny insect or flower. Then we trace the name of Trinidad (Trinity) Island to the appearance of three mountain-tops rising from a single base, a phenomenon which caught the eye of the Admiral, and brought to his mind the eternal Three in One.

Those who repose so unflinching a trust in God as the first Europeans who visited the American continent, could not but frequently experience even in a visible manner the fruits of their confidence. A return for such favor was demanded, and consequently a name was conferred commemorative of the event. Many are found scattered throughout the land, of which two examples may suffice. The islands at the mouth of the Orinoco River were called by Columbus *Tierra de Gracia*—Land of Grace—"because the grace of God had alone conducted him there"—(p. 370). We are told in another place of a beautiful and commodious harbor, which he "named *Santa Gloria* (Holy Glory), because the harmonies of the works of the Creative Word were there displayed with inexpressible magnificence, and because his religious soul enjoyed in their contemplation a felicity, the ravishing delights of which appeared to him to be, as it were, a shadow of those of the elect"—(p. 484).

Patriotism, or love of land, is also fruitful in names. There must ever exist in the hearts of those who leave home and country a tender remembrance of the places made familiar by the spots of childhood and the association of maturer years. The heart naturally craves a means of retaining these recollections fresh and unfaded and of transmitting them to posterity. The tears that flow down the cheeks of those who, laboring to found a new colony, meet with all the trials and privations incident to such an undertaking, are not sufficient to erase from the tables of memory the reminiscences of other days. The bonds of union, so far from being severed, are drawn closer by the lapse of time and the intervention of space. The affection seeks to reproduce the loved spots, and hence the transmission of names and their implan-

ing in the colony. Out of the great number of these still existing, I shall be content with a single example. It is one of the Caribbean Islands, and was named on the following occasion: "The next day, at noon, the fleet coasted an island that was high and picturesque. The Admiral named it *Montserrat*, in honor of the celebrated sanctuary of the Virgin, at the hermitage of that name"—p. 265.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OBITUARY.

Resolutions of Respect to the Memory of the Late Rt. Rev. John Henry Luers.

At a meeting of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Association, held at their hall in the city of Fort Wayne, on July 15, 1871, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted, expressive of sorrow at the great loss sustained in the death of their respected and beloved Bishop, Right Rev. John H. Luers:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst, in the prime of life and sphere of his usefulness, our much esteemed and beloved Bishop, whose sudden and unexpected death at Cleveland, Ohio, on Thursday, the 29th of June, 1871, has cast a deep gloom of sorrow over our citizens, irrespective of creed, by whom he was universally esteemed and respected for his virtues as a Bishop of the Church of God, and as a charitable, moral and Christian man, and has temporarily removed from us our spiritual Father, who has on all occasions, in conformity of heart, been to us a wise and prudent counsellor, and from whom we have received many temporal and spiritual favors, therefore be it

Resolved, That it having pleased Almighty God to summon to his eternal home our beloved Bishop, so sudden and unexpected, but not, it is hoped, unprepared, it is to us a repetition of the Divine admonition, that death is certain, and it behooves us to be watchful and at all times be prepared to meet our Heavenly Father, and receive the reward which is promised to all who believe in Him, and keep His precepts; and be it further

Resolved, That in the demise of our beloved Bishop, the Catholic Church has to deplore the loss of one of its brightest ornaments; religion, a zealous, true and faithful advocate; the orphan, a good and kind father, and this association a kind spiritual friend, whose extreme Christian humility is worthy of admiration and imitation, and who has on all occasions given us wise counsels, materially assisted us by timely words of encouragement, and rendered many other kind acts and favors which time cannot efface from our memories; and be it further

Resolved, That as a testimonial of our respect and love for his cherished memory, all the members of this association will go to Holy Communion on Sunday, the

30th of July next; that we will ever remember him in our prayers, and as a further evidence of our grief and sorrow, that our hall be draped in mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That the preamble and these resolutions be spread upon the records of this association, and that the Secretary furnish a copy of the same for publication in each of our city papers; to the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph*, New York *Freeman's Journal*, New York *Tablet*, the *Catholic World*, Boston *Pilot*, AVE MARIA, at Notre Dame, and that all other Catholic publishers be requested to publish the same.

T. MEEGAN,
P. O'RYAN,
M. NELLIGAN, } Committee.

FORT WAYNE, July 16, 1871.

Life of Sister Mary Martha Fontanier, A LAY-SISTER IN THE FIRST CONVENT OF THE VISITATION, PARIS, WHO DIED IN 1862, IN THE THIRTY-SECOND YEAR OF HER AGE.

Sister Mary Martha Fontanier came from the mountains of Auvergne,—a candid, humble, docile soul, who in the short course of seven years fulfilled a long career, and arrived at a high degree of religious virtue. She was the daughter of respectable farmers who lived on the produce of their little inheritance. She received from her parents the first germs of faith and piety, but was left an orphan at an early age. Her baptismal name was Antoinette, and for the present such we will call her. One of her aunts took charge of Antoinette until the time of her First Communion, which she made with the greatest fervor, and which developed her piety. It is the custom in this country that on the eve of their first communion day, the children shall go around and ask pardon of all the householders near their own dwelling, and make restitution for any injury they may have done either through malice or thoughtlessness. The replies made to the little orphan proved how much her natural goodness must have already conciliated the good will of all who knew her. She gave a most amusingly innocent account of this one day to the infirmarian who attended her in her last illness.

When the age for her to enter into service was come, Antoinette's religious knowledge comprised no more than what was absolutely essential for a Christian to know. Successively placed at service on two farms, she was employed to watch the sheep. She took a great liking for this occupation, which suited the innocence of her mind, and she made herself valued by her employers; they appreciated her docility, her exactness in the performance of her duties, and her fellow-servants her upright and kind disposition. The shepherds whose flocks

pastured with hers on the commons, the little shepherds of her own age, found her always pleasant and obliging; she often watched their flocks for them while they went to Mass or to the Sacraments, and they in their turn did her the like service; but beyond this she kept to herself, and tried to flee from dissipation; alone with her sheep, she was happy, for she found herself able then to give herself to quiet prayer and reflection,—very simple indeed must have been the reflections of the good but ignorant child. Nobody ever teased or vexed her; her modesty commanded respect, and was her protection even more than her redoubtable dog, which, according to her evidence, was held in awe by all the mischievous boys, or more dangerous elder lads, in the country around. Faithful to the grace given to her, young as she was, she knew better than to let herself be drawn into forbidden pleasures. The little girl one day reproved one of her sisters for having disobeyed the *curé* and gone to a village dance, in terms so forcible and earnest that her aunt could not refrain from expressing surprise that she knew so well how to put the instructions given them into practice. Once, however,—it was the sole fault of her childhood,—she let herself be intimidated by two older companions, who, tempted by the fine grapes in a vineyard near, wanted her to share in the sin of stealing them. Each was to go in turn and take some while the others guarded the sheep. The two girls went first, and returned with their spoils. Antoinette's turn was come; she went, trembling; but on entering the vineyard she found herself suddenly environed by a brilliant flame, so exceedingly bright, that seized with terror she fled back to her companions. They derided her, and left her alone to eat her dry bread while they feasted on the luscious but ill-gotten fruit. "I was so frightened," she said afterwards, "I would not have dared to take one grape, so awful did that flaming light seem, yet still I have felt bound to confess all this."

The first attraction she had to the religious life, which she knew nothing of as yet, filled her heart with delight and gratitude. She attributed it to St. Francis de Sales. She picked up, in some accidental way, some detached leaves of one of the Saint's books. These stray pages she read and re-read with avidity, though she afterwards acknowledged she hardly understood the meaning of what they contained; probably she did not know then how to read the words connectedly, for she had hardly had a chance to learn her letters properly. Nevertheless one day while she was watching her sheep, her precious leaves in her hands, she conceived the desire for a life very different from that she saw led by all about her.

"Everybody," she said to herself, "goes to the

Sacraments on the great feasts, it is true; the folks about here attend to their duties, but it seems to me there is a better way to live still than this. I would like to live, doing exactly in all things as some very holy guide would teach me, to whom I could submit myself in all things." She was not aware that in this she expressed the yearning of her soul to seek perfection in the religious state.

From this time Antoinette was very fond of conversing with another young girl, one of her fellow-servants, on the happiness of serving God and being particularly consecrated to His service, while God on His side was preparing gradually to lead her away from the place of her birth and to guide her into this life of dependence on the will of another for which she sighed. He prepared her heart by graces of preservation, of attraction, and by inciting her to make many sacrifices and bear many humiliations. For instance, on the eve of one of the greater feasts of the Church, this pious soul, whose entire happiness was in receiving Holy Communion, was refused absolution by the *curé*, who had been deceived by false reports concerning her.

It was God's will that in Paris she should find the entrance to that perfect life she sighed for, but it was not with this direct view she went there; the natural kindness of her heart led her, in the first instance, into the way God destined for her. One of her sisters, a married woman and the mother of several children, needed her aid, and wrote to Antoinette urging her to come to her help. She felt called to go, though her other relatives in the country, and the family in whose service she lived, who looked on her as a daughter of the house, vehemently opposed it, as did also the excellent *curé*, who saw with pain this pure and upright soul go, as he supposed, to cast itself into the midst of the temptations and dangers of the great city. She wept, but to all their remonstrances answered she felt she *must* go, that she could not do otherwise. During her journey her sole pleasure was to watch for opportunities, at the various stopping places, to visit and pray for awhile before the Blessed Sacrament in the churches.

At Paris she found herself most pleasantly situated. Her kind sister and an excellent brother-in-law surrounded her with evidences of their affection. Her duties were light and agreeable: to take care of the children, whom she loved, and to take them out, to assist in the lighter work of the house, comprised nearly all her responsibilities; yet still her heart was restless and unsatisfied—it cried out for more enlarged liberty to follow the attractions of piety, and nothing could turn it from its desire for a more perfect life. We do not know if this desire was ever manifested to or encouraged by

her spiritual guides, but it seems as if God by the leadings of His providence alone, brought about what He put it into her heart to seek for.

In order to be able to go regularly to Mass on week days, and to the devotions for the Month of Mary, at Notre Dame des Victoires, she invoked the help of her good angel when passing through the apartment where others were sitting at the time, and always managed both to go and return unperceived. When she was out on errands she took advantage of every opportunity to satisfy the goodness of her heart by doing all the little kindnesses in her power to others. One poor blind woman, exposed to many dangers in traversing the streets, was often the object of Antoinette's charitable attentions, and her happiness was very great when it was in her power to bestow some modest alms.

Becoming acquainted with that most beautiful, fervent, and humble order, the Little Sisters of the Poor, the desire awoke in her heart to become one of them; but God, who destined her for a wholly interior life, permitted that her arrangements should be overthrown. A respectable woman, a neighbor of Antoinette's sister, and a friend of the first house of the Visitation at Paris, who appreciated the character of this pious girl, introduced Antoinette to this community, which consented to receive her on trial.

She entered the convent well recommended, but at first gave few signs of what she was afterwards to become. Her good qualities were hidden under an appearance of dullness, timidity and awkwardness. A sort of rusticity of mind, much provincialism of speech, a great difficulty in understanding pure French, a greater difficulty still in acquiring dexterity in the employments assigned to her, slowness in accomplishing everything, united to make it seem doubtful if she could ever be trained to the duties of a lay-sister or initiated into the spirit of the religious state. Besides this, her habitual silence—though she was very simple and candid—gave little opportunity at first for those about her to penetrate into the excellence of her spirit. This caused long delay before she was admitted to postulancy, and afterwards a trial of fifteen months was accorded her to allow her the chance of developing by the aid of her extreme docility and her continual dependence on grace, those habits of virtue which would be convincing evidence of the goodness of her vocation.

She labored unceasingly. She was employed many months in the *pensionnat*, where her awkward manners and the peculiar costume of her part of the country, which she still wore, always provoked the merriment of the children whenever they encountered her; but she remained faithful to

her post till they all passed, then would congratulate herself in having had this little abjection to endure. One day, when her slowness had called down on her new reproofs, she consoled herself thus before the Lord: "It is my nature, my God, and I know well I cannot change it. Well, then, I will always take for my portion in every task what is most painful and laborious; and if I cannot get through work so fast as our other sisters, I will bear the heaviest burdens and spare them the hardest work." To this resolution she was faithful, and henceforth was always seen to take on herself the most fatiguing toils, and to seize on the most repulsive duties as her share.

The beauty of this soul had been discerned without difficulty by all her mistresses in the noviceship. (Owing to the illness of Mother Maria Seraphine Fournier, who was the directress, the novices were now in the care of one, now of another, of the sisters.) Willing to give Antoinette the opportunity to triumph completely over the obstacles that united to oppose her desires, not one of these temporary mistresses spared her in anything. At last one of them, believing this fervent soul might get on faster in some other order, said to her, not without reluctance, "that she thought it probable they would have to make her quit the community." The sweetness, the humility with which this lowly soul responded that "she would depart if she was required to do so, but only when the doors were closed on her," touched her mistress and obtained for Antoinette a longer trial. Her difficulty in expressing herself—her extreme provincialism in language must be remembered—made these continual changes in the direction of the novitiate doubly hard for her, yet each one of her various mistresses found her equally simple in opening her soul, supple to conduct, and punctual in the observance of every recommendation; all united to say that this dear soul could never be otherwise than a consolation to her superiors.

At last, after one of the longest terms of postulancy, the holy habit was accorded to her, and all the community were edified by her fervor as a novice. She manifested a sweetness and patience quite unalterable, great discretion, and great reverence for all that related to the duties of her new state. From her entrance into religion she was never known to wound charity by the least word; her modesty showed that her soul was under the habitual impression of grace; her spirit of order and of obedience never permitted her in her various occupations to make the least change in usages, or so much as to put any article in a different place from where she found it. But God destined her for a life of sacrifice, and this was evident almost from the beginning. The alteration in her health,

caused by change of air, occasioned a disease of the hands which prevented her being employed in any household labor—and, giving rise to doubts of her future usefulness, made her superiors defer the time of her profession, and even to put off deciding whether they would admit her at all. The physician of the convent, however, who had been struck by her freshness of complexion and evidently robust constitution, declared that the disease was accidental, and probably caused by attending to the fires. A longer trial was determined on, and she was successively employed in working in the garden and in the cow house, where she continued to show herself an edifying novice. Every one remarked her excellent deportment, her gentle gravity, her fidelity to silence—which she had many occasions to break with the girls in service, who were not aspirants to the religious life—her patience and equanimity in disagreeable encounters, and her deference towards everyone. This trial occasioned her a most subtle temptation; she could not endure the idea that she should ever be a useless burden on the community should she be admitted; meanwhile, however, her constancy did not fail; she turned to God with childlike confidence, and her heavenly Father had pity on her. At the end of a novena her hands appeared cured, and in fact the disease never reappeared.

About this time, Monseigneur de la Bouillerie, the spiritual superior of the community, was also the protector of a community that was being established, destined for the reception of blind persons who desired to enter the religious state, and since then sanctioned by His Holiness, the Pope. Mgr. de la Bouillerie, who knew that St. Francis de Sales alone, amongst founders of religious orders, had spoken of the admission of some of the blind into his communities, believed the gentle saint would rejoice to see his daughters employed in the promotion of such a work; thus he obtained that Mother Marie Seraphine should make a short sojourn in the house of the new order, to judge of the success of the first essays of the foundresses, and also two other sisters of the Visitation, to aid in establishing regular observances amongst the Sisters of St. Paul, as they were called. But it was also necessary the lay-sisters in the new house should be formed to the spirit of their vocation and its various labors, by having before their eyes the example of a fervent religious of their own class. Antoinette—now Sister Mary Martha—was, though still only a novice, considered the most fit subject to send on this important mission, which would also, as regarded herself, be a double trial of the reality of her vocation to the Order of the Visitation and the permanence of the cure of the disease in her hands. This was a hard trial for her. The

two companions with whom she had received the habit had been admitted to their profession; she was left in total ignorance if that happiness would ever be permitted to her; but she went, in the spirit of obedience—that true obedience that made neither reply nor difficulty in doing as she was directed, since she was allowed still to retain the holy habit with which she was vested, and which she so venerated and loved, and was so truly worthy to wear. She was the example of all the novices of St. Paul, with whom she continued to follow the exercises of the novitiate under the direction of one of the Visitation sisters of the black veil, who had been her directress before coming to the house of St. Paul; she made a deep impression on all by her religious manner, her respectful deportment, the exactitude of her obedience, and her devotion to the interests of this small new community, which she served as faithfully as if it were her own. In changing the daily routine of her life she still remained faithful to the rule of her own order in all points where it was possible to observe it, yet was always conciliating and cordial towards the sisters with whom she lived.

Her love for her vocation increased continually, notwithstanding the violent opposition of nature. At last her health gave way in consequence of her heroic efforts to overcome herself, and an illness which required more care than it was possible to give her in this new house, destitute as it still was of comforts, made her return to the Visitation convent necessary. She quickly recovered there, and after some short delay, essential for her re-establishment in the perfect observance of the rule, her long patience was rewarded by her being permitted to make her vows, a grace of which she believed herself wholly unworthy, and the remembrance of which excited always in her heart the most ardent gratitude. The desire to evince this gratitude to God and to the community was a most powerful motive to increase from day to day in the most solid practice of religious virtues.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BE TRUE.—Be true to the world. Benevolence, like music, is a universal language. It cannot freely utter itself in dialects that belong to a nation or a clan. In its large significance, the human race is to thee a brother and a friend. Posterity needs much at thy hands, and will receive much, whether thou art aware of it or not. Thou mayest deem thyself without influence, and altogether unimportant. Believe it or not. Thy simplest act, thy most casual words is cast into "the great seed family of human thought," and will reappear as a poisonous weed, or herb medical, after a thousand years.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Albert Sydney Massey.

[CONCLUDED.]

General Count Thun, Commander of the Austrian Legion in Mexico, remarked one day to his friend and aide-de-camp, Major H—, who was acquainted with Albert and his parents: "How I would like to have that boy and make a soldier of him,—he is made of the true metal! I have watched him for a month past with the greatest interest, and he never fails in courage."

"Some three years after this," said his mother, "when Albert wrote to me from St. Louis University, informing me that he had made up his mind to be a priest and a Jesuit, how the recollection of these words came back to me! 'Yes,' I thought, 'it was to be a soldier of the Cross, and not for the glory of this world, that his courage was given him. And if he is to be a Jesuit he will need all and more to carry that Cross through the difficult and untrodden paths that Jesuits more than others have to explore. Oh, what will be my poor boy's fate? If I could but know that neither violence nor death would assail him! And need I say that my poor heart repined sadly at his choice; but how bitterly has God punished me! If I had but willingly given him up to His service, He might not have snatched him from me.'"

After he was baptized and had returned home, he was singularly careful not to allow himself to be engaged in any quarrels with his companions. He would suffer many things hard for his quick nature to bear, rather than resent them. He seemed to keep one thought constantly in his mind: "I am a Catholic, and if I indulge in even a just quarrel, it will bring disgrace upon my religion, already so much abused,—better be patient and forgive." This required a vast amount of moral courage, for it must be remembered that he was among new acquaintances, who had never known how brave and plucky he was—qualities so much admired among boys,—and who were unable to appreciate the fact that it was religion and not cowardice that made him so patient. He was scrupulously careful to make the acquaintance of none but high-minded and pious youths; and his acquaintance being thus limited, he was cut off from many amusements in which his joyous and active nature delighted.

He was remarkably willing and patient about running errands. No matter how many times a day he was called upon, he was never known to murmur; and if it was an errand of mercy or

charity, he would forego any amusement to perform it; for his eyes would light up with a heavenly gleam of pleasure at the very mention of such a message. On one of the hottest days of mid-summer, after returning from High Mass, he was sent with a basket of fruit and other things to an old servant, a colored woman, whose child was very ill, but whose house was fully a mile off. He was charged to return home in time for dinner, but he came back sooner than expected. "O mother!" he exclaimed almost breathless, you don't know how badly Fanny looked, and the child is dying,—I am sure it can't live an hour longer, and I asked if it had been baptized and she said no." Then turning to his sister, he asked: "Could not you baptize it? It is too late to send for a priest." She replied that she would go if he would accompany her. He assented joyfully, and the two children started off under the burning July sun, and without their dinner (the second time for Albert), to baptize a poor, little, dying negro child! Fortunately they were in time, for the child was still alive, though it expired a few minutes after.

This spirit of charity towards the poor was a living principle with him, and it pained his very heart to see a beggar sent from the door without something. At such times he was always ready with suggestions,—some cast-off clothing, or something else that he was sure he could spare; and when other things failed, he has been known to give his pocket money, of which he never had more than a small allowance.

One of his most beautiful traits was his love for his mother. It was his greatest pleasure to pour into her ready ear his every thought and desire. If he had experienced any enjoyment, it was not perfect until she knew it all; and in every childish grief he sought consolation in her maternal bosom.

Albert, after his conversion, spent much time in reading, but his taste then seemed to incline more towards religious books, or those of a religious tendency. Martyrs found more favor in his eyes than the heroes of chivalry. He read and re-read the "Book of Golden Deeds," and each perusal seemed to give him greater pleasure than the last. For a short time he attended the school of the Xavierian Brothers, and received as a prize a book called "Father DeLisle." This is the story of a youth of noble blood who while very young became a Jesuit priest, in the days of Queen Elizabeth; and who suffered martyrdom for his faith, being hung, drawn and quartered at Tyburn, as were many thousands of his fellow-Catholics at that day. This book Albert prized above all others, and he often said: "Dear mother, do read this beautiful book, and see what Catholics have suffered, and suffered joyfully for their Faith." Such reading seemed to

inspire him with a heroism which for want of a greater field he applied to the smaller things of life.

And now we come to perhaps the most interesting part of his brief life, when God, in His mysterious providence, withdrew him from worldly influences to prepare him for that heavenly future, so soon to reveal to him its blissful realities.

Blest in having him at home with them, the parents of our saintly youth little thought of the terrible affliction they would soon be called upon to endure, and through very solicitude for his spiritual welfare forwarded the will of God in his regard. His father, whose worldly views had prompted him to bring up his son to distinguished acquirements, had cherished the design of sending him to General Smith's Military School. And now, that Albert possessed the necessary qualifications in age and accomplishments, he prepared to put his design into execution. But what a pang of grief did not this intelligence cause the innocent boy! Trembling with fear and anxiety, he sought protection in the intercession of his mother. With tears in his eyes he besought her to dissuade his father from the resolution he had taken. "For if I go there," he exclaimed, "or to any but a Catholic school, I will not be able to attend church or confession, and then I will lose my religion,—and if I lose my religion I will lose my soul. Oh, dear mother, you will not let me lose my soul!"

So firm had he become in the truths of our holy religion, that he would have abandoned the brightest prospects of happiness or pleasure if they threatened to conflict with his duties as a Catholic.

What mother would have remained unmoved at such a feeling request? It had the desired effect upon Mrs. Massey; and with all the eloquence of maternal affection she urged Albert's petition to her husband. Inexorable at first, he finally yielded to her request, and left him entirely in her hands.

Her mind was soon made up, and communicated to Albert, who in the outpourings of his pure heart offered up his simple thanksgivings for this sudden change of affairs. Joyfully he prepared for the journey, and in a few days was among the pupils of St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo. Exultant in the prospect of perfecting himself in Christian piety, which college life afforded, he was scarcely conscious that the only consolation left to his affectionate mother was the hope of seeing him home again.

But how vain are the plans of man when opposed to the inscrutable designs of God; and how fruitless is it to murmur at His just decrees!

We may not be anticipating any material part of this little sketch by inserting the short extract here subjoined. It was written by his mother

some months afterwards, to a professor of the college, when speaking of the incident just narrated:

"—In less than a week he was with you: in eight months he returned to us a lifeless corpse. 'And this,' I cried in my anguish, 'is what I wept and prayed for. O God, why should a sincere desire for his welfare have been thus repaid!'"

It would require more time and space than we are justified in taking, to follow Albert through those eight months and note his pious and exemplary conduct. Ever alive to the practice of any holy devotion, he was a source of emulation to all his companions. Hear what he writes a few months after his entrance into college:

"I am going to make my act of consecration, and then I will be a true member of the Sodality. Pray for me, dearest mother, that I may make it well and that I may keep my vows. I am now one of the officers of the Society called the Apostleship of Prayer and the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. I know how to serve at Mass now. Dear mother, pray that I may make a good examination, and that I may live to be with you once more."

And soon after he writes:

"I am sorry, dear mother, to hear that you have been sick again. I pray for you every night, not only for your health, but that you may soon be baptized. Last Sunday I made my act of consecration and was admitted as a full member of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception. I enjoy the privileged office of sacristan in our Sodality. I say privileged, because I am allowed to take in my hands everything that is used about the altar or in the Mass, except the Consecrated Host. This very day, about two hours ago, I held the sacred chalice in my hand, next to my heart, and in the other, the paten which holds every day the Consecrated Host. Ought I not to be happy? Aye! I am happy! Oh! would that I were worthy of such a favor!"

Nor was all this merely what is called constitutional piety; for while he was ever a source of edification to those around him, they never could detect the least show of ostentation or hypocrisy. On the contrary, he strove most assiduously to humble his former proud and impetuous disposition, but without any appearance of vanity or self-satisfaction. To give an instance:

While engaged with his companions in the sports of the play-ground, a dispute arose, and one of them called him a liar. Immediately the blood mantled in his cheeks, and his eyes fired with resentment; but almost as suddenly he checked himself and restrained his impetuous feeling. And that the bystanders might not perceive his spiritual victory, he assumed a cheerful laugh, as if he had heard nothing at all.

In this manner was spent the short career of

this saintly youth. And we can give no better evidence of his increase in virtue than by the following letter which he wrote about a month before his death:

"My Darling Mother: I received your sweet letter yesterday. To-morrow is the anniversary of the happiest day of my life;—two years ago, to-morrow, I made my First Communion. I have just come from confession, as I intend to go to Communion to-morrow. I am going to be confirmed on Pentecost Sunday, and then the only Sacrament that awaits me is Holy Orders. I have been thinking of becoming a priest, and a Jesuit! Pray for me, dear mother, that God may grant such to be my vocation, unless you would rather I should be a man of the world, incurring the danger of losing my soul forever."

About ten days before his sad end, after speaking of his happiness in receiving Confirmation, he writes:

"Why don't you say something, dear mother, about my being a priest. I entertain a strong desire to be one, and think it is my vocation. What object had God in converting me to the Catholic religion? It must have been a great one, for how many graces have I not received from His hands. Dear mother, you may think this mere talk, but I tell you that I am in earnest. What is more noble than to see a man give up all his earthly goods and consecrate himself to God? * *"

We are fast drawing to the close of this short but holy life. We must not, however, overlook his last act of public virtue.

A number of students, among whom was Albert, were crossing the ferry to take a bath; when an old woman, decrepid and worn, approached him and asked him for alms. Although his allowance of spending money was small, he immediately gave her all he had, and he was only sorry that he had no more.

There are passages in life history which we would fain omit. Not that their character is revolting to nature or to sensibility, but they cause a sensation of awe and reverence that is painfully sublime. Of such a character was the death of our youthful saint. Many but ineffectual were the efforts to save him, and he sank for the last time beneath the treacherous wave, surrounded by friends and companions.

His charity to the poor, but an hour before, was amply repaid by being taken from this world of sin by the God of Christian love, who could not suffer him to remain within its evil influence.

THE Pope said his Mass in the Sistine on SS. Peter and Paul's day, and gave Communion to between fifty and sixty persons, including the Portuguese Minister and his family.

Pebbly Shore and Ferny Bank.

BY MARIE S. LILLON.

Long ago there was a beautiful lake on the side of a high mountain. Her waters were cold and clear, and the tiny waves circling around had hollowed for themselves a deep basin paved with yellow sand, bright pebbles and pearly shells. In spring her steep banks were beautiful with blue violets; in summer they were green with the soft moss; gay colored leaves floated down from the trees to cover them in autumn; and in winter the snow-spirit spread over them a mantle of pure white. It was a beautiful and a peaceful home. Trees grew on either side to shelter her when the wild storms were abroad; in summer the great rock in front threw over her its cool shadow; and as her waves sparkled in the noonday sunshine, or rippled softly in the moonlight, the lake was well content.

One evening in the long summer the breeze whispered to the lake:

"The heat and the drouth are great; the flowers are withered, the grass is dry, and the corn is dying; your rest here is sweet, but the Lord has work for you in the valley and the plain."

The lake beat with her bright waves against the rock. "Do you not hear what the breeze is saying?" she murmured. "Let me pass; I must carry my waters to the dying flowers."

But the rock answered: "Be content, and cease your pleading and your restless beating at my feet. You cannot hope to overthrow me with your tiny waves; my feet are set deep in the earth; my head rises high in the air; I am old and heavy and hard. Have you not here the breezes and the sunshine, the blue sky and the floating clouds, the song of birds, and the rustle of leaves? We all love you here. Will you empty your bright waters into the thirsty valley and rob the mountain of its loveliest gem? The parched earth in the valley will drink your clear drops; the dust of the plain will sully your crystal beauty. I will not let you pass. Be content, and heed not the words of a vagrant breeze!"

Still the lake beat with her waves against the rock. "I cannot be content," she said; "it was the message of the Lord the breeze brought to me; I have heard it all day. The birds sang it in their morning songs; the trees whispered it at noonday. I saw it written on the sky and the clouds; it quivered in the sunshine; and now it hides in the evening shadows, and trembles in the star-beams. How can I rest idly here when the Lord's voice is calling, and the Lord's work is waiting? Let me go forth to the valley; if my beauty and strength be all

lost there, are they not the gifts of the Lord? shall He not do what He will with His own?"

"Nay, beautiful lake, I hear no calling," said the rock. "If the Lord had a message for you would He not come Himself? See, here are flowers. This wild rose has climbed over my sunny side. I have asked the wind a hundred times to tear her away, but he only laughs and shakes fragrance from her pink blossoms; for your sake she shall stay, and swing her flowers down to play with your ripples. Rest content. There is work for your here. The cool plashing of your waves is pleasant these hot days. I would miss your radiant beauty in the morning sunshine, and your calm loveliness under the moonlight."

"The work you would give me to do is not the Lord's work," said the lake; "let me pass."

Again the voice of the breeze was heard: "You have done well, beautiful lake, and the Lord is pleased. Stay here on the mountain-side, but send to the valley and the plain two little streams. Send them forth in the morning, when the sun is rising, that his first beams may rest upon them. The rock will not let them pass, but they can find a way on either side. All the year long you must feed them with clear cold water; gather it from the rills that trickle down the mountain-side, from the rain-drops, the dew, and the snow-flakes."

The lake answered: "It is well. Gladly would I have gone to the valley at the calling of the Lord; and I will rest here content and happy so His will be done."

When the sun was rising she sent forth two beautiful streamlets. Pebbly Shore ran out on the shady side of the rock. He dashed over a precipice into a deep, dark ravine, whose steep sides shut out the sunshine, and, hidden by the shadows, only a low, sullen murmur betrayed his course as he crept down to the plain.

Ferny Bank danced out on the sunny side, sparkling and gurgling, rippling over the stones, plashing back the sunshine from her waves, leaping merrily down the mountain-side, her waters half hidden 'neath snowy foam and great rainbow-tinted bubbles.

When the streamlets reached the plain, the little spirits of the forest came with their hands filled with gifts. "See," they cried, "we come to greet you, and we bring our thank-offerings. Here are trees—cedars with tangled branches, and pines with feathery boughs; through summer's heat and winter's cold they keep their dark-green crowns, and their solemn voices are never still; they sigh and whisper if the gentlest breeze flits by them, and sob and wail when the storm-winds blow. Here are other trees with sweet fruit for the children and the birds, and nuts for the squirrels. Here

are shrubs and trailing plants, with beautiful blossoms and lovely tendrils; bushes covered with sharp thorns, and vines with dusky, poisonous berries. The dear Lord made them all; each has its place and a message to give, and he who will not listen to all has but half learned the lesson they teach.

The spirits of the valley came. "The gifts of the forest-spirits shall stand above," they said, "and we will deck your banks. Here are mosses green and soft; ferns tangled with trailing sprays of starry flowers; pearly shells and golden sands for the shore, with some dark pebbles and sharp stones, for the way in which the dear Lord would have His children walk is set with sorrows and trials and crosses, and brightened with the sunshine of holy joy and the lovely, fragrant blossoms of exceeding peace. Here are daisies and buttercups for the tiny-dimpled hands of the children; crimson roses for the maidens to twine in their silken locks, with a thorn for a warning; white roses for bridal wreaths; violets, blue as a baby's eyes, for young mothers; mignonette, sweet and humble, for prayerful souls; fragrant, snowy lilies for the pure hearts the dear Lord keeps for Himself alone; immortelles for the pilgrims almost home, and white valley-lilies for the hands of the dead."

Then the spirits of the seasons came. "We will come to you every day," they said; "we will bring you sunbeams and dew-drops and cool shadows, and set the white lily boats rocking on your waves. We will call the flowers to their blooming in the spring, and shake out the young leaves on the trees. We will kiss the blossoms asleep in the evening, and smooth your ripples to mirror the stars. We will paint the leaves in the autumn with colors so brilliant that men, looking at them, shall say: 'It is well with the beautiful leaves. How glorious is death to those who have done meekly and well the work of the Lord!' And we will sift the feathery, white flakes over your banks in the winter."

But Pebbly Shore—the stream that had flowed out in the shadow—cried: "Would you lull them to sleep, the careless ones who know not their danger! Can they read your warning when you wreath it with flowers and gild it with sunshine? Bring dusky shadows to shelter me. Send no breezes to ripple my waters. The Lord is just and the world is sinful. Why should the sunshine beam and the sky be blue, the birds sing and the flowers blossom? The children of earth have no longer pure hearts. I at least will give them warning; they shall see it in my dark, cold waves, hear it in my solemn murmurs. Cover my shore with dark pebbles and sharp stones; plant evergreens above so closely that the sunbeams can never find a way through, with nightshade and thorn-covered shrubs below."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AVE MARIA.

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Religious Orders.—No. 8.

BY DR. O. A. BROWNSON.

The third vow taken by the religious is that of voluntary obedience to their superiors in all things not repugnant to the law of God and the rule of their institute. The vow requires them to have no will but the will of their superior, or the entire abnegation of self, in imitation of our Lord who humbled Himself, took the form of a servant, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross; who always willed only what His Father willed, and said, "Father, not My will, but Thine be done." All Christians are, no doubt, bound to humble themselves, for humility is the root of every Christian virtue, and to obey the law of God unto death, even the death of the cross; but the religious take voluntarily an additional obligation of obedience in all things not of sin, however hard, arbitrary, or apparently capricious, of their superiors, that they may acquire and maintain the habit of perfect obedience, even beyond what the law strictly enjoins.

It must not be forgotten that the whole life of the religious is in the order of the evangelical counsels. "If thou wouldst enter into eternal life, keep the commandments, but if thou wouldst be perfect, go sell what thou hast, give to the poor, and come and follow Me." The religious aim to be perfect, and by their vows voluntarily taken are placed in a state in which for them the counsels cease to be counsels, and become law. They are bound then by their state to practise perfect obedience as Christ did, and a more perfect obedience than is necessary for those not in their state to inherit eternal life. Without this obedience for Christ's sake to superiors they would practise no more perfect obedience than is enjoined on all Christians. Besides, I hardly need add, the religious community could not subsist, and the religious state would prove an entire failure without this entire submission of the religious to their superiors.

Some people outside of the Church, who fancy they know much better what is or is not moral than the Church does, contend that a man has no

right to abdicate his own will, and vow obedience to another, for by so doing he virtually shirks his responsibility for his own acts, and shifts it to another, which is not right. This objection takes no account of the intention or internal act, and regards only external acts. It overlooks the fact that the vow of obedience is voluntarily taken, and is therefore an act of the will, and consequently presupposes the will and its persistent activity. The will does not simply act in taking the vow, but continuously, as long as the vow is left. The will is to will only what the superior wills, and hence the obedience is voluntary, and therefore is a continuous act of the will, and therefore again he who vows it does not cease to be a moral agent, or to be responsible for his acts. The error arises from supposing the abdication of the will implied in the vow is the cessation of all voluntary activity, but this is a mistake. The abdication is simply the abdication of the right to will anything not willed by our Lord and the religious superior. The saint who wills only what God wills, or, as is said, has no will but God's will, does not thereby cease to will, or to act as a moral agent. The objection, therefore, is unfounded. In vowing obedience to my superior for Christ's sake, or to have no will of my own, I do not cease to be responsible for my acts, for my perpetual vow is a perpetual act of my will, which persists in every act of obedience I perform to the will or order of my superior; and as my will is to obey my superior for Christ's sake, my act of obedience is an act of obedience to God, and meritorious as such.

It would, undoubtedly, be wrong to take a vow of obedience to the superior of an institute not approved by the Holy See, as is the oath taken by Freemasons, Odd Fellows, or the members of the various other secret societies spread over Europe and America; for the obedience vowed would be to men unauthorized to exact it, and have no religious significance. It would not be obedience to Christ in the persons authorized by Him to receive obedience in His name. It might also be a rash vow to bind one to obedience to superiors who might command things opposed alike to the Church of God and to society, and to natural jus-

tice, as actually is the case with the Secret Societies. But in the vow of obedience to superiors in an institute approved by the Holy See no danger of this sort is to be apprehended, because the superiors are themselves responsible to the Church for the orders they give, and if they should happen to give an order to do anything sinful or wrong according to the infallible teaching of the Church, the vow does not bind to obedience, but the very purpose for which it is taken—namely, Christian perfection—forbids the religious to obey the order. The religious are therefore amply protected by a higher authority than that of the superiors of the religious order. Should the General of the Society of Jesus command anything against the teaching of the Church or the law of God as she defines it, and which is as well known by every Jesuit Father as by the General himself, no Jesuit would be bound to obey him, but every one would be forbidden to do so by an authority higher than that of the General, and which he himself is bound to obey.

The vow of obedience does not and cannot bind any religious to do anything wrong or contrary to faith and morals as taught and defined by the infallible Church. On that score the vow can be taken in all security of conscience. But may not superiors be unjust, and require their subjects to suffer wrong? Such a thing is very possible, and no doubt often happens in religious houses. But the evil is not in suffering the wrong, but in doing it. The religious, who does no wrong, is not injured by any amount of injustice that may be done to him, or that he may be called upon to suffer, if he receives it in the proper spirit. What does one enter the religious life for, but to become like our Lord, and to suffer with Him and for Him? Did not He suffer unjustly, and to an extent which our powers are too feeble to estimate? Does not one enter the religious life for the very purpose of suffering, and suffering cheerfully for Christ's sake, and of suffering every sort of indignity or injustice that may be encountered? They who inflict it may have a terrible account to answer for, but they who receive it and bear it should rejoice, and with the greater joy the greater the indignity or injustice—because it, if they bear it for Christ's sake, only serves to advance them in the way of perfection, and to enhance their merit—to make them more like Christ Himself. They who see in this an objection to the vow of obedience, forget or do not know that the evil is in doing the wrong, never in suffering it, and that he who does the wrong is the party to be pitied, not they who suffer it, for their Father in heaven will reward them. It is the sinner that is to be wept over, not his victim. What else means the glory of the Cross?

There could be nothing more directly in contradiction to the spirit of our age and country than this virtue of obedience to which the religious are vowed. There is, no doubt, much obedience practised, nay, willingly yielded, to unlawful chiefs, or persons engaged in unlawful enterprises, in plots or conspiracies for overthrowing the Church or the government and subverting the constitution of a state, as is proved by the innumerable Secret Societies, and organizations for such nefarious purposes; but obedience to lawful authority is just now rarely to be met with in the world. The idea of self-government, which rightly means, politically, national independence or the government of a nation by itself and not by another, and applied to the individual, self-restraint, or the subjection of one's passions to the law of God, has come to mean the absolute sovereignty of each individual man or woman and the denial of all authority but one's own,—that is to say, that each one is God, independent, supreme, and free to do whatever one wills, or to live as one lists.

It is not generally denied that there is a God, but the God admitted is either an Epicurean God who concerns not Himself with the affairs of this world, or only a collective name for the laws or forces of nature, and identical with our own passions, affections, inclinations, appetites, and instincts. Hence the Transcendental obedience to God, as Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson has it, is "Obey thyself," and the Transcendental rule of moral conduct is, "Act out thyself." In any other sense, obedience to God is held by the men of "advanced views" to be degrading and immoral. There is prevailing a general spirit of disobedience of man to his Maker, of the wife to the husband, children to their parents, the flock to their pastor, of the citizen to the state. To obey any will but one's own, even if the will of the highest, is regarded as slavery in our enlightened age and country, and unworthy of a man, and to be submitted to by no one who has the spirit of a man. Was it not said "ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil?" What need then of a master?

Yes, it was said so, but it was by Satan, who was a liar from the beginning, and the father of lies; and a pretty set of gods men have become by hearkening to him and disobeying God who made them in His own image! The act of obedience to Satan was an act of disobedience to God, and brought sin, death, and all our woe, into the world. The lying spirit that seduced our first parents seems now to have seduced nearly our whole generation from their allegiance and deluded them with the belief that pride, not humility, is the root of every virtue, of true manhood and magnanimity. We hear talk only of liberty—none of authority

but to reject it; of rights—the rights of the people, the rights of man, the rights of women—but very little of duties, except to spurn them.

Nothing is more needed, then, than the example of the obedience for Christ's sake vowed by the religious. It opposes to the children of this world the virtue which directly condemns them,—humility to pride, submission to insubordination, obedience to disobedience. And by offering an obedience more perfect than the law exacts, they hope by uniting their obedience with that of our Lord to expiate their pride and obtain for themselves the graces that will make them humble, docile, and truly great.

Waiting for Heaven.

With uplift eyes she gazed upon His face
Until it vanished in the light of God;
Then, kneeling, pressed her lips to the last trace
His feet left on the sod;

And meekly rising from the hallowed ground,
With patient soul, and brave and strong of heart,
Wrapping her veil and mantle close around,
Turned slowly to depart,

Back to the common ways of earth again—
Its daily toils, its weariness and cares,
Its tears and shadows, memories and pain,
Its slowly lapsing years.

How slow, O God! how weary and how slow,
None knew but Thou, who wouldst her patience
prove,
In the long anguish of unuttered woe,
Of lonely waiting love.

"She stood beneath the cross;" she saw Him die;
She laid Him in His rocky tomb to rest;
We think the sharpest pangs of agony
Pierced then her faithful breast.

But through it all *she had her Jesus still*;
Not yet her treasure from the earth was gone;
The last most bitter drops her cup must fill
When He has left her lone.

Oh, those long years of waiting! day by day,
—Love's agony still deep'ning as she goes—
She traces yet again the mournful way
Of His last, darkest woes,

Her pure heart growing fairer in His sight,
As patience' all perfecting work is done,
Her stainless soul more beautiful and more bright
With every setting sun.

Our own sweet Mother! all to thee was known,
Thou hast all our pains and our distress—
The growing burden of life's monotone,
Its lagging weariness.

The sacred suffering saintlier spirits prove,
Pining to see their God; who pray and sigh,
And know not which to ask from His dear love,—
To suffer or to die.

Waiting for heaven! O dearest Mother! thou
Our poor impatient hearts canst teach and train
To humble, contrite, hopeful waiting now,
And heaven at last to gain.

R. V. R.

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

FRANK YELLOTT DOES NOT GO TO THE FETE
CHAMPETRE.

By this time Lucia, still holding Father Jannison's hand, had reached the house, and led the way into the ball-room, where the musicians, stationed on a gallery which was raised some six or eight steps from the floor, were making trials of skill in the "gentle science" until the ball opened. There were two violins, two tambourines, a banjo, and one big drum which had been used in the late war with England, also a clarinet, which formed altogether a respectable orchestra, which was led by a figure at once so dazzling and grotesque as to attract the immediate observation of the party.

"Look, look, *Padre mio*, there he is!" said Lucia, with a loud musical laugh. Father Jannison had to put on his spectacles before he could fairly make out what it all meant,—then he laughed heartily; and the strange figure, now catching sight of them as he lifted his eyes from his violin and ended the piece he was playing with an indescribable flourish of his bow, made a low bow which Lucia returned by a sweeping courtesy, laughing in a perfect *abandon* of merriment.

"Where on earth did that old fellow come from, I wonder?" asked the master.

"That is Jupe, Mr. Brooke!" whispered Lucia, laughing.

"Jupe! Good heavens, how has the the old rascal managed to transform himself in such a way?" said Allan Brooke, highly diverted at the old negro's appearance. As he might well be: for Jupe, to do honor to the occasion, had arrayed himself in finery long laid by, the only relic he owned of the glories of the house of Ramsey, which he had kept packed in tobacco leaves, to save it from the moths, for untold years, and expected to be buried in. "Dem's my *stroud*," he used to say to his old cronies sometimes; "and if you doesn't berry me in 'em I'll harnt you, see if I don't." Surmounting

his wizened black face was a curled white wig of his old master's,—not the last Ramsey, but the one before him,—and his shrunken limbs were arrayed in a suit of drab, a cut-away coat and knee-breeches, faced with scarlet and decorated with large brass buttons polished to the last degree of glitter, while his spindleg-legs were cased in white stockings, and his "low-down shoes" displayed great paste buckles that nearly covered the front of his foot.* Jupe scarcely knew himself in his finery; he almost fancied that he had just awakened from a gloomy nightmare, to his old real life of long ago! "Perish oysters and fish!" he thought, as, highly elated, he plied his bow. "Dere's nuthin' like bein' wid rael quality, arter all! Free indeed! I never lived like a nigger till I was free!" and with such thoughts stirring his old withered brain he made his violin talk as it hadn't done for all the long weary years that it had "hung upon the willows."

Father Jannison and the rest of the party were highly amused at the *tableau*: they had all, at some time or other, heard of Jupe the celebrated fiddler of "Buckrae," but thought he was dead and buried long ago, and such a resurrection as this was a surprise to them; while Father Jannison and Allan Brooke, seeing the delight that Jupe's masquerading afforded Lucia, enjoyed it as much as she did.

"You'll dance the first set with me, Lucia," said her guardian.

"I did not mean to dance to-night, sir; but if you wish it—"

"Yes, I wish it," he answered in that tone which no one ever thought of opposing. "I wish it particularly."

"I will dance then. When do they begin?"

"In a few moments now. See! the young folk are thronging in, and we will take our places in the quadrille at once," he answered, leading her off.

"I shall probably be in the way, sir, as I do not dance," said Father Jannison pleasantly to a Mr. Goden, a straight-laced Presbyterian elder, lately settled in the neighborhood, who was standing beside him; "so I shall go on the veranda, and watch the scene through the windows. Will you go?"

Mr. Goden looked as if he was chief mourner at a funeral: he felt on the eve of perdition in such a scene and in such company, and had only accepted the invitation at the urgent persuasions of his wife and daughter, more for the purpose of getting acquainted with the gentry of the neighbor-

hood than to gratify them. But he could not without rudeness leave the good priest; and going out together, they seated themselves in large Chinese arm-chairs, where they could see quite at their ease the whole interior of the ball-room.

Lucia attracted general attention by her brilliant elfish appearance, her graceful dancing, and the fact that she was Zoë Ramsey's daughter. The old romantic story was whispered over in corners; speculations as to the amount of her fortune were indulged in, and there were not a few predictions made concerning the future of her guardian and herself. Lucia had a passion for dancing, as she had for everything that was æsthetic; dancing soothed away the discords of her nature by the harmony of motion, as the fever and tumult of her soul were calmed by the harmony of sweet sounds; there was grace in her every movement, and she seemed to float on the very music, to which she kept time with a rhythm as true as poetry.

"Oh I enjoy it so much, Mr. Brooke, and I am engaged for every set," she said to her guardian, whom she found standing near her while she waited her turn to lead off; "and I can't tell you what good it does me to see Jupe there! Oh I never was so happy in all my life." Then a little sigh gurgled in her throat as the vain wish arose with a great throb in her heart that "her darling were only there to see how happy she was;" but there was no time for sadness here,—she was down for every set, even for "Sir Roger de Coverly" and the "Virginia Reel" at the very last. Like a brilliant fire-fly sparkling and floating through the mazes of the dance, her eyes absolutely luminous, the sallowness of her complexion toned to brilliance by the crimson of her cheeks and lips, her quaint foreign ways, and the romance of her mother's history, surrounded her with an attractive interest which set the young people half wild with admiration and inspired a kindly friendly feeling towards her in the hearts of those who had known her family and remembered her mother's beautiful girlhood.

"Don't dance too much, my child," said the warning voice of her guardian; "and be careful not to take ice while you are overheated."

"Oh no, I won't," she answered gaily, as she joined hands with her partner and chanced across the floor with a blessed feeling at heart that she was watched over and cared for by a strong and true friend.

Nothing was lost to Mrs. Yellott. She was soon aware of the interest and admiration excited by Lucia, and was amazed beyond description at her transformation from an ugly, repulsive chrysalis to a bright, dazzling butterfly whose every movement was grace itself. Her own daughter, older and

* The writer saw an old family servant once dressed as described.

prettier by far than Lucia, created no sensation whatever: Mamie's dress was not at all becoming, and she was in the sulks besides, because she was not allowed to wear some heavy jewelry she had set her heart on; then "poor Frank" was in disgrace, all of which, combined, intensified Mrs. Yellott's dislike for her brother's ward beyond expression.

"What a gay little sprite she is," observed a lady to her, as Lucia flitted past.

"Yes, she is very gay to-night," answered Mrs. Yellott, smiling blandly.

"Is she not usually cheerful? She is extremely pretty, Mrs. Yellott!"

"Oh no; she has the strangest temper,—but it is no wonder, poor thing, raised as she was! One has to be very careful with her; she flies off in such sudden furies, and gets into the most unaccountable moods you can imagine. I quite pity her."

"It is a bad thing for a child to grow up in that way! Her mother has not been long dead, I believe."

"No; only last April."

"How strange she should dance at all after so recent a loss!"

"Yes, but nothing could persuade her to stay away. When my brother proposed giving the *fête* to my children, no one supposed for a moment that Lucia would even wish to appear; but she got ready, had her dress made, and all; and she's not one to be thwarted, I can tell you, Mrs. Greenway."

"O dear! what a charge she will be to Mr. Brooke!"

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Yellott, "it makes me quite low-spirited to think of it."

"Did Zoé leave anything, Mrs. Yellott? I heard that her husband was ruined, and died quite poor."

"I do not quite know the whole history—"

"Oh, excuse me. I did not mean—"

"There's not the slightest apology necessary, Mrs. Greenway: I really do not know anything except that Madame d'Olivierez left some little fortune— But here is my brother! Allan, dear, had you not better speak to Lucia? I fear she is dancing too much."

"Oh no! let the child enjoy herself; it won't hurt her. Father Jannison thinks it won't. He's delighted to see her so happy," he replied, passing gaily on.

The dances of those days were such as a priest could look at without growing red in the face; "and," said Father Jannison to Mr. Goden, as they sat in the veranda watching the dances, "there's no more harm in young people skipping about, keeping time with music, and making all sorts of pretty figures, than for them to be skipping

about, chattering and romping anywhere else without it; they must have enjoyment, sir, and nothing in the way of recreation could be more innocent than this,—always provided they don't carry it to excess."

"I differ with you *in toto*, sir. What right, I ask you, have Christians to mix in 'the assemblies of the wicked?' we are told to keep ourselves unspotted from the world," observed the uneasy elder.

"Innocent recreation is one of the helps to do so," said Father Jannison quickly; "and I do not by any means call this *fête*, which is composed of the best and most practical Christians and of innocent children, an 'assembly of the wicked,' Mr. Goden." Mr. Goden groaned and moved away, firmly convinced that there were horns growing under that outlandish-looking cap on Father Jannison's head and a cloven hoof in his boot.

Had Father Jannison lived to see the present fashionable style of dancing he would have been more horrified than the good old Presbyterian elder was that evening at "Haylands!" Had he seen any of those innocent young girls, whom he had known from their birth, encircled in the arms of men they perhaps never saw before, whirling around like dancing dervishes until half delirious with the motion, their head reclined on strange breasts, their eyes closed, their arms clung to them for support, while they were pressed closer in an audacious embrace; could he have seen them in what is called "full dress" which means a semi-nudity, resigning themselves to the intoxicating abandon of those Bacchante revels yclept "round dances," languishing in the arms of a *roué*, a debauchee, or even of a man of doubtful character, he would not have stood groaning at the window like Mr. Goden but would have marched boldly in and put forcible stop to the entrancing gyrations; in the rescue of a lamb of his flock from such contamination, he would have hurled her partner, if need be, to the floor, and led her to her parents with the admonition to keep her from dancing forever rather than allow her to engage in a form of dancing fit only for the lewd and such as have no respect for the pure and sacred character of womanhood. Father Jannison had often read of these rude peasant dances of Europe, had perhaps seen some of them among the uneducated half wild peasantry of Bohemia, and the provincial Germans, who hold by many of their ancient amusements and customs of the unchristian times, and delighted in them; but the thought that they would ever be introduced into the homes of America, and be indulged in, night after night, by the fair daughters of the land, whose persons should be held as sacred as those of consecrated vestals,—be indulged in by Catho-

lie girls with a zest quite equal to that of the rest of the world,—never once dawned upon his mind, and he was spared one heavy care and cross in his warfare.

After the magnificent supper, where Mrs. Yellott received compliments enough on the perfection and elegance of her arrangements to satiate even her, many of the guests strolled to a distant portion of the grounds separated from the lawn by a belt of old chestnut trees, to see the plantation-negroes' dance. This was a plantation custom, and always allowed on such occasions as these. Flambeaux of lightwood fastened against the trees illuminated the scene in the most brilliant manner, while the negroes, male and female, in their gayest holiday clothes, danced "hoe-downs" and cut "pigeon-wings" to the exhilarating music of a fiddle and two banjos. They were all barefooted, and their wool was dressed with flowers and lightning-bugs which glittered like diamonds; the men, in gay calico shirts and wide white pantaloons made of some coarse-twilled cotton stuff; the children, their heads and faces literally bespangled with lightning-bugs, in short cotton "cuttie-sarks" barely reaching to their knees, leaving their limbs free for such grotesque antics as their monkey nature inspired.

They were all in an ecstasy of fun and frolic, anticipating with watering mouths the moment when the fragments of the feast at the "Great House" would travel down that way. Rough planks supported by stumps awaited the coming banquet, and swift scouts with large baskets were stationed at regular distances between the revellers and the distant kitchen to pass on the good things without loss of time when the signal was given. None of the house-servants of Fanchette's class were there; they held themselves above such common doings, but danced whenever an opportunity offered on the broad back porch into which the ball-room windows opened. Fanchette disappeared now and then to take ices, cake, salad, French confectionery and jelly to Frank Yellott; he would have a portion of every rarity, and in the ignoble delight of satisfying his palate to surfeit felt indifferent to his disgrace. Fanchette had received orders from her mistress, and although she expected the boy would make himself ill again, "it was none of her business; and she'd obey orders if it killed him," she told Chloe, who thought he should have "been kept on bread and water for the next week to come."

And so the night wore on, full of mirth, music, fragrance and beauty, and the stars were beginning to pale in the lambent pulsations of approaching day when the guests went away; and as the sound of the violins died away into silence, the matin songs of the birds already sounded in shrill, sweet notes through the woods.

The *fête* was a grand success, and every one went home delighted; it had stirred up the whole country, and brought friends and acquaintances together who had not seen each other for years, for your provincial neighborhoods are slow places generally; it had given them something to think about and talk over for time to come; it had lifted them out of the monotonous routine of their dull lives, and reminded them that there were other interests and human sympathies beyond their limited horizon; it made them think kindly and admiringly of others, and gave them fresh heart to take up their burden of daily cares again.

A pleasure given is a benefaction, and a renovator of the moral life, and the man who bestows happiness on others need never despair of heaven. There are people in the world who are *morally* "hungry," "naked," "sick and in prison," and perishing unto death for the "fountains of Babelah." Who thinks of these? Who ever dreams of seeking them out to minister to their peculiar needs? Ah! believe me, these are more in need of help than many of the naked you clothe or the "sick or imprisoned" that you visit, than the hungry you feed; they are hungering, thirsting, dying for human sympathy, for friendly counsel, for the sunlight of friendly words, for the angel in the shape of some happy event to descend into the stagnant pool of their hearts and stir its sluggish waters into healing life.

The Footprints of Catholicity in the New World.

BY F. L.

[CONCLUDED.]

It is always a pleasing task to trace the workings of a great mind, and to try to discover the motive principle which prompts its action. If the hero be a Christian, like the discoverer of America, the pleasure is enhanced. The names of a few places left by him, give us a key to the feelings of his heart on first touching them, and afford, at the same time, a refutation of the calumny raised against his memory for ambition and an unquenchable thirst for gold. Hoping to ameliorate the condition of the savages, and point them to a nobler destiny by bringing them to a knowledge of the true God, he loses no opportunity of testifying to the presence of this holy ambition in his heart. One island, therefore, bears the name of the precursor of the Redeemer, *San Juan Baptista*; while another is called *Evangelista*, because he thought that from it "the Gospel would be spread among the smaller archipelagoes"—(296).

One more example, being the only one of its kind, cannot be omitted. It is conveyed in these words, and in proof of the piety with which the Admiral assisted at the Holy Sacrifice in the forests of the New World: "Columbus remained several days at anchor in the river, which, from the Masses celebrated on its banks, he named the *Rio de la Misa*"—(299).

I have done with citations. Other works were before me detailing the travels and labors of the Indian missions. But, as I said above, it is impossible to adduce examples from them. I must reluctantly pass on. The subject is dear to me, for many are the moments of childhood, and even of maturer age, which I have spent in following in spirit the religious who have trodden our soil, planted the seeds of religion, and not unfrequently watered them with their blood. Now, it was the caravels with Columbus; again, it was the French Jesuit, or the Spanish Dominican or Franciscan that led the way. But never did I yield to weariness. For if one touched upon an island it was to heaven that he dedicated it; if the other sought repose for the night on the bank of a nameless river, he arose in the morning and continued his journey, leaving it to be known to future generations as St. Mary's, St. Jacques, or San José. It may not be out of place here to observe that neither Columbus nor any of the missionaries is related to have given his own name to a place. Self had no part in those generous sacrifices, and dared not usurp a share in their happy results. God was the author; in His name the work had been undertaken, and He it was to whom all should be inscribed.

How strikingly does not this contrast with the practise of other settlers? The names on the Atlantic are in a great measure those of Englishmen. Even the spot rendered memorable by the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, which should certainly bear a significant name, is thus accounted for by Spencer in his "History of the United States:" "Remembering the kindness which they had received at Plymouth in England, the name of New Plymouth was bestowed upon the new settlement." The majority of the names not Catholic were conferred by persons ambitious to perpetuate the memory of their own achievements, or to honor the sovereign by whom the grant was conferred; or they originated from the Americans or Indians, and were not unfrequently imposed at the expense of a Catholic name already existing. But I do not wish to find fault. Names must be given, and while they make for little in themselves apart from the object of the one who confers them, they are an index to the workings of his mind.

To Columbus, who opened to the world the

American continent, there was given a mission from above. A soul of such exquisite susceptibilities as his, was eminently fitted to undertake a work of that nature. Providence destined him to become a particular instrument for giving to the Old World its complement, to Christian rulers a reward for sacrifices made for the divine honor, and to religious zeal a field wider than had ever before expanded to the gaze of the apostles. Far am I from inclining to the opinion that had not Columbus discovered America, some other would soon have done so, owing to the great progress then making in the art of navigation. It could not always have remained a mystery what remained beyond the gloomy ocean. Time must eventually have accomplished the great work. But the state of cosmography and navigation was then by no means sufficiently advanced to undertake so gigantic an enterprise. He did not depend entirely nor principally on those arts. He was doubtless far in advance of his contemporaries, if we look rather to the actual state of things than to the notions then in vogue among the learned. It is to his intuitive genius, a proof of the choice which Heaven had made of him and the qualification with which it had endowed him, that we are indebted for so stupendous a work. Were I treating professedly of the first passage of the Atlantic, it would not be difficult to prove how far the world was from the thought of embarking in a trip into the distant West. So long as the coast was in sight men would sail to India. This was, however, the sport of children compared with the undertaking proposed by Columbus. Witness the objection raised by the most learned men of Spain when, at the command of their sovereign, they met to consider the propositions of the Genoese navigator; and the difficulty of enlisting a crew hardy enough to turn a deaf ear to friend and enemy—to all the world beside—and follow the call of a stranger inviting them to risk all in so hazardous an experiment. The firm convictions of Columbus never forsook him; he urged forward the negotiations, and when these were adjusted, the preparations; and ended by setting sail in three vessels, that, in our day, would hardly be thought sea-worthy. Under the guidance of Heaven, which he confidently invoked, his labors and patience were at length crowned with victory; and happy would it be for the country had it continued under the religious auspices which first unfolded its wilds to the gaze of astonished Europe. But it was not destined to be. While we rejoice in the possessions not granted to our brethren on the shores of the Old World, our cup of happiness is not unalloyed with bitterness.

Still, the piety of our forefathers was not permitted to pass unrewarded. In the midst of the

privations and sufferings inseparable from the colonization of a land four thousand miles from the mother country, the heart would at times grow faint, courage would wane, and even the body yield to continual exertion or the ravages of an unknown disease. The inroads of the natives, who witnessed with a jealous eye the establishment of foreigners on their shore, and the alienation of lands over which their tribes had for untold centuries roamed at will, would be a source of continual anxiety and fear. In these vicissitudes of fortune the mind would instinctively turn to the home of early years, never to be again beheld, and would in spirit unburden itself to dear ones around the family hearth, or weep at the feet of the village shrine of our Lady, Comforter of the Afflicted. If the sanctuary were reproduced it would be cherished with a twofold affection; it would turn the heart to the old home and to Heaven at the same moment; but so far from fostering discontent, it would instil the wholesome dews of resignation. The thought of home, if too fondly cherished, is calculated to stifle in the heart that courage necessary to insure the success of a new colony. All the energy of the people is needed to combat present realities; all their fortitude to endure present adversities. The hidalgos who accompanied Columbus on his second voyage, grew discontented and rebellious when they remembered the life of ease they had led at home, and contrasted it with their present destitute circumstances; while the memory of "La Rabida," the home of his adoption in Spain, turned the thoughts of their leader towards heaven. Who can tell of the sweet consolations poured into the heart of the devout missionary, as he cultivated his Master's vineyard in the village of St. John or St. Francis, or later, in the Reductions of distant Paraguay; what holy colloquies he held with these favored children of Heaven; how they inspired him with courage, and trimmed the flame of hope that burned in his heart?

Though centuries have elapsed since those scenes were enacted, and their heroes have long since slept the sleep of death, we cannot but feel that we owe them an everlasting debt of gratitude, and fain would we offer a prayer for their eternal repose did we not feel that long before we appeared on the stage of the world, they were enjoying the sweet company of those whom on earth they so loved to honor. Still the heart of every patriotic Christian must feel a holy thrill as he reads their lives, and unites in his mind their saintly labors with the footprints left behind. He must claim a relationship with them, and fondly hope that in heaven they recognize his claim.

Faith teaches that in heaven the saints feel an

interest in the welfare of us, "poor banished children of Eve," and intercede with the divine Majesty in our behalf. Unite to this the special interest that each must feel in the spot especially placed under his tutelage, and it will readily be seen what a host of particular patrons cherish our Western World. They lived and died in the Old World, illustrating it by their virtues, but they are ours by adoption. Over all, the gentle, radiant figure of Mary Immaculate is seen to preside, saying, as it would seem, to each one of us: "Thou art my son;" and to the holy patrons: "Ask of me and I will give thee this portion of the land for thy inheritance."

We sigh for the time when, as in Catholic countries, the Cross and the Madonna shall stand by the wayside and promise a safe journey while they invite an act of loving homage. But Catholicity is ingrafted in our soul; and while our enemies witness with jealousy the rapid spread of our holy religion, the land itself forces them to acknowledge that our claim is prior to theirs. America is destined to become, in the providence of God and under the fostering care of Immaculate Mary, a Catholic country; and while we long to behold that blessed day, which the youngest among us may not be permitted to witness, the most effectual means of hastening it is to honor the memory of our pious forefathers and tread in their footsteps. They began the noble work by consecrating the soil and implanting the seed; we must cultivate it, and labor to bring it to maturity.

Life of Sister Mary Martha Fontanier,

A LAY-SISTER IN THE FIRST CONVENT OF THE VISITATION, PARIS, WHO DIED IN 1862,
IN THE THIRTY-SECOND YEAR
OF HER AGE.

[CONTINUED.]

Among the virtues that characterized this true daughter of St. Francis de Sales, we may distinguish in particular her spirit of faith and the close union of her soul with God. She revered the smallest observances, and loved fervently all that appertained to the holy institute; the idea of duty possessed her mind, and she devoted herself to every employment assigned to her, as if ever under the eye of her superiors. This obedience made her remit herself wholly into their hands, and enabled her to attain to that absolute abandonment to God in which she remained to the end of her life in the midst of the greatest sufferings. A true daughter to each one of her successive superiors, a true religious, she knew how to turn the conversation gently into some new channel if ever there

seemed any risk of the spirit of submission being wounded, or ever so little offence given to that holy modesty that should be the constant attribute of the daughters of the Lord, by the voice being raised too much, or too loud laughter escaping during recreation from any of her companions. Young as she was, and singularly unassuming, she was one of those pacific spirits who spread around them, wherever and with whomsoever they may be, an atmosphere of calmness, tranquillity and order. The grace of inward self-possession and quiet of mind was imparted to her in a remarkable degree. She kept herself so united to God by silence, by recollection, and by prayer, that her dependence on grace actually supplied for her total want of education. Our Lord appeared to constitute Himself her master, and teach her all she needed to know in order to act and speak with perfect propriety; even more, the community ere long came to perceive in her a great elevation of mind and sentiment, a rare tact, a modest but really striking dignity of deportment, great judgment and prudence, that fitted her for the discharge of a hundred delicate missions and confidential errands, of which she admirably acquitted herself. She was one more of those not uncommon instances in which it is proved that perfect correspondence with grace supplies not only for defective education, but even for deficiency in intellectual capacity; probably neither the possession of more natural intelligence nor better training would have added to her capabilities after she entered religion.

These gifts of grace became more manifest when the health of Sister Mary Martha obliged her to relinquish the labors of the domestic sisters and brought her into more general intercourse with the rest of the community. She was then assigned as aid in the infirmary, at that time very full of the sick. Before this she had given herself up with joyous humility to the lowliest and most hidden labors, in which she found the best opportunities to satisfy her attraction for solitude and her spirit of self-denial; so now with equal zeal she devoted herself to the care of the sick, until she herself fell ill. This illness at first appeared to be a mere passing attack; but, recurring repeatedly at short intervals, it soon became evident there was serious organic derangement; agonizing attacks of pain, lasting sometimes without the least alleviation for twenty-four hours at a time, prostrated her and eventually confined her to her bed for six months; at the end of this time she was able again to go about the house a little, but was still very feeble and suffering.

From the time of this first severe crisis God began to accomplish in Sister Mary Martha the crucifying designs of which He had often given her

the presentiment. "At the time of my profession," said she once when she had been induced to speak of herself, "I felt God demanded of me a sacrifice beyond the surrender I then made; this impression was often renewed in my mind during the years that ensued, but I did not comprehend what this sacrifice was. I spoke of this to my superiors, and in my retreats in confession. I was always told to offer myself to God without inquietude, and my Divine Master would make me know His will when the time should come. I offered myself continually, and with all my heart, for four years; but ah! when at the end of that time I felt the first attacks of my malady, it was no longer a question of fervor or of sentiment; my whole nature revolted at the prospect before me of a life of lingering suffering; I desired either to die or be cured; I could not at first submit to any other prospect—God only knows the effort it cost me; never can I thank Him enough for the grace He gave me." This grace was truly victorious in the end; but the struggle was long and violent. During the first of the three years she was destined to pass on the cross, before death came to release her, she was almost overcome with sadness, the principal cause of which was the sight of her uselessness and the certainty she would henceforth be only a burthen to the community. Yet meanwhile she never relaxed in the combat against nature: her courage in repressing its murmurs and revolts corresponded to her grace, and in spite of her inward shuddering at the sight of her cross she continued to offer herself to God to be fastened to it. At length she was able to make this act of perfect conformity to the will of God without reserve, but only after having been a long time pressed by the interior voice that urged her to submit, and only when she was commanded to do so by obedience, did she cease to supplicate that this bitter chalice might pass from her, and make this act of entire abandonment. Then her soul seemed to recover its former strength.

Among the sick around her was one sister whose attendant she herself had been, and whose suffering condition it was particularly saddening to her to behold, and who got worse from day to day. "This dear sister," Sister Martha continually said to herself, "could be so useful in the community, is so fitted for many of the offices; while as to me—what good could I do after all?—I am a mere good-for-nothing." Her charity, and her devotion, united to her conviction of her own uselessness, induced her to offer herself to God to endure increased sufferings, if thereby she might obtain the recovery of this invalid. There was no perceptible change in the condition of this sufferer for some time, and Sister Mary Martha in the simplicity of

her heart confided the offer she had made, and her disappointment, to another sister with whom she was in the habit of conversing on spiritual matters. Her confidant represented to her that one must not look for an immediate answer to such an offering,—that God does not spare those who truly offer themselves as victims for others, and she might yet have to bear long and painful crosses to obtain her object. “I know it well,” responded Sister Martha; “but nothing can happen but what God wills to happen.” The manner in which this answer was made could inspire but one sentiment: ardent prayer for her that she might have strength and patience to walk generously, to the end, in the way on which her Master would have her to enter. A little while after this conversation Sister Martha was again confined to her bed, and the invalid for whom she offered herself began to recover.

Of all the trials that ensued in her tedious and painful illness, the one she felt the most acutely was being reduced to receive the services of others—“while it is I that should serve them,”—and not being able to labor more for the community; for she considered it such an extreme charity to have been received into it, that she thought the devotion of her whole life would not suffice to testify her gratitude.

At first, in the intervals of her more violent paroxysms of sufferings she was always on the watch to seize every occasion that she could to render some aid in the infirmary, often doing what was far above her strength; but God soon reduced her to powerlessness, demanding the immolation of all her desires and the acceptance of sufferings to which she would have preferred death. Three times she besought the Lord to take her away from this life of anguish; but He willed to prolong her sacrifice, and ordained for her, in three years of this crucifying life, three years of uninterrupted accumulation of merits. While still able to move about, as we have seen, Sister Martha eagerly embraced every opportunity to fulfil her office as aid to the infirmarian,—an office she greatly loved; but soon a new cross was sent to her; she was removed from it, and appointed as one of the assistants in the linen wardrobe. She had been so little used to needlework that this required of her the most absolute self-renouncement. “I would have been so thankful,” she observed, “if I could have continued to do some of the work of the kind habitual to me; but God knows best. I would like to have done something in doing which I could have hoped to make myself useful to the community,—but Thou dost not will it, my Jesus, and I will desire it no more.”

The community were far from considering this pious soul as useless as she considered herself. It

was really singular and admirable to see how her spirit of devotion and of holy poverty taught her to be not only diligent but really skilful in this work so entirely new to her. Soon it became a real resource to her; when, after awhile, she was again confined to her bed, suffering cruelly, she still continued to employ herself thus, and the sister who brought her sewing, and took it away when finished, often had the thought that Sister Mary Martha's Angel Guardian must have worked with and for her, for the quantity of work that was accomplished could hardly have been done by one in perfect health, industrious and capable, in the same space of time. When urged not to tax herself thus, she replied: “I can now only serve the community by my needle, and I ought at least to do all that is possible.” This assiduity was no interruption to her continual union with God; labor and suffering were equally vivified by the spirit of prayer, and incessantly offered for the Holy Church, for the conversion of souls, and for the necessities of the community. She was a marked example of the *refining* influence of true piety on the manners; an ignorant little peasant girl, entirely untrained in the most ordinary conventionalities, little by little she became actually a model of politeness and amenity, joined to such true humility and simplicity, it was difficult to say which was most conspicuous in this almost perfect character; her carriage commanded the respect of all with whom she had intercourse, even the postulants, and the pupils in the *pensionnat* involuntarily honored the presence of God in her, as she, in her turn, saw Him in all around her.

Her filial love for her superiors was singularly beautiful, and also her cordial affection for each of the community. Her superior being ill at one time, she appeared to feel it so deeply she could not refer to it without tearful eyes. At the recurrence of one of her superior's feast-days, Sister Martha was too ill herself to be able to assist the other lay-sisters in getting up their share of the celebration; still, anxious to show her devotion to the beloved mother, she requested one of the young aids in the linen wardrobe to write for her a letter, in which, after having expressed her regrets, and yet her quiet acquiescence to the will of God, she offered to her superior a little spiritual bouquet which she had made during the two days of recreation. It was composed of two hundred spiritual communions, an enormous number of practices, and chaplets she had said, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, aspirations, etc.,—and all this she had done without any diminution in her ordinary work! Her zeal for the perfection of the sisters of her own rank was very touching; if she knew any soul to be in suffering or temptation, her prayers

were ardent and continual that God would come to its aid; and if, on the contrary, she knew any one had received any special grace or consolation, her joy and gratitude was as if she herself had been the recipient of the favor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STARS OF OUR LADY; Or, Glances Through the Calendar.

AUGUST.

The month of our Lady's triumphant festival is illumined by a galaxy of unusual splendor. Full half of its stars have sent their blessed rays far and wide over the heaven of faith; and to old and young, learned and simple, their names and deeds are as household words. Leading the bright band comes a feast which tells in one word how all rose in light and splendor. Peter! the Rock, the confirmer of his brethren, the one chosen to feed both sheep and lambs with sound doctrine. "St. Peter's Chains" may well claim a feast-day all their own. The iron fetters of the persecutor, riven by an angel's voice, have been transmuted into chains purer than pearls, richer than rubies, more lasting than diamonds, whose hallowed links bind nation to nation, century to century, and all to the throne of Him who received that magnificent outburst of adoring faith, "Thou art Christ the Son of the living God!" St. Peter's Chains! Happy is our day to have witnessed the ready welding of a new and firmer link to that ever-lengthening chain whose welcome fetters twine round every Catholic heart, holding it in free, joyous loyalty to the Apostolic See. St. Peter's Chains! let the world count its fleeting triumphs and sing pæans to successful crime. The Christian faith celebrates its trials; it sings songs in the night of persecution and woe; its conquerors are they whom the world deems defeated. Two more of these strangely beautiful feasts are presented to our homage in this month—"The Finding of the Relics of St. Stephen," first Martyr of the Christian Church; and "The Decollation of St. John Baptist," last Martyr of the Jewish faith, the glorious connecting link between the Old Law and the New. "Let the dead past bury its dead," is not the motto of the Catholic Church. Like her divine Author, she has no past or future; it is always present time. She has no dead to bury. Her children are never more alive to her than when they have passed from earth.

The Church of the martyrs! Where now are the despoils

Who shed the brave blood of those champions of faith?

What shadow remains of their once boasted glory?

What relic hath 'scaped the oblivion of death?

Go search their records, O pains-taking scholar!

Flood with new light those mausoleums old,

Then sigh for Prometheus' power to awaken

The warm rush of life in the spectre ye hold.

Change, time and fashion but mock at your labors;

Ye cannot restore what has once passed away;

The doom of mortality swept down your giants,

Their kingdoms and deeds to ignoble decay.

Turn your gaze Romeward—there ancient and modern

Commingle together, defiant of time;

Change comes not near it, destruction draws backward,

Immutable—deathless—is writ on its shrine.

The Church of the martyrs, the Church of the living;

Her heroes share not the general doom;

Immortality's throne rests beside her high altar,

Unconscious of danger, unshaded by gloom.

St. Dominic—name dear to every lover of Mary. Every saint's name has its own peculiar charm; that of Dominic awakens feelings inexpressibly sweet, yet mingled with not a little awe. The love that grows enthusiastic over the history of St. Francis of Assisi, turns with deeper though not less delighted ardor to his "twin pillar" of the Church. With the one, the recollection of his gay, worldly youth, merging so suddenly into highest sanctity, yet always retaining its bright, joyous characteristic, makes him seem more natural, nearer to our comprehension; the other, while equally gay-tempered, generous and brave, rises before us, crowned from the first with that mysterious halo, too dazzling in its purity, too unearthly in its steady radiance for eyes like ours to contemplate with familiar affection. The gay young cavalier of Italy takes captive the heart: the holy young student of Spain at once subdues and elevates the soul. How indeed could it be otherwise with regard to one of whom that marvellous revelation was vouchsafed to St. Catherine of Sienna, his spiritual daughter and perfect counterpart? Being in prayer on a vigil of the great saint's feast, she was wrapped into an ecstasy, and beheld the Heavenly Father with the co-eternal Son. While contemplating this adorable sight, Catherine saw the blessed Dominic coming forth from the bosom of the Eternal Father, in surpassing brightness and beauty, and heard a voice say: "Beloved daughter, I have begotten these two sons; one by nature, the other by a sweet and tender adoption." As Catherine listened, amazed at this almost incredible comparison, the divine voice condescended to explain several ways in which the adopted son resembled the co-equal Son, and concluded the sublime recital in these words: "Hence I have compared Dominic to My Son by nature, whose life he im-

itated, and thou seest that even his body resembles the sacred body of My divine Son."

With this wondrous narration in mind, how delightedly we muse over the history of the Saint, tracing out its various similitudes to the mortal life of our dearest Lord. From the home in Old Castile which was the happy witness of his childhood's proficiency in every virtue, we follow him to the great University of Valencia, where "in the world, but not of it," his youthful years were passed in prayer and study, unconsciously attracting the admiration of all, not more by his wonderful mental powers, than by the great perfection to which he had already attained. Next we find him among the Augustinian Canons of Osma, "first in holiness," sub-prior, though the youngest of the Cathedral Chapter, spending his days and nights before the altar, weeping for the sins and miseries of his fellow-creatures, passing nine years in what the world would call monkish idleness and superstition. Then as the chosen companion of the Bishop of Osma, he leaves his seclusion for a long journey on a political embassy. But those saintly ambassadors have their thoughts fixed on other than state affairs. As they cross the borders of their own majestic land into fair France, Don Diego de Azevedo and Canon Dominic mark the ravages, moral and physical, of the Albigenses, whose cruel sway is desolating those lovely southern provinces. Dominic is now (1203) in his thirty-third year, and the apostolic zeal which the Holy Spirit has been gently fostering during those uneventful years, starts into life at the sight. With penances, and tears, and sighs, he has pleaded unceasingly for the grace of perfect charity, that he may immolate himself for the good of the souls so dear to his Divine Master. And now it is come to him. The great work for which he is destined is still in the future, indistinctly taking form, perhaps, before his eagle vision; but many years must pass in a hard novitiate ere the Order of Friars Preachers shall burst upon the astonished gaze of the world.

Two years pass. The holy travellers are returning to Osma, sorrowfully resigned to the failure of the hopes that have beguiled their way of being employed in missionary duty and winning, mayhap, the martyr's crown, when providential circumstances open the way for a part of their ambitious dream to be realized, in those same Albigensian provinces which first inspired it. For ten years Dominic labors here, aided and cheered at first by his bishop, and a zealous band who rallied to the latter's side, but soon the death of Don Diego scatters it, and Dominic is left alone—alone with the angels who witnessed that apostolate and could tell its marvels.

If not the grandest part of our saint's career, this

is certainly the most interesting. Few as are its authentic records, they are so full of poetry and romance that they have inspired legends innumerable; and while longing for more details, imagination does not need to draw largely on its resources to fill up the noble outlines. Familiar to us as if our eyes had beheld it, is that slender figure clad in the poorest robe of a barefooted friar; that face whose ravishing beauty recalls One, the most beautiful among the sons of men, with its fair, fresh complexion unmarred by sun and wind, its gentle smile ever ready to play about the lips that have never uttered aught but words of peace and holiness; the sweet blue eyes, more radiant for the torrents of tears they have shed over others' woes; the beautiful auburn hair crowning as with a halo the noble head whose vast conceptions will outlast time and bear fruit in eternity. On his heart lies the Epistles of St. Paul, his chosen model, and no doubt the simple, touching picture the Apostle of the Gentiles drew of his labors, dangers and sufferings* would apply with little variation to the Apostle of Languedoc.

Now singing joyously on his lonely way, leaving the true apostolic track, his own blood, on the rocks and thorns, less hard and unyielding, alas! than the hearts he seeks to reclaim; now smiling and unmoved in the midst of jeering crowds, suffering insults and injuries, not with patience but with the triumphant joy of one who remembers the sufferings of One greater than he;—here, confounding the worldly eloquence of heretics by the sublime wisdom that belongs only to him who is sent by God; there calmly consenting to their own test of committing his writings with theirs to the flames, and as calmly (though with what inward grief!) witnessing their persistent incredulity, even when that test has proved the truth of his doctrinal work rising unharmed from amid the fire, while theirs are reduced to ashes. A wicked generation always seeks a sign, but when did it ever nobly do homage to the truth thus manifested before its eyes? Now he answers the fierce threats of the "Communists" of that era by the touching complaint: "I am not worthy of martyrdom;" again he draws a fancy sketch of "what he would do" had he fallen into an ambush prepared by those who longed to shed his blood: "I would have prayed you not to take my life at one blow, but little by little, cutting off the members of my body one by one, and when you had done that, to pluck out my eyes, and then leave me; so prolonging my tortures and gaining me a richer crown." O proud castle of Calarago, many a noble Guzman hast thou sent forth to the armies of chivalry, but bravest of thy race is the Church's own Dominic.

* 2 Cor., Chap. xi.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Pebbly Shore and Ferny Bank.

BY MARIE S. LILLON.

[CONCLUDED.]

The little spirits sighed, but they brought him as he asked, and slowly and silently he went down to the valley.

The other stream—Ferny Bank—rippled and gurgled and flashed her bright waves in the sunshine, as she laughed: "Bring no chill shadows to me. Set no dark evergreens above me, with their sighing and sobbing when the summer day is brightest; and away with your thorny shrubs and poison vines, your dark pebbles and sharp stones! The world is beautiful and the Lord is good! Shall the way of the Lord be less fair than the paths of sin? Cover my banks with graceful ferns and mosses soft and green; bring trees whose leaves will rustle and dance at the softest breath of the breezes; send birds to sing in their branches at the dawning, and winds to whisper in the twilight; give me flowers and blossoming shrubs, and bring to me every day sunshine and dew-drops!"

The spirits sighed again, but they gave her as she asked, and she danced out in the sunshine. "Ah," the little spirits whispered sadly, "if they would only flow together! Duty is harsh and Love is a coward, if they go not hand in hand."

"Remember," said the angel of the rivers, when he came to the streamlets in the evening, "remember, you must do ever the work of the Lord. Listen meekly to the messages He will send you; give Him willing, loving obedience; heed the call of His children, the glad, the sorrowful, the pure, and the sinful, the Lord loves them all. Think not of yourselves; if you do well now, you shall rest by and by. Far away a peaceful ocean rests in an eternal calm; beautiful islands are set like gems on its bosom; they smile in the sunshine no cloud ever dims, eternal summer crowns them with verdure that never withers and flowers that never fade; fragrant winds blow over the bright waters, and the glad waves as they break on the silver sands of the shore murmur ever a song of praise and joy. Go now! flow on your way to the peaceful ocean, and as you go do the work of the Lord."

One day a boy pushed his way with boyish energy through the thorns on Pebbly Shore's bank. "That was a brave fight," he half whispered, a little awed by the gloom; "victorious, but badly wounded, I should say, by the rent in my sleeve and the scratch on my hand. The shadows are

dark enough here for the ghosts to dwell in; if I were a man and had a woodman's axe I'd soon let in the merry sunbeams. Ho, Pebbly Shore, did you know the sun was shining? He was up three hours ago. The whole earth smiled at his coming, but no greeting has he had from you I know! The flowers are blooming, the birds are singing and the wind is blowing; a merry time they are having in the forest! I would gladly have stayed to play with them, but I have here a new water-wheel good Peter made for me last evening. I could not sleep for thinking how the little waves would dash against it, laughing and foaming as they set it whirling; and I heard in my dreams the tinkle of the bright, falling drops. Come, Pebbly Shore, ripple your waters and turn my wheel!"

"Why should I turn your wheel, careless child?" answered the stream; "have I time to trifle with a baby's toy? Do you not know the world is sinful? After life cometh death, and the Lord is just! Why do you waste the time in idle sport, like the motes that dance in the sunbeams? Let the sun shine if it will, the flowers bloom, the breeze blow and the birds sing, I have to do the work of the Lord!"

"Ah, but they do the Lord's work, too!" cried the boy; "I watched them this morning. I heard the maidens whispering to the blossoming plants: 'Give us flowers for the altar of the Lord—flowers to wreath around His home in the tabernacle, and flowers for His Blessed Mother's shrine;' and the plants gave their fairest buds and brightest blossoms. A man was lying on the ground as I came along; when I saw his face, I hid behind the bushes. I was afraid, he looked so fierce and strange. He laid on the flowers and crushed them, but their fragrance floated around him; they were sweeter than those blooming at my side, that I kissed so gently. And the sunbeams came—the bright little sunbeams—and warmed his chilled limbs. I know a thought of the Lord came to his heart, for there were tears in his eyes as he looked at the crushed flowers, and his hands trembled as he held them out to the sunbeams. I saw the breeze at work this morning. When my sweet young mother was ill, loving hands fanned her day and night and sprinkled perfumes over her couch; but every day I pass a little cottage where a poor sick woman lives; through the open window I see her pale, thin face resting on the pillow. No one has time to fan her, even when the heat is greatest, and if they have bread enough they must be content without rare perfumes. This morning the breeze came, bearing on his wings fragrance gathered from forest and garden. I smelled roses and mignonette and violets as he flitted by. The cool

dewy freshness of the dawn was in his breath. He just stirred the woman's hair and waved the curtain gently. She smiled with a rested look and I saw her kiss the cross she held in her clasped hands. As I came through the forest the wind was rocking softly the young birds in their pretty nests; and on every branch the birds were singing such sweet songs of praise and love to the good God, one could but sing with them. Surely they were all doing the work of the Lord, and yet they had time to play with me! They would have turned my wheel if they could."

The boy looked wistfully at the dark waters, but no ripple stirred them and he went slowly away, tears dimming his bright eyes and disappointment clouding the innocent joy of his face.

The same day a girl came to Ferny Bank. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her pretty childish face was very sad. She clasped her tiny hands and her tears fell into the bright waves as she sobbed:

"The hot hand of the fever has been laid on my sister. All day she moans and tosses on her bed; even the peaceful evening will not bring her rest, though our gentle mother holds her head on her breast and sings softly the sweet hymns she sang over our cradle. She says she could sleep if she was by the river-side, where she could lay her hot cheek on the damp moss and listen to the cool water rippling and gurgling over the stones. My mother told me if she slept she would live. Oh, Ferny Bank, will you not flow by our home, and sing the song you are singing now to hush my sister to sleep?"

"Where is your home?" asked Ferny Bank coldly, for the shadow of the child's sorrow clouded the sunshine; the flowers bowed their beautiful blossoms under their leaves when her sighs floated over them, and her tears darkened the bright waves. "If the child's grief so troubles me," thought the stream, "how dreary it would be to flow where a sick girl's moans and a woman's wailing would sound day and night." She tossed a shower of crystal drops, that glittered like jewels, at the frolicking sunbeams as she waited for the child's answer.

"We live in a cottage at the edge of the forest; the birds will show you the way. They come every morning and sing to my sister songs so sad I weep when I hear them. Yet they are sweeter than any I ever heard before, for they sing of our dear Lord and His Blessed Mother."

"I cannot go," said Ferny Bank; "I know the way; it is through the deep valley; the shadows are dark and cold there, even at midday. I have work to do in the sunshine that I must not leave. The flowers on my bank would wither in the

gloom, they are given to my charge and I must watch over them. Be comforted, child! The Lord is good. Have you not heard me singing it? Surely He will give your sister rest. I will ask Him."

The child turned away. The birds hushed their merry songs when they heard her sobs. The flowers withered and died under her feet as she passed along.

"Ah, it is well I did not go! There is a blight even in her footsteps," said Ferny Bank, and she rippled and danced as gaily as before.

The streamlets complained to the angel of the rivers when he came in the evening. Each cried: "The Lord has forgotten me. He has sent me no message. He has given me no work to do."

The face of the angel was stern. He had no approving look for Pebbly Shore, no smile for Ferny Bank, as he said: "The Lord gave work to each, but you would not take it from His hands. He sent you messages but you gave no heed. Will you not listen to His word, and obey his command when a child brings it? Do you think it a light thing, Pebbly Shore, to have called tears to the eyes of one of His little ones? Surely, now, you know it is the Lord's will; you will do the work He sent you. Shall I tell the boy you will turn his wheel on the morrow?" The angel's voice softened at the last, and a tender smile beamed on his face.

Darker and darker grew the waves of Pebbly Shore; his solemn song changed to a low sullen murmur; pride and anger were in his heart and he gave no answer.

"And you, too, Ferny Bank," said the angel, "why did you not comfort the sorrowing child the Lord sent to you?"

"She would have had me go from my way," the stream murmured faintly. "You bade me flow to the peaceful ocean. I prayed for the sick girl; surely she is at rest; the Lord is so good."

"Your prayer was not winged with loving work," said the angel; "it could not soar to the Lord. It is only when you follow your own will that you flow from the right way,—the Master never calls you from it. The sick girl is indeed at rest. Death came to her side; he closed her eyes and folded her hands; her hot, flushed cheek grew cold and white when he looked at her. He carried her to the Lord, who smiled at her coming, for her pure young heart was never stained by sin. The violets that withered on your bank pitied the child; the Lord, well pleased, let them go to brighten the dreams of the dying girl. Now in heaven they blossom on her bosom and are twined around her head. The angels praise their beauty and fragrance. Go, Ferny Bank! there is work for you still. Go! sing of God's love to the mother and

little sister. The angels whispered to them of hope until they smiled in their sleep. The Blessed Mother came and kissed the tears from the cheek of the slumbering child, and laid a lily from heaven on the broken heart of the mother. Go now, Ferny Bank, and greet their waking with your sweet song!"

Dim shadows floated over the stream; her waves rippled against the stones with a fretful murmur; but she gave no answer, and the angel went away.

There was a freshet in the spring. The wind whispered to Pebbly Shore: "Spare the wealth of the good man who lives in the valley, for all he has he gives to the Lord."

To Ferny Bank he said: "A man has built on the plain; all his treasure he hoards in his house. Sweep it away, for he loves only his gold; perhaps when it is gone he will think of the Lord."

But in the morning the good man's home was in ruins, of his wealth nothing remained, and the house of the scorner was untouched; he laughed and taunted the other: "Is this the reward of your Master? A hard service you have, truly. Far better is my way."

"Ah," said the good man meekly, "the Master knows best, and He gives not His rewards in this life."

One day a child, a tiny, merry girl, was playing on Ferny Bank's shore. She laughed as she saw a face smiling back to her from the water. Nearer and nearer she leaned; the little spirits of the forest bore her gently down until she floated on the dancing waves. Still she laughed, catching at the sunbeams and the white lilies. The spirits whispered: "She will meet death now without fear, the sinless child. If she lives, her life will be sad and sin will reign in her heart. We have seen it all. Let your bright waves close over her now; over the little feet that have yet walked only in the way of innocence but would wander so far; over the smiling lips, the blue eyes, and the dimpled hands filled with lilies."

But the stream shuddered as if a strong wind had rippled her waters. She floated the child to the shore. Still laughing, the little one crept up on the bank, and ran away, dropping the lilies to wither in the sunshine.

When a few years had gone by her father came to Pebbly Shore. "My daughter no longer loves the way of the Lord," he said, "she has learned to wander in sinful paths. She comes home with her white robes stained, her hands filled with gaudy-colored blossoms that pour forth an intoxicating perfume, she twines them in her hair in place of the violets and daisies she once loved. She no longer sings the sweet hymns her mother taught her in her childhood, but songs so wild and strange

I cannot listen to them, though she laughs aloud as she sings them. Pebbly Shore, what shall I do to my child?"

"The law of the Lord is just, and sin is hateful," answered the stream. "As you love the Lord, cherish not the sinner."

The father went away. His face was stern and merciless. A shadow cold and dark shut the sunshine from him. Anger closed his ears to the pleading voices that sounded all around him—the voices of sinless things pleading in vain with a sinful man for mercy to a sinner.

When the girl came again to Ferny Bank it was a woman's face, worn and weary, that looked at her from the water. She wrung her hands as she wailed: "O cruel waters, why did you not close over me in my innocent childhood? Now I am tired and *must* sleep, but not here,—the sunshine is too bright, the waves sparkle too gaily. I will go to Pebbly Shore."

Wearily she went to the other stream. "I must sleep without praying," she muttered; "I have not prayed for so long. My prayers would not be heard. Even my father has driven me from him." She shivered in the gloom, and a look of despair gleamed in her eyes.

Her father was near. The winds hastened to tell him. "Where is my child?" he asked of the stream. The dark waves flouted the white face and wasted form to his sight. Before they could close over her again he drew her from the water. He carried her into the sunshine and laid her down on the fresh, soft grass. "Oh!" he moaned, "if my heavenly Father deals with me as I have with my daughter! I said to my angry heart that I was just, but I knew it was not the loving justice of the Lord. How shall I answer when He asks of me the child He gave to my keeping? When she wandered, I might have led her back, perhaps; but I drove her from me! Dear Lord, be merciful to the merciless!"

He chafed her hands,—his tears fell on her face. The warm sunbeams shone over her; the gentle winds fanned her face; the flowers gave their fragrance. How sweetly the birds sang when she sighed and opened her eyes. She shuddered and closed them again when she saw her father. But he held her to his heart, as he whispered: "We have sinned; we have sinned! God forgive us as we forgive one another!" She clasped her arms around his neck, and as they wept and prayed together they knew not of the great joy among the angels in heaven.

One day a miller came to the streams. "Ho!" he said, "you are neighbors, but look little like friends. I think you would be the better for flowing together,—one is a light-headed babbler and the

other fairly sullen. We like sunshine and shadow mixed in this world. My old mill will soon tumble down, I think. A long, busy life it has had—and work and age have made it feeble enough. I must build me a new one. The stream the old one stands on is small at the best, and dry full half the time; but here is water enough to turn a score of wheels. Good work it will be for you. Such idle lives as you lead are not well. Fine fun, too, I should think, dashing over the great wheel: the clear drops dripping from every point; the white foam gleaming from the dark shadows; and the pond where you will rest will be peaceful and and sunshiny always;—come, which of you will turn my wheel?"

"Not I," said Pebbly Shore; "I have work, though you seem not to know it. I have to warn sinful men of their danger, and tell of the justice of the Lord. I have no time to rest in the sunshine of your quiet pond, or turn your wheel,—I must flow on my way to the peaceful ocean."

"Not I," cried Ferny Bank; "I have to tell of the goodness of the Lord, and I am *not* idle! Idle indeed! Too busy by far to take my bright waters into the shadow to turn your wheel. And I am flowing to the peaceful ocean."

"To the great swamp, more likely," said the miller; "that is where you are going now. More than one wilful stream has been lost there. You will have to turn soon if you hope to reach the ocean. Teaching is all very well, but you tell only half the story, either one of you, and little enough good it will do told in that way. When the Lord wants one to teach He will tell them so, there will be no doubt of it. A stream's duty, I take it, is to turn a mill; and better sermons than any *you* will ever preach will want hearers if that corn isn't ground. Poor human nature is weak, and a hungry man won't get much good even from such sermons as those of our kind Father, and that's saying a great deal, for many a time I've sat like a great boy with my mouth as wide open as my eyes, and the tears running down my face as I listened to him. Whether you turn my wheel or not, you had better go the other way or you will surely be lost in the swamp. You can see it from here. But, bless us, I think I have turned preacher, too! I must go and see about that mill!"

When the miller had hurried away, the streams looked ahead. Yes, there was the swamp! Rough grasses grew here and there in little clumps; great bushes with coarse foliage fringed the edge; tall weeds flaunted flowers of gaudy colors in the sunshine, or drooped livid hues in the shade; lizards and awkward turtles lay on the damp stones; snakes glided through the rustling grass; the waters just stirred dark and sluggish in the sunshine, or gathered green foam in the shadow.

The streams begged of the wind that he would call the angel of the rivers to them. "Ah! what

shall we do?" they cried, when he came; "we have not heeded your warnings, but be merciful and aid us! We have lived long, but none have loved us; none have come with grateful thanks to us; we have done no good. And there is the swamp! Must we be lost there?"

Lovingly the angel smiled; his voice was so tender, as he told them of their pride and wilfulness, that, though they sorrowed, they did not fear. Meekly they said: "We will no longer follow our own way! Whither shall we go? What shall we do?"

The angel led them nearer and nearer, until the dark waves of Pebbly Shore mingled with the bright ripples of Ferny Bank. How beautiful they were then! The little spirits decked their banks anew; when they had finished they were indeed lovely. Here tall trees leaned over the waters from either side, their branches almost meeting; there a great rock, or a heap of rough stones, with, perhaps, a wild rose clambering over them; a little farther, a grassy slope, blue with violets, or a sandy shore strewn with pebbles and pretty shells; and again, a steep bank green with velvety moss, and fringed at the water's edge with feathery ferns that bent over the clear ripples and even dipped into them. Sometimes the waters rested cool and quiet in the dark shadows; sometimes they danced merrily in the sunshine; sometimes they dashed, all covered with foam, over a ledge of rock. And how many songs they sung,—a low gurgle, joyous as a baby's first laugh; loud, merry babblings like sturdy boys at play; now as sweet as a young maiden's singing, anon as sad as the sound of weeping; low murmurs like the prayers of saints, and deep, solemn warnings.

They turn the good miller's wheel, and many another, and float a host of toy boats on their ripples; gladly they fill the pitchers the young girls dip into their waves; they give their waters to the thirsty cattle that come from their pastures in the quiet evenings; the voices of the children that walk beside them sound clear and sweet on the still air; the little ones sing as they gather the lovely white water-lilies swaying up and down on the waves, and weave them, all dripping with crystal drops, into beautiful garlands, to deck the tabernacle where the dear Lord rests, or the shrine of His blessed Mother; or they laugh merrily, the happy children, as they try to count the tiny fishes darting through the bright ripples; in the dark nights, shy wild things from the forest creep timidly down to drink.

I could not tell you all the good they do. They are ever busy, ever happy. Ferny Bank fears no shadow while Pebbly Shore is with her; he welcomes the sunshine because she loves it. Many a sweet lesson they teach in their songs, for they always sing together; when Pebbly Shore murmurs low and solemn, "The Lord is just," e'er despair can find entrance to the sinful hearts of those who listen, Ferny Bank whispers, "The Lord is good," and peace comes to them, as they see through their repentant tears the beautiful rainbow of hope; when some tempted soul, listening to Ferny Bank's sweet song, thinks: "Ah yes, the Lord is so good and merciful! surely He will forgive if I yield," the solemn warning of Pebbly Shore sounds loud and clear over the low murmur of Ferny Bank and the pleading of the tempter. Always busy, always happy, guided by the angel they flow on their way to the peaceful ocean.

AVE MARIA.

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The Assumption.

The Gospel that is read in the Mass of the Assumption refers in its literal sense not to the Blessed Virgin, but to another Mary, the sister of Lazarus and Martha, who was a figure of the true Mary. Some not understanding the application of the Gospel have deemed that it would be well to change it, thereby showing that they know not how to discover the true sense of the Gospel.

In the feast of Bethania, says M. Olier, Martha represents the Church; her sister, Mary, takes the place of the Blessed Virgin; and Jesus, taking the repast, intended to prefigure what was to take place on the Assumption of His Mother into heaven. Martha was extremely busy preparing the meal, and complained to Jesus because her sister did not help her; Mary sat at the feet of Jesus, and our Saviour wishing to encourage the one in her repose of heavenly love, and to correct the excess of zeal displayed by the other, declared that Mary had chosen the better part, which would not be taken from her.

The Church, that is, the Apostles and first Christians, occupied with the things of earth, and feeling the need they had of Mary's assistance, complained that she wished to enter into eternal repose, that she left them to struggle and combat without her, that she went to heaven, while they remained exiles on earth. Mary, more spiritual, more holy and more attached to Jesus, and knowing moreover that when quitting the Church on earth she would not cease to protect it, chooses the better part, and Jesus approves her choice and declares that it shall not be taken from her. He had before reproved his Apostles for the sadness that overcame them when they heard that He was about to leave them. "If you loved Me you would rejoice that I go to My Father." They should also rejoice at the Assumption of Mary; and the Church, who, despite a certain sadness that she cannot completely control, perfectly comprehends that her true interests are served by the translation of her Queen from earth to heaven, calls repeatedly upon

the faithful in the Office and Mass of the day to rejoice with her.

Such is the spirit of the Festival of the Assumption. Joy that Mary has chosen the better part, which shall never be taken from her; joy that our Queen now reigning in heaven still continues to protect the Church by her intercession at the feet of her Son Jesus.

It is a difficult thing to speak of the glory of the Blessed Virgin in heaven. It were better, says the venerable M. Olier, to honor by our silence the glory of Mary in heaven than to speak of it in our feeble words. And yet it is even more difficult to be silent. Does she, do her faithful servants, ask only silence of us? Both she and they will pardon us the feebleness of our words if we say all we can; the language of earth is so poorly adapted to talk of the magnificence of heaven.

In speaking of the glory or beatitude of the Holy Virgin in heaven, we must, in order the better to understand, distinguish what is *essential* from what is *accidental*. The possession of God, by the beatific vision, is the essential part of beatitude; the gifts of the soul, of the body, and those which are exterior, form the accidental part. We shall speak only of the essential glory, reserving for another time what may be said of the glory which Mary receives from her pre-eminent qualities of soul and body.

In his work on the Blessed Virgin, entitled *Coronula Mariana*, M. l'abbé Petitalot treats this subject in the following terms. Essential glory or beatitude, which consists in seeing God face to face, although perfect for all the elect is nevertheless unequal, and in proportion to the sanctity of each one. In Mary this glory is incomprehensible, immense, a thousand times exceeding the beatitude of all the fortunate dwellers in the heavenly Jerusalem. We can easily understand that the glory of Mary must be in proportion to three things: to her dignity as Mother of God, to the amount of grace with which her soul was filled, and to the grandeur and excellence of her merits. But the glory arising from these three things we cannot understand, and I doubt whether the angels and saints can perfectly comprehend it.

The glory of Mary must be proportionate to her dignity of Mother of God. To express that the glory of our Saviour is without limit, the Gospel says: *We have seen His glory, as the glory of the only Son of the Father.* Now, the angels and saints see the glory of Mary as the glory of the Mother of the Only Son. The dignity being incomprehensible, the glory is also incomprehensible. The throne of the Mother is not far from her Son's; the Queen stands at the right hand of the King: that is, Mary, inferior to the Incarnate Word, approaches as near to Him as it is possible for a creature to approach to God.

We have time and time again endeavored to say what were the perfection, the increase, the grandeur and the height of the sanctifying grace in the soul of Mary. Now grace is the measure of heavenly beatitude, the seed of glory, the sure guarantee of the Inheritance; it is grace which, making men sons of God, gives them a right to the paternal Kingdom: *If we are sons, we are heirs also.* To make men holy, just, friends of God, participants in the Divine Nature, is the power of grace. Call to mind then the grace which Mary possessed; already so great in her conception that it even then would have gained for her a glory far superior to that of all the saints—then increasing in all the acts of the Holy Virgin, and finally so perfect and so infinite at the last moment of her life on earth that it surpassed all measure.

The merits of the Blessed Virgin call for a glory and felicity without limit. Such was the value of her acts that by the first she merited more than all the martyrs by their heroic death, than all the saints in the desert, than all the virgins in the cloister. Each of the following acts doubled the merit of the preceding ones; and the last, which was produced with all the perfection of grace and all the ardor of charity acquired previous to that act, was equal in value to the whole life of the Blessed Virgin. What then must be the weight of glory given in return for the perfection of so many meritorious acts?

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—At Dover, England, on SS. Peter and Paul's day, at the eight o'clock Mass, at the Church of St. Paul, no boy able to answer Mass came in time. A fine old gentleman, apparently eighty years old, perceived the want, and offered to serve Mass. Every one in the church noticed his age, his simple piety and devotion. After Mass, he was found to be the Duke of Saldanha, Commander of the Army and late Prime Minister of Portugal, who had come to Dover to meet the Emperor and Empress of Brazil.

A secure mind is like a continual feast.—*Prov.*

Thronus Trinitatis.

Each several Saint the Church reveres,
What is he but an altar whence
Some separate Virtue ministers
To God a separate frankincense?

Each beyond each, not made of hands,
They rise, a ladder angel-trod:
Star-bright the last and loftiest stands—
That altar is the Throne of God.

Lost in the uncreated light
A Form all Human rests thereon:
His shade from that surpassing height
Beyond creation's verge is thrown.

Him "Lord of lords, and King of kings,"
The chorus of all worlds proclaim:—
"He took from her," one angel sings
At intervals, "His Human frame."

—*Aubrey De Vere.*

STARS OF OUR LADY; Or, Glances Through the Calendar.

AUGUST.

ST. DOMINIC.—[Concluded.]

So passed the ten years' apostolate among the Albigeuses, consecrated by sufferings, glorified by miracles; and at its close one hundred thousand souls had been reclaimed to the true fold. The foundation had been laid of what was to be called the second of the Dominican Orders; the church of Our Lady at Prouille, a little village of the Pyrenees, having offered shelter to a few pious ladies, who were initiated into the religious life on the feast of the beloved disciple, in the year 1206. The infant community, zealously governed by St. Dominic amid all his other labors, grew in time to a large and celebrated monastery, numbering among its members several princesses, and sending out various branches to extend the holy work; but its greatest claim to veneration is in being the mother-house of the great Dominican Order. At this time also, the third Order, probably, was originated, which, under the grand name of *Militia of Jesus Christ*, associated the laity in the labors of the apostolic priests, and in more peaceful times retained its old spirit under the less imposing name of the *Order of Penance of St. Dominic*. Here, too, was the birthplace of the Rosary, which might almost be called another Order,—the great popular devotion, whose name is its eulogy, and whose institution would alone crown our Saint with imperishable renown. So-called "histories" picture Dominic, as the fierce inquisitor, at the head of an avenging army, urging on zealots like himself to

the work of slaughter. How different from the real Dominic, the tender-hearted, high-souled friar, whose Christlike zeal was never obscured by one shadow of human vengeance, distributing his sacred chaplets to the faithful as the most potent weapons. Wonderful is the inconsistency of falsehood; stranger still the blindness that will not see its glaring contradictions. Fancy "Dominic Guzman's childish bauble," as it is politely called, emanating from a "dark-minded, blood-thirsty fanatic!"

Our Lady's chaplet! given first by her own lily hands,
How soon her children all were drawn within its flow'ry
bonds.

Thro' Dominic, her favored one, to earth 'twas scarcely
given,
Ere all with joyous fervor claimed the rosary of heaven.

Our Lady's chaplet! 'Mong the gems that deck the
royal dame,
Most cherished is the rosary she wears in Mary's name;
The peasant child her rosary regards with loving pride,
Golconda's wealth were poor to her those simple beads
beside.

Our Lady's beads! The Vatican hath heard them
humbly told;
The stormy ocean, at their touch, in smiling waves has
roll'd;
The desert sands, the mountain peaks, know Mary's
beads full well;
All tribes and tongues their wondrous worth with eager
love can tell.

And still, as generations rise, Our Lady's chaplet holds
its magic power to rule all hearts and sanctify all souls;
Nor by Our Lady of Prouille was firmer faith secured,
Than now, six centuries later, greets our Lady dear of
Lourdes.*

Our Saint was in his forty-sixth year when he was called on to accompany to the Council of Lateran the zealous Fulk, Bishop of Toulouse, the first patron of the Dominican Order. The great work of his life had now made its beginning, silently, humbly, as such works are wont to do; he left at Toulouse the little band of six chosen souls, beginners in the science of theology which would direct their future labors, but doubtless already proficients in the science of the saints.

Whatever its scandals and follies, that was an age of faith, and we can imagine the *sensation* Languedoc's holy apostle created wherever he appeared. Time and labor, poverty and penance, had all failed to mar that beautiful face to which every eye was eagerly turned. The pure, fresh complexion so

like a child's, the soft lustrous eyes, the ever ready smile, all were as of old; even the beautiful hair was unchanged. The radiant light that had ever been noticed on his noble brow, was still brighter, and the long beard he was allowing to grow in preparation for his mission to the Saracens—a lifelong dream never to be realized—added to his venerable aspect. And so he comes—the high-born Spanish Don, the eloquent Canon, the apostle of Languedoc, all his titles and glories of family and religion long since lost in his chosen appellation "Brother Dominic, preacher"—he comes to lay at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff the plan and purport of his intended Order. It was a new and bold idea. St. Francis of Assisi had already triumphed over the many obstacles to the erection of a mendicant Order, but St. Dominic's was more than that. Now, accustomed to see priests generally exercise the holy function of preaching, it seems strange to remember that before his time it was reserved to the bishops and higher ranks. To propose a whole order of preaching friars was therefore a startling innovation. But at Rome "whatever is of God" always finds one steady friend, however it may be opposed elsewhere; and December 22, 1216, two Papal decrees finally and fully confirmed the Order of Friars Preachers, as those "who will be the champions of faith and true lights of the world." The experience of nearly seven hundred years shows how prophetic was the high eulogium of Pope Honorius III.

Only five years remained of that invaluable life; but in that short space Dominic saw his Preachers, with the Minors of his beloved friend, take possession of court and camp, city and country, throughout Christian Europe, and prepare to push their conquests among infidels and heathens. And hand in hand, sometimes alone, sometimes with glorious allies, have Franciscans and Dominicans spread the fame of their mighty fathers in the Old World and the New, foremost in every enterprise for the glory of God and the good of man.

How exquisite are the details of those five years; the multiplicity of works, the brilliancy of miracles, and sweet sublimity of virtues that make its history like a path thickly set with fragrant flowers and glittering jewels in bewildering profusion. But that wonderful "master-general" is still the same beloved Dominic, "our most sweet father," as his sons delighted to call him: in every charming anecdote, in every grave historical incident, the same genial, joyous, simple-hearted, great-minded servant of God, whose characteristics seem far less human than divine. Earth surely never sent, since the Immaculate Mother, a nobler, sweeter, purer soul to its kindred home, than that which took flight from the ashes-strewn floor of St. Nicholas,

* Tradition says it was while praying in the church of Notre Dame de Prouille, that St. Dominic was instructed by his gracious Queen in the devotion which would be so dear to her; and the connection of the Rosary with little Bernadette's visions of Notre Dame de Lourdes is familiar to all.

convent in Bologna, on the Feast of the Transfiguration, 1221.

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER XIII.

FATHER JANNISON SETTLES TWO DIFFICULTIES.

"Let us have some hot coffee," said Allan Brooke, who, after having taken leave of the last of his guests and seen them off, went into the supper room where Mrs. Yellott was laying down the law about the precious Sévres china, plate, and other costly things, with undiminished energy; and drawing a chair up to the table where the rose-tints of morning struggled with the pale flickering lamp-light, said to one of the servants: "See if you can find me some cold chicken and tongue; and go to the pantry and fetch me a good honest slice of bread and butter. I'm going to eat my breakfast, Ellen, and go to bed."

"I shall do the same, Allan; I begin to feel a little tired," she answered pleasantly. "But it was delightful; everything passed off deliciously. I never saw people enjoy themselves more. But what became of Father Jannison? he disappeared about eleven o'clock, and nobody could tell me anything about him."

"He went away about a quarter of eleven, much to my regret. I saw him off, and lighted my boat lantern for him to read his Office by on his way home. He would have remained a little later, but had a sick call to attend, directly after his four o'clock Mass, some four or five miles from St. Inigoes."

"Oh, what a life of sacrifice and self-denial! I declare! it almost makes one wish to retire from the world,—and if it were not for my children I would—Here, Fanchette!"—cried Mrs. Yellott, suddenly brought down from her religious aspirations by the appearance of her maid,—“have you put away all those French flowers, and smoothed out my laces—and stop! fold up those things lying around my dressing-room. I know you have had two or three good sleeps to-night, and as it is broad daylight there's no use going to bed, there's so much to be done."

"Yes'm," answered Fanchette, flouncing out. She made short work of her task, then marching up to her room, she deliberately undressed herself and went to bed so tired and sleepy that she had scarcely touched her pillow before she was sound asleep. She knew by experience that her mistress

would go comfortably to bed and not awaken until noon, by which time she would be up and ready to serve her.

It took several days for everybody to get over the excitement of the *fête* and the household to fall back into its well-ordered quiet ways. The reaction left Lucia in a highly nervous, excitable state, drooping, depressed, and very quiet, while the other children seemed to have got a fresh access of life, and were noisy, wild and mischievous beyond bearing, perpetually romping, and playing off their pranks upon each other and the servants. Frank Yellott, not at all abashed by his disgrace, was ever the ringleader in their fun, not caring who was hurt or incommoded by it, or who was blamed so that he escaped.

Lucia spent much of her time in the music-room practising, and in the library poring over the romances of old chivalrous times—the adventures of crusaders, the lays of the troubadours—or turning with curious interest the pages of some old works on astrology and the occult sciences, which Allan Brooke had bought years before in London, and which had a strange fascinating charm for an imaginative mind like hers. Among other curious things she read one day the account of an ancient superstition by which obnoxious persons could be safely made way with, by modelling them in wax and placing the figure or figures where they would melt slowly in the heat of a steady fire, and as the wax dissolved their health would surely and steadily decline until, when the last vestige of it ran into shapeless form, they would expire.

"I should like to make one of Mrs. Yellott!" exclaimed Lucia, impulsively, while she clenched her small slender hand and her eye glittered; but in another instant she threw the book from her as far as she could, and, falling upon her knees, burst into a passion of tears, exclaiming: "No! no! I did not mean that. It is true that I hate her, and I can't help it, but I wouldn't hurt her for all the world. Oh, *Madre Dolores!* pity me and help me! *You* know how desolate I am! *you* know how the wickedness of my heart rises up and strangles my good thoughts! *you* know that I try to do right, and how hard it is for me! no one else, not even Father Jannison, knows it all as *you* do, and if *you* do not help me there's no one that can, *Madre mia!*"

This is but an instance of how the principles of good and evil perpetually struggled for the mastery in Lucia's nature, driving her helpless and desolate to the blessed feet of Mary, where if she did not always receive aid and comfort, her soul was held softened and subdued by a true penitence. Lucia did not know it, but she was already engaged in that warfare without which the soul wins

no palms; and like the children slain by Herod she felt the first wounds of a conflict that she did not comprehend, but which all must suffer for the love of Him who redeemed them, if they hope to gain eternal life.

After the *fête* the county people began to make calls, the house was always full of company, and Allan Brooke told Lucia that he wished her to know the young folks of the neighborhood, the children of her mother's old friends and his own; so Chloe, aided by Fanchette, altered her dresses to a more modern style, and made her some very pretty ones out of two or three which had belonged to her mother, of some thin black material, and coaxed her into having her hair fixed under a *bandeau* of narrow black velvet instead of letting it fly loose in a monstrous mass of elf locks over her neck and shoulders,—until at last she began herself to take some interest in what effected such an alteration in her appearance, particularly when she noticed her guardian's pleased and approving looks. Sometimes, of the flowers left from decorating her little shrine, upon which she religiously placed fresh ones every morning, she would of her own accord stick a spray of white jessamine under her *bandeau*, or a trailing stem of clematis, which mingled its pure delicate blossoms with the raven blackness of her hair with pretty effect, which showed, with many other little things, that her womanly instincts and tastes were developing.

As usual in her intercourse with the young people in whose society she was now frequently thrown, Lucia found many rough places to go over. Some of them were disagreeable to her in the extreme, some were dull and awkward, some ignorant and impertinent, others of them haughty and supercilious,—and, unfortunately for her, her perceptions of character were too keen, and she too inexperienced in the ways of the world, for her to be able to accept and make the best of people as she found them. It was up-hill work with her most of the time, but effort of the right sort is never fruitless, even if unsuccessful: it acts as a tonic on the moral nature, and proves a wholesome discipline to the heart. But Lucia did not understand all this; she was only guided by her conscience and that instinctive principle of true politeness which ever leads one to put himself in another's place and to do unto him as he would be done by, without analyzing cause, effect, or principles; but she was just as surely preparing herself for the evil days that were to come as if she had foreseen them.

When her brother was absent, Mrs. Yellott never spared Lucia when she could sting, mortify, or hurt her, before strangers as well as acquaintances. Sometimes the irascible child flared out in sudden revolt, which would astonish all present, and

exhibited her in a most unamiable light; sometimes, restraining herself, she would grow silent and disagreeable; sometimes, stung beyond endurance, she would set Mrs. Yellott at defiance, and go on laughing and chatting as if indifferent to her apparently well-meant remonstrances and reproaches.

One day, it was Saturday, Lucia had been sorely tried, not only by Mrs. Yellott but by Frank, who slyly and persistently chaffed her whenever he came near her, until at last it became unbearable,—and in a fury, her cheeks scarlet, her eyes flashing their angriest fires, she spoke her mind, heedless who heard her, in a manner neither complimentary nor agreeable to mother or son. Forgetting herself in her wild excitement, she broke out into Creole Spanish, which was of course unintelligible to all present; but not so the scorn and passion in her face, or her expressive gestures, which made her meaning as well understood as if she had spoken English. They had never seen her like this before, and it literally frightened both mother and son into silence: they had hunted her to bay; they had raised the storm, and were the first to cower before its violence.

Then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she turned from them all, and flying up to her room she locked herself in and threw herself prone upon the floor at the foot of her oratory, where she lay almost lifeless, exhausted by her violent emotions, and humiliated to the dust by the thought that all her good resolves had proved as weak as ropes of sand against a stormy tide. Then she remembered that they were all to go that evening to St. Inigoes to confession, the plan being to accept Father Janison's invitation to spend the night there, that they might be able to receive Holy Communion the following morning at his early Mass without distraction, for it was the Feast of the Assumption, a feast of particular devotion to the congregation of the old church at St. Inigoes. But how could she go? She would be ashamed to lift her head before them all, not through fear of her enemies, but through shame of her sin—through the humiliation of her fall. While these and other painful thoughts passed through her mind there came a rap her door, and Maam Chloe's voice roused her.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Come chile!" said the faithful old creature, "dey's all down to dinner, and Mars' Allan he's in a pucker about you; so come down, honey; if you doesn't you'll be too late to go over yander; dey's all gwine to start directly after dinner."

"I will come in a minute; go down and tell Mr. Brooke so," she answered softly; then bathing her face and smoothing her hair she ran down to the dining-room, where her guardian met her with outstretched hand.

"Not one of your bad head-aches I hope, Lucia?" he said, noticing her swollen eyes and the dark rings under them.

"No; it was one of my other kind of bads," she answered, loud enough for them all to hear—fearless of them, and troubled only by her conscience.

"Oh, dear me!"—thought Mrs. Yellott, in alarm—"I do hope she won't tell Allan about it; he'll be sure to blame me and Frank, and I do hate explanations."—"Lucia," she said, in her most amiable tones, "let me persuade you to eat a plate of this delicious soup."

"Thanks,—yes," she answered quietly; then Mrs. Yellott began to talk to her brother enthusiastically about a night-blooming cereus which Bligh had assured her would be in full flower the following night, and how crazy she was to see it; and Bligh had told her the perfume was so strong that it could be smelt across the river,—until he, always interested in his rare flowers, and now diverted by her exaggerated way of talking, forgot all about Lucia and her "bads."

After their return to "Haylands," where there happened to be no guests that Sunday, for a wonder, and Mrs. Yellott having nothing better to occupy her mind, thought that now would be the time and opportunity to say a few things to Lucia which her conscience urged her to; so after dinner she stepped into Lucia's room, and found her sitting by the vine-covered window, reading a book of sacred "Legends of the Madonna," in a very tranquil frame of mind. After closing the door, Mrs. Yellott took a seat on the bedside, and told Lucia that she had "come to speak to her as a friend, about something which had given her much pain, but about which she felt a delicacy in speaking."

Astonished, Lucia closed her book, and lifting her great black eyes to Mrs. Yellott's face, awaited to hear what the "something" might be, in silence.

"I hope that you will not be angry with me, Lucia, as what I am going to say is for your good, and I feel it to be a duty to speak out. I notice, Lucia, that you go to confession and Communion very regularly, as regularly as I do myself, and I have been perfectly scandalized by it, knowing as well as I do how unfit you must be, from your awful temper, to approach the Sacraments. I don't see how you could *dare* go this morning, after your behavior yesterday. It seems like a perfect mockery of holy things for such a passionate, self-willed, dreadful child to receive Holy Communion."

"That is the very reason I go, Mrs. Yellott," spoke out Lucia, as if inspired. "I go to try and be made better."

"But I don't see that you *try* to be made or do

better; so you'd better stay away until you are *truly* penitent; *then* there'll be some hope for you. I declare it makes me tremble to see you receiving the 'Bread of Life,'" said the merciless woman.

Here was a confusing thought, presented under specious aspects to Lucia's mind, always so sensitively alive to her own shortcomings. "She was not fit," she was told, "to approach the Sacraments;" and *how* was she to become fit if she stayed away? It struck like iron into her soul; she had never had such a thought before, but had gone ever trustingly and with simplicity of purpose to get the crumbs falling from the Master's table, to satisfy the hunger and faintness of her soul. But now that it was set before her in this new light, it *did* seem wrong and presuming for her, who was so passionate and willful, to go to Holy Communion; it was like a sham and pretence,—and she had nothing to say, but sat white and dumb before her accuser, feeling as if the very props of her life had given way from under her.

"I'm afraid, Lucia," continued Mrs. Yellott, "that you do not make honest confessions; you should search your heart 'as with lamps,' and bring up all its *secret* sins, that your confessor may know your conscience and how to counsel you. I mean all this for your good, my dear, and I hope you are not offended at what I say."

"You can say what you please, Mrs. Yellott," answered Lucia huskily, while her very lips were white from the moral shock she had received.

"And I trust," went on the pious lady, "that you'll lay the advice I give you to heart, for it is a very, very serious matter. Now—excuse me for interrupting you—I must run and hear the children their Catechism."

A few moments later Lucia heard Mrs. Yellott giving orders for the open carriage to be brought round at five o'clock; then she heard her rating Fanchette severely for not having plaited the ruffles of Mamie's white lawn dress.

Lucia's head began to ache furiously; she declined driving, and remained in her room thinking and thinking, until what with the pain and throbbing in her temples, and the horrible tumult raised in her mind by Mrs. Yellott, she was nearly in a state of delirium; she could make nothing of it all, except that she was a wretch too miserable to live. She took no tea, and slept but little that night, but she resolved upon something which gave her some little comfort, which with characteristic courage she carried into execution.

The next morning Lucia's chair was empty when the family assembled to breakfast, and Allan Brooke sent for Maum Chloe to inquire if "she was sick?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Life of Sister Mary Martha Fontanier,

A LAY-SISTER IN THE FIRST CONVENT OF THE
VISITATION, PARIS, WHO DIED IN 1862,
IN THE THIRTY-SECOND YEAR OF
HER AGE.

[CONTINUED.]

Six years and six months in religion had sufficed to elevate this faithful soul to this height of perfection, and now came the last six months of her life, in which she was to enter through her own unceasing sufferings more deeply into the spirit of her crucified Saviour. This latter phase commenced during her last annual retreat of eight days. She became so ill it was thought necessary to call in the physician at once; his orders and prescriptions were many and very painful; she accepted all with the utmost resignation, asking only the sole favor of being permitted to end her retreat before the course of treatment decided on should begin, it being then the fifth day. Nothing could be more touching than the resolutions she made at the close of her retreat; one of her old mistresses in the novitiate, whom she was in the habit of employing to write them down for her, could hardly restrain her emotion; they were not mere words, mere fervent sentiments and desires, but *acts*, close, searching living actions of the soul, that she set before herself to be accomplished; and the rest of her life was the faithful reproduction in deeds of this pattern she had set up for herself to copy. Coming out of her retreat she went to ask the blessing of her beloved invalid superior, of whose aid she was henceforth to be almost deprived; then she went to the infirmary and placed herself in the hands of the Sister in charge, saying: "I come to receive now from the Divine Spouse of my soul what He promised me on the day I was united to Him by my holy vows." She then placed herself on her bed. She probably foresaw, what really happened, that she was no more to leave the infirmary, where she was to consummate on a hard cross, but with angelic gentleness, the work of her perfection. Her lungs were now attacked, and all the anguish of a pulmonary disease was added to the distressing malady from which she had before been suffering.

Even among religious, to whom submission and dependence, patience and humility are habitual, the manner in which Sister Mary Martha practised these virtues was a subject of continual surprise and edification. While she was in the common infirmary she was continually watchful that neither her cruel sleeplessness, her other sufferings, nor the course of treatment she was subjected to, should be occasion of mortification to her neighbors.

Her superior had recommended her to be simple in asking for anything she needed, for from the beginning nothing but obedience could induce her accept, and above all to ask, the help of others. Her rank was that of a servant, and she should wait on others, not be waited on, she often repeated, and it cost her a great effort to give any trouble to others; cost what it might, however, she obeyed exactly,—only if there was any delay in giving her what she asked, she spoke of it no more. One day when she was almost suffocating, those near Sister Martha proposed to call the infirmarian and request her to try a remedy for her relief advised by the doctor: "Oh no!" replied the sufferer; "our good God knows, and permits me to suffer thus; it is best as it is." She was so impressed with the idea of her own worthlessness that she did not know how to manifest sufficiently her gratitude for the least service, and even for the visits of the Sisters, and it always seemed to her the most natural thing to be passed by and left alone. "How kind our good God is," she would say, "to give me such charitable Sisters. If I felt always their goodness to me, now in the infirmary it seems they are twice as good and devoted! Oh, I do not deserve to be treated so kindly!" Her patience was literally unailing; during the whole of her tedious illness she was never once heard to complain; even when she found it impossible to rest one minute in the same position, she would simply say she could not, and would add almost always: "And what is it after all? My dear Saviour suffered far more; and if He wills me to be thus till I die, what would it all amount to, with heaven to come after!" Often when the Sisters grieved over some agonizing crisis, she would say with perfect serenity and sweetness of countenance, "It is passing—it is passed." Or else: "Yes, I suffer much, especially from suffocation, but our Lord wishes it thus. May His will be done! It is all for our greater good; He is so good—our good Master!" At other times, if asked how she was, the reply would be: "Very well, because as God wills." One thought made her very circumspect in her words; she had been struck by this incident reported in the life of Sister Mary Denyse de Martignac, that one Sister had been deprived of power to receive Holy Communion at the hour of her death in punishment for having complained to her superior of the discomforts of the infirmary. "I think," said Sister Mary Martha, "we should be so faithful as never to complain of anything, and to profit by even our least sufferings," and she expressed the most earnest desire to have grace never to let those about her know of any suffering or any need that she could conceal. In her sharpest anguish one look at the crucifix upheld her courage,

and the recollection of the will of God sufficed to give her strength of soul to endure anything. This aspiration, "Yes, my God, yes; always yes," was on her lips. She was told once of a person in the world who, for many years, had endured great suffering so courageously and with such constancy of heart that she had to do violence to herself in order to pray to be cured. "I can fully understand her feelings," remarked Sister Martha, "for I cannot ask anything of God but merely that His will may be done. Will of my God, thou art all in all to me."

Twice only in her prolonged sufferings was Sister Martha seen to shed tears. Once she was told that her beloved superior, also a constant sufferer, and whom she had not seen for a long time, was able to pay a visit to the great infirmary, and they proposed to Sister Martha to carry her there for the time; in her humility and reluctance to give trouble, she refused, but it cost her some sorrowful tears to deprive herself of this happiness. The second time, she had been promised Holy Communion, and prepared herself for it with a heart full of hope and fervor, but was told on the eve of the day that this happiness would be denied to her, because she was not considered to be able to fast till the time required. She never made any account of additional pains when she hoped by enduring them she could obtain this ardently desired favor, and she would endure parching thirst, during long, sleepless, feverish nights, to obtain it; she was obliged, however, by obedience to acknowledge this, adding: "But I say to our Lord, 'This is but little to endure for Thee!'" With these two exceptions, the most absolute abandonment dominated over her most legitimate desires, and if ever there escaped from her an expression of regret at being deprived of Holy Communion or any other grace enjoyed by others in the community, she would add instantly: "But the will of my God is still dearer to me." Towards the end of her life she expressed her dispositions by one short phrase: "I adhere."

To the last, her unwillingness to give trouble remained with this humble soul; when reduced to almost the last extremity of weakness, in order to spare her infirmarian the exertion of lifting her, she would try to turn herself in bed without help, though it cost her five minutes or more of exhausting efforts to do so. When disposed to go to sleep early in the evening, she would try to keep awake so as to have more hope of sleeping later, when her attendant, who slept in the same room, should retire, and thus secure the latter a night's rest; but when, as was usually the case, there was no prospect before her but a tedious, sleepless night, she would say cheerfully: "Well, here is the be-

ginning of another long night! No matter; it will pass, as all the rest have done; all for God!" Her love for holy poverty, which in her time of health had made her so careful not to waste a scrap of any material, or an end of thread that could be used, and still more had taught her to be so scrupulous not to waste a moment of time, was as conspicuous as ever on her bed of suffering; everything that was brought to her was "good enough—too good" for her. Her extreme attention to neatness, and the care she took of every article intended for her use, was inspired by the same principle. Everything about her was kept in the most exact order. Eight days before her death she arranged her work-basket, pointing out what was to be taken to the linen wardrobe and where every other article belonged. One Friday she fancied it was Sunday, and begged her infirmarian to help her to put in order her papers and some pictures she had; it took half an hour; then remembering suddenly that it was a work day she said: "Oh, how sorry I am! I have made you lose half an hour of work, thinking it was Sunday!"

The rapid progress that towards the last she made in that way of perfection in which she was already so far advanced, excited the astonishment of all about her. The sufferings of her body instead of enfeebling her soul seemed to disengage it in advance from all earthly ties, and to raise it to a life all heavenly; her words, the very sight of her, impressed all with reverence; her superior, herself a most saintly soul, was deeply penetrated by this feeling, and happy to be in the presence of the dying Sister. Looking on this lowly soul, in the estimation of the world so mean, so ignorant, so unimportant, those who saw her in the light of God were irresistibly impressed with that verse of the *Magnificat*: "He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble;" in her was seen not merely the ascendancy, but the majesty of virtue. Always generous and gentle, patient and humble, she attained to such an equality of mind, to such constancy of soul in the endurance of apparently insupportable sufferings, as to manifest to all who saw her the inconceivable power of grace in souls that faithfully correspond to its inspirations.

On the 2nd of March, 1862, which happened to be Quinquagesima Sunday, the last Sacraments were administered to her. She had appeared until now to look on death with calm confidence, but she was not wholly without fear, for she was heard to say occasionally, in her crises of suffocation: "Oh, my God? must I then die?" and when they spoke to her of heaven she said: "Nay, do not delude me: it is to purgatory I shall go." But her very fears seemed only to inspire her to cast

herself with additional confidence in the arms of God, and after the last Sacraments she seemed to experience only gratitude and joy. She spoke very little after this, and only of God and heaven. The Sisters came to her, one by one, to take leave of her, and to "give her their commissions for heaven." One said she asked only to be able to fulfil the will of God perfectly. "That is all I have ever asked of our Sisters who died while I have been here to obtain for me," answered Sister Mary Martha. When speech failed, the sweetest smile replied to all who spoke to her. It never left her lips even while she slept. "You must have pleasant thoughts while you sleep," said the Sister who watched beside her; "you smile all the time." She made a little sign in the affirmative, and her face grew radiant. While awake she looked continually on the image of Jesus crucified, and her eyes seemed to say: "I rejoice and glory in suffering with Thee, O my Jesus!" For three days before her death she lay thus, almost motionless, though suffering agonizingly from cough, oppression of breathing, pain in the heart, and throes of anguish in her whole body. The night before her death, some one remarking that she was on the cross with Jesus, she replied: "My cross is so sweet it hardly merits that beautiful name." She feared sometimes in her severest spasms of suffering she might have offended her Lord, by some involuntary expression of impatience, and stretching out her arms towards her crucifix, she said with pathetic earnestness: "Oh, my Jesus, Thou hast said 'ask and you shall receive,' I ask patience of Thee,—Thou wilt not refuse me." The last evening of her life, she asked her infirmarian to do something for her on the morrow, saying, "I say to-morrow, because our Mother has has told me not to die to-night;" obedience ruling to the last. This night her sufferings were terrible, and she desired heaven so ardently that, feeble as she was, she raised herself upright in her bed, and stretching her arms out to the crucifix exclaimed: "Oh, my Jesus, come! It is time!"

"He will come soon," said her attendant.

"What happiness!" she responded. "Are you sure? I shall then suffer no more."

On a fresh assurance being given, she became tranquil, and abandoned herself again to God. Another time she had one of those impracticable desires that show the close approach of death, —she wished to rise from her bed.

"Well, I will go call the infirmarian," said the Sister who was sitting up with her, and who could not bear to deny even the most unreasonable request.

"Oh no, do not call her," replied Sister Martha, charity overruling all in her, even in the last

moments of life. The next day it was again possible to administer the Holy Viaticum to her; she was then falling, and for three hours continued to sink, but so imperceptibly that the last ties to life were broken almost without the Sister beside her being aware of it. This occurred just as the community Mass ended. Her superior, who was herself then very ill, tried to reach her in time to receive her last sigh, but could only close the sightless eyes, and behold with the community who hastened to the bedside of this faithful soul, the angelic tranquillity and heavenly smile on the face of the departed that was the assurance of that endless peace and happiness on which she had entered.

"Oh change, Oh wondrous change !

Here lies the soulless clod !

The day eternal breaks,

The new immortal wakes,

Wakes with her God !"

How few, how very few, are there of the legions of sufferers on earth, even among the devout, who realize the sanctifying power of pain, who accept it not merely as a means of exercising grace, but in itself an actual grace to be used and corresponded to as a participation in the Cross and all its merits, knowing that "The grace of endurance actually passes from the Heart of Jesus into ours," and that *in* suffering, more than at any other time, Jesus crucified lives in us and we in Him.

DEATH OF A LIFE SUBSCRIBER.—Died, July 14th, at her residence, in Ottawa, Ill., Mrs. Ellen Ford, after a sickness of three weeks, and having received all the consolations of our holy religion. Mrs. Ford was a member of the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and a life subscriber of the AVE MARIA, and was always generous in her charities. May she rest in peace!

Of forty-eight Sisters of Charity tending the small-pox patients in the Bicetre Hospital, at Paris, eleven died of the hideous malady. Volunteers from the sisterhood were called to fill their places, and thirty-three instantly responded. What is the heroism of the battle-field compared to this?

A "Child of Mary" sends us \$2½ in gold for the contribution in aid of our Holy Father the Pope.

MEMORY presides over the past; action over the present. The first lives in a temple hung with glorious trophies, and lined with tombs; the other has no shrine but duty, and walks the earth like a spirit.

[From the New York World.]

Journals of Civilization.

A weekly newspaper published in this city by the Harpers, and calling itself a "Journal of Civilization," serves the cause of law, order, and good citizenship this week by throwing upon the public streets a series of malignant caricatures, in which the race, the religion, and the speech of the Irish citizens of New York are wantonly insulted. These caricatures are as destitute of cleverness as they are of decency. The city of New York is represented in them by a female figure crowned with a mural crown, which is a flat plagiarism from a recent cartoon in *Punch* of Paris on the defensive, while the Irish people are symbolized by a servile reproduction of the well-known gorilla which has flourished its shillelah through the pages of the same British periodical from the days of Slievenamoon to those of the Westmeath "outrages." But the artistic poverty of these designs is abundantly made up by their exuberance of genuine and effervescent hate. If any man needs to see for himself precisely what the bitterest enemies of the Orangemen charge the Orangemen with being and intending, he has but to turn to this scandalous exhibition. The spirit which riots through the pages of this publication is a deliberate provocation to violence—a cold-blooded stirring-up of strife and slaughter between two men of different faiths and tribes. It is the spirit, in a word, of barbarism, not of civilization; the spirit which let loose murder upon the Huguenots of France in the sixteenth century, and which let loose murder upon the Catholics of Ireland in the eighteenth century. Before the grand jury of all decent citizens, the authors and disseminators of such incendiary and devilish appeals to the worst and meanest instincts of human nature must be held to be morally no better than the wretches who prowled about the streets of Paris in the latter days of the Commune, smearing the lintels and the door-posts of the homes of innocent men with petroleum. This Harper's "Journal of Civilization" is conducted by notorious Radical partisans. One of the people most conspicuous in its management, indeed, is a person who, after vainly soliciting office at the hands of the State of New York, now holds an office under the Federal Government. That a journal so inspired should devote itself to the task of blackening and assailing the leaders of the New York Democracy is all in the way, we suppose, of party tactics. It might be objected to by fastidious persons as a not quite fair and above-board kind of political fighting to mask partizan objects under a pretence of literature and the arts. But no sensible Democrat certainly could take

offence at any imaginable misrepresentation or caricature of his party and its chieftains which it might please the conductors of an illustrated party paper on the other side to put forth.

But between the holding up of one's political antagonists to ridicule or even to odium, and wilful insolence aimed at a whole race and at a particular religious body, the gulf is as wide as the ocean and as the ocean deep. In these infamous prints the Orangemen and the Ribbonmen, the Radical and Democrat, disappear. Father Hyacinthe, Dr. Dollinger, ultramontaniam, and the Pope, are brought forward as the types respectively of order and of riot. It cannot be pleaded that the authors of these things were only ignorant of the nature and history of Orangemen, and that they honestly mistook the factious demonstration of an alien society, sworn to maintain in a foreign land the supremacy of a particular dynasty and a particular caste, for a manifestation in behalf of civil and religious liberty. For in the text which accompanies these pictorial suggestions of the false we have most notable suppressions of the truth. What should be said of that chronicle of the week's events which omits from the official documents bearing upon the case the very remarkable letter addressed by the Grand Master of the Orangemen to the city authorities just before the outbreak, in which he pathetically entreats them to prevent his followers from rushing upon a breach of the peace, which he felt that he was powerless to avert?

In signal contrast with this disgraceful exhibition of sectarian malignity and vulgar vindictiveness is the temper shown by another illustrated journal of much higher literary pretensions, and in this case at least of infinitely abler spirit. *Every Saturday*, like *Harper's Weekly*, is a paper of decidedly anti-Democratic tendencies in politics. Democrats do not expect from it, as from *Appleton's Journal* for instance, a perfectly fair and friendly view of political events involving any antagonism of parties. But it is edited by educated men who have too sincere a respect for themselves and their calling to carry into family circles the passions and iniquities of political warfare. It is edited by conscientious men who remember that the weekly illustrated paper appeals to childhood and youth even more than to the mature, and who shrink with an honest horror from the awful responsibility of poisoning with prejudice the fountains of the future, and from pouring into tender spirits through the ready and retentive eye the spites and hatreds of the dreadful past. From this journal we transfer to-day to our columns an article on "Orangeism," in which the fullest justice is done, not only to the objectionable and odious features of that order—to do which is comparatively easy—but also to the feelings of the

natural exasperation excited by its symbols in the hearts of Irish Catholics—to do which is, for a Protestant and a Radical, more than positively hard. It would be impossible to state more fairly than it here is stated the historical case between the Orange institution on the one side and the nationalists of Ireland on the other, excepting that *Every Saturday* hardly puts with sufficient force and clearness the fact that opposition to "Orangeism" in Ireland is not now and never has been identified with Catholicism. The general misapprehension of this fact in this country contributed immensely to feed the factitious excitement which was fanned into a flame last week by designing men among us for party purposes. Neither is the 12th of July celebrated by Orangemen as a Protestant anniversary, nor the 17th of March by Irishmen in general as a Catholic anniversary. The Orange commemoration of the battle of the Boyne was gotten up, a century after the fight was fought, for the purpose of cementing the union and demonstrating the power of a political association formed to maintain the domination of one particular set of Irishmen over all their countrymen. The celebration of St. Patrick's Day by Irishmen in general, like the celebration of St. Andrew's Day by Scotchmen, or of St. George's Day by Englishmen, is a national celebration. The American celebration which most resembles it is Washington's Birthday. The name of St. Patrick was given by the Protestant Government of Great Britain to a national order of knighthood established for Ireland, as the Garter and the Bath were for England and the Thistle for Scotland. The Protestant sovereign of Great Britain is the head of this order. It has numbered among its knights at one time in the past the Catholic Duke of Norfolk, and the Protestant Earl of Roden, Grand Master of the Orangemen of Ireland. Its chancellor is the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin; its registrar, the Protestant Dean of St. Patrick's, is the official successor of the great Protestant champion in the dark days of Queen Anne. As the blue-sky ribbon of St. Patrick was worn with pride by the Protestant Duke of Wellington, so is it by his god-son, Prince Arthur of England. St. Patrick's day is kept in Ireland by Irishmen of all sects and opinions. In the morning the Guards in Dublin are trooped to the tune of "St. Patrick's Day," Irish regiments wear the shamrock, the Lord Lieutenant and staff appear on the balcony of the castle, at the moment the regimental band play "Patrick's Day." There is divine service in St. Patrick's Protestant Cathedral. In the evening St. Patrick's ball takes place in St. Patrick's Knightly Hall in Dublin Castle, given by the Lord Lieutenant to the Knights of St. Patrick. Nobility and gentry all attend, Protestant as well as Catholic.

It sums up the measure of the intelligence as well as the decency of *Harper's Weekly* that it puts these two celebrations of the 12th of July and of the 17th of March side by side as "religious celebrations;" and typifies the latter by a caricature of one of the most learned and illustrious men who adorned the Christian Church in the middle ages, the likeness of a drunken ruffian clothed with the pontifical robes in which a Fencelon lived teaching justice to princes, and an Affré died preaching mercy to a mob.

ROME.

[Correspondence of the Westminster Gazette.]

ROME, Sunday, July 2.

The ceremonies of congratulation to Victor Emmanuel have succeeded the celebration of the Pope's jubilee like the imitation of the miracles of Moses by Pharaoh's magicians.

What end these manufactured demonstrations are supposed to answer it is difficult to see. Few in Rome are deceived by them, and the organs of the Italianissimi are always boasting that Italy has nothing to do with other nations; so for whose benefit is the deception? That a multitude of fools will run to see a king go by, is nothing new; but it needed only to be in the midst of the multitude who were spread along the king's way on this occasion, to perceive by their language that all in whose tone anything like enthusiasm could be traced were not of Rome, and that in the midst of the giddy crowd were many sober and sad faces of Romans who looked on, anything but approvingly. I had noticed this at several points, and was thus led at a corner of the Corso where I had my stand at one time, to take particular note that of some fifty hats around me, not ten were raised as the king passed. And added to this, numbers of the more respectable families had purposely left Rome for the neighboring towns during these days of riot. If it is difficult to believe I am right in asserting that so many people could have been brought in, hear the *Libertà*, which, with surprising naïveté, allows in so many words that the day before the king came, trains laden from other parts of Italy were arriving every minute, (*giungevano treni ad ogni momento!* *Libertà*, July 3rd, No. 179), and the *Capitale* has the folly to boast that "an entirely fresh population has come into Rome to welcome the king." I observed also that the crowd thus brought in worked very well at its task, for the moment the royal cortège had passed the opening of one street they ran to make show of themselves at the next point. The *Libertà*, in the paper just quoted, confesses this too. The number of troops, too, provided to swell the throng and overawe Rome, was prodigious—one side of the Corso was almost entirely taken up with the Grenadiers and the Line, the Piazza di Spagna with the Artillery and Lancers, and so on through the whole route.

As for the actual ceremonies, I doubt whether you will care for many details. The civic authorities seem to have been spending money as if it was a thing of no

account with them, in shows to dazzle the thoughtless herd. The rooms of the station, where the king has simply to pass through, were got up as if for his habitual residence. The same with the Capitol, for one night's ball; and the Piazza del Popolo turned into an amphitheatre for the display of fireworks and transparencies on both Sunday and Monday evenings; in all the piazzas bands playing and Bengal lights burning on both nights. And yet the Roman population has both acuteness and taste to see how miserably both the municipal and private decorations contrast with those of other days. It is not only the *Observatore* which draws attention to it in its article comparing the heathenizing tendency of all that is done by those of to-day with the Christian art previously prevailing,—it is the whole population, which is unanimous in speaking of it with contempt, except the *Nuova Roma*, the organ of the municipality. The semi-official *Libertà* condemns with faint praise, and even the *Tempo* (the organ of the Radicals, who have at no time been supposed to cultivate a very fastidious taste,) says it has been so contemptible as to be not worth the trouble of describing.

The king arrived about half-past twelve on Sunday, inaugurating his taking possession of Rome by not only disregarding all religious offices proper to the day himself, but rendering it impossible for any of the immense masses of troops, whose presence round him was necessary to impose on the people, to attend any either. At the station he was met by Prince Humbert, who arrived the night before, and after a ceremonial greeting, he drove through Rome with Pallavicini (Doria has had the grace to keep himself out of the whole affair by remaining at Milan), the only Roman in attendance, Sella, and General de Sonnas, in the same carriage, and the members of the cabinet in two others behind, Prince Humbert riding on horseback by the side, an escort of cuirassiers both preceded and followed the cortège, also some of the mounted National Guards.

The line of route marked out for the triumphal procession led through Piazza Banterini and the Tritone to Piazza di Spagna, then the Babbuino and Piazza del Popolo up the Corso, and back to the Quirinal by the Muratte and Dateria. Parodying the golden sand which served to mark the Pontifical progresses, a quantity of pozzolana had been laid down along the whole route I have described, and the dust raised from them by the tramping people and the galloping horses of the escort had the effect of destroying all the attempts at a pageant afforded by the royal cortège. Boys and women had been hired to throw wreaths and garlands of flowers into the king's carriage. For the Princess Marguerite such a tribute might have been excusable, but for the bloated, be-bearded, barbarian-like Savoyard king, wrinkled and grizzly, and bronzed with the worthy travail of the boar hunt, and now besmeared with the brown powdering of the pozzolana, it is impossible to find any comparison to describe the effect but by the familiar example of the prize creatures in the Smith-field show.

ALBANO, July 4.

I found Rome so sickening under the odor of falsehood with which the Savoyard cortège had left it tainted, and with the buzzing of the strange dialects of

the buzzurri* on Sunday, that I was persuaded to follow the example of those who had already escaped from it, and took refuge in the less-contaminated precincts of Albano from the still noisier *fêtes* of Monday.

At Albano, the creatures of the new Government in the municipality, had, I learnt, made some attempt on Sunday at a demonstration, but it found no response outside the habitués of the drinking places, and by Monday, at all events, everything had returned to its ordinary course. I could not forbear the melancholy pleasure of strolling through the deserted apartments and grounds of the Pope's villa; stripped in all but its principal room of all its furniture, first for the use of the bishops at the Vatican Council, and finally to supply the needs of those who were ruined by the December inundation. Reckoned as a royal dwelling, nothing can be simpler or more unpretending than this villa, while in its situation nature seems to have done its best to compensate for all else. It must have been with enchantment that the Pope must have stood on his plain stone loggia and surveyed the unsurpassed beauty of the lake and plain, grove and mountain, adorning the expanse of which he was monarch, and turned from it to pour out his benediction on the exulting people filling the picturesque steep street behind. "Ah! the poor Holy Father, he was so well here, it did him so much good!" exclaimed a poor woman, who gloried in the self-imposed title of "sweeper to the Pope," in other words, the former housemaid to the place, and who now seemed to haunt it by natural attraction. "*Speriamo* that God will at length hear our prayers for him!" "*Speriamo! Speriamo!*" was on the lips of every one, not only here, but all about the neighborhood; and one laboring man declared that the deliverance could not be far distant, for "the prayers of the faithful *must* be more powerful than the cannons of the adversary."

ROME, July 5.

In spite of the boasted promise of two or three days' stay, it was, after all, only thirty-five hours that Victor Emmanuel spent in Rome, which his trumpeter says he loves so dearly. The opening of the Capitol ball on Monday night was hastened by an hour, in order that he might be said at least to have joined in one quadrille of it, and at half-past eleven he was already again on his way back to his favorite hunting-seat.

The Quirinal state dinner of Sunday night does not appear to have been a very satisfactory matter, as the Government organs have very little to tell about it. There were only two Roman noble ladies present, namely, the wife of the syndic, and Duchess Sforza Cesarini, and only three more whose names are reckoned worth giving us at all, and none of them Roman, namely, Marchesa Calabrinini (a Miss Hunt), Marchesa Teano (Miss Wilbraham), and Marchesa Lavaggi (M^{lle} Marescalchi, a Frenchwoman). We do not hear that there were any toasts or speeches, nor, indeed, any particulars whatever of a political nature. Menabrea,

* Buzzurri is a nickname the Romans commonly gave to the multitudes sent here from other parts of Italy to promote the transfer of the Capital. I believe it arose in the first instance from the Florentines using the word "buzzurro" for a seller of hot chestnuts, called here a "Calderostaro."

Duke Sermonetta, and Prince Humbert, are the only names mentioned of the men present.

At the Apollo the price of tickets had been advertised exceedingly high, but as it was known tickets would be given those who would cheer lustily, not many wasted their money in buying them. The whole thing seems to have been done *pro forma*, because it would be the ordinary sort of way of filling up the evening and patronizing art, and also to let what foreign envoys there were experience the manufactured reception the king was to receive; for though the performance, by the *Libertà's* own account, was so bad as to be beneath description, Victor Emmanuel is hardly judge enough of music to have cut it short on this account.

There was one whose attendance at the Quirinal has been a good deal talked about, but who did not add the treachery of attending the Vatican the same day, namely, Canon Audisio, of St. Peter's, who, though not a very distinguished character, was yet sufficiently well-known for his position in the Vatican Chapter, and his authorship of two or three works, particularly that on the "Diplomacy of the Holy See," to be a marked man. In this instance, also, however, it has to be observed that this only instance in which any member of the Roman clergy has been tempted to offer incense to the rising sun, is not a Roman, but a Piedmontese, with whom early national traditions must be allowed to carry some extenuating circumstances in attracting his thurible; and at all events, it relieves the Roman clergy from participation in the dishonor.

But to return to the Quirinal receptions, various versions of what the king said have been circulated and canvassed. The only one thing in which all accounts I have heard agree, is, concerning his manner both at these and throughout his stay, namely, that it was altogether such as to lead to the idea that his reluctance to come to Rome quite bewildered his powers; one who saw him at several points described his appearance as being "quite torpid," and his general embarrassment and unwillingness to commit himself in words were the subject of universal remark. It is very much controverted whether in his address to the deputation of the Faculty of Law of the Roman University (in which it was Allbrandi was placed), he alluded to the question of Infallibility. I have heard it positively asserted both that he did and that he did not. The general impression I have received inclines me rather to think he did not. His utterances to the Medical Faculty amounted to this, that he considered he had come to Rome with the consent of the powers, and he particularly instanced France. France, he said, had asked him to come to prevent worse dangers, and he had documentary evidence that there were 30,000 Communists in Italy bent on mischief, and who would have come to Rome in another way had he not acted as he had; what he had done, therefore, was in the interest of order. He went on to express himself delighted with Rome, and on some one venturing to sneer at certain material deficiencies, ascribing them to the retrograde influence of the shadows of the Vatican, he replied, "Nevertheless, the shadow of the Vatican is a grand shadow," and expressed his desire to

introduce improvement and development of buildings and trade, but pointed out the financial embarrassments which rendered him well-nigh powerless.

It will be observed that all the former part of this consists of futile excuses. The 30,000 Communists would not have existed but for previous misgovernment, and even fostering them for the very sake of preparing the way to Rome. And further, had he honestly deplored their machinations even at the eleventh hour he had still the means of keeping them out of Rome, or at least of sacrificing himself to the attempt. That he should even seek to publish this futile self-justification, however, may be taken as a sign that he is not so utterly reprobate as many concerned with himself in the crime. Popular report further pertinaciously persists that he could not after all be persuaded to sleep one night at the Quirinal, but went late in a quiet carriage to a refuge from his superstitious unrest, at the Doria Palace.

Several strange *fiascos* happened to the king, and though trivial in themselves, appear to have not been without effect in increasing his gloomy apprehensions. To mention only two or three of them, the prodigiously raised seat prepared for him to view the deffling of the troops, and which had been popularly termed a throne, had been thrown down in the night, and, by some strange mismanagement, the workmen did not succeed in restoring it before the time for its use arrived, and it remained throughout a dilapidated abortion covered with shreds of the hangings which the breeze had rent. What will not popular love of the marvellous predicate of a throne so inaugurated. Then again at some part of the proceedings, I forget exactly at what stage, a bust of the king was to have been wreathed with the victor's laurel crown, but the wind carried it off as soon as it was imposed, five several times, and extracted from a Republican observer the exclamation, *se il Papa non altro intervento ec'è il vento!* And when he came out to show himself at that loggia whence the Papà-Rè blessed Italy, and all the *buzzurri* were shouting his praises, the wire that was to have fired the brilliant *stella d'Italia* on the summit of the obelisk opposite, failed to act, and only two or three little tips twinkled sufficiently to display the failure.

But more damaging in the eyes of thinking persons will be the fact that so near the whole of the high-born, educated and respect-worthy of the native population held aloof from any participation in or countenance of the matter.

Yesterday Rome was cleared of the "new population" who were brought to cheer the king. I have heard their numbers estimated, on close calculation, at over fifty thousand in all, of whom 27,000 were brought free of expense. The streets are much the quieter for the clearance, but there are still many more bad-looking fellows about than is usual to see. To-day and yesterday, in proportion as the clearance was effected, the former soldiers of the Pope who had been locked up at the beginning of the jubilee celebration, were set free again, after all these days of confinement for no sort of fault.

In evidence that those who came into Rome for the king's visit were treated at the public expense, I know

of a former Papal officer who, coming in early on Monday morning to attend the Vatican reception, was surprised to be accosted as he left the train by four gentlemanly men, who, after a salutation rather to be called knowing than friendly, put a paper into his hand, and passed on to look into the other carriages. Judge of his surprise when he found the paper was a ticket or pass for free hotel board and lodging for two days. The persons charged with the distribution had mistaken their man! Some one asking who were all the crowds making their way to the station, was facetiously answered—"Oh, they are the Romans, who, after saluting the king, are going away."

Proclamation of Henry V to the People of France.

We give in this number of the AVE MARIA the true text of the proclamation of the Duke of Chambord to the French people; we have seen none but garbled copies of it in the American papers, and we deem it, as the honest outpouring of a true-hearted Catholic French Prince, worthy of a place in our Mother's journal.

If the Duc de Chambord never becomes Henry V in reality by ascending the throne for so many years occupied by his ancestors, we sincerely hope that some such a man—one of the same stamp—one firmly attached to principles opposed to those whose last word is Communism, may be raised up by Divine Providence to reign over the noble Catholic French people.

Frenchmen!—I am in your midst. You have opened the gates of France to me, and I have been unable to deny myself the happiness of revisiting my country. But I will not, by a prolonged stay, afford fresh pretexts for agitating the public mind, and causing disturbance at the present moment. I quit, therefore, this Chambord, which was your gift, and of which I have proudly borne the name for forty years in the path of exile. On taking my departure I am desirous of telling you that I do not separate myself from you. France knows that I belong to her. I cannot forget that the monarchical right is the patrimony of the nation, nor can I decline the duties it imposes upon me in her regard. These duties I will fulfil, be assured of it, on the word of an honest man and of a king. With God's help we shall all found together, when you wish it, on the broad basis of administrative decentralization and local franchises, a Government in harmony with the real wants of the country. We shall give as a guarantee for those public liberties to which every Christian people has a right, universal suffrage honestly exercised, and the control of the two Chambers; and we shall resume the national movement of the end of the last century while restoring to it its real character. A minority in revolt against the wishes of the country, took it as a starting-point for a period of demoralization, induced by falsehood and of disorganization, brought about by violence. These criminal acts imposed revolution

upon a nation which only asked for reforms, and pushed it towards that abyss where yesterday it would have perished, had it not been for the heroic efforts of our army.

The lot of the laboring classes of the working men in the country and in the towns who have suffered the most from this social disorder, has been the object of my deepest reflection and of my most constant study. But France, disabused by disasters beyond example, will understand that a return to true policy is not brought about by a change in the form of error, and that there is no escape by a make-shift policy from the consequences of error which are absolute. She will call upon me, and I will come to her with all that I am, with my devotedness, with my principles, and with my flag. In regard to this flag, conditions have been spoken of which I may not submit to.

Frenchmen, I am ready to submit to anything to aid my country in rising from its ruins, and in reassuming its rank in the world. The only sacrifice I am not prepared to make is that of my honor. I am, and wish to be, in harmony with the time in which I live. I pay a sincere homage to all its greatness, and whatever may have been the color of the flag under which our soldiers marched, I have admired their heroism, and rendered thanks to God for all that their bravery has added to the treasure of the glories of France. Between you and me there must subsist no misunderstanding or hidden thought. No, I will not be silent because ignorant or credulous people have spoken of privileges of absolutism, of intolerance, and of I know not what besides—of tithes, of feudal right, phantoms which the most audacious bad faith seeks to raise up before your eyes. I will not allow the standard of Henry IV, of Francis I, and Joan of Arc to be torn from my hands. It is with that flag that our national unity was made; it was with that flag that your forefathers, led by mine, conquered that Alsace and Lorraine whose fidelity will be our consolation in our misfortunes. It conquered barbarism on that African soil the witness of the first deeds in arms of the princes of my family, and this flag will conquer the modern barbarism with which the world is now threatened. I will confide it without fear to the valor of our army; it has never been borne, as our soldiers know, but along the path of honor. I received it as a sacred deposit from the hands of my ancestor your king, dying in exile; for me it was always inseparably bound up with the memory of my absent country; it waved over my cradle and I wish it to overshadow my tomb. In the glorious folds of this standard without stain, I will bring you order and liberty. Frenchmen! Henry V cannot abandon the white flag.

CHAMBORD, July 5, 1871.

THE confidential agent of the Emperor of Russia united with the crowds to congratulate the Pope on his twenty-fifth anniversary. He spoke about re-establishing relations between Russia and the Holy See. Cardinal Antonelli answered him that no relations could exist between the two powers until the exiled bishops of Poland were restored to their sees.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

LITTLE HENRY ARCHER,
And the Reward of Repentance.

CHAPTER I.

One beautiful morning early in May, Henry Archer, a boy of between nine and ten years, was sitting on the door-step of his mother's pretty cottage. He was a pale, delicate child, and rested his head wearily on his thin hand. First he thought how tired he felt, and contrasted his present weak state with that of last year when he used to jump from his bed at the first appearance of dawn to sprinkle his pretty flowers and count how many new blossoms were on his rose-bushes, and how far the creeping verbenas had spread over the beds. Then he thought how joyfully he used to prepare for his morning walk to the pretty little church of our sweet "Lady of Pity," to serve with his brother at the holy Mass celebrated by the venerable Father Dominic. Then he thought of school, and how proudly all the year he had kept head of the Catechism class, hoping if he knew it thoroughly to be admitted to make his First Communion; but Easter had come and gone, and when his brother Charles came home rejoicing with his ticket of admission, poor Henry was on his sick bed, and wept very sadly. Father Dominic, however, in his many visits to the sick child, told him he must not murmur, as he was fulfilling the Holy Will of God; and that his sufferings were much more acceptable than even the reception of his First Communion, for the present. "Remember, my dearest child," said he, "you are mounting the hill of Calvary, carrying your Cross and following in the footsteps of your dearest Jesus."

Henry ceased his tears, slowly recovered, and was able once more to go amongst his flowers, to the great joy of his loving, widowed mother. As he sat on the door-step this lovely morning and thought over all those things, a sadness crept over him; but suddenly he remembered the prayer taught him by Father Dominic: raising his thoughtful young face to heaven, he said fervently, "Not my will, O heavenly Father, but Thine be done!"

Charles Archer, Henry's brother, was three years his senior, and was an entirely different character. He was a rough, boisterous boy, rather rude in his manners, and possessed of a most violent temper, which, unhappily, his mother did not curb in time, and which now overmastered her. He was jealous, too, of the attentions lavished on his little brother. But, with all these faults,

Charles was not bad at heart; he was generous and obliging, and loved Henry sincerely; but his wretched temper often made him appear unkind. On this particular morning his temper was quite unbearable. I fear much he did not make his usual offering of his first thoughts to God, or he could have more easily conquered himself. He was preparing for church and for school, when he observed Henry sitting quietly, apparently enjoying the beauties of the opening Summer. His heart swelled with anger, and he thus addressed his mother:

"Mother, why do you let Henry mope about so? he is getting well now, but will never get strong until he roughs it as we boys all do. It would do him a heap of good if he would come to church and serve Mass like he used before—and to school too; the ambition to excel would soon rouse him up."

"There seems some sense in what you say, Charlie," she replied; "but how can I get him to start."

"Just leave him to me, mother. You bet I'll soon have him along." Coming to where his brother was sitting, he said:

"Henry, mother says you must come to church this morning, and to school too. So get up and be ready, and don't sit moping there."

"Did mother say I should go?"

"Yes, she did. You are well enough now, and should not indulge your love of idleness any longer."

Poor Henry's pale face flushed at this unjust taunt; words came to his lips, but he choked them down, and mentally exclaimed, "For You, dear Jesus."

Henry slowly arose, wiping away the tears that stole down his cheeks, and prepared to obey his mother. He got his hat and came to meet Charles.

Mrs. Archer had been baking cakes and pies the day before, and now selected a bundle of each, which with two glasses of currant jelly she made a parcel of and packed in a basket to send as a present to dear old Father Dominic, who was becoming very feeble and losing his appetite. This stood on a table in the entry. Another parcel was tied up beside it; it was Henry's *soutane*, surplice, and slippers, to wear serving Mass. Now came the question who will carry the parcels? The demon of anger seemed to have taken possession of Charles Archer that morning, for he never before acted so unkindly to anyone. He carried both parcels to the gate, and handed the basket, which was much the heavier, to Henry, saying:

"Come along now, or we shall be late. You take the basket; I'll take your altar clothes."

Henry lifted the basket, then set it down again.

"Indeed, Charlie, I don't feel able to carry this. Please let me have the other parcel."

"No, I shan't, neither. I have got to carry my atlas and geography besides. How do I carry it every day to school?"

"Oh, Charlie! you know it is much heavier now, and you are not weak like me."

"Weak, fiddlesticks! Come along, and don't be foolin'."

Poor Henry took up the parcel without another word, although it distressed him dreadfully. He thought of his dear Lord bearing the heavy Cross on His weak and wounded shoulders, and derived comfort from the remembrance, though his human nature would sometimes break through, and tears bedew his face; yet he tried his best to control them, and kept saying down in the depth of his heart, "Oh Jesus, my God, make me like Thee."

Charles walked off, leaving Henry dragging behind, and commenced to whistle lively airs in order to make believe his mind was free from care; but the contrary was the case: he was a miserable boy—anger, jealousy, and remorse were gnawing at his heart,—his dear angel guardian kept urging him to turn and help his little brother, and seek pardon from God—but the evil spirit would tell him he was only trying to do good to Henry, who was half the time moping and complaining without cause. This vain reasoning would not do, and Charlie was so vexed with himself that he got more and more angry every minute, and vented it wickedly at least upon the only being within his reach.

About half way to the church there was a mile-stone which told the distance to the capital, and beside it was a pretty rustic seat, formed by the boughs of an ancient apple tree a little distance off, which seemed to stretch its limbs seeking repose. Wild honeysuckles trailed themselves in and out until they formed a solid seat, and over all a fine willow threw its protecting shade until its branches swept the road and effectually shut out the sun. It was a beautiful spot, and great must be the hurry of the passenger who was not tempted to stop and rest. Here those boys often sat to study their Catechism and sing their pretty hymns together to "The Virgin Mother ever Blessed." One would suppose the very sight of the pretty retreat where they so often arranged the flowers for sweet Mary's altar would recall thoughts of calmness and peace to the turbulent spirit of Charles. No; he had offended his God, had not asked pardon, and his evil passions rode over him; he did not see the sunshine, nor did he hear the sweet melody of the birds.

"I have half a mind not to wait, but to go on without the lazy fellow," thought he; it would

vex anyone alive to see him stopping every moment, and then creeping along like a snail."

Just then Henry came up. "Oh, Charlie, I am so very tired! do please exchange parcels now, for I'm awfully weak."

"No indeed, I shan't exchange. Give it here and I'll carry them all, you great cry-baby."

He jerked the basket so rudely from Henry's hand that one of the glasses of jelly tumbled out and broke in pieces.

"Now look what you've done!" he cried, giving his brother a push, and walked off quickly, leaving him behind alone. The weak child stumbled a step or two and then fell forward, striking his head against the mile-stone. For a long time he lay stunned by the fall; when he began to revive he discovered he was cut, and bleeding from the temple. He thought of his mother, and tried to call her—then he thought of Father Dominic, and oh how he longed to see him. Claspings his wasted hands together he prayed, "Oh, sweetest Lady of Pity! obtain for me strength to go to your dear church." After a little while he got better, staunching the blood with his handkerchief, slowly walked along, and arrived at the priest's house, where he met the Father coming to breakfast, having just finished his thanksgiving after Mass.

Charles had given the cakes, etc., and the remaining glass of jelly, to the house-keeper, then served at Mass and went to school before Henry arrived.

"Why Henry, my dear child, what's the matter?" exclaimed the venerable Father.

"I was coming to see you, Father, but Charlie hurried on, fearing he would be late at Mass, and I stumbled and fell against the mile-stone."

He felt ashamed to tell the whole truth to Father Dominic, but the remembrance of it now so overcame him that he burst into a violent flood of tears, sobbing as if his poor little heart would break.

"My poor dear child! why do you weep? are you hurt?"

"Father, my head aches."

Father Dominic felt his pulse and a shade of sadness passed over his face. "I will take you home, Henry; you must lie down and rest awhile."

So they proceeded to the home of Mrs. Archer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How few know when to speak and when to be silent! How beautiful the words "fitly spoken!" How golden the silence when words are unavailing! Some we have known who, with nice tact and broad philanthropy and thorough unselfishness, can do all this.

AVE MARIA.

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Religious Orders.—No. 9.

BY DR. O. A. BROWNSON.

I have treated as fully as I proposed to myself the three ordinary vows taken by the religious, and in them we have seen the protest of divinely inspired and directed souls against the three prominent and most dangerous vices of our age and country, perhaps of every age and country. To those three vows the Jesuits add a fourth, that of strict obedience to the orders of the Holy Father. The idea of St. Ignatius was that of raising a company of soldiers of the Cross, armed and disciplined for any kind of service in the Church Militant, and to place it at the command of the Pope, ready at any moment to enter upon any duty in any country near or remote, safe or dangerous, in which he might see proper to order them. The company soon grew, so to speak, to a *corps d'armée* with a strict military organization under its General, Provincials, and rectors, always ready for active duty in any field where their services were most needed or would be the most efficient against enemies of God and His Christ, each one, from the General down to the simple spiritual coadjutor, ready to die in the cause of the Church, as a true soldier under the orders of the King, who is King of kings and Lord of lords, in whose service he is enlisted.

This military organization creating a body of men placed at the special orders of the Supreme Pontiff has rendered the Jesuits one of the most efficient orders, if not the most efficient of all in the Church. Other orders have had their special mission and their special work, as the Friars Preachers that of preaching the word, the Friars Minors that of especially exemplifying holy poverty, but the Institute of the Jesuits embraces the special objects of nearly all the others, preaching missions among tepid Christians and among the heathen, the refutation of heresy and recovery of heretics, literature and science, schools and colleges, and the general interests of education, and the direction of souls in the way of Christian perfection. With so comprehensive an Institute, distinguished by no pecu-

liar habit, with all the learning of the Benedictine, all the freedom of action of the secular priest, all the grace and polish of the man of society, and the virtues of the cloister, the Society, always at the special orders of the Holy Father, could not fail to render important and efficient service in the war which the Church continually wages with the world, with ignorance, false science, indocility, and every species of vice and iniquity.

Their organization, their zeal and efficiency may have provoked opposition among lukewarm Christians, and the wrath and hatred of the enemies of the Church of God, and they too may not have been always faultless in every individual member of the Society, yet I think it will always be found that the Jesuit heart is open to every one whose spirit is truly Catholic, and who places the interests of religion above all other interests. I have never found the Jesuit afraid of zeal when accompanied by docility and humility, or damping the ardor of a young soul seeking only the greater glory of God, by the chilling counsels of a worldly prudence, which have cut short so many noble spirits in the very beginning of their career. Prudence is a virtue, but what the world calls prudence oftener leads to death than to life. The Jesuits are thought by their enemies to be sly, cunning, astute, always crafty, and the word jesuitical has a bad meaning in English literature and English dictionaries, but if they are as prudent as serpents, they add to it the simplicity of the dove, and their prudence is never a cloak for indolence or timidity, and degenerates never into a low expediency. Nothing is less applicable to the Jesuit than the epithet *jesuitical* in its popular sense.

But I intended to speak of the additional vow, not of the Jesuits specially. In the early ages of the Church, and especially in what are called the middle ages, there was no call for a vow of special obedience to the Pope. There was always in those ages enough of disobedience to the Holy Father on the part of professedly Christian sovereigns, princes, nobles, and even bishops, but there was at the same time the recognition in principle of the Papal supremacy. No doubt, during the feudal ages there was in the Church a tendency to apply

the principle of feudality which governed in the state to the relation of bishops to the Holy See, and of parish priests to their respective bishops, and to regard the Pope as suzerain rather than as sovereign, but still that obedience was due him was not denied, and the disobedience was illogical as well as sinful.

The Reformation was the attempt of the disobedient to erect their disobedience into a principle; and as they were too perverse to conform their practice to their principles, they sought to conform their principles to their practice. The reformers had no intention of warring against the Church; educated under feudalism in the state, they imagined they could throw off the suzerainty of the Pope without injury, nay, with positive benefit to the Church, as a fundatory of the monarch might in some cases throw off the suzerainty of the emperor or king, with positive advantage to his estates. The event has proved, what should have been foreseen and understood, that in casting off the Papacy the reformers cast off the Church herself. The Reformation has lost the Church, and necessarily, because the Pope is not merely suzerain, but under God, the sovereign of the Church. Our Lord built His Church on Peter, and Peter, the Rock, removed, it had no foundation; it was only a house built on the sand, and when the winds blew and the rains came it must fall. The Papacy is essential not merely to the order but to the very being of the Church, and hence it is the point at which all the sects, misbelievers and unbelievers, direct their attacks. Satan knows that if he can break down the Papacy, he can reverse the victory won over him by the Cross.

There was a divine inspiration, then, in the thought of St. Ignatius, and a special propriety in enjoining on the members of the Company he organized this fourth vow, or vow of special obedience to the Pope. It was a solemn protest against the very principle of the Reformation, and made the Company a standing assertion of the Papacy, and a living monument of devotion to the Holy See. By it St. Ignatius specially devoted the Society of Jesus to the defence of the Papal supremacy, or the supreme authority of the Bishop of Rome, as the successor of Peter, and true Vicar of Christ, to feed, direct, and govern the Universal Church, the truth specially denied by the Reformation, and the truth most in need then and ever since of defence, because the truth most assailed and the most essential to the very existence of the visible Church. Some Provinces of the Jesuits, engrossed in the work of education as in France, under Clement XIII, may have for a moment lost sight of their distinctive principle, their reason of being as a distinct order, expressed in their fourth vow,

for after all the Jesuits are human; but as a rule they have been in the fore front of the battle for the Papal supremacy and the infallibility as finally declared by the Council of the Vatican, though they have not been alone there. Yet they are justly entitled to no little of the glory of the victory which has been finally won through the divine assistance.

That fourth vow was, as I have said, a solemn protest against the principle of the Reformation. The Holy and Ecumenical Council of Trent condemned the particular or special heresies of the Reformation, but it did not explicitly condemn its principle, for its principle was not then fully disengaged, and rendered apparent to the whole world. It is only latterly that even Protestants themselves have understood it, and were able to formulate it. Nobody saw from the first, that Protestantism was wholly concentrated in the rejection of the Papal constitution of the Church; hardly did anybody see it before the present century, and during the present generation. It is only just now that Protestants have shown themselves willing to fraternize with the Eastern Churches separated from Rome, and which differ from the Catholic Church in no important points, but in rejecting the supremacy or primacy of jurisdiction of the Pope, without asking any change of doctrine or worship on the part of those Churches. We have seen and we see now multitudes of Protestants, like the Puseyites and Ritualists, who accept and defend all Catholic doctrine, except the Papal supremacy and infallibility, and nearly the whole Protestant world would cease to oppose the Church, if she would only give up the Pope. They would accept willingly the play of Hamlet with the part of the Prince of Denmark left out. The fourth vow of the Jesuits pledged them to a direct and necessary warfare on the essential principle of the Reformation, and for the essential principle of the constitution of the Church. No wonder that the instinct of Protestants has made them hold the Society in especial dread, and prompted them to slander it, calumniate it, and do all that desperate man can do to break it up and destroy it.

St. Ignatius was the great Catholic opponent of Luther, and met him with an organization which was destined one day to bruise his head, and crush him to death. The principle the Saint incorporated in the fourth vow was the condemnation and involved the death of Protestantism, which the solemn assertion and declaration of that principle by the Council of the Vatican carries into effect. The definition of the Papal supremacy and infallibility puts an end to Protestantism by putting the seal of infallible authority to its condemnation of its essential principle. Hence the Protestant

rage against the Jesuits, as well as against the Council, in which St. Ignatius has triumphed over Luther. It was the first explicit condemnation of Protestantism in its principle by an Ecumenical Council, and it will prove effectual. The vow has done its work, and Protestantism, if it survives, will survive only as infidelity.

The following has appeared in several of our exchanges:

Madonna.

[A CHAPTER OF MATTHEW IN VERSE.]

Fair was the night, for the sun had set
And the hills of Palestine
Stood boldly out from the clear mild sky
And the stars had a wondrous sheen.

But something seemed in the fragrant air
Like incense gladly given,
And the holy silence that brooded round,
Had less of earth than heaven.

In a cottage home of Nazareth
Stood a maiden, young and fair;
Marble-white was her spotless brow,
Raven her flowing hair

And God's all-seeing eye had seen
What man might never see—
That in all the earth there was none so pure
As Mary of Galilee.

A holy presence filled the air;
A white and dazzling face
Beamed on her sight; and the maiden bowed,
With an awed and lowly grace.

For she knew that Jehovah's messenger
Had entered her humble room,
And deep in her soul a rising prayer
Was bursting into bloom.

When the angel spoke, with a voice whose tone
Was musical as the sea's:

"Hail Mary! blessed art thou!" he said,
"Blessed with endless peace."

"For a guerdon to thee has been vouchsafed
That was never vouchsafed before:
Lo! thou shalt bear the Holy One,
Foretold in days of yore.

"And He shall be called the Son of God,
And Jesus His name shall be:
And the throne of David shall be His throne,
To all eternity."

"How can this be?" the wondering girl
With tremulous voice began.

"Nothing impossible is with God,
Though it seemeth so with man;

"His power shall overshadow thee,
His spirit with thee abide,
His glory shall turn thy night to-day,"
So Gabriel replied.

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord—
Thy holy will be done;"
Said Mary, and over her face there broke
A glow like the setting sun.

For her soul was full of a heavenly light
And she knew that to her was given
A crown eternal, surpassing all,
Save one, in earth and heaven.

Yea, the seraphs that sing by the spotless throne,
Such glory might never see,
As God had granted the chosen Maid
Of lowly Galilee.

O Virgin Mother—O Holy Maid!
By God's supreme decree,
Blessed be thou while earth endures,
Sweet Mary of Galilee!

And he who would cast one word of scorn
On Thy ever-blessed Name,
His name shall stand in earth and heaven
Black with a cloud of shame.

W. H. B.

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Maum Chloe told her master that Lucia had started at sunrise to go to St. Inigoes. Mrs. Yelott winced but did not speak. Allan Brooke frowned at first—then his brow cleared, and he said:

"It is a lovely morning. Lucia doubtless wished to avoid the heat. I do not suppose that she has gone as far as St. Inigoes, but to 'Buckrac.' It is time, however, she was back. Did she take flowers?"

"I don't think she did, Mars' Allan."

"Oh, well! See, Maumy, that she has a comfortable lunch and a cup of hot coffee when she comes; it's a good antidote for malaria, and there is plenty of that about in the air now," he answered.

"Deed I will, Mars' Allan. 'Pears to me dat chile's got more'n common to trouble her mind," said Chloe, shaking her head.

"She's a very old-fashioned little one, Maumy. Give me another cup of coffee, Ellen,—and tell Lucia when she comes, will you, to be ready to ride on horseback with me this afternoon."

"Oh, yes indeed, I'll tell her; but hadn't she better go in the carriage with me,—it might jolt her

head too much to go on horseback?" asked Mrs. Yellott, who had promised Lucia's pony to Frank.

"Nonsense,—no!" replied her unsuspecting brother; "it will do her head good. You women are always on the *qui vive* for trouble, it seems to me."

"Trouble would come all the same if we didn't, Allan; and it's best to be prepared for it," said Mrs. Yellott, with a sigh.

"What's in the wind now, Ellen?" he asked, looking up.

"Nothing. You men are so suspicious. I was only speaking in general terms," she said.

"Oh,—generalities never amount to much!" he said, laughing, as he arose from the table, and pulled one of Mamie's long flaxen curls, as he went by her on his way out.

It was true: Lucia had gone to St. Inigoes, to pour out the perplexities and sorrows of her heart to Father Jannison,—the best and safest thing she could have done. The experienced pastor comprehended the situation without difficulty,—but in the goodness and purity of his own heart he neither imputed malice nor any wrong motive to Mrs. Yellott; he only thought her over zealous and extremely injudicious in attempting to tamper with a conscience like Lucia's. It was like playing with edged tools, or fire—the consequences of which are rarely understood until the mischief is done and irreparable.

"God bless you, my dear child, for coming to your old father to help you," he said, laying his hand upon her head as she knelt, bowed and weeping, beside his great chair. "Mrs. Yellott *means* well, but she's one of that good sort of Christians who think that everybody must be governed by the same rules that regulate themselves. Now suppose, my child, that you were very ill, or had a grievous sore that threatened the loss of a leg, an arm, or even life itself, would you go and be such a simpleton as to wait for it to get well before you saw a doctor or took his remedies? Now you are just exactly in that fix, my lamb; you've got this temper that you are always grieving over—you are proud, you are wilful; and you are this, that, and the other,—but what are you to do? There is only one help for you, and that is in the Sacraments; the more you need them, the oftener you must come,—for there, my little one, is the balm of Gilead for your hurts, and the Great Physician who will make you whole. If you stay away, waiting to be more worthy to approach Him, you may perish. So don't mind what people may say,—but if you keep falling, get up and keep coming, that's all; and by-and-by you will be strong and able to walk upright, and find yourself with strength to fight, with God's help, and the help of

the Blessed Virgin, your battles. So be comforted; and have courage, my child, I say."

And so Lucia *was* comforted, and went away with the good priest's blessing like a staff to lean upon. She stopped at "Buckrae" to say her Rosary at her mother's grave, and cry her fill beside it,—that precious grave now canopied over with passion flowers, with the scarlet trumpet flower festooning the old tree above it, making the air seem full of tongues of flame as its pendant blossoms hung trembling over the sacred spot in wild luxuriance.

On the following Sunday, when Mrs. Yellott learned that Lucia had gone very early through mist and rain to St. Inigoes, to receive Holy Communion, she came to the conclusion that she was the most case-hardened being she had ever known. She would scarcely have credited it had she not heard it from her brother, who having met Lucia in the hall at a very early hour, and protested against her exposing herself to the miasma with which the foggy air was reeking, until he learned her purpose, when he allowed her to go, with many forebodings, knowing how dangerous it was at this season of the year to be exposed either to morning dampness or evening dews. Mrs. Yellott was *nonplussed* and worried, and began to despair of getting a hold on Lucia in any way, either to manage or intimidate her; then she wisely made up her mind to study her character more closely, and watch and wait, as such people always watch and wait, ready like cats springing upon unwary mice or birds, tearing their flesh and grinding their bones, to come with sudden swoop upon their prey when the opportunity arrives. And so a sort of truce followed, a hollow one 'tis true, but it gave some respite to Lucia from the thousand nameless exasperations she had been constantly subject to heretofore; a respite which was not peace,—for to a nature ever longing for human affection and approval like hers, it was a pain in itself to feel that she was an object of dislike.

But everybody's time at "Haylands" was much taken up nowadays in visiting, and receiving company; in excursions up and down the river; in fishing parties, horseback rides, and drives; in "high teas," followed by dancing, and occasional picnics—which altogether stirred the county up, making it gayer than it had ever been since the old times when the Ramseys lorded it over the land. In a measure, Lucia enjoyed it all, for she had formed some pleasant acquaintances; and her guardian never lost sight of her wherever they might be, to see that she was pleasantly surrounded, that she was comfortable, and danced to her heart's content. Sometimes it was her mood not to join in these innocent pleasures; and when her guar-

man found out how it was with her, he would not have her urged or worried about going, but excused her to their well-meaning friends in a way that left nothing more to be said. Some of her happiest moments were spent with Maum Chloe, either down at her cottage reading over the famous speech aloud to her gratified listener until she knew it almost by heart, or sitting with her in her own room looking at the pictures in the old Bible and reading about them to her. This awoke in Lucia's poetic mind a strong love for sacred history, and nothing delighted her more than to read of the days when the angels of God were the companions of men—when He revealed His will to patriarchs and prophets in visions of the night, and led His people, a "pillar of cloud by day, and fire by night." The dramatic, heroic and exalted character of all she read, kindled her soul to the greatest enthusiasm, sometimes filling her with high resolves, often moving her to passionate tears by the simple yet deep pathos of the narrative she pored over. Child as she was, she read over and over again those portions of Holy Writ that most pleased her, not from any spiritual or theological desire to examine into the mysteries or meaning of the inspired books, to follow the prophecies or cavil at what she could not understand; she was too young for that; she simply read because there was a high, holy and poetic charm in them which harmonized with something in her nature, awed her soul, and satisfied her imagination. So she and Chloe would sit for hours going over the story of Joseph or Esther, or the exodus of the Israelites out of Egypt,—the grand poem of Job, or the soul-touching incidents related in the Gospels—or the terrible visions of the Apocalypse,—until the night would come down upon them, when the great old book would be closed, and, hugged close to Maum Chloe's bosom, be carried back and placed reverently upon the antique stand where it had rested for nearly a century and a half.*

At last November came, crisp and golden; there had been a black frost; the ripened leaves of the woods were in their gala attire of crimson, russet, and yellow; the last butterflies of the season, in their dazzling coats of orange and black, held court with the droning bees around the rich autumnal flowers; the birds warbled their last and sweetest farewell songs; fires were lit upon the hearth at "Haylands" morning and night, and there was a general note of preparation going on for the winter, which would soon come "to his own again."

Mrs. Yellott was packing up to go to her home in New York and place her young people at school; and Allan Brooke hoped in his heart that she

would—he was too proud to hint at such a thing himself—invite Lucia to spend the winter with her, to give her an opportunity of enjoying those educational advantages which he so much desired for her, and which she just at this critical time of her life so much needed. But that worldly-wise woman abstained from the slightest hint of any such arrangement, although she was well aware that her brother was in extreme perplexity as to what he should do with Lucia that winter, and what plan he should adopt for her education. The time was drawing near when his political duties would oblige him to go to Washington. Congress would meet on the first of December; he could not take her with him,—he had no establishment there; and if he had, she was entirely too young to preside over it or be left alone with the servants, as she would necessarily be in his absence; and he could not leave her at "Haylands" without companionship. He might engage a governess, but suppose she should not be of the right sort, and able to cope with a nature requiring such nice management as Lucia's? He thought it over and over until he felt stupid and blank, when one morning it suddenly occurred to him to sail up to St. Inigoes and consult Father Jannison on the subject.

There was a long grave talk over the matter in Father Jannison's little library, the upshot of which was that Lucia should be sent to the Visitation Convent in Georgetown to be educated; and Allan Brooke went back to "Haylands" exultant at so easy and in every way desirable a solution of his difficulties.

"How strange that I did not think of it! it's the very thing for my poor little girl; the influences and advantages of the place will leave nothing to be wished for in her religious, moral or intellectual culture. I'm afraid, though, she won't like it,—but she must go. There I can see her at least once a week, attend to her wants, and bring her away if she is unhappy! It's the very thing!" he thought to himself, as he sailed down the bright beautiful river towards "Haylands."

But when he got to "Haylands," Lucia had gone to "Buckrae," in great haste; Jupe had sent her word that "Bruce" the old hound was dying, and nothing could keep her; she got one of the men to row her across in a pirogue, for she had a feeling that it would comfort the faithful old hound to feel her hand upon his head and hear her voice once more,—as it seemed to do, for when she leaned over him, smoothing him lightly, and talking to him in pitying accents, he wagged his tail feebly, and raising up his head with a faint effort licked her hand; the bleared, sightless eyes closed, there was a faint, quick, electric shudder, and it was all over.

* The real experience of a child.

If the principle of life that animates the forms of our brute friends is capable of intelligence after its departure therefrom, we are sure that Bruce is happy in some far off canine heaven in company with the dog of Ulysses, "old dog Tray," and other famous dogs of song and story.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Prisoners of Holy Cross.

We translate the account given by one of the inmates of the College of Holy Cross, Neuilly, who was imprisoned in Paris under the reign of the *Commune* in that city:

The commencement of hostilities was not very dangerous for the College of Holy Cross. The bombs from Fort Valerien and from the round point of Courbevoie were aimed principally against the *port Maillot*, which they seemed determined to break down at once, and enter the city. We could without danger look from the garret windows and see the flash and smoke of the cannons in the fort, and then listening to the whistle of the projectile, follow its path until it struck its aim. But in a short time the Versaillians having spread all over Neuilly and the banks of the Seine, and the *port des Ternes* having been armed with cannon, the house found itself between two fires and received several shots—the bullets, whistling through the air like a multitude of serpents, rained down upon the walls, among the trees, and everywhere. Prudence no longer allowed us to occupy the two upper stories; even the ground floor was no longer tenable, and we began to think of descending into the cellar.

The necessity of fresh air long retained the Fathers and Brothers the most remote rooms. Then people become familiar with danger when no serious accident happens to try the nerves too violently. But several shells having exploded at no great distance, and one even having gone through the middle of the house, fear made them take further precautions. Father Champeau placed a mattress against his window to enable him to remain in his own room, and others placed mattresses over the cellar windows. At an altogether unexpected moment, a shell was thrown from the ramparts against the old portion of the house whither the Community had betaken themselves; it burst in the room of Father Le Cointe, who fortunately had left the day before, set fire to a chest of drawers, upsetting the partitions and breaking down the doors. Had it fallen four feet lower the Superior would have been killed. Fear took possession of all. But soon the smoke and the

crackling of flames, which told that the house was on fire, called the most courageous to the re-cue. In spite of the shells which continued to pass by, they carried up water, and cast out of the window the objects on fire—papers, books, clothing, to save the rest. Success crowned their efforts, and we went back to the cellar reassured but sad. It was evident that the artillerymen of the *Commune* had evil intentions against us, if they were not drunk: two hypotheses equally disquieting.

The guards of the *port des Ternes* had already made a domiciliary visit. In the twinkling of an eye they had occupied the whole house and courtyards, searching every nook and corner for concealed enemies. The readiness with which we opened all the doors and showed them the smallest niches seemed to reassure them. Brother Bernard having expressed a wish to show the chapel to one of them—"Ouf!" was the response, "*jé n'entre jamais là-dedans*"—(Bah! I never go in there). They made use of no violence. One of them, however, by way of amusement, shot off his gun in one of the halls to see if he could hit a gas-pipe. The chief of the band considered he did his duty by telling the fellow that that wasn't right.

The evening of the day on which the fire took place a more brutal band came to the house about 10 o'clock, pretending that we had fired from our windows upon the ramparts, and that we had killed one of the artillerymen; someone added that the shell had been thrown at the house in revenge, and that if a single shot came from the house they would return and shoot down all whom they could find. Protestations of innocence availed nothing; any stupid accusation was enough to bring about the death of a Religious. Two or three other visits, night and day, becoming more and more menacing, rendered our position intolerable. 'If you fear treachery,' said the Religious to those brutal fellows, 'place a guard in the house; you will be sure of being sole masters.' 'We are not such fools,' they replied. 'The Versaillians would capture us.' 'What, then, do you want us to do to satisfy you?' 'So much the worse for you; if a single artilleryman is killed you will all pay for it.' This was condemnation to death, for thousands of bullets poured continually upon the ramparts. The *commandant* himself advised the Religious to retire to a less exposed house. He was asked if the house of the English Augustinian Nuns, about a hundred paces from us, was far enough away; he replied that we might be safe there for ten days or so, because the fight had not yet commenced on that side. We resolved to go there that very night.

Father Lecointe, who had retired to the *Asile des jeunes incurables* for the exercise of his ministry, made known to his confreres of Holy Cross that

sinister rumors were circulating concerning the house, and that their departure was of urgent necessity. Another person, well informed, apprised us that the insurgents said they had determined to burn the college, by means of petroleum bombs, in order to rid themselves of the perpetual fear which was inspired by its large façade that fronts the ramparts. An officer of the National Guard added that the burning would take place at one or two o'clock in the morning. It was under sorrowful impressions that Bros. Gregory, Bernard, Heliodore, Marie-David, and Ernest, went to rejoin Father Champeau in the little house of the chaplain, whither he had gone to prepare for their installation. This house, situated on the boulevard Eugène, to the left of the convent then entirely deserted, was surrounded by walls, and completely isolated.

We went to bed very sad, expecting the college would be burnt; and we had not the means of putting the furniture in a safe place. We recommended it especially to St. Joseph, who is one of the principal patrons of the college, and to Mary Immaculate, whose statue surmounts the building; for they alone could save it by changing the intentions of those vandals. Early next morning we hastened to the windows to see if we could perceive the roof of the dear abode. Thank God, the house was still standing, and nothing appeared to be changed. Hope returned. The Religious could even return secretly to the College to take down into the cellar the clothing and the most valuable articles of furniture, in which they were assisted by the young concierge who had consented to remain alone at the college, and who knew how to talk to those fellows.

The Religious were obliged to put off their habit and dress as laymen to walk out without being arrested and maltreated; for the soldiers who filled Neuilly were composed of the worst kind of citizens.

Father Champeau, who had not ceased saying Mass in the college chapel, at the hour when the fight was less lively, continued to say it in the chapel of the English nuns, despite the fall of several bombs that had come through the roof.

On Sunday, the 23d of April, a moment after the Mass, when the little community were finishing their modest breakfast in the depths of the cellar, the house was surrounded by a battalion of Communists, and the voice of the commandant was heard: "If you see any one climb the wall, bring him down." At the same moment the soldiers appeared at the doors and opened them or broke them in, and cried out: "Come out! come out all of you!"

The poor Religious came out into the yard one

after the other, and when they were counted they were allowed to take some articles of clothing, under the eye of a guard; then they were taken to the parlor of the convent amid a crowd of armed men, with sentinels at all the doors. They were brutally asked who they were and whether they had any arms, and intimation was given that if any arms were found, all the Religious should be at once shot; but if they found no arms in the house they would do them no harm. None were found, and the brigands began to soften apace; they went so far as to chat like good fellows with us, offering and accepting snuff, and then enlarging at length on the troubles and hardships of war. Several were endeavoring to get into Paris not to come out again; for they were kept by force on the field of battle.

The Archbishop of Westminster on Mgr. Darboy.

The following letter from his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster appeared in the *London Times* in reply to an article in that paper maintaining that the late Archbishop of Paris was strongly opposed to the doctrine of Papal infallibility:

To the Editor of the Times:

SIR: With a reluctance I can hardly find words to express, I am compelled to request you to insert this letter in the *Times* newspaper.

I had thought that the noble and touching end of the Archbishop of Paris would have covered his memory with the affections and sympathies of the Christian world. I should have thought it impossible that, while his wounds were yet warm, minds could have been found to contend over the human conflicts in which he may have been involved. But I will limit myself to three points in your article of this morning.

First, the statement made by certain French clergy in their letter published by you on Friday last, that the late Archbishop of Paris as Professor of Theology in the seminary of Lagrange, taught the doctrine of the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff, was not made by them with the low and untimely purpose of claiming him, as you say, as an "infallibilist." It was made to clear his name, which ought now to be sacred, from the imputation of rendering a reluctant submission to the definition of the Vatican Council. I am able to confirm their statement. Not long ago I had in my hand a copy of the thesis, preserved by his students; and I have intimate knowledge of his mind from the Archbishop himself. I am able to attest that the resistance of the Archbishop of Paris to the definition of the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff did not touch the truth of the doctrine, but the opportuneness or expediency of defining that truth. I make this statement, not on hearsay, but on personal conference with him in Rome.

Secondly, you express your remorse that you have

not earlier called attention to the letters of "Quirinus" on Rome and the Council. I hereby give you the judgment formed of those letters by Bishop Von Ketteler, of Mayence, in whose judgment the bishops of Germany with hardly any exception, concur. In a letter published last year he says:

"It will be necessary one day to expose, in all their nakedness and abject mendacity, the articles of the *Augsburg Gazette*. They will present a formidable and lasting testimony to the extent of injustice of which party men, who affect the semblance of superior education, have been guilty against the Church."

Again in a letter to his diocese, he affirms:

"The *Augsburg Gazette* hardly ever pronounces my name without appending to it a falsehood. . . . It would have been easy for us to prove that every Roman letter of the *Augsburg Gazette* contains gross perversions and untruths. Whosoever is conversant with the state of things here, and these letters, cannot doubt an instant that these errors are voluntary, and are a part of a concerted system designed to deceive the public. If time fails me to correct publicly this uninterrupted series of falsehoods, it is impossible for me to keep silence when an attempt is made with so much perfidy to misrepresent my own convictions."

This testimony of the Bishop of Mayence I can confirm by my own evidence. The whole tissue of the correspondence is false. Even the truths it narrates are falsified. The book entitled "Quirinus" is the collection of these letters from the *Augsburg Gazette*. Your quotation of this book forces upon me the painful duty of adding that some of the chief persons who either wrote or inspired those letters are already under the excommunication of the Church, and that others, who, writing anonymously, evade the responsibility of publicly declaring their opinions, can be no otherwise described than in the words of the apostle, as, "false brethren." I lament from my heart that the generous and truthful people of England should be misled by writers whose names if known would carry their own antidote.

Thirdly, your article affirms, in praise of Archbishop Darboy, that chiefly through his agency "only half the Roman Catholic episcopate voted for the dogma." I refrain from contradicting an assertion of which the *Times* newspaper in July last has given a sufficient refutation. We can understand the bitter disappointment of a few persons, who staked their reputation upon an attempt to divide a General Council, and hinder the Catholic Church from defining an article of faith. They have seen, not only the utter failure of their hopes, but the complete unity of the faith with which the Church throughout the world has accepted the decrees of the Vatican Council.

Sir, I must repeat once more the pain I feel in writing on such topics over the bier of my noble-hearted friend and brother, the Archbishop of Paris. Do not let us mistake it, as your article suggests, for the "body of Patroclus." We are Christian men, not heathen. And in the name of the God of charity and peace, if we are to have conflicts, let them be hand to hand among the living. The memories of the departed ought to be silent or generous.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

✠ HENRY EDWARD MANNING.

8, YORK-PLACE, June 5.

The Roman University.

I take as usual from the new number of the *Civiltà* (of July 1,) some few particulars concerning current events which the compilers of that magazine are in a position to supply better than others. It appears then, that the number of *subscribers* to the Society of the *Interessi Cattolici* (whose active members, I have already mentioned, amounts to 700) exceed two thousand in number. When the short time that the society has been in existence is taken into consideration, as well as the whole amount of the population of Rome, this number may serve as another proof of towards which side the inclination of the Romans tend.

The following particulars concerning the Roman University have the same authority, and serve the same purpose. Before the 20th of September it had eleven hundred students; of these 600 gave up all the advantages of position in their classes which they had reached in the academic year, rather than suffer any appearance of taking part with those hostile to the Pope; and of the remaining 500 less than 150 gave token of approving the excommunicated professors; and when it came to inducing them to put their names to the address of adhesion to Döllinger, the utmost efforts could not obtain fifty signatures. While calling attention to the testimony thus afforded to the good principles hitherto prevailing in young Rome, the writer of the article adds some well-timed reflections on the snares with which its future path is laid, not only by the irreligious teaching in the university itself, but by the new army law now under discussion, by which every young man will pass from three to six years under a discipline by which every religious observance is not only discouraged but rendered well-nigh impossible.

I have been favored with the copy of a gratifying letter from an American Jesuit in Rennes, to the General of the Order here, mentioning very interesting particulars of the conversion of an American lady, Mrs. Blunt, who had merited this grace by her efforts, while yet a Protestant, in saving the Church of the Sacred Heart, in the Rue de Varennes, from the fury of the Parisian insurgent mob, through arranging to place it under the protection of the American flag; and likewise by ministering to the needs and privations of the Archbishop of Paris, and of the Jesuit Fathers, his fellow-prisoners.—*Cor. Westminster Gazette*.

M. GUIBERT, the Archbishop of Tours, has been nominated Archbishop of Paris. M. Guibert is upward of 68 years of age, having been born in 1802. He was formerly Bishop of Vivers, and has been Archbishop of Tours ever since the 4th of February, 1857.

[From the Dublin Review.]

The Fall of Paris.

For a twelvemonth of days, the reading public in these islands has been literally hanging in suspense on telegrams and daily newspapers. The absorbing news of each morning has been, first, preparation for war, then war declared, then the clash and collision of strife. And this again as prelude to a series of defeats on the one side, successes on the other, with a uniform repetition, a rapidity of succession, a completeness of result, without parallel between the armies of two nations supposed to be so equally matched. Germany, our cousin in blood, dialect, and national stamp; France, our neighbor always, our friendly ally for a long half-century, have fought it out between them to the end, within a few hours' steam from our own capital.

From the victory of Saarsbruck and the disaster of Sedan to the capitulation of Paris, the problem was in process of being worked out, of which we are now to note some of the data. From the capitulation Paris, again, to the victorious German troops, until the extinction of the Commune by the army of Versailles, the demonstration was rendered yet more complete. We are to endeavor to ascend from results past to the causes that have produced them. The results being so great and so appalling, the causes must be surely commensurate.

In this great tragedy of two acts, we may distinguish the successive movements or (so to speak) scenes. A vaunt of military glory pervading a whole nation, a boastful demand to measure swords with an old and successful antagonist, an enthusiastic rush into arms without a justifying cause, and thus a campaign commencing with a moral wrong. Then come in the Eumenides, and tell us, as in chorus, how one signal defeat after another had followed that wrong, until the spiked helmets defile under the Arc de Triomphe, and some three and fifty thousand French prisoners have been deported over the Prussian frontier. The "baptism of fire" which the Emperor, little knowing what he said, had promised to his boy, received a hideous fulfilment, hardly contemplated, perhaps, by the oracle that uttered the boding words. Then came siege, famine, surrender of the capital,—all crowded into the first act of the terrible drama, which would not, however, be complete without an interlude—one scene which, to our minds, interprets the whole. It is the public unveiling of the statue of Voltaire, the great enemy of God, of man, and of France, with all governmental honors attending the ceremony, and by the Minister of the Interior, under an Empire even then doomed to its fall. That solemnity has a special relation to

the grim dance of the Furies, who shake their torches at the Paris that gloried in a deed so execrable.

And the second act? What is to be said of the internal dissensions which arise almost before the heavy pressure of the German's foreign hand has been withdrawn? What of the outbreak of revolt against so much of government as could be hastily thrown together, to fill the gap left by an Emperor in captivity? The men of order, the *République sage*, are without the city; the men of Red revolution, the *République sociale*, are cooped up, like wild beasts, within. The shells thrown by Frenchmen into French dwellings are responded to by frantic cries of rage against God and governments. The Reign of Terror is born again. Nay, the old names and symbols of the First Revolution, after eighty years, reappear and gibber in the streets. There is "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity:"—*Liberté de mal faire; Egalité de misère; Fraternité comme Cain avec son frère*. There is denunciation of religion, monarchy, capital. Nor are these the empty cries of a momentary convulsion, or curses that expire in the sound. Witness the fall of the Vendôme Column: witness the massacre of the Archbishop and his fellow-victims in La Roquette: witness the palaces, not Imperial only, but municipal, of gay and beautiful Paris, fired by incendiaries, maddened, despairing, and suicidal. Fill up the picture with bloodshed and atrocities beyond estimation, corpses uncounted, *pétroleuses*, fiendish women, slaying and then slain, fiendish children pouring destruction with their tiny hands.

But the causes of this accumulation of national crimes? They are not for to seek; and we may enumerate the chief of them.

(1.) The false civilization of a godless metropolis. To speak of Paris is, indeed, in another sense than that of a popular writer, to tell "a tale of two cities." There is Paris that recognizes and serves God, and Paris that insults or ignores Him. Since just Lot and his household dwelt among the reprobate in the plain Jordan,—since Rome contained alike the Paganism of the Cæsars on the Palatine, with Jupiter on the Capitol, and the struggling infant Church in its cradle of the catacombs,—never, perhaps, have good and evil so dwelt and energized side by side. There was the Paris of a vigorous Catholic life interpenetrating Paris of the theatres, the *cafés chantants*, and every other conceivable appliance of frivolity, sensuality and sin. What can present a greater contrast than the component elements of these two cities rolled into one? Religious communities and pious associations devoted with French energy and concentration to every good work of corporal and spiritual mercy, confraternities, *œuvres*, foreign missions,

a fecundity of Catholic literature, and many other excellent things and people: these make up the salt of Paris, and have redeemed it from being one seething, reeking mass of corruption. They are the ten just, found in the abandoned city, that has been hitherto spared for their sake. We do not draw the reverse of the picture. It is well known in general; for particulars, an able hand has offered "Les Odeurs de Paris" to such as may wish, by an *applicatio sensuum*, to make closer and more disagreeable acquaintance with them. But our point is, that the accumulating evils of Paris have grown up under the specious name of civilization. It was pre-eminently the polished capital of Europe, the centre from which emanated the good tone, the stamp of society, elegance, fashion, whether in phrase, deportment, dress, the art of conversation, or even the culinary science; in a word, for our rude English tongue cannot so well express it, the *savoir vivre*. Now, the important lesson which every reflecting man must draw from the downfall and prostrate humiliation of this gay place is, the utter insufficiency of mere polish and civilization to preserve a people from corruption and from the atrocities that always, like an unfailing Nemesis, wash out corruption in blood. This is saying too little. The pseudo-civilization of Paris has been intimately allied with vice. The inherent offensiveness of immortality has been carried off and partly deodorized, if you are to believe its votaries, by the art of sinning gracefully. Vice was supposed to lose half its evil by losing all its grossness. Who does not remember the flowing period, to that effect, in which the great rhetorician of the age of George III winds up his account of the old régime in France? What would Burke have thought of his aphorism at this day? He would have appreciated, as we are enabled to do, the point at which extremes meet. The viciousness of Paris has been seething for generations, as in the cauldron of the prophet's vision; and we have seen the dregs boil over in the unutterable excesses of the Commune in the hour of its dissolution.

In truth, there is no greater fallacy, though we see it all around us in our day, than the theory of polishing man without the hand of his Maker. A godless civilization has always vaunted the elevation of humanity, while, in truth, it has degraded man. It proclaims itself to be his regeneration, and it returns him to the condition of the fallen Adam. Culture, and progress in the arts of life, or the "art of living,"—that is, of living apart from the restraining, elevating influence of Divine grace,—tend simply to vicious softness, luxury, effeminacy. The hardy virtues perish under the touch of a polish that is not from God. It stunts and dwarfs man, makes him shrink into pettiness and meanness. It

renders him, in a word,—for here again we have a French phrase for an idea which France has realized to her cost,—a *petit maître*. Godless civilization is the Capua after Cannæ, and the prelude to defeat. This exclamation, indeed, by Parisian luxury, which had become the topic of a very misplaced Parisian self-glorification, may account for the unprecedented collapse of an army of great prestige. The collision between the opposing forces was as point-blank as between two knights of ancient tourney. Both combatants were armed cap-à-pied; both well skilled in the use of their weapons; each animated with the same intense desire of victory. In the shock of battle, it was simply the more vigorous arm that bore down the weaker. But what had nerved that conquering arm? We may cite in illustration a fact reported by those who, wearing the red cross of peaceful and brotherly help, went up and down among the prostrate forms when

War and battle fled before,
Wounds and death remain'd behind.

They tell us that whereas, in the knapsacks of many of the French soldiers they found photographs of a debasing kind, the German was provided with the hymn-book that spoke to him at once of God and of home. We do not know a more significant commentary on the fate of the campaign. It is, *mutatis mutandis*, Cromwell's psalm-singing Ironsides against the gay, debauched cavaliers; it is stern Balfour of Burley measuring swords with the swash-buckler Bothwell. The contrast even suggests the dignity and calm intense vigor of Sir Galahad, whose "strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure."

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

Foreign Notes.

The following remarks on the conflict about Papal infallibility and Dr. Döllinger's Manifesto are taken from the London *John Bull*:—"It is easy to raise a shout of Protestant jubilation; but this is not the first time by many scores, that the See of Rome has provoked a passionate outburst of intellectual opposition, and afterwards ground it to powder under the dead weight of persistent ascendancy. The storm which the Council of Trent had to brave was infinitely more formidable than anything which yet threatens the Vatican dogma. We are far from regarding the recent dogma as the monster which it appears to Dr. Döllinger; we conceive it to be the logical outcome of the previous position of the Romish obedience; and the fact that five or six hundred bishops from all parts of the world were found ready to enunciate it, while a feeble minority only ventured to plead inopportuneess, seems to us conclusive of its virtual reception, before the formal recognition. We listen in vain for the voice of the bishops who opposed the dogma at Rome. Darboy has died and made no sign, while Archbishop

Manning lives to assert the martyr's recantation. Hefele, second, if second in learning to Döllinger, is silent, and it is more than suspected, submissive. Where are the Cardinal Archbishops of Prague, Besançon, and Vienna? The Primate of Hungary, the Archbishops of Munich, Bamberg, and Milan, the Old Lion of Tuam, the eloquent Dupanloup? all of whom figured among the SS "non-placets" in the Council. Many are known to have swallowed the dogma, and are now enforcing it on their subject clergy. Not one stands forth to bid God-speed the Döllinger Manifesto! All the ecclesiastical countenance its author can boast of is a complimentary visit from the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury (who, in this case, does not think obedience the first duty of presbyters) and a doctor's diploma from the University of Oxford!"

This is the opinion of one outside the Catholic Church, but at the same time of a man who has examined the question with intelligence and with a love of truth. It is this power of truth which compels him to acknowledge the virtual reception of the dogma long before its formal recognition. The same power condemns the Prussian Government which pretends to find an innovation and an aggression against the State in this dogma. No one believes it; it has no faith itself in its own assertion. When Bismarck says, "Force goes before Right," he may also uphold that falsehood goes before truth; but he will soon perceive that, like Antæus in the arms of Hercules, as soon as he forsakes the basis of material force, the breath will be crushed out of his body. Bismarck and Moltke—that is, *pro tempore*, a good firm; but Bismarck and Döllinger—one cannot hear of such an association without the thought of bankruptcy being forced on us.—*Westminster Gazette*.

The Readers of the *Standard* are informed by its Roman correspondent that the farce of the removal of the *Capital of Italy* to Rome, with its attendant amusements, are alas, already at an end. What a pity that this innocent, blissful state of mind could last forever. In the mean time Rome is, practically speaking, no more the capital of Italy than she was a month ago. The ministers have all, with the exception of M. Gadda (who was there before), returned to Florence, and nobody knows when they will make their reappearance. A few forlorn individuals, representing the various branches of the public service, are condemned to drive the quill here all day as a matter of form, but the real business of the country is carried on now, as before, in Florence.

The *Paris Journal* states, on good authority, that Vermorel, the Communist leader, died a good Christian. Before receiving absolution from a Jesuit Father, who attended him in his last moments, he desired to make a public retraction in the presence of the gendarmes and of the Sisters of Charity. The following are the words: "I repudiate the detestable errors contained in my works and in the newspapers which I edited, and I ask of God, who sees my repentance, to forgive me for having committed these errors." Vermorel belonged to a pious family in the neighborhood of Villefranche, near Lyons; intended for the priesthood, his mother had placed him in a Jesuit school. Thus, though in life he had forsaken the principles of his youth, in

death he returned to the faith and practices he had learnt from the Jesuit Fathers. Had he received a godless education in a secular school, what would the death of such a man have been?—*Gazette*.

While lecturers are hired to give free Sunday harangues at the Roman College on the immorality and inexpediency of charity, nevertheless to identify itself in the mind of the people with the "paternal Government" principle, besides the free returning of pawned articles, a distribution of dowries has been promised in commemoration of the king's visit, though even so, not after the freehanded manner of Catholic charity. Throughout all Rome, there are only to be twenty-two to celebrate this grand event, after which "all Italy has languished so long," (and the "donne Cattoliche" in the course of a week subscribed for fifty to celebrate the Pope's Jubilee of their private efforts), but this is not the worst. It is required, I am assured, that each application shall be written on paper, bearing a tenpenny stamp, and as there are 20,000 girls within the ages invited to apply for it, and only 2,200 francs to be distributed at last, it is apparent that if only half the girls who are eligible should be induced to make the application, a handsome profit may be realized, and in no case can it be imagined that any expense can be incurred. Such speculations are very clever in conception, their fault is that they are *too* clever; for the majority of the people are sharp-witted enough to see through the intended deception. "This is all done with money wrung from ourselves," was the spontaneous observation of a girl who might herself have been an applicant if she had not scorned the contrivance. . . . When the Pope made a distribution he did it out of money that came to him from abroad, not out of forced contributions." And on the whole it may safely be predicted that the whole manoeuvre will only result in making twenty-two "ingrates," and 19,978 "mécontentes." What a hateful affront it is," said another young woman, "to offer a girl a dowry of a beggarly hundred francs, at the same time that her brother or her *ragazzo* can't be got off serving in the *leva* for less than 3,200!" It is not alone in the minds of the loyal that the conscription has excited disaffection. The *Capitale* pronounced equal dissatisfaction on its own side, and demands that it should be all gone over again.

You can speak to no one below the middle class who is not distracted by it, on account of more or less remote relations who have been stricken—*capito* is the consecrated expression—by it. I heard one father of a family say yesterday, "My eldest boy is only a little fellow now, it is true, but if this Government lasts till he is old enough to be drawn, which Heaven forefend, I shall feel inclined to throw him out of the window rather than let him be exposed to the soul-destroying influences of the Italian army." "Ah! how many distracted parents I have seen within the last few days with nothing of comfort to offer them," exclaimed the priest of a parish in the environs, "and how many lads who have grown up so simple and innocent, hitherto, who are now to be torn from their homes and plied with the most pernicious maxims."—*Roman Cor. Westminster Gazette*, July 13.

Ave Maria,

For three Even Voices.

BY C. SIEG.

Adagio.

p *cres.*

A - ve, a - ve, a - ve, Ma - ri - a, gra - ti - a

p

p *cres.*

ple - na, Do - mi - nus te - cum, A - ve Ma - ri - a, gra - ti - a ple - na, Do - mi - nus

Dolce. *p*

Do - mi - nus te... - cum. A - ve Ma - ri - a, gra - ti - a ple - na, Do...mi - nus

cresc.

Do... mi - nus te... - cum. Be... - ne - dic - ta tu in mu - li - e - ri - bus,

Al... - le... - lu... - ia, al... - le... - lu... - ia.

Affairs in China.

The following letter from China, addressed to the *Univers*, discloses the persecution with which the Christians are threatened in China. "The Chinese Government, at the instigation, and probably with the secret aid of certain European Governments, aims at nothing less than the extirpation of Christianity in the empire. A first memorandum, which ought to have provoked the indignation of every right-minded European knowing the character of the Chinese people, was accepted by the various foreign ministers, who consented to communicate it to their Governments. The Chinese, encouraged by this success, have presented a second memorandum, still more audacious; they demand, among other things, that the missionaries should not be allowed either to build or buy houses in the interior of the country; that they should not make catechumens without the previous sanction of the local mandarins; that they should be bound to make known to the mandarins the name, the age, and the possession of every Christian, and that women should be forbidden to enter the churches. If this demand be enforced, nothing remains for us but to return to the catacombs or to

take up our baggage. In the missions already established it may still be possible for Christians to conceal themselves; but in the missions about to be established it will be impossible, the more so as the mandarins claim the right of preventing us from founding new establishments. But such a memorandum, which is the negation of the treaty and the destruction of all the results obtained by the expedition of 1860, has been accepted by the ministers of the various European courts at Peking. How will these Governments act? I do not know; but what I do know is that a crisis is at hand, and that the indulgence shown in France to the authors of the Massacre of Tientsin encourages the Chinese; I fear that certain Governments, unworthy of the name of Christian, will perhaps not be sorry to see snatched from France, in the extreme East, a means of such powerful influence as that which she derives from her missionaries. It is very possible also that those who seek to destroy Christianity in Europe, are at the same time engaged in urging the Chinese not to allow it to be planted in the heart of Asia. It is thought that a European direction may be traced; the future will reveal the truth in this matter."

We take from the Paris correspondence of the *Westminster Gazette* a few passages in which Monseigneur Dupanloup refuted the calumnious charges that had been brought during the elections against the Catholics.

"Calumny," said Mgr. Dupanloup, "says that we wish for war; I reply No, we do not wish for war, and I give this formal contradiction to the calumniators who at the last elections pursued us with this impudent falsehood. Has not, in this sad year, enough and too much of French blood, of human blood been shed? war! have not we, priests and bishops, seen too near and for too long a time the horrors of war not to hold it accursed; from the terrible scenes of sorrow and despair which we have witnessed, we have learnt more and more to detest war, foreign war, and above all the impious horror of civil war. Not that in this sad world there are not just and necessary wars; who does not know moreover that war is not the sole abtreatment of civilized nations, and that Providence has other means to solve the most difficult questions. There is in the sanctity of disregarded right an immortal force, which mysteriously and invincibly calls forth sooner or later pacific solutions and solemn protestations from the human conscience, and, thanks be to God who made us, brute force does not always dispose of everything here below. But," continued Mgr. Dupanloup, "calumny tells us you seek behind the restoration of the Pope other restorations; of tithes, of imposts, of confessional tickets. I repeat it, the whole of France has been filled with these calumnies; this odious and ridiculous phantom has been held up before the eyes of the masses of the people, but let me tell you that there is no great distance between those who calumniate priests and those who massacre hostages. In these times of excitement in which we are, it is easy to turn a credulous man into a criminal. Every liar may produce an assassin or an incendiary. Again, I say, they lie who accuse our priests, so good, so devoted, so poor, so disinterested, sprung almost all of them from popular families, of dreaming of I do not know what senseless feudal domination.

"They lie who accuse us of encouraging ignorance—for we believe ignorance, together with vice, to be the source of every evil. They lie who accuse us of wishing to lead men back to barbarism, for without Christianity there is barbarism, and men will fall back into the state from which Christianity delivered mankind." Mgr. Dupanloup then asks that, as France does not wish to go to war, whether it can do nothing for the Pope. What are we bishops doing in addressing France? We say to France: if you no longer have the power, single-handed, to protect the Holy Father against every one, at least earn the honor of being the first to call upon Europe, together with you, to protect him; the first to demand for this Representative of God upon earth, for this Supreme Head of that august religion, of which just now M. Thiers spoke so eloquently, the common aid and protection of those who believe in God, in the Gospel, and in justice. You can never," he continues, "be you who you may, found either a republic, a monarchy, or any form whatsoever of regular society

without regenerating souls and minds, morals and family life, and you cannot do this without leading men back to God. Without God, conquerors or conquered, you can only tear yourselves to pieces and devour one another. Witness '93, and the Commune. There is no liberty, no morality, no equality, no society without God. . . . France awaits God, and God too awaits France."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

LITTLE HENRY ARCHER, And the Reward of Repentance.

CHAPTER II.

There was not so unhappy a boy in the school on that day as Charles Archer. He could not study a line; his eyes were every moment on the door, watching for Henry's entrance, and when he did not see him coming his anxiety and self-reproach grew apace.

"What on earth can keep him?" said Charlie to himself. "What if he took sick at the milestone? Oh, that would be dreadful—and he all alone! What a fool I am! if he were sick he would go back to mother, of course—yes, that's where he's gone, for sure, and mother will scold me awfully; but I don't care,—she'll forget it all in a minute again. Wonder why Father Dominic doesn't come to the school to-day as usual? What if Henry came on and told him on me? I'd hate like the mischief to get a look from his mild, sorrowful eyes. I'm a confounded goose anyhow, and do wish I had left him at home, and let him idle to his heart's content. But this will never do; I must study, or I'll go foot. I won't be an idler if I can help it."

As Charles thought those words, their palpable injustice smote his heart. "Wonder how I'd feel if James Cashin, or Edward Cahil, or the other fellows, were to call Henry an idler?—feel! guess I'd smack their jaws for them. No, I won't tell such stories; Hen's no idler. Stay! I've two pretty pictures here, and I'll bring them home to him, and that will set all square between us; that's a bright thought, Charley boy;" here he snapped his fingers, gave a low, short whistle of satisfaction, and went to study. His self-complacency, however, was of short duration,—his dear guardian spirit kept whispering to his conscience how many offences he had committed against God that morning by his anger and unkindness. The day seemed long and dreary,—he watched eagerly for the dismissal bell, yet dreaded its coming; then pack-

ing up his books, and putting the two pictures in an envelope, he went out.

It was the custom of all the boys before going home to pay a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament, but Charles for the first time in his life could not bring himself to enter that holy temple where Jesus in silence reposed behind the little silver lamp. The rebellion was not yet quelled in his stubborn heart. Whilst he was standing undecided, a boy came up, "Oh, Charley, is it there you are and your brother dying?"

Charles made a spring, caught the boy by the neck, and exclaimed—"Tom Connor, how dare you tell me my brother is dying?"

"He is, too," replied the boy. "Let me go, or you'll choke me."

Charles flew home like a madman. Passing the mile-stone seat, he flung his pile of books at it in very desperation, and rushed on; he entered the house, and went direct to the bed-room, where he found Henry lying, his head all tied up, and his mother standing at one side weeping, while she kept continually changing ice-cloths upon it. At the opposite side stood Father Dominic fanning him, and at a little distance sat the doctor watching the child with an uneasy countenance.

Charles approached. "Oh, mother! what has happened?"

"He fell against the mile-stone, and the doctor fears his brain is injured, and that he cannot live," she whispered; "he said you feared being late for Mass, and hurried on, leaving him to follow, and immediately he stumbled and fell when you were gone."

A withering fear scorched up Charlie's heart: "It must be the push I gave him." Oh, the anguish of that moment! He grew white as the dead, drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead,—he seemed riveted to the spot, his eyes fixed upon his brother.

The child murmured softly, "Charlie, Charlie."

"Oh Henry, Henry! speak to me."

"Charlie wouldn't hurt me; I tell you he loves me dearly."

"Oh yes, Henry, I do love you dearly," said the poor afflicted Charlie,—"*don't you love me too?*"

"My boy," interposed the doctor, "your brother is delirious; he knows no one,—you must not speak to him."

Charlie left the room and went to the sitting-room, where he and Henry had a pretty altar erected to Mary Immaculate. Kneeling before it, he clasped his hands and addressed her:

"Oh, Blessed Mother of God! have pity on me! Beg your adorable Son Jesus to have mercy on me, and leave me my little brother. Oh, Mother! I treated him badly, and if he dies I cannot live.

Sweet Mother, give me tears, or my heart will burst! Oh, Henry! Henry!"

The Virgin Mother heard his prayer with regard to tears, for they burst forth and flowed like rain; but his dear Lord had other designs upon a heart which was only rough on the outer shell, and contained within a soul capable of practising highly Christian virtues.

For four days Henry kept constantly calling for Father Dominic, his mother, and Charlie, and though they were almost always beside him he knew none of them. Early in the afternoon of the fourth day he seemed to doze for a while. The doctor and all sat silently watching him. About an hour before sunset he awoke perfectly conscious, and looked around. "Where am I, mother?" he said, in a low voice.

"Hush! you must not speak, my dear Henry; you've been very sick."

A sweet smile lit up the boy's face when he saw Father Dominic bending over him—he put his weak trembling hand on the Father's neck, who bent still lower, and then whispered: "Dear Father, I am going home!" Thinking his mind still wandered, the venerable priest replied: "You are at home, my child; I brought you home four days days ago."

"Oh no; no, Father. I am going home now, going to my own sweet Lord Jesus. I saw my beautiful Virgin Mother just now; she beckoned me, and said I must come with her to Jesus—Oh, there she is again! Oh, how beautiful!"

Father Dominic turned to all present while tears streamed down his aged face:

"Kneel, my children; our darling is going from us to his heavenly Father's home."

The poor mother wept bitterly, but nothing could equal the frantic grief of his brother.

Henry seemed in an ecstasy,—suddenly he called out: "Charlie, Charlie! come to me, whisper me."

Poor Charlie wildly clasped him in his arms.

"I never told any of them," he said, "about that morning. I love you dearly, dearly; don't fret about me. Be very sorry for offending our good God; never give way to bad temper; Mary Immaculate will help you. Oh, Charlie, I am so glad! kiss me. Love Jesus always. Mother, come to me; I'm so happy. My Mother Mary is waiting for me, and my good angel. Dearest mother, if I ever grieved you, I ask your pardon and your blessing."

"Oh, my precious child, you were the light of my heart and the hope of my future years. You never gave me a moment's sorrow until now."

Father Dominic approached: "Henry, if you so desire, I will give you the Holy Viaticum as your First Communion."

"Oh, Father! is it possible? I desire with my

whole soul to receive my Holy Communion before I die."

Father Dominic, who expected this event from the beginning, had come prepared. He motioned all to leave the room for a few moments. Soon he recalled them. Mrs. Archer and Charlie carried in the little table which formed the altar in the front room, and hastily adorned it, lighting up a three-branch girandole with wax candles. Father Dominic administered to him the beautiful consoling Sacrament of Extreme Unction, the dear child joining all the responses, in a low, clear voice. It was an entrancing sight, and one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

A straggling beam from the fading sunlight made its way through the side of the drawn-down blind—it touched the pendant crystals of the girandoles, and broke into a whole group of prismatic hues; it rested like a star of crimson and golden sheen on the sacred pix, now resting on the altar, which contained the Holy of Holies—touched with light the aged head of the venerable priest now anointing the feet of the dying child,—it seemed to finally rest on the head of the departing boy, where it formed a brilliant and many-colored crown.

Now the Father approached with the Holy Viaticum. Henry, who was held up in his mother's arms, seemed radiant with delight, and for a few minutes after receiving his God they found it difficult to discern if he were still living. He revived again however, and motioned for a renewal of prayer. Father Dominic commenced the prayers for the departing; suddenly Henry exclaimed, "Oh, love, Jesus; love—Jesus!"—a long sigh, and he was gone, to dwell forever more in the light of God's love! I pass over the grief of his loving mother, who mourned him while she humbly hoped to meet her angelic child one day in the celestial courts above, and the loneliness of poor old Father Dominic, to whom the saintly child was so inexpressibly dear.

Now I come to speak of Charlie. The poor boy was perfectly heart-broken; remorse was eating his soul; nothing could arouse him—he would pace the floor day and night, refusing food, until he saw them lower the coffin into the grave, when his grief broke forth with such violence that he was obliged to be held down.

From that hour a deep melancholy seemed to settle on him, and in his daily visits to the grave of Henry, and to the milestone seat, he would prostrate himself upon the earth, and moisten it with his tears. He refused to go to school, or even to serve at Mass, and seemed to have lost all taste for devotion. His mother was greatly afflicted and alarmed about him, but Father Dominic advised

her to treat him with the greatest gentleness and affection; to let him go in and out as he pleased; to leave all to God, and to pray incessantly for him.

The good priest on his part offered up the Holy Sacrifice for him every alternate day. The summer passed away in this manner until the Sunday preceding the Feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady. Having heard Father Dominic preach on the beautiful festival approaching, Charlie went from church to his usual station on his brother's grave. Here he fell into a reverie, thinking of that feast last year, and how full of joy his heart was, as he and Henry arose at daylight to gather flowers and green boughs to deck sweet Mary's altar on her most joyous festival.

"And he is with her now in joy for evermore," thought he, "and I am sad and alone."

"Why not seek her aid as Henry told you?" said a voice down in the depths of his heart; his last words to you were, 'Love Jesus always;' have you done so?" continued the voice; "arise, go to Father Dominic, lay your griefs before him, and you will be happy."

Charlie instantly arose, went directly to the venerable Father, at whose knee with many sobs and tears he told the whole story of his conduct towards his little brother. Father Dominic soothed and consoled the bruised heart of the erring boy, assured him that God would pity and forgive him. He allowed him to make a general confession for the next few days, and permitted him to approach Holy Communion on the festival.

A load was taken from the poor boy's heart when he found God would mercifully forgive his wretched temper and unkind conduct to his gentle little brother, but he never could forgive himself.

Charles Archer was an altered being from that hour. Never was discovered in him the least trace of anger to his dying day. Gentle and obliging to all, he became a universal favorite. And when he had finished his education, with the consent of his mother he entered the novitiate of a religious order, celebrated in the Church for the sanctity of its members—where, after years of probation, he became a holy priest. In obedience to his Superior, he went to Japan, where he led many many souls to God, therefore making himself obnoxious to that idolatrous government. Soon he and others equally faithful to the trust imposed on them were put to death for preaching Christ crucified. They died martyrs for their dear Lord.

Thus was Charles Archer rewarded for his sincere repentance, by the grandest of all deaths! And thus did he obey the dying injunction of his holy little brother, to

"LOVE JESUS ALWAYS."

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Vol. VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1871.

No. 36.

[From the Dublin Review.]

The Fall of Paris.

[CONCLUSION.]

(2.) Intimately connected with the prevalent luxury of a metropolis is the feebleness and decay of family life. Here, again, we are forced upon a contrast between the two nations of which the fighting men of the one have simply borne down those of the other. The life of Paris, and not of Paris alone in France, has been a life spent away from under the domestic roof; or at least apart from its influences. It was, and is again, so soon as the immediate pressure of national calamities is removed, a life in clubs, in casinos, cafés, theatres, anywhere you please, only not at home. Indeed, the very language of France (it is no new remark), expressive as it is, in a high degree, of every idea that belongs to human life and society, has absolutely no one word expressing *home*. We are reminded of what the novelist himself, who gives it in a popular work of fiction, well calls "a heartless anecdote." Heartless it may be, but no less suggestive and typical. It is that of the Frenchman who had been long accustomed to spend his evenings at the house of an intimate friend and his amiable wife. The friend died: and mutual acquaintances then suggested to him the fitness of a proposal of marriage to the widowed lady, for whom he was known to entertain a great and honorable regard. "True," he answered, "that might be well; but, then—*where should I spend my evenings?*"

This on the one side. On the other, no one who knows anything of Germany can fail to know how deeply the cherished thoughts of home and family exist in the national heart. The old and truly Saxon proverb among ourselves, against which Charles Lamb has launched one of the light shafts of his playful and innocent satire,—"*Home is home, be it never so homely,*"—conveys an intensely German sentiment. It is the breathing of the Teuton. A topographer and antiquary would tell us how many places in Germany and England, how many quiet hamlets that may or may not have

grown up later into important centres of life and energy, were named by their "rude forefathers" so as to include the expression of their being respectively, the "ham" or "heim." The German's "heim" is not merely the four walls and roof, to which he is compelled to return at night to sleep, and recruit for another day of clubs and cafés. It is the cherished shrine of his affections, strong and pure. It forms the cynosure to which his longings turn, from foreign campaigns, or foreign exile:—"There are his young barbarians, all at play; there is their Dacian mother." The Gaul is the hereditary foe, revolutionary, godless, who trampled on his hearth, a generation back, and stained it with blood and crime. For that hearth, his domestic altar, if for nothing still holier—*pro aris et focis*,—he will fight and fall: nay, he will fight and win. He will stand in this Thermopylæ; they shall not pass it, but over his corpse. "They shall not have our German Rhine," nor penetrate to his German home, "*A Berlin!*" is the enthusiastic cry of the most brilliant soldiery in the world. No! not if husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, can stay them. And stay them they will, against all odds. They are a married Landwehr, sober and steadfast; they are *patres familias* turned into stern helmeted soldiers for all they hold dear on earth. They fight with the deep, fierce determination of men who fight for home.*

It is no mere imagination, we think, to read in these two opposite attributes the history of the brief, emphatic campaign. The moral force that grows up under the roof-tree, no less than the

* Whose heart has not responded to the stirring lines of the battle-song in which Tennyson has put this very feeling? A guardian of his own home stands prepared for the battle, on the issue of which depends the fate of those whom he has left there:—

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead, for thine and thee.

weight of arm, and the endurance, unimpassioned and unflinching, which marks the German character and thence the German soldier,—it was this that won the day. If we turn, again, to what we have called the second act of the French tragedy, and contemplate Paris torn by internecine strife, the weakness is as plainly manifested, which follows on a depression of family life and influence. Who are these *pétroleuses*, who have so unsexed themselves, and fought and killed, and been killed in turn, with the relentless ferocity of tigresses athirst for blood? They are, says the demon spirit of the Commune, *citoyennes* as yet imperfectly emancipated; on their strong limbs are still the remains of those shackles which had been riveted there “by the priests and by a putrid civilization.” Let us hear the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, June 14:—

In England, some have been accustomed, I perceive, to approve, in a modified sense at least, the programme of the Commune; and to admit that, so far as they merely demanded municipal rights for Paris, they were advancing a demand which, in its very nature, ought to meet with the sympathy of freely-governed and freely self-governing Englishmen. But the outcry for municipal rights was a mere cloak to cover the infamous designs of the Socialists—designs which, in their fullest scope, would not merely have fulfilled the dreams of those who would abolish society, but the most impious aspirations of those who would abolish even the idea of God. It would be a subject of rejoicing if we could believe that the sentiments expressed in the speech made by Citizen Vésinier—a member of the Commune, and its secretary—had been misrepresented. As it is, we cannot forget that he spoke thus:—

“We must conquer or die. To that end we must boldly deny God, family, and country. We must withdraw our children from the stupefying influences of priests, of kings, and nationality. (Applause.) To deny God, is to proclaim man the sole and veritable ruler of his own destinies. It is to slay the priest, and abolish religion. In the denial of divinity, man only asserts his own strength and independence. (Tremendous applause.) As to the family, we reject it with our utmost might, in the name of the emancipation of the human race. To the ideas of family it is that we owe the enslavement of woman and the ignorance of children. The child belongs not to his parents but to society. It is for society to instruct him, to rear him, to make him a citizen. To deny the family is to affirm the independence of man, even from his cradle—to snatch woman from the thralldom into which she has been cast by the priests and by a putrid civilization.” (Frantic applause.)

We may accord to such an orator the merit of being at least outspoken. His avowal is worth a volume of platitudes, which more timidly, and from some imaginary neutral point, or with distinctions and limitations which are nothing but words, would half suggest what he here wholly insists

on. The family, and the social principle on which it is based, forms one great bulwark to uphold in men's minds the idea of God and of duty. We accept the axiom, and, not being prepared to deny “God and country,” we hail every remaining symptom among us of hallowed associations with family. In this we are supported by one who, without the full light of faith, still held principles which might have led him up to its conclusions. One of the most meditative and distinctively philosophic of our poets, Coleridge, winds up a tragedy with words so apposite, that we must forgive their poetic dress for the sterling truths which they embody.—

Scenes so awful

With flashing light force wisdom on us all.
E'en women at the distaff hence may see
That bad men may rebel but ne'er be free;
May whisper, when the waves of faction foam,
None love their country but who love their home:
That freedom can with him alone abide
Who wears the golden chains, with honest pride,
Of love and duty by his own fire-side:
While mad ambition ever doth caress
Its own sure fate in its own restlessness.*

And so, indeed, it is. Our Heavenly Father is He “of whom all paternity in heaven and earth is named.” He has inspired His apostles to develop this intimate analogy between the hallowed things of earth and the eternal truths.

Being subject one to another in the fear of Christ. Let women be subject to their husbands, as to the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife; as Christ is the Head of the Church. He is the Saviour of His Body. Therefore, as the Church is subject to Christ, so also let the wives be to their husbands in all things. Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church, and delivered Himself up for it.... He that loveth his wife, loveth himself. For no man ever hated his own flesh; but nourisheth and cherisheth it, as also Christ doth the Church. For we are members of His Body, of His Flesh, and of His Bones. For this cause shall a man leave his Father and Mother, and shall adhere to his wife: and they shall be two in one flesh. This is a great sacrament; but I speak in Christ and in the Church.... Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is just. Honor thy father and thy mother, which is the first commandment with promise.... Servants obey your carnal masters, with fear and trembling, in the simplicity of your heart, as Christ. Not serving to the eye, as it were pleasing men, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart: with a good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men.... And you, masters, do the same things to them, forbearing threatenings: knowing that the Lord both of them and you is in heaven: and there is no respect of persons with Him.†

No one can read these inspired words and not

* Coleridge, “Zapolya,” s. f.

† Eph. iii. 15; v. 21–33; vi. 1–9.

see that Almighty God presents Himself as the archetype of the family. He is the Father of all His children, by creation and grace: He is the Husband of His Church, which He has purchased by His Sacrifice, and unites to Himself by charity and sacraments. He is the Master of servants, to whose approval their service is to be directed. He is the future Judge, and distributor of praise and blame to each member of His universal family. Take away this idea, as the tendency of Parisian life has been to remove it. We may say as Cicero says of those who deny the care of the Divinity for the affairs of men: "*Quorum sententia si vera sit, quæ potest esse sanctitas, quæ pietas, quæ religio?*" Nay, we may add, what national prosperity, what stability, what true cultivation, or progress, or happiness, what success in peace or in war?

(3.) A want of sympathy, common interest, and mutual assistance, among the classes of society. We will not stay to inquire how far this great and fatal evil may be said to arise out of the want of family life, and feebleness of the domestic tie. At all events, it has accompanied it, again and again, in the history of a nation's decline and fall. Notably, the two evils have gone hand in hand in the course of events which have now prostrated Paris. It may be answered, that this is simply an inherent danger in every human government. The utopian condition of things is that in which every department of the body politic remains untied and in harmonious working with the rest. It is the temporal and human reflection of the Church itself, the mystical body of the Divine Head, "from whom the whole body, compacted and fitly joined together, by what every joint supplieth, according to the operation in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body, unto the edifying of itself in charity." On the other hand, the state of revolution and anarchy is that in which the ranks and departments of society are in opposition, diametric and irreconcilable. It is true that the extremes of political good and evil may be thus stated. The former of the two conditions has been of rare occurrence on earth. Some halcyon period may be named, as in France with St. Louis on the throne, when the influence of the Church, the unselfish patriotism of the Crown, the Catholic *esprit de corps*, the concurrence of peace and—in the lower order of blessings—of plenty, have combined for awhile to produce an exceptional union and solidity in the body politic. The opposite extreme has been passing, almost under our own eyes, in Paris, and needs neither defining nor description.* But be-

tween these opposite poles, kingdoms and constitutions are for the most part in fluctuation; they tend to unity and prosperity, or to the convulsions of anarchy, in proportion as the several classes composing them are in good understanding or mutual distrust. Selfish oppression in the upper and governing ranks, disaffection in the lower, are the natural inherent dangers in the social order of fallen man.

Over these elements of evil, and "dangerous classes," whether above or below, the Church casts the harmonizing power of Christianity. The Church belongs essentially to no class, and therefore is at home with all; as the tribe of Levi was to have no special inheritance, but to be sprinkled among the tribes of Israel. The Church interpenetrates, and, where not resisted, leavens, the entire mass of society. This is her ideal, though man will not have it to be fully so. Hers is more than the influence which has been assigned to an exceptional potentate, a Cæsar or a Cid, here and there in history:

The birth-hour gift, the force Napoleon,
Of leav'ning, fusing, moulding, welding, blending
The hearts of millions, till they move as one.

The Catholic priesthood is, in a sense, of the order of Melchisedech, "without father, without mother, without genealogy, having neither beginning nor end of days nor end of life, but likened unto the Son of God." Who is that man who walks apart, yet always at hand, severed absolutely from the personality of social ties, and therefore intimately linked, not with the interests and doings of a class or clique, but of all? Who is he—the friend, counsellor, sympathizing ear into which the tale of human miseries and weakness is poured; bound by his fidelity to rich and poor, to gentle and simple—bound to advise, to define, to adjuge, to cheer, to warn, to determine? It is one who reports the

the *Roma del Popolo*, quoted in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 16, he writes as follows:—"The orgy of fury, of vengeance, and blood, of which Paris has offered the spectacle to the world, would fill our soul with despair, if we had merely an opinion, and not a faith. (!) A people which wallows about as if drunken, raging against itself with its teeth and lacerating its limbs, while howling triumphal cries; which dances an infernal dance before the grave it has dug with its own hands; which kills, tortures, burns, committing crimes without sense, aim, or hope; which vociferates like the fool who sets fire to his own pile before the eyes of the foreign foe against whom it did not know how to fight—such a people puts us in mind of some of the most horrid visions of Dante's Hell." This writer notes the effect. It did not perhaps so well suit him to ascend to the cause—the disintegration of French society, produced by his own principles, together with other concurrent motive powers.

* Signor Mazzini is a witness beyond suspicion, at least of any leanings to Legitimism or Bonapartism. In an article on "The Commune and the Assembly," in

legislative, decides the judicial, and administers the executive of a tribunal before which kings and peasants alike must bow, or be broken. He is therefore the connatural antagonist of those who hate "God, family, and country." He is the link between class and class, as between the individuals composing each. He represents the great coercive power, which, while it moves and acts on the unerring grooves of right, is equally *pro lege, grege*; indifferent, comparatively, to the *rege*, special form of government, so that the government, as being just and hallowed, can represent the divine; indifferent, wholly, to parties and sectional politics, so long as the balance and oscillations between them leave undisturbed the pivot of immutable law.

No wonder that, during the brief hour when Revolution has the upper hand, it seizes the priest, places him against the wall, bids the firing party level at his breast. It acts thus in accordance with an instinct, call it natural or preternatural. It is saying, in act: "One of us two: there is no room for both." And truly. For Communists and Socialists are the men who dissolve society by disintegrating it; the priest represents the power and the system that conserve the social order. They would put asunder what God has joined; the priest's blessing has knitted and hallowed the sacramental union of man and wife or father and mother. Socialism professes to emancipate woman from her thralldom alike to the moral and social law. The priest has inculcated that her true dignity and freedom consist in her likeness to the type of Nazareth. Socialists claim the children of a nation, as being theirs to indoctrinate. He has already baptized them into their inheritance of truth. They cry: "Down with capital!" He rejoins: "Up with rights and law!" Their very words are the same in sound, and all the more antagonistic in sense. "Liberty!" Yes: but not that of "the sensual and the dark," who "rebel in vain:—slaves, by their own compulsion."* "Equality!" Most amply: before God, and in the things of God—in graces, sacraments, hopes, rewards, responsibilities, and judgment to come. "Fraternity!" Ay, to the fullest extent, to the free and generous self-sacrifice of those who "know the love of God, that He laid down His life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." Hopeless, impracticable man:—away with him! He is of "the old order of society:—he must perish; *shall* perish!"†

* Coleridge.

† Manifesto of the *Internationale*,—Paris Journal,—June 16:—

"Workmen! rally round the International Association of Workmen. That society alone can lead you to freedom, and set you clear from capital and the priests.

"Because he is not for our turn; and he is contrary to our doings, and upbraideth us with transgressions of the law, and divulgeth against us the sins of our way of life. He boasteth that he hath the knowledge of God, and calleth himself the son of God. He is become a censorer of our thoughts. He is grievous unto us, even to behold: for his life is not like other men's and his ways are very different. Let us examine him by outrages and tortures, that we may know his meekness, and try his patience. Let us condemn him to a most shameful death: for there shall be respect had unto him by his words."*

(4.) We have reached the last of those capital sources, from which most thinking men, we believe, with whatever modifications and additions, will derive the present afflictions of Paris. It may be stated, as an intense, intelligent, and energetic unbelief in religion. Intelligent, because it has been formed by its professors into a system, and rests, not on dull, passive negation, but on the "oppositions of knowledge falsely so called." Intense and energetic, because, like most evil things, and most French things for good or evil, it has aimed at proselytism. The said professors have been *doctrinaires*, and have scattered broadcast the petroleum of their destructive infidelity on all around. We do not say that the present age has seen the rise and commencement of this fatal operation. It has been of long growth, and gradual increase. One generation has sown the dragon's teeth, another has reaped the harvest of bloodshed and of death; of death temporal, social, spiritual. The infidelity of France has followed on the train of its fashions, and has been eagerly accepted by the surrounding races, who have mistaken license of morals for independence of soul and character, and profane raillery for polished wit. Some of the sources, indeed, or tributaries, of this Parisian plague are traceable higher up the stream of history than would at first appear. We might assign its early development to the influence of the so-called Reformation, half-consciously imbibed in

* Wisd. ii. 12-20.

The International Association of Workmen is at this moment the great offender. All the capitulators, all the incapacities of the capital, lay to its charge the misfortunes of France and the conflagration of Paris. As regards the misfortunes of France, we cast back the responsibility on the Trochus, the Jules Favres, and the rest. As to the burning of Paris, we accept the responsibility for that. The old order of society must perish and shall perish. A gigantic effort has already made it totter, and a last effort ought to overthrow it completely. The reaction has taken from us our weapons; it has not taken from us our voting tickets. Forward, forward! *Vive la République Sociale! Vive la Commune!*"

the French Court, in the middle of the sixteenth century. Francis I, contemporary of our own Henry VIII, is said, first of all the kings of France, to have set to his people the example of a recognized, and—it might almost be termed—official immorality. What was the influence of the Duchesse d'Etampes, and the tone of the doings and writings of that king's sister, Margaret of Valois, may be left to the historical student. We trace some deterioration in the lilies, once of St. Louis, the same combined weakening of faith and relaxation of morals, through the reign of Henry IV, and during the convulsions and insane caprices of the Fronde. The long days of Louis XIV and XV, when the "monarchy was growing very old," speak for themselves. That "old régime" was a Reign of Terror by the upper ten thousand; a period which saw serfs ground down, and nobles, men of cruelty and corruption, rioting over them; a period of moral anarchy and kingly despotism; the slavery of a people, and boasted "Gallican liberties." But among all the powers at work during that essentially lawless time, there was one, more subtle and unperceived, sapping the foundations of the altar, the throne, and the platform of society. It made its way, like the waters of a rising flood, till the moment came when it appeared simultaneously at every point and carried all before it. This influence need hardly be named. It was the scoffing levity, the keen, cold, reckless, nay,—to use a word not too strong,—diabolical satire of Voltaire. That spirit of evil appeared in Paris at a time when laxity in morals and rationalism in religion had gone hand in hand before him, and prepared his way. Court preachers had condoned the vices of a king: an effeminate nobility had copied them. The privileged classes considered themselves practically exempt from the laws alike of God and man; and Vice sat enthroned and glorified. Who does not see that such a man as Voltaire, with powers concentrated on the annihilation of a Christianity manifesting itself so feebly, was as the spark to kindle a train long and unconsciously laid by the later Bourbons? Who that has seen his ninety volumes, or many of them, and the numerous kindred works to which they have given birth, exposed in the bookshops, in the second-hand stalls on the quays, of the Paris of yesterday, accessible to rich and poor, can fail to wonder that, with such elements at hand, the explosion was so long delayed? Who that remembers the public crime against religion and morals in the official honor paid to him, at the moment when the French and German guns were levelled, can be astonished that the German leaders, who went to battle with the name of God on their lips, should prevail, that the disciples of Voltaire, His blaspheming enemy should suc-

cumb, in the conflict of which we have been unwilling spectators?*

* We append a commentary furnished to the *Times* Paris Correspondent by one who may be described as an International left behind by his party. Notwithstanding, this moderate man thus delivers himself:—"Christianity, whatever may have been its merits eighteen hundred years ago, has become a superstition both in Catholic and Protestant countries, where it retards moral as well as social progress. The family, as it at present exists, pits the natural ties of relationship against the divine tie of Brotherhood, puts the woman in a false position, and concentrates the energies of a man on his own personal surroundings, instead of on the well-being of society, which has the first claim upon him; and the idea of patriotism is a barbarous sentiment, very useful among savage tribes, but out of place when men have learnt to look upon each other as brothers, and every country as their own."—*Times*, June 26, 1871.

Virgo Clemens.

As in a peaceful lake we mirrored see
The glories of the overarching skies,
So, Mother Mary, when we turn to thee
We feel reflected from thy holy eyes
His love and mercy whom thou didst allure
From heaven, to dwell within thy bosom pure.

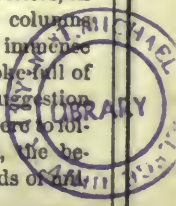
Thus, too, blest Mother, may we ever find
In thee sweet hopes to banish doubts afar.
Thou hast no terrors for the guilty mind,
Who shin'st for earth the beauteous Morning Star,
And kindest in our souls with gentlest ray
Repentant love, that glows in mercy's day.

Mother, when grief and fear our hearts oppress,
Then looks of pity on thy children bend;
Stretch forth thy hands to comfort and to bless;
'Gainst every ill to guard us and defend;
And guide our feet the way that thou hast trod
Until we reach our heavenly home with God.

NEW YORK, Feast of the Assumption, 1871.

The Daily Papers.

Nothing is more amusing to intelligent Catholics than the exquisite pains the daily newspapers take to instruct the Holy Father in the way he should go. Both Democratic and Republican writers, in their quotidian endeavors to fill up a few columns of editorial matter, as an offset to the immense pages of advertisements, are always chock-full of advice to him, or have at least one pet suggestion to offer to the Holy Father, which, if he were to follow it, would at once prove that Pius IX, the beloved and acknowledged ruler of hundreds of mil-



lions of Catholics all over the world, might in time come up to the level of an editor of a daily in New York, or even Chicago.

Nay, but the responsibility and mighty influence of such an editor is by no means to be sneezed at; and we distinctly state that we do *not* sneeze at it. Does he not with pen in hand sit down every day to write a leader which is to form the opinions next morning of the numerous readers of his influential and important paper? May be not. Does he not feel that the well-being of the Republic, and the moral and political happiness of the numerous readers of his "influential, etc.," depend upon the tip of his pen, and that he could as easily ruin their happiness should he yield to giving conscienceless advice with that pen, as he could stick a hole through the paper he writes on with it? Perhaps he does.

We would be very dull indeed did we not know the influence and responsibility of the conductors of daily papers. They keep it sufficiently before the public—and brag, just a little, about it.

We like our daily; we like to read every day the extraordinary marine news sent by the cable; we like to drink in with our cup of coffee a good goblet of glorification over the evidences of our rapidly advancing civilization, as manifested in the numberless "horrible murders" and other horrible crimes that daily fill more columns than the able editorials of the various members of the editorial corps; above all, we like, as an American, to have a diurnal stirring up of the cockles of our heart by reading of that broad liberality of views evinced by the majority of those papers which are in favor of giving crime full scope, and which can at times be so sarcastic upon religion, and especially upon Catholics, and the Redeemer of mankind.

It is evident, then, we cannot give up the daily. It is one of our modern institutions.

But, after all, the daily paper is not the only modern institution.

Nor can it fulfil the duties of some of the old institutions against which it inveighs with wordy phrases, worn-out and oft-refuted objections, and old-fashioned infidel arguments dressed up in modern slang which passes for wit.

It can give full details of a murder case, or of a *scan. mag.*, but it is not the best exponent of the Decalogue.

It can dilate on the false reports sent by the cable about Döllinger, and such men, but it is not the best expounder of Catholic doctrine.

It can give a graphic account of the corruption of this or that political party, but it is not an unimpeachable witness in matters of Ecclesiastical History, of which it generally shows about as pro-

found a knowledge as we might expect a cow of experience to display in astronomical observations.

But it is needless to enumerate further. The dailies are a great institution; and though—and it is perfectly natural—they have an idea that they are of somewhat more importance than men outside of their clique and beyond the narrow influence of the two or three main prejudices or hobbies that give them life, know them to be, yet they not only show the commercial activity and prosperity, the political movements, and the moral goodness or obliquity of the country, but indirectly, and as it were by reflection, they have an influence on all these. And as exponents of such matters we are justly proud of our dailies.

But when, like the quack doctor who swears his nostrums will cure all diseases, they put forth the claim of laying down the law to Daniel Webster, of teaching theology to St. Thomas, of showing an old woman the properest way of turning the heel of a stocking or darning her own hose, and, while denying infallibility to the Pope in his *ex cathedra* teaching, they assume infallibility for themselves not only in their double-leaded articles, but even in their slightest vaticinations of the future, they get beyond their depth, and have made a sad mistake in regard to the gullibility of their readers—at least of those who have the average amount of brain.

In regard to the Holy Father, they endeavor to make it appear that they who are so intelligent on all subjects, who can write you a treatise on Finance, Theology, Commerce, Ethnology or any ology mentioned in the dictionary—and exhaust the subject too, and perhaps the reader—look down with pity on the old man who is so obstinate as to stick to the right and do what is right, though he has been robbed by a brigand king of his possessions,—yet for the life of them they cannot help bearing him in mind, and putting him in their columns, and telling him what he should do, and *charitably* pointing out the errors he has committed, and exhorting him to follow those shining examples of Success, that gallant man Victor Emmanuel, who divides his time between the wild bores of the forest and the inhabitants of his seraglio, or that honest man Garibaldi, who, when the paroxysms of disease brought on by his debauchery have subsided, shows his great love for the human race by belching forth blasphemies against God and all things holy, or that other man Prince Bismarck, who, raised to the pinnacle of fame by his success, has become dizzy-headed and commenced to persecute the Catholics of Germany.

Nor do they in their charity spare the rod. They sneer at him for proclaiming the truth; they chide him in good round terms for doing right, when if he had done wrong it would, in their opinion, have

been so much more advantageous for him; and like old fishwomen of Billingsgate they heap all manner of opprobrious epithets upon him as an obstinate old man, for 'not being good,' and for refusing to compromise his own personal honor, the dignity of his high office, and the right of two hundred and fifty millions of Catholics, by accepting the guarantees of safety offered him by the rascal who stole his property and made him a prisoner in the Vatican.

Such blunders as these, which are committed by the dailies, would make us shaky on the question of their infallibility, even had we ever believed in the great claims they make. Had we been the strongest upholder of *daily* Wisdom, such egregious and ridiculous shortsightedness on their part would certainly have made us Döllingerize.

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER XIV.

LUCIA GOES AWAY FROM "HAYLANDS."

"Farewell, my dear; I hope we shall be better friends when we meet again," said Mrs. Yellott, as she touched Lucia's cheek with a cold kiss, before getting into the carriage which was to convey herself and family to the mail station, ten miles away. "I'm very sorry we never found time to go to Baltimore."

"Good-bye, ma'am," was all that Lucia said, as she submitted to the icy caress with equal coldness. The children chaffed her to the last by pretending to condole with her on having to live all the winter by herself at "Haylands," with "nobody but Maum Chloo and the niggers," while *they* would be enjoying parties, dancing-school frolics, sleighing, theatres, and all sorts of charming things in New York.

"You'll have to send for old Jupe and his white wig to come and fiddle for you, Lucia; I would if I were you," was the last thing Frank Yellott said.

"So I shall, whenever I want him," she retorted, with an angry flash of her eyes.

But that was the end of it, for at that moment the carriage was driven off down the broad avenue, the children waving their handkerchiefs from the windows, and hurraing as they rolled swiftly away, leaving Lucia full, not of regrets, but of a sensation of immense relief.

Allan Brooke accompanied them on horseback, and when he returned, Lucia, with a light woollen shawl around her, was laying back in one of the

big Japanese chairs at the south end of the veranda, basking in the sunshine while she read.

Her guardian had said nothing either to Mrs. Yellott or herself in relation to sending her to the Convent in Georgetown; in fact he had shrunk from naming the subject at all, feeling altogether uncertain of the effect it would have upon her. But the time had come for it to be done; he was going to Washington in about a week, and it was necessary for him to know at least what Lucia thought of it. So after laying down his riding whip and hat, he sat down by her, saying:

"Well, they are safely off. They sent love and all that, Lucia."

"Yes, sir; thanks!" she answered quietly, as she put aside her book.

"I'm afraid it will be very lonesome now; they were so full of life and spirits," he began, "and kept the house in such a stir."

"I am never lonesome, Mr. Brooke; I have so much to think about."

"What a little philosopher she is, to be sure!" interrupted her guardian, with a laugh.

"I mean, Mr. Brooke, about things I read of; then my music takes up a great deal of my time; and there's the river, and all the beautiful places around 'Haylands,' that I'd rather look at when the sun is low down than to talk: and our sails, and drives, and my pony; then you know my visits over yonder, and—and—I was going to ask you, Mr. Brooke, to let my phaeton be brought over," she said, speaking eagerly.

"To be sure, my child; why did you not ask for it before?"

"Because, sir, it only holds two, and I thought—I was afraid it would seem selfish," she answered, hesitatingly.

"Yes,—I did not think of that, my dear. But how will it be when I am gone? I have to leave in a few days, to be gone seven or eight months, for this is the long session of Congress; and I am loath to even *think* of you being here alone."

A shadow crept over Lucia's face, and the light faded out of her eyes. She had not thought of that.

"And I have been thinking, my child," continued her guardian, "that it is high time for your education to be systematically attended to, for which purpose I have made inquiries, and heard of a school where you will have every advantage that I could desire for you."

"Is it very far off?" she asked in a low tone, while every vestige of color faded out of her face.

"Oh, no; the school I speak of is conducted by the Visitation Nuns, of the Convent in Georgetown."

"A convent! Oh, Mr. Brooke, don't send me to a convent! I never was in one in my life; but

they look like gloomy prisons to me! I remember one at Havana, with high stone walls, and grated windows, and it always made me afraid when our carriage drove by it.

Then Allan Brooke told her the why and the wherefore of his plans, and she only interrupted him once, to ask if "Mrs. Yellott knew about it?" feeling much relieved when he assured her that he had never named the subject to her. When Lucia understood how absolutely necessary it was for her present as well as her future to go—that she would see her guardian once or twice a week, and should be withdrawn from the Convent if she was not happy, she said: "I will go, Mr. Brooke. When shall we be ready to start?"

"On Monday week, my child. I must be in Washington a few days before the 1st. You shall not go immediately to the Convent. I will take you to be introduced to the Sisters, and we'll go over the house; then we'll drive about for a day or two and see the sights in Washington; perhaps you will not regularly enter until after the Christmas holidays."

Lucia's face brightened up once more as she listened to his plans, and then on a sudden came one of her quick emotional revulsions: the brightness died out of her face, and the old, sorrowful, weary look came over it.

"What is it, Lucia?" he asked, ever quick to note the changes in her countenance; "there must be no secrets between us, my dear?"

"No, sir,"—in a low voice,—"I was only thinking of my darling's grave over there. Who will watch it and lay flowers upon it when I am gone? Oh, Mr. Brooke, it will be so desolate for her to be lying all alone there, as if she were listening and waiting for me to come, and I so far away."

"Lucia, I have been thinking of all that, my dear. I will tell you what we can do. We can leave the care and decoration of that spot, so dear to us both, to Bligh and Maum Chloe,—or Jupe, if you prefer it,—and I will give strict orders to have your wishes executed to the letter. Bligh has been in my service twenty-two years now, and I have never once known him to forget or neglect an order; in short he is a most faithful servant, and does even more than he promises. Now tell me, Lucia, what you wish done."

"I would rather Jupe should have the care of it than Maum Chloe; not that I don't love her dearly; she's been very good to me,—but there'll be times when she can't get across. But Jupe, he's *always* there; and he's one of the family,—the last of the old servants."

"You are right; but how about Bligh?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Brooke! I know that Bligh will take the flowers, and keep everything nice and

trimmed up, but—you know— Oh, Mr. Brooke, Bligh swears so dreadfully! do you think he'd curse and swear over there?" she asked, flushing up, and speaking rapidly.

"No,—I think not Lucia, if I speak to him about it. He's got a soft, kind heart under his tough, wrinkled skin. I'll have a talk with him."

"And"—hesitating, her eyes cast down, and her fingers nervously twining in and out of the long fringe of her shawl—"I'd like to have some money—my darling's money—Mr. Brooke, to give away before I go. You don't know how good they've all been to me."

"Certainly, my dear. Will to-morrow do?"

"Thanks,—yes. Thank you too, Mr. Brooke, about the Convent. I know very little, and know it will be best for me to go to school; only if the Convent is like the one in Havana I fear that I shall not be happy to stay there."

"You shall not remain a day, I promise you, my child, should you find yourself unhappy there. But I think you will like it,—at least Father Jannison thinks so?"

"Does he?" she asked quickly. "He knows me so well,—better than anyone else,—and if he thinks so, I'm satisfied."

"Bless you, my dear! He first named it to me, and recommended the institution in the highest terms. His sister is the Superior. But come, let us go in to tea now,—then we'll have a little music,"—said Allan Brooke, holding out his hand to help Lucia out of the depths of her chair, and did not let hers go until they got to the tea-table, where Maum Chloe, radiant in her gayest Madras turban, a fresh, bright dress, and a furbelowed apron, stood behind the coffee urn with a look of high satisfaction at being restored to her ancient dignities—and laughing all over at the thought of having the "Gre't House" to herself once more, and being undisputed grand high chamberlain of its affairs, great and small.

Allan Brooke and Lucia went to St. Inigoes very early the following Sunday morning and spent the whole day with Father Jannison, who gave Lucia such glowing accounts of the Convent, the nuns, the pupils, the beautiful grounds, and the grand high holidays whenever the Archbishop or some distinguished clergyman paid a visit there, that Lucia felt quite exhilarated, and was more than comforted when he added that he generally went to Georgetown to see his Provincial twice a year,—and would come and see how she was getting on, she might be sure. Which so delighted her that she flew across the room, snatched up his hand and kissed it, then leaned her cheek for a moment upon it, telling him in Spanish "how happy it made her to hear such good news."

He pinched her ear and made some absurd little speech in the same soft musical language, which he spoke fluently—which made her laugh merrily, just as he intended it should; then, satisfied with the result, he renewed his conversation with Allan Brooke, Lucia sitting close by him, holding his hand and listening, well satisfied to hear the voices of the two friends she best loved, although it must be confessed the subjects they discussed were beyond her understanding, relating entirely to public affairs and some difficult questions of political economy about which the American mind was at that time agitated. This day at St. Inigo's, spent in the society of the good priest—and the sail home, by the light of a full moon, which made the waves look like crinkled gold, and edged the woods with a tremulous fringe of silver, Lucia ever remembered as the whitest and fairest day of her life.

Maum Chloe got into a regular flutter when she heard that Lucia was going away, and after the first explosion assuaged her excitement by an immediate overhauling of her clothes and an investigation of some yet unopened trunks, in search of garments which could be altered to fit her. "I knowed," she said, "that Miss Ellen warn't gwine to take her to Baltimore to git her fixed up when she said she was; she aint gwine to take trouble with nobody's children 'cept her own. White folks is all mighty onsartain for that matter."

The days rolled by swiftly; on the morrow Allan Brooke and his ward were going—and the "Great House" would be closed for months to come. Chloe's tears sprinkled Lucia's clothes as they were packed; not only were her three trunks filled with garments of ordinary wear, but with party dresses, fine cob-web fabrics, embroidered knee-deep with floss silk and gold thread; costly laces, fans, dancing slippers, artificial flowers, and jewelry—"to let the people up thar see what she come from," said this proud old maumy to one of the maids who was assisting her; but all of which would be about as useful to Lucia at the Convent as they would had she been going to the North Pole.

And when all was finished, the trunks strapped and set in the hall, Maum Chloe got Lucia to read "Mars' Allan's" precious speech to her once more—then brought in the old baize-covered Bible for her to tell her about the "pictures," and all about Tobit, believing there must be some virtue in the sacred narrative for weak eyes, and hers were giving way—the old woman was beginning to "look dim out of her windows,"—she would not admit it, but everything got blurred to her vision now and then, and there was nothing she dreaded more than spectacles. So over and over

again though the summer she had always chosen to hear the beautiful story of Tobit before all others, hoping to counteract by its sacred influence, the evil "spell," that—as she firmly believed—an old Guinea negro in the neighborhood had put upon her.

Lucia had been to "Buckrae" in the morning, and taken Bligh along, with a boat-load of flowers, to strew them with loving fingers on her mother's grave, and tell him all that she wished him to do in her absence. Then, asking him to go and wait for her at Sam Meggs', she knelt beside it and said her rosary for the everlasting rest and refreshment of the departed soul so dear to her; then lingering, loth to go, she stooped down and kissed the flower-embalmed mound with tender tear-dewed kisses and went sadly away.

The hearts of Sam Meggs and his wife were gladdened by the bright pile of silver dollars Lucia left with them when she told them "good-bye;" twenty-five for each; and one might have imagined from the way Sam's eyes expanded that two of them by some hocus-pocus had got suddenly fixed in his sockets, in the place where eyes are generally expected to be. Mrs. Meggs was not only astonished at Lucia's generosity, but felt so ashamed of herself for all her ill-natured speeches about her, and her dislike, that she could have hid den her face under her apron; she did puff as much smoke out of her pipe as she could to veil her compunctious countenance, and was glad in her heart to promise Lucia to keep the rooms upstairs "very clean and nice, and to move nothing in them; not only that, but to see after Jupe if he got sick and couldn't help himself."

"She's got civilized, Sam, bein' along with Americans; that 'Deliverus' spirit is clean gone out'n her, and she's Ramsey to her marrow,"—said Mrs. Meggs, examining the broad bright silver coins one by one with an air of extreme satisfaction after Lucia went away. Sam seemed to be rather afraid of his; you know he was slow, and it took some time for him to realize that this white glittering pile of money was really his own; then when by a desperate tussle with his stagnant brain he did arrive at the desired conclusion, he held a sort of "Tehoo" fetish over them, anointing them with the fumes of tobacco until they were quite hidden from his view by the fog he raised; but not his touch, for he kept his hand spread over them all the time, as if he feared they might fly away. After which he dropped them, one by one, into an old woollen stocking, ripped open a corner of his husk bed, and stuffing in his treasure, sewed up the rent, while his wife was driving up her turkeys.

Poor old Jupe's heart was gladdened by a like gift from his "young Missis," and it so affected her

emotional nature that he laughed, cried, and prayed all together, and throwing himself upon his knees at her feet before she could prevent it, lifted the hem of her dress and kissed it. Lucia told him to watch her mother's grave: "It is my most precious thing, Uncle Jupe, and I leave it in your care. Bligh will fetch flowers from 'Haylands' for it every day; but *you*—you are to take care of it all the time."

"And so I will, little Missis; bless God, I will: an' if I find I'se gwine to die, I'll crawl thar to draw my last breaf. Don't be afeard of nothin' hurtin' *that*'s long as I live, honey. I hope dem folks you'se gwine to live wid up yander 'll take good keer of you; cos you aint like common, you know, and you got de best blood in de country, an' de oldest too, in your weins."

"Don't be uneasy about me, Uncle Jupe. I shall be treated well, and be happy too; Father Jan-nison and Mr. Brooke both say so."

"Bless God, honey, I hope so."

"And don't you forget to send me some pickled oysters at Christmas."

"Dat I will, honey, if de oysters don't all turn to butterflies and fly out'n de bay; de best and de biggest I can ketch I'll save for you."

Then a grasp of the old, black, knobby hand, and Lucia went back to "Haylands," where she distributed her farewell gifts to the servants, forgetting none, told them good-bye, hurried over her tea, and went early to bed, where she had a good refreshing, soothing cry before she fell asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Prisoners of Holy Cross.

[CONTINUED.]

It seems that some of the most sanguinary ruffians wished to shoot the prisoners, in order to be the more quickly rid of them; but the commandant refused, and sent to headquarters for a letter authorizing him to take them to the Prefecture of police. During these parleys and searches, which no doubt had collected quite a crowd of Communists around the neighborhood, Mt. Valerien and the Château de Bécon began to fire upon them; the shells fell like hail in the courtyard. A marine had his head fractured, and the prisoners were in great danger. The order came at last—and the Religious, in the midst of this squad, went out by the garden to reach the boulevard Bineau and enter Paris. A *cantinière* who saw them passing by vomited out against them all sorts of foul epithets as long as her cracked voice could be heard, in spite of the menaces of the guards, who wanted her to hold her tongue. Those who hoped to take

advantage of the occasion and get into the capital were disappointed, for only two young and very determined guards were allowed to pass the gate, who became quite polite to us as soon as they were from under the eyes of their comrades.

They wished to place their six prisoners in two *fiacres* in order not to draw the attention of the passers-by; but the two drivers, who thought they were asked to do the job gratuitously for the Government, refused with surprising energy, and sent the Communists to the devil, telling them to their face that they did not care a — for them. The prisoners understood from this that the Commune had as yet conquered neither the esteem nor the confidence of the *cochers* of Paris.

We had to go farther on, and show our money to two other *cochers*, to be brought in such company to the police office.

There our guard had again some difficulty to gain admittance, and had to make delays before the various *bureaux* before arriving at the unknown bourne whither they were going. At the door of one of these dens of brigands three or four old troopers of Belleville were on guard; proud and impassible as those large stone figures which are sculptured on the portals of our great basilicas, they were listening to the perorations of an extremely wordy young soldier who was preaching atheism and declaring that he worshipped only the sun. "Behold the God of Nature! it is he who enlightens man, and who vivifies the plants with his heat; I know no other God." He did not say what was the moral system of this religion, so simple; but one might suppose, judging from the fellow himself, that it consisted in the contempt of all law and in brutal license. The sentinels listened in silence, and seemed to say, "Such are the orators which our glorious Commune produces."

When the prisoners arrived in the room, and were seated on rough benches, a personage presented himself before them and gazed on them for some time without saying a word. This time they had before their eyes an authority who felt his value. He was a young man in a black suit with a brilliant scarf. He strutted up and down like a turkey-cock that shows off before letting its beautiful voice be heard; he held behind him a little yellow cane with which he kept striking his legs. After having regarded the prisoners with the corner of his eye, with a haughtiness not altogether republican, he addressed them in most solemn tones: "I can read in your countenances the most manifest signs of hypocrisy and jesuitism. You preach a just God. Now if He existed would He permit the Versaillians to make war on the Commune, which aspires to the enfranchisement and happi-

ness of the human race?" . . . So high a tone could not long be sustained; he lowered the pitch at the end of a few phrases, and prosaically asked: "Why did you not keep on your religious dress?"

Father Champeau, without rising, replied: "Because it would have drawn upon us abuse and ill-usage."

"And you!"—turning to Bro. Gregory—"who are you with your moustaches? perhaps a *sergent-de-ville* in disguise?"

Brother Gregory said that he had passed six months in an ambulance with Brother Ernest, attending to the sick, and that they had assumed a lay dress in order to do their duty more freely. He then offered him a pinch of snuff, and the little grand-seigneur turning on his heel marched majestically out into the corridor, still beating his little calves with his little cane.

The old guardian, who had been listening to the accusation and explanations, went off too, grumbling—"This affair, too, amounts to nothing." In other times, he would have spoken the truth; but under the Commune he was mistaken, as we shall soon see. For the puissant lad who had just made his disappearance had given orders. The prisoners were searched, and deprived of everything they had; then they were brought one after the other to the bureau of the prison, where they were inscribed under their family names with the title of Brothers of Holy Cross, Professors of Neuilly. Father Champeau declared that he was director of the establishment. Each received a number, and was taken to the cell having the corresponding number; for they were all to be separate. The heavy door opened, and shut them in—and the terrible sound of the lock-bolt informed the other prisoners that one more companion in misfortune was added to their number. Then the silence of death again resumed its reign.

These good Religious, who came forth from the cellars of Neuilly, and who scarcely knew how the world had been going on for a month past, imagined that justice had still its regular course in Paris, and that consequently they would be interrogated that evening, or in the morning, and would then be set at liberty, perhaps even excuse might be asked of them for their having been deprived of it by mistake. For they had done nothing of which they could reproach themselves, not even against the Commune. But next day, when they learned from other prisoners, during a short space of time they were allowed to breathe the open air, that the most of them had been there for days and weeks, without knowing why, or even without having been interrogated, they began to comprehend that their stay might be prolonged, and they held as hostages. This was but too true.

In vain they wrote to the magistrate to be heard and given a trial. They received no answer; and when, later, some were called, it was merely for form's sake. They had to undergo a ridiculous interrogatory, which had no result. They learned only that they were accused of having fired upon the soldiers of the Commune from the cellar windows. Now, they had no fire-arms, and the cellar windows were on a level with the ground, in a court-yard surrounded by walls. The offence was therefore materially impossible.

The greater part of our readers do not know how the cell of a prisoner in the *Conciergerie* is arranged, and what the *régime* to which he is subjected. We shall proceed to tell them. Let them imagine a little room eight feet long and about four wide, tessellated, somewhat spruce, but lighted by only two small windows, very high up and strongly barred. It contains an iron bedstead, with a straw tick and a hard mattress, with two coverlets, without sheets (they furnish no linen—not even a towel for wiping the face and hands); a little table fixed against the wall, under a shelf upheld by a large chain, and over a round tin vessel, a porringer and an earthen pot, with a wooden *palette*, which does the service of a spoon, fork, and knife; a little horse-hair brush to sweep the cell, and a small broom for the ignoble hole which leads to the sewers, and which deserves mention, not only because it is necessary, but also because it infects the cell, in spite of its large wooden cover. Let us leave that, and speak of the *régime*: it is as simple as the furniture.

Early in the morning they bring you a can of fresh water and a loaf of black bread: that is for the day. At nine o'clock they put through the wicket a tin can, at the bottom of which is an indefinable sort of broth which resembles dish-water. You make soup out of this with the aid of your black bread, if that be agreeable to you. So much for the morning.

Towards three o'clock in the afternoon the same tin can comes again, and you find at the bottom of it a kind of pea-soup, to aid you to eat your bread. So much for the afternoon. On Sundays and Thursdays they give you a slice of meat with four or five grains of coarse salt; those are gala days. With your fingers and teeth you make the best you can of the morsel. They depend on the can of water and loaf of black bread for your not dying of hunger.

It must however be said, to be just, even towards the prison, that a sutler is allowed to pass before the door of the cells about the meal-times, and if you have any money they sell you a little wine and chocolate in cakes; this is a precious resource for delicate stomachs. The Commune had determined to abol-

ish this alleviation, but it was forced to recall its cruel decision.

Apart from this forced penitence, which may be very beneficial to souls of good will, you enjoy the most unlimited liberty in your domicile, provided however you do not make too much noise, and break nothing. You get up when you wish, go to bed when you wish; sleep is light when your back gets fashioned to the hard mattress and the first lassitude and aches have passed away. You walk about and sit down whenever you wish. You can weep as much as you will, and even sing softly; you will sometimes hear the *Dies iræ*, the *Miserere*, the *Credo*, canticles and songs, but most always they are melancholy and languid. You can be recollected, you can meditate as much as you please, or you can weary yourself to death, according to your taste. Prayer is easy there, and, in a manner, natural, with a notable disposition to be very fervent: so true it is that adversity and solitude bring the soul nearer to God. "There is really something good in solitary confinement," said one of the prisoners; "but those who would wish to taste those advantages could find them in certain monasteries without having to undergo the inconveniences of a prison."

Every day a short promenade is granted to the prisoners, in little groups: they have need of it.

Although it is taken in a narrow passage between four high walls which allow you to see nothing but the sky and the eaves of the house, it does nevertheless great good both to mind and body.

The presence of six or ten companions, with whom you can converse, recreates the mind and dissipates the black humors. How vividly you feel there that man is made to live in society. At *Mazas* and at *la Santé*, the regime is more severe, as the prisoners there take solitary walks, and see no other figure than that of the guardian.

The employés of the Conciergerie, who have close intercourse with the prisoners and who have continued to discharge their painful duties, in no way resemble their chiefs: they were in general kind-hearted men, though under a rough exterior. Some were kind, and knew well how to distinguish the victims of the Commune from the thieves and assassins: they said, smiling, that they no longer saw their old patrons, and that not six rascals had entered the Conciergerie for the last six months. The Religious of Holy Cross have especially to be grateful to the chief guardian Dubois, who had the courage to be humane and obliging towards them when that was a crime in the eyes of the demagogues. It is with great pleasure we render him this public testimony.

The old functionaries of the prison felt the iniquity of these arbitrary arrests, and could not help

at times manifesting their indignation. One day two inspectors passed from cell to cell, and asked of the prisoners their name, age, the day and cause of their arrest. One of the Religious having replied that he was ignorant of the cause of his arrest, the one who held the printed sheet showed his colleague nearly a whole column left blank, and said shrugging his shoulders: "Can they imprison so many men without telling them why?" and he might have added, "and without knowing why themselves." All prisoners brought by the National Guard, under whatsoever pretext, were received; all such were arrested as were denounced as 'suspects,' by no matter what person; and when they were shut up in prison nothing more was done except to answer the earnest and persistent demands of the relatives and friends, or to be delivered of the importunities of the prisoners themselves. The magistrates (*juges d'instruction*, or justices of the peace) were men taken at hazard, who had never filled such an office, and knew nothing either of law or of procedure. Among them were seen young men without maturity and without experience, with whom a republicanism exalted or hatred of priests took the place of science. The one who released Brother Marie-David and Father Champeau was scarcely twenty-five years old; in ordinary times his place would have been among the lowest secretaries of the tribunal. Now he decided on the lives of the most honorable citizens, according to his caprice or passions, for no one revised his judgments.

How did these two captives succeed in wringing from him their deliverance from prison? They had made known their captivity to some friends by means of prudent letters, which had passed outside with the *visa* of the director, thanks to their laconic style. A former Brother, who had become a free citizen, and who knew the magistrate, came and demanded Brother Marie-David, under the pretext that he was a servant, and a stranger to the Community. The Brother, in fact, had taken the costume of a cook at breakfast time, and had been led to prison without change of dress. The judge seeing him appear with his apron shook hands with his comrade, and gave over the Brother to him without further formality. Two days after, another friend who had acquaintances among the Communists, succeeded by the aid of a borrowed ticket of admission, in seeing Father Champeau, and even the judge; which other persons in very high places have not been able to obtain. It fell out that the judge had been a fellow-student of this friend; and after a long and lively conversation about the affairs of the Commune, the young magistrate consented to deliver Father Champeau to him on his

own responsibility. The captive was brought before them: he was unknown to them. He was asked his name, age, and profession, and if he were in Orders. Upon his affirmative response, the judge began to inveigh bitterly against priests, saying they were the most cruel enemies of the Commune. After these grave reproaches Father Champeau received his dismissal in writing. "But," he insisted, "I am not alone; I have companions, my professors, who are as innocent as I am."

"I cannot allow them to leave without interrogating them," replied the young functionary, "and I cannot interrogate them now, but I will do so tomorrow morning."

"You promise me to do so?"

"Yes; you may depend upon it."

"Be so kind as to take their names, that you may not have to search after them."

Upon a sign which he made to a very young secretary who had the appearance of a school boy, the Father dictated the family names of the four Brothers, with the numbers of their cells. He then left, taking his liberator by the arm, before whom the doors opened as if by enchantment at the sight of the red ticket which he held in his hand. It was a fine victory gained over Communist fanaticism.

The judge probably repented for having conceded too much. For next day he did not liberate the four Brothers as he had promised. Father Champeau and Brother Marie-David, who had met at the Hotel Samson, Rue Mézières, 10, the rendezvous agreed upon by all, were much afflicted at not seeing them appear. The next day Father Champeau went to the one who had liberated him, and begged him to go and see the magistrate again, and remind him of his promise. He did so, and the magistrate on seeing him hastened to excuse himself, alleging his numerous occupations, and again promised that the following day he would interrogate them. At ten o'clock at night this good news was brought to Father Champeau, who had gone to bed, and his fears were banished.

It was urgent for Father Champeau and Brother Marie-David to get out of Paris lest they should again be taken prisoners. Their escape was arranged for the next morning: everything was prepared—disguises, papers, and the rest. St. Joseph protected their flight. They succeeded without trouble, if not without fear, in getting as far as St. Denis, on Prussian ground, whence they reached Versailles, passing behind the belligerents. The route was covered with fugitives—old men, women and children, who were going towards different points, in vehicles all more or less laughable. The pleasure of having escaped was painted on the countenances of all, in spite of the load of sadness which it was impossible wholly to remove.

To enter Versailles, papers were necessary, and the Parisian authorities were not admitted. A new trouble. Brother Marie-David had a delegation on stamped paper for some imaginary commission, and Father Champeau letters for certain persons of Versailles. The guardian of the gate, seeing his title of Religious, began to laugh, and said without betraying his incognito, "You are very late."

"There was very good reason for being so," replied the Father. And the guardian, seeming to comprehend, made a sign to let the vehicle pass, and all within it—and the two captives were once again in France.

The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

On this Festival we celebrate the Birthday of Mary, the Mother of God. On this day the world first saw her through whom was to come to it its Redeemer and Saviour. The Church therefore sings in her Office: "Thy Nativity, Virgin Mother of God, has brought joy to the whole world; for from thee has come forth the Sun of Justice, Christ the Lord, who putting away cursing bestowed blessing, and by overcoming death obtained for us life eternal."

As the Assumption is a feast of joy because our Mother is crowned Queen in heaven,—yet of joy with a tinge of sadness because she has left us,—so the Nativity is a Feast of joyful emotions, for our Mother, the one destined to be the Mother of God, first sees the light of this earth to which she is to bring so many blessings. Yet those emotions of joy are not unmingled with sadness, as we look forward to all that she is to suffer during her mortal life. But joy predominates,—joy that in Mary's Nativity there is born to us a Mother to cherish us, a Queen to protect us, an intercessor who is all-powerful with her divine Son when she prays to Him for us.

To her on this day we should address the beautiful prayer of the great Doctor of the Church, St. Augustine:

"With the tenderest love and the purest desire, I send forth my sighs to thee, my Mother. Oh, that I were capable of loving thee worthily! Teach me, O Immaculate Virgin, how to think of thee, how duly to honor thee. For my mind shall honor thee, my heart shall love thee, my soul shall abide in thy service, my whole life shall be devoted to the glory of God, and to thy service, O Mary!"

on which
"By affectionately kissing the feet of God's justice, we will surely find ourselves in the arms of His mercy, and it is impossible for those who trust in the Lord to be confounded."—*St. F. de Sales.*

WE have just received for publication in the AVE MARIA, from an esteemed correspondent in Ireland, the MS. of the Life of the saintly foundress of the Presentation Order, Miss Nagle.

Another chapter will finish Part I of the highly interesting and instructive story of "Zoë's Daughter." Part II will begin immediately after Part I. We congratulate the talented author upon what (with Coaina) we consider the best of the many excellent productions of her pen.

Another story, founded on historical facts, and laid in the time of Isabella and Ferdinand, is in readiness for publication. It introduces among others the great characters of Ximenes and Columbus. When we add that it is by the author of "Thecla," "Modestus," and other excellent contributions, both in prose and poetry, that have appeared in the AVE MARIA under the signature of *Mariaphilos*, we have done all that is needed to convince our readers that a rich treat is in store for them.

Religious Receptions and Professions.

On the Feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Mother, at St. Joseph's Convent, Carondelet, Mo., Sister Mary Rose Aurelia, of Troy, N. Y., made her solemn religious profession in the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

On the same occasion, the young ladies whose names follow received the veil as novices:

Miss M. Henessy (Sister Seraphine of the Assumption), Miss M. McCarthy (Sister M. Florence), Miss B. Fitmen (Sister M. Ladislas), Miss M. White (Sister M. Augusta), Miss M. Heavey (Sister Scholastica of Mary), Miss M. A. O'Neil (Sister M. Ambrosia), Miss B. Kennedy (Sister M. Bruno), Miss A. Hanrick (Sister M. Claudia).

The ceremony took place at the close of the annual retreat, Rev. Father Corbett, S. J., officiating.

THE ANNUAL RETREAT for the Sisters of the Holy Cross, St. Mary's Convent, St. Joseph Co., Ind., closed on the Feast of the Assumption. Rev. Father Leander, of the Benedictine Order, gave the exercises. At least 230 Sisters were present.

At six o'clock on the morning of the Assumption the following young ladies received the holy habit and veil from the hands of Very Rev. Father Corby, S. S. C., Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross:

Miss Rodgers (in religion Sister M. Macrina), Miss Sullivan (Sister M. Damian), Miss Mary O'Connell (Sister M. ^{with great}), Miss Margaret White (Sister M. Priscilla), Miss Teresa Cullen (Sister M. Marcella), Miss Anna Hanratty (Sister M. Adrianna), Miss Margaret Mooney (Sister M. Juliitta),

Miss Mary J. Logan (Sister M. Hilda), Miss Margaret Keating (Sister M. Clara), Miss Maria O'Malley (Sister M. Amatus), Miss Jane Larkins (Sister M. Leonilla), Miss Ellen Kelly (Sister M. Inez), Miss Ida A. Gafferon (Sister M. Celeste), Miss Honora Moriarty (Sister M. Pauline).

This ceremony was followed by the profession of the following Novices: Sister Mary of the Holy Redeemer, Sister M. Annuncia, Sister M. Anysia, Sister M. Transfiguration, Sister M. Caroline, Sister M. Crucifixion, Sister M. Visitation, Sister M. Anaida, Sister M. Jane Frances, and Sister M. Amabilis. The ceremonies were very impressive.

Obituaries.

Died in Memphis, Tenn., at midnight of August 5th, Mrs. MARY A. WILLETT, wife of Dr. E. Miles Willett, and daughter of Michael Magevny, Sr., in the thirty-fourth year of her age.

The almost sudden death of this admirable woman, devoted Catholic, daughter, wife and mother, startled her wide-spread circle of friends and acquaintances, and caused the most heartfelt sorrow among all.

She was the eldest daughter of one of our most respected citizens, and the wife of a distinguished and highly esteemed physician.

With talents more than ordinary, a mind highly cultivated, possessing in a marked degree every accomplishment, sparkling wit and pleasant sarcasm, moving quietly and gracefully in society, and yet performing, almost sternly, every duty of the true Catholic wife and mother, this truly Christian lady stood "as a shining light" among us, admired and beloved by her friends, esteemed and respected by all.

Old citizens, of every creed, said among themselves "We cannot afford to lose such a woman; she was an example for mothers, wives and daughters." The poor and lowly who crowded around her corpse at the *Requiem* High Mass in St. Peter's Church, testified by their tearful presence to her unostentatious charities and kindness, and the multitude of all classes that thronged the church to her sterling worth and shining virtues.

It was in the retirement of domestic life that the lustre of this gifted lady was best seen. Faith and duty were the moving springs in her every act. Not ten years ago, in the presence of a vast congregation, she received the full blessings of the Sacrament of Matrimony at a grand nuptial Mass, the first ever celebrated in Memphis. From that altar to her death bed, every important act of her life was sanctified by, or made a part of her religion, even to the baptizing of each of her little ones on the chosen festival of some saint.

Surrounded with all the comfort and elegance that the care and taste of a generous and devoted husband could bestow, blessed with five precious little children and a husband to whom she was tenderly attached, in the prime of life and womanly beauty, yet when she

felt that God had called her from all these, with a firm but touching resignation which wrung every heart she prepared to answer the summons. She received all the last consolations the Church could give, with calmness and fervor, and quietly passed to the better land amid the prayers and tears of kindred and friends.

May she rest in peace.

B. J. S.

Died in Green Bay, on the 10th inst., Mrs. JANE MOONEY, aged 49 years and nearly three months.

Mrs. Mooney, was very highly respected for her excellent qualities of mind and heart, and her loss, made particularly sad by the number from the family who have been called to the other world within a very short time, is deeply felt.—*Green Bay Advocate*.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

How James Northrop came by his Death.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Be merciful in thy thoughts."

In the town of S— there dwelt not many years ago a man named James Northrop. He had been bereft early of his parents, and, as in many cases of like kind, poor James had to bring himself up the best way he could—and a rather rough way it was. His fierce passions instead of being curbed were suffered to grow with his growth, and so he reached manhood a slave to many vices, the chief of which was a spirit of revengé. No man dared dispute with him, lest his life should pay the forfeit, for he was never known to be without a knife and a revolver.

In eighteen hundred and forty-seven, being in New York, he met by chance a cousin whose existence was to him like a long-forgotten dream; he barely remembered having heard his mother say that on the day he was born his cousin, Clarence Devlin, had made his First Communion, and had begged her as a favor to permit him to become the sponsor for his little cousin. Accordingly Clarence Devlin presented the little James at the font for baptism. Soon after this the Northrops moved out West, and were lost sight of by the Devlins. Many years had passed, and the career of the cousins had been widely different. James Northrop, from being a babe in his mother's arms, had grown a tall, stout, coarse-looking youth of some sixteen years; while Clarence Devlin was a tall, handsome young man of eight-and-twenty years. He had just been raising a company of young men for the Mexican war, then in its commencement. He found no difficulty in inducing his cousin to accompany him. It was just the life that suited James Northrop;

his fierce nature gloried in the daring and the strife of war; besides, his means were exhausted, and he had no permanent employment just then. Accordingly he enlisted, and prepared to depart for the seat of war.

Clarence Devlin though not what is usually termed a devout Catholic, was punctual in the discharge of his duties of obligation: and now he prepared to leave his native land by approaching the Holy Sacraments. Upon inviting James Northrop to do the same, he was perfectly amazed to find that the poor lad knew nothing whatever of religion of any kind. His parents died when he was but seven years old, and unhappily they, like hundreds of others, had not been very particular up to that age to instil principles of piety into the mind of the child, thinking there would be time enough for that when he was older. Oh what a fatal mistake! What a world of shame, and sin, and sorrow, have been caused by this terrible neglect! what a frightful account must parents one day render before the judgment-seat of God! Is not the gift of counsel theirs in virtue of their parental office, and does not the earliest teaching, aye even the faintest whisper in our infant ears, of father or mother, outlive the most thrilling events of after years? So this poor boy had not only no religious principles, but a decided aversion to everything religious.

Clarence, seeing how matters stood, resolved to leave that to time and grace which persuasion could not accomplish; he felt a good deal troubled, however, at his probable accountability for so headstrong a soul. They left New York for Mexico,—Clarence deeply grieved at parting from a young and gentle girl to whom he was affianced, yet hoping the time would not be long until his return. Alas, how many young men thought the same, who never lived to see their native land again! So it was with Clarence; he was killed in action at the battle of Cerro Gordo, not many months after his departure from New York.

Now came the fearful time for James Northrop; his fierce, wild nature found full scope in the fighting which was almost of daily occurrence. There were times, however, when the heart of this reckless boy smote him painfully. Often, in the early morning, when on the march through that tropical land, he passed by a church whose aisles were filled with women and children all devoutly praying for their relatives who were then in the war, he would recall to his mind his good kind cousin Clarence, who never passed a Catholic church from the time he left New York without entering to pray there.

Upon one occasion when he had made one of those visits, and having remounted was riding slowly after his company, James rode up alongside of him and said:

"Why, Clarence, what in the world can you find in the church so attractive? You are the last man in the world I'd take to be pious; I thought you church-goers believed it a sin to fight?"

"No, James; not when our duty as soldiers require us to do it," replied Clarence; but you asked me what attraction I found in the church. That is more than I can well describe to you, but I will try. You know, of course, that our Lord Jesus resides there in His Sacramental Presence, though truth to tell I am not good enough to go there through so pure a motive, to make Him some slight return for the love He there shows us. When Nellie and I were parting we made an agreement never to pass our Lord's dwelling without entering to pray for each other. No words of mine can tell you the pleasure I find there; my whole being seems raised above earth, and I feel a tranquil enjoyment I never knew elsewhere: it is so sweet to think that at that very moment, though thousands of miles away, she is kneeling in the same Holy Presence, asking the Virgin Mother of God to place me in the Heart of her Divine Son Jesus, that no harm may befall me."

"Well, if you aint the droll lovers my name aint James!"

"I'm a young man, James, but believe me I have seen enough of life to know that the human love that can't feel at home in the presence of its God is not worth the naming."

"You ought to be a preacher, Clarence; you're awful religious spoken."

"A priest you mean. Ha, ha, ha! wouldn't Father Peter laugh at the idea!—Dear Father Peter! he thinks—and rightly too—that I am about the hardest soul to guide heavenwards that ever he met."

"Is that the priest that came down the Narrows with us? I could not keep my eyes off him—he looked so good."

"Yes, and he just looks like what he is. He has known me all my life; I made my first confession to him, and I hope to make my last also."

Poor Clarence! little did he then dream that that last confession had been already made, for in little less than six weeks from the time he held this conversation he was killed in battle without having it in his power to confess.

A few such conversations as the above, and the example of his blameless life, were all the memorials, except his sword, which he left to his cousin James. Strange to say, for all his rude untamed nature James Northrop had a kindly spot in his heart. He looked upon his cousin Clarence as the acme of perfection, and ardently admired the cool courage which he saw him daily display—which in his estimation threw a halo over all his actions;

therefore the words which fell from Clarence's lips, though he seemed to take them carelessly at the time, yet made a deep impression on his mind which afterwards led to results of vital importance to his eternal salvation. So true it is that a word never dies, but lives for good or evil throughout eternity.

After the death of Clarence, James had been in another engagement, in which the Americans were, as usual, successful. He saw a gray-haired Mexican gasping in the agonies of death, and galloped up with the intention of running him through with his bayonet, in order to end his misery. James honestly thought, if he were suffering, it was the best thing he could do for him. The poor Mexican asked for a priest and water, in Spanish.

"I can't get you a priest," said James; "and water is even harder to procure."

This reply was made in English—for James, though he understood, could not speak the Spanish language.

The poor dying Mexican did not comprehend a word he said. James suddenly thought of searching the dead, in hopes that some of them might have some water. After searching about twenty corpses he at length came to one in whose belt he found a flask half full of water. This he gave to the dying man, with all the kindly courtesy of a friend. The old Mexican opened his eyes, gazed at the fast declining sun, then turning them a moment on the young American soldier, he closed them, and murmured in Spanish, "May the setting sun of your life be bathed in the crimson flood that flows from the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and may the arms of His Holy Mother carry you through life."

Being unable to render him any other assistance, James placed him in as comfortable a position as circumstances would allow, and left him.

Ah; James Northrop, little did you then dream what a talismanic veil your cup of cold water had purchased for you in that prayer!

A MAN who sings has a good heart under his shirt front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A singing cobbler will earn as much money again as a cordwainer who gives way to his low spirits and indigestion. Avaricious men never sing. The man who attacks singing, throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses, and August of its meadow-larks.

A notorious gambler, who had ruined his constitution by high living and hard drinking, said to his physician the other day, "Doctor, I suffer the pains of the damned." "You may think so now," grimly replied the physician, "but you just hold on a little while, and you'll find out the difference."

AVE MARIA.

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Religious Orders.—No. 10.

BY DR. O. A. BROWNSON.

I should be sorry if any one inferred from the line of argument I have for the most part pursued, that I held that service rendered by the religious orders is exclusively or chiefly the natural influence of their doctrine and example. The power of sound doctrine and holy example is very great, but it was not sufficient to redeem the world. The religious serve their neighbor or society, as I have shown, by protesting against the besetting sins of the age and country, and exemplifying in their lives the Christian virtues of voluntary poverty, chastity and obedience; but this is not all the service they render, nor the greatest or chief part of it, though, unhappily, it is nearly all that the majority even of Christians in our times are able to appreciate.

There are in the worst of times faithful witnesses for God; and when the defection is greatest the Lord reserves to Himself at least seven thousand who have not forsaken His altars or bowed the knee to Baal. Protestants, though they retain the words, have lost the sense of mediatorial grace, of expiation, vicarious suffering, intercession. They recognize—some of them do—a Mediator who died on the Cross, but no living mediator. They have lost the sense of the Communion of Saints, and understand nothing of the solidarity of life between the Head and the members in the mystical body of Christ. They see no principle in the Gospel by which a soul can unite with Christ and share with Him in His mediatorial and expiatory work, and so share with Him in the glory of His kingdom. They treat as absurd the doctrine that the expiatory works and sufferings voluntarily undergone by the religious can avail anything for others than themselves. When I honor Mary as the Mother of God, and beseech her to intercede for me, they tell me it is idolatry, and that I give to the Mother what is due only to the Son; and when I honor the saints, who, through their faith and virtue have overcome the world, and ask them to intercede for me a sinner, they tell me my

prayer to them is vain, that they are dead and cannot hear me, and that I am robbing Christ of His glory and giving it to dead men, as if the saints are not more truly living than when they were on the earth, and as if it could rob Christ of His glory to honor for His sake, and as dear to Him, those whom He Himself loves and honors.

The effects of this cold and freezing Protestantism are felt beyond the limits of the Protestant world, and influence many Catholics, and obscure in their minds the deeper and more supernatural truths of the Catholic faith, and chill in their hearts the devotion they inspire. There are large numbers of Catholics even who are almost scandalized by such a work as St. Liguori's *Glories of Mary*, and can see, at best, only a "sublime folly" in the fearful austerities practised by the saints and the religious of the penitential orders. They are willing to tolerate the active and especially the teaching orders, except the Jesuits, but have almost a horror for those devoted to contemplation, prayer, and penitence. Far be it from me to speak lightly of the active orders, devoted to the corporal works of mercy; they have their work, and they must join prayer and penitence with it, if they would effectually perform it; but Mary, who sat at the feet of Jesus, chose "the better part."

The world sees no use in the contemplative orders, and considers them as lost to society, as rendering no service to their neighbor. This is because the world has no faith in the vicarious atonement, or in vicarious expiation. The principle or fundamental idea of the religious orders is that of bearing the Cross with our Lord and following Him in His expiatory life. The religious life is founded on the text, "If thou wouldst be perfect, go sell what thou hast, give to the poor, and come and follow Me." All Christians are required to follow Christ, in the sense of believing in Him and the truths He taught, and of keeping His commandments. The religious, as aiming at perfection, must follow Him not only in this, but imitate Him, as closely as man may, in His work of expiation and intercession. The religious life is thus essentially an expiatory life,—a life of prayer, penitence, and intercession, as was the life of our Lord Himself. What

is meant by this is seen when we read of a saint or a holy religious who in order to obtain the grace of conversion for some great sinner takes to praying and fasting, to the chastising of his own body, inflicting on himself the severe punishments due only to the sinner, as when St. Ignatius would deter a young man from keeping a sinful appointment he plunged himself into a half frozen pond of water up to his neck, where he stood for hours and hours praying earnestly for the poor sinner, and begging that his penance might avail him.

It is to be noticed that the most conspicuous religious, and those who led the most austere lives and inflicted the most severe mortifications on themselves, have pertained to the nobler or often to the wealthy classes, who, in becoming religious, voluntarily sacrifice rank, position, wealth, ease and comfort to follow Christ in His poverty and humiliation. Christ was rich, but He became poor for our sakes, and had not even where to lay His head; He was God, and yet He disdained not to take up the form of a servant, and to be obedient as a servant even unto death. It is the voluntary sacrifice, it is the voluntary poverty, self-annihilation, and mortification, that constitute the likeness of the religious to Christ, and that merit. These give up their possessions, their worldly positions, their own bodies, and even their own wills for Christ, and voluntarily suffer with Him that they may reign with Him. The more they have voluntarily surrendered, and the more perfect their humility, the greater their merit. Persons who give up nothing, and enter religion as a means of distinction or of securing the means of living, have little merit. They live in the religious community, but not its life.

The expiations, prayers, intercessions, have, of course, no merit or efficacy except as inspired by faith and charity, and united to those of our Lord; for without Him, of ourselves alone, we can do nothing, merit nothing. But united to His, they have both merit and efficacy. Now, it is as leading an expiatory and penitential life, and through their prayers and intercessions, that the religious fulfil the second great commandment: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. By such a life they serve, and powerfully serve society, while withdrawing from the world, secluding themselves from it, and despising its riches, its honors, distinctions, and pleasures. They have bread to eat the world knoweth not of; God feeds them with His consolations, loves them, visits them, blesses them and hears them.

Why God requires to be importuned by prayers and intercessions since His goodness is unbounded, His mercy is exhaustless, and He is always ready to bestow His graces and blessings upon all, when

asked, is a mystery that we can explain only on the principle that He wills the glory of our salvation should redound to His well-beloved Son, and that the Son wills that the members should share in the glory of their Head as being united through love to Him in His mediatorial work. Perhaps, also, He would have us understand that He is hedged in by no natural laws, that He is as free as He is good, and wishes us to feel that we owe all to His mercy, and are immediately dependent on His love. The Pagan Greeks and Romans believed in one God infinitely above gods and men, but they identified Him with Fate, and regarded Him as incapable of any volition or free action. Modern philosophers bind Him fast with imaginary laws of nature, which they suppose to be inflexible and unalterable, which is only to identify Him with the *Fatum* of the old Pagans.

The supreme God of the Pagans was inaccessible to all emotions of pity or compassion. No prayers, intercessions, sacrifices, or expiations of gods or men could bend him, or obtain any mercy or redress for outraged and suffering humanity. Hence he is never with them an object of worship, and his service finds no place in their ritual. But the God of the Christian is not a blind, inexorable and unbending fate: He is good, loving, full of tenderness and compassion, who hears any of His children when they cry unto Him, and is more ready to answer than any one is to ask. He is what this age denies, infinitely free, and His providence extends over all the creatures He has made, not by fixed, invariable and inflexible laws, but by the free and unconstrained exercise of His own will. I shall never forget the singular emotion, I may say rapture, I felt one day, while wandering in the mazes of error, when suddenly burst upon my mind, for the first time, this great truth that God is free, and that what most needs asserting of all liberties is the liberty of God. It struck me as a flash of light in the midst of my darkness, opened to me a new world, and changed almost instantaneously not only the tone and temper of my mind, but the directions of my whole order of thought. Though years elapsed before I found myself knocking at the door of the Church for admission, my conversion began from that moment. I had seized the principle which authorizes faith in the supernatural. God is free, I said, then I can love Him, trust Him, hope in Him, and commune with Him, and He can hear me, love me, and raise me to communion with Himself, and blessed be His name.

We know that God hears and answers prayer. We know also He hears and approves the intercession of the just for the unjust. We read in Job, "the Lord said to Eliphaz the Themanite: My wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two

friends, because you have not spoken the thing that is right before Me, as My servant Job hath. Take unto you therefore seven oxen, and seven rams, and go to My servant Job, and offer for yourselves a holocaust: and My servant Job shall pray for you: his face I will accept, that folly be not imputed to you." In this the Lord showed His love for Job, gave him an opportunity of exercising his charity towards those who had treated him harshly and unjustly in his afflictions, and to share in the honor of their reconciliation to God.

Now without underrating the value of the example of the religious, and the important lessons it teaches, I wish my readers to understand that there is a much higher view to be taken of the religious life, and that it is chiefly to be regarded as a life of voluntary penitence, expiation, prayers, and intercessions, united to the expiatory life and passion of our Lord, and efficacious in reconciling souls to God, and extending the kingdom of His Christ. It is the greatest possible blessing to a nation that in its cities and villages, in its valleys and on its mountain-sides, in its plains and forests, there should rise religious houses, filled with the *élite* of the race, of either sex, who are devoted day and night to the works of charity and expiation for its sins, and prayers and intercessions for the conversion of the unbelieving or misbelieving, the reformation of the ungodly, and an increase of fervor to the tepid. It is only from the extension of the religious life in its purity and its burning charity that I hope for the conversion of my country. Ten just men, if they could have been found in them, would have saved the cities of the plain from destruction.

I have now concluded, in a very imperfect manner, what I proposed to say of the religious orders. When I began I was wholly unaware how little I knew of the subject and how utterly incompetent I was to treat it with any sort of justice. The effect has been to teach me to remember and master a subject before attempting to discuss it. The subject has opened as I proceeded, but I soon perceived that it was too vast and too holy for a pen so feeble and so unsanctified as mine. It is not enough to have mastered something of the external life and relations of the religious orders: none but one who lives the life of a religious can treat the subject with any degree of justice.

* Job xlii, 7, 8.

It is with literature as with education: those who are most in need of each are the very persons whom it is most difficult to convince of their need.

THE LITTLE FLOWER
OF
THE DIVINE PRISONER.

Probably most of the readers of the AVE MARIA know "Picciola;" and many have also seen the beautiful print that touching story suggested, and the French version of the lines, of which a translation is here attempted:

Between two cold stones grew a humble plant,
The only solace of a captive's life,
The only joy known to his suffering soul,
The only brightness in his drear abode;
Beneath the shadow of his prison wall
He planted it, his tears became its dew,
And it repaid his care with eager zeal,
Bearing sweet blossoms for his sole delight.

And Thou upon our altars, gentle Lord,
Age after age the Prisoner of Love,
—Oh, wondrous love—yet constant, yet unchilled—
Dost still abide, neglected and forgot!
There, more forsaken, more abandoned yet
Than that poor weary captive, whom I mourn,
Thou dost inquire from hard ungrateful men,
The love which coldly they refuse to give.

Alas! since thus, by obdurate hearts despised,
Thou art left solitary, dearest Lord,
Vouchsafe to look upon my lowliness,
And let me be, my Jesus, Thy poor flower.
O, listen to my soul's unceasing prayer,
Thou, who inspirest it, vouchsafe to hear,
And let Thy little flower, in fragrant bloom,
Forgetting self and earth, live but for Thee.

JESUS.

"From out the dusky earth,
Thou hast thy lowly birth,
My little flower, whose germ in faith I planted,
Thou livest for me alone
To human praise unknown
Sunned by the grace My love to thee hath granted.

"Hope is thy hidden root,
And far its fibres shoot,
—Hope in Me with a hope that ne'er shall fail thee,—
A tender, childlike trust,
That lifts thee from the dust,
Though dark storms low'r and bitter blasts assail thee.

"Thou hast a pliant will,
Bending and turning still,
Even as a slender stem, swayed by the breezes,
Yet steadfast through it all—
At My most gentle cull
Thy heart in all I will still acquiesce.

"Thou hidest from all eyes,
The gifts thou yet dost prize,
The gifts and graces that My love hath given,

As 'neath its foliage green,
A plant doth keep unseen
Its tender buds—*thy* buds shall ope in heaven.

"Yet even here below
Some blossoms I bestow,
The humble blossoms of unselfish gladness,
That still 'mid doubt and gloom
—Like flowers on a tomb—
Rejoice in *My* joy, for all its sadness.

"Still fairer and more fair,
With graces yet more rare,
Close to *My* lonely prison, little flower,
In safety here below
Thou shalt in beauty grow,
And fragrant divine, from hour to hour.

"Living for Me alone
Thou shalt be all *My* own,
From earthly eyes thy beauty veiled and guarded
Till I, in tender love,
Transplanting thee above,
Thy meek fidelity shall be rewarded."

R. V. R.

Sacred Music.

BY F. L.

The voice with which the Creator endowed man and many of the inferior creatures was not alone intended as a medium for making known their wants. It is also an index of their natural dispositions or the feelings by which they are for the present influenced. How well we read the nature of an unknown animal in the tone of his voice! and how well we discern the disposition of the faithful dog, from his good-natured bay or his sullen growl! As we ascend the scale of creation the notes approach perfection. The merry songsters that enliven our forests and groves are the embodiment of happiness; the sombre owl that hoots from the dead branches of a tree is a fit emblem of moroseness, stubbornness, and ignorance. In man, voice attains its perfection. A well-cultivated human voice can express every passion or affection of the heart; joy and sorrow, courage and fear, love and hatred, compassion and cruelty, mercy and disdain, are all within its power. But apart from the circumstances in which we may be placed, there is in the external aspect of nature a power capable of swaying the affections, and giving, as it were, the key-note of our song. Spring with its fragrant flowers cheers the heart, while the seared leaves of autumn depress the spirit, and lead man to meditate on the transitory nature of all things here below.

A ray of the heavenly wisdom which guides the Church in framing her decrees and establishing

the ceremonies of her ritual, is caught in the manner in which she adapts her Offices to the external appearance of the earth. When her Divine Spouse decks the fields in the festive attire of green and flowers she bids man be joyful and celebrate the praises of Mary, the only one of the descendants of Adam on whom He looked from the beginning with complacency; when He clothes nature in the seared garb of autumn, she bids man reflect on the day when he too shall be ripe for the harvest, and offer a prayer for those who, having left the earth, are detained in prison till the fruit of their lives shall be fully matured. Now the gladsome notes of the May-hymn give place to the touching *Regem cui omnia vivunt* of the Office of the Dead. At one time music is a sign of joy, the overflowing of a heart unable to contain the gladness with which it is filled. It is related of certain saints, that when at the close of life they felt the near approach of the hour for which they had continually sighed, their hearts melted into hymns of praise and thanksgiving for their proximate deliverance from the prison of the body. It was the spontaneous outpouring of a pure heart, and though misunderstood and rashly censured by the worldly-minded, it was a pleasing incense offered to the Creator. Sorrow and grief also find notes to express themselves. The oppressed heart and bent-down spirit find relief in murmuring a subdued and mournful hymn, or in breaking forth at times into wails and cries of woe. The soul is forced to give vent to its inward pressure of sorrow. If the joyful love to sing with Moses the destruction of Pharaoh's army and the emancipation of Israel, the sorrowful find a melancholy relief in lamenting with Jeremias the desolation of the Virgin Daughter of Sion.

None have appreciated so well as Holy Mother Church the power of music.

Not only can she sing in a fitting strain the mysteries which she celebrates, but, wielding a far greater power, she blends the hearts of her children till they beat in unison with her own. For if music is the language of joy and grief, the mirror of the affections, it is also reciprocal. If the feelings have a direct tendency to produce it, it in turn has the faculty of calling them into being. It is related of a celebrated French writer, whose name has escaped my memory, that he was accustomed, before beginning to write, to drape his studio in a color indicative of the subject which he was about to treat. If his theme was joyful, a white drapery was used; if sorrowful, black was substituted; and red filled his imagination with scenes of vengeance and bloodshed. An eminent psychologist would produce in himself the different affections that exercise an influence over the human heart, by standing before a mirror and giving to his countenance

the ordinary expression of a person under the influence of any one of these feelings. The former maintained that color had power to excite the imagination; the latter held that the features were not only an index to our sentiments, but had also an influence over them. Experience proves, to a certain extent at least, the correctness of both theories.

The same law obtains in the case of music. For if not, whence would come the encouragement so liberally bestowed on concerts and operas? whence the fame of the bard and troubadour? One strain of music cheers the soul; another fills it with sadness: a truth applicable to both vocal and instrumental music, but pre-eminently so to the former, for notwithstanding the advancement towards perfection in instruments, they can never be made to possess the charm and sway of a well-cultivated human voice. They can never arouse the silent sympathy which unconsciously unites souls together, making one share in the other's joys, or taste the bitter cup of her sorrows. This it was which induced the Church to introduce music as an incentive to devotion, and to give the preference to vocal music. Following the example of holy David, who appointed singers for the house of God, she has, or wishes to have, in every church a choir whose duty it should be to render certain portions of the divine praises in a more impressive and solemn manner than could be attained by mere reading, or to inspire devotion at such times in the Holy Sacrifice as the sacred minister is engaged in silent communion with his Divine Redeemer really present on the altar before him. Such is the province of sacred music, such its duty; and in the discharge of this duty depends its success or failure as an aid to devotion, its fitness or unfitness for the divine service. Her ritual contains all that can move the affections or elevate the soul to God. From the joy of the angels at the birth of Christ to the dolors of Mary on receiving His lifeless body into her arms at the foot of the Cross; from the gladsome notes of youthful innocence to the tearful strains of the penitent sinner, and from the joyous hymn of First Communion or May-day to the mournful funeral dirge, the Spouse of Christ extends her sway. Who has not observed the opposite effects produced by the sacred chants of Christmas and Good Friday; the different emotions felt on hearing a *Regina Celi* and a *Stabat Mater*?

The place which sacred music is intended to fill in the ritual of the Church gives us a criterion by which its nature and characteristics may be determined. "It is useful," says St. Augustine, "in moving piously the mind, and kindling the affections of divine love." And he tells us, in another place, that when he was lately converted to God, he was moved to shed

tears on hearing the sacred chants in the divine service. But who does not feel how incapable is much of our mis-called sacred music of calling forth sentiments so becoming the house of God? The Church has frequently been forced to raise her voice against the abuse of this handmaid of religion, and to declare in the most forcible manner her disapproval of much of the compositions which of late years have found their way to the choirs. Yet how little reformation has, up to the present, been effected! Or rather, has the solemn warning of the Church been sufficient to arrest the evil? It is difficult to believe that so much has been gained. The circumstances in which the Church in this country has up to the present been placed, have not permitted our people to taste the sweets of the noble time-honored Gregorian chant, the only harmony adapted to the wants of religion, and the only one that has received the approbation of the Holy See. Many have for this reason yielded to a prejudice against that consecrated chant, think it unsuited to the requirements and tastes of modern society, a "relic of by-gone days," which should give place to what they are pleased to style an improvement demanded in order to keep pace with the rapid march of civilization.

But as the stunted, pent-up specimens of wild animals to be seen in itinerant menageries afford only a sorry idea of the fierce majesty of those animals when roaming free and independent in their native jungles, so have the miserable specimens of Gregorian chant to be heard in a few churches, rendered by untrained choirs, given an unfair criterion to judge the merits of a harmony which for more than a thousand years held undivided sway in the Church, and which at this day excites in the Eternal City the devotion of pious pilgrims and the admiration of strangers who visit the tomb of the Apostles during the solemn commemorations of Holy Week. Did it reign universally, as it should, the ear would no longer be tickled, nor the spirit of criticism and indevotion aroused, but the soul would be raised to God, and the Church Militant on earth would be united in voice and heart with the Church Triumphant in heaven, in singing the praises of the Most High. Churches would be frequented not as places of recreation, where, during a part of the long dull Sunday that men dare not publicly give to the world, the people are treated gratis to a second or third-rate opera, but as houses of prayer of which it is said: "Holiness becometh Thy house, O Lord, for length of days."

What stronger argument could be adduced to prove the utter unfitness of modern music, than the fact that it approaches so near to theatrical composition as to permit sacred pieces to be sung to notes written for the stage? Originally, such composi-

tions were intended to excite the passions, and they succeeded in attaining their object. But are such feelings to be excited in the house of God during the most solemn act of worship that it is possible for man to offer to the Creator, when angels fill the sacred edifice in silent adoration, and the minister of Christ, forgetful of terrestrial things, dares at the command of his Master to offer in the person of his Redeemer the Body once crucified and the Blood once shed for the redemption of the world? The language of the sacred chants is not intelligible to the majority of the people, and were it not for the conviction in every Catholic mind that no unbecoming strain can intrude itself there, that whatever is heard is what it should be, the performance must have the same effect on the organ-loft that it had on the stage. Instead of such music inspiring devotion, it requires a certain amount of positive devotion to temper and neutralize its effect. That such a state of affairs is abnormal, everyone will readily admit.

It were a manifest injustice to lay this abuse to the charge of the zealous, self-sacrificing body of our clergy. While they labor indefatigably to build up both the spiritual and the material church in a land where religion advances so rapidly as it is known to do among us, it is not to be expected that every work should be performed by their unassisted efforts. Scarcely have they a new church under roof and ready to receive the congregation than it is presently crowded, and every effort is required to keep pace with the rapid multiplication of their flocks, a proof of their zeal, and its present reward. While they lead the way, these should follow; while they yield a hundred-fold gain to their Master, these should yield fifty. The members of choirs should feel that they are called upon to perform a sacred duty, to participate in the office of ministers to the people, to inspire them with sentiments proper for the time and place. Little more would be needed to inaugurate a thorough reformation, and bring the counterfeit coin now in circulation to a value as near as possible to that of the pure gold of the Gregorian Chant. Choirs would begin to fill their allotted place and perform the duty destined for them; much unjust censure would be removed from the clergy; a way would be paved for the introduction of the proper chant; and sacred music instead of being a burden to religion and a subject of reproach, would become, as it should be, the humble handmaid of religion.

LIFE's evening star is in a hope of heaven. Its beauty and brilliancy are reflected from the sun of righteousness.

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER XIV—(Continued).

Arrived at Washington, Allan Brooke took Lucia to his boarding-house, which was kept by a widow lady who had at one time been an ornament of the first Presidential Courts—whose virtues and intelligence made her no less noted than her wit and beauty, and whose ample wealth gave her means to assist the unfortunate whenever appealed to. But a sudden depreciation in the value of real estate, and the unexpected death of her husband, who was engaged in some risky speculations by which he hoped to retrieve his losses, left her penniless, and she was thrown entirely upon her own resources. "I haven't the sort of training that would make me a successful teacher," she said to her friends, "nor the patience to keep a 'dame's school,' which would barely give me bread; so I shall open a first-class boarding-house." Which she did. Her house was always filled with choice guests, most of them old friends, and it got to be a saying in Washington: "If you wish to see the most select circle in the city, get yourself invited to Mrs. Carlton's." Clay, Adams, Randolph, Sheffy, Burr, Jefferson, and a host of "the giants of those days," with the ladies of their respective families, occupied her handsome apartments, and she presided over her establishment with the energy of an Elizabeth and the grace of a Josephine,—not only maintaining her social position, but enjoying the genuine respect of the whole community. To Mrs. Carlton's care Allan Brooke confided his ward, and with exquisite tact she soon found her way to Lucia's reserved heart, who, to her own surprise, began in a day or two to feel at ease and quite at home.

"Lucia, my child," said her guardian one morning, "Albert got here last night with the carriage and horses, and if you have nothing else to do we'll drive round and see what is to be seen in this city of magnificent possibilities, then we will go to the President's grounds at five o'clock to see the great Indian war-dance that the chiefs now here from the far West have been invited to perform. Perhaps Mrs. Carlton will be so good as to join us?"

"Thanks; I will with pleasure, Mr. Brooke. What Indians are here?"

"Some of Daniel Boone's old friends, I believe,—Sioux, Pawnees, and Iroquois, who are here to protest against being moved farther West. Tecumseh, the famous warrior and orator, is here too, in behalf of his nation."

"Oh, that is charming! I shall be delighted to go. Excuse me now—I have my puddings to see to," said Mrs. Carlton, leaving the room.

Lucia was delighted with her drive and the few objects of interest that she saw, but what made her more happy than all was the long drive on the banks of the fair Potomac, and the view of the beautiful fields and wooded slopes on the Virginia side, on one of which Custis, the grandson of Washington, had just erected a graceful and imposing mansion with pillared porticos and ornamented façade which shone out fair and beautiful from the surrounding trees, looking like a Grecian temple with the solitude of the woods about it, and the broad swift river winding about the foot of the picturesque hill which it crowned.

Lucia grew very, very silent as she watched the crisp shining waves shimmering and dancing in the sunshine,—they seemed to her like the beckoning hands of old friends, and were full of sweet and bitter memories which bore her away to the shaded bluff at "Buckrae" where she had so often watched the river flashing through the trees; she remembered how broadly and solemnly the shadow of that place of graves lay upon the tide below, and she wondered if the low murmuring messages the waves were whispering to the sands were not for her.

It was a great relief to Lucia that not a word had yet been said to her about the Convent. It would be time enough, she thought, to hear anything about it when she was ready to enter.

That afternoon, Mrs. Carlton, Allan Brooke and herself drove up to the President's, full of curiosity to see the Indian war-dance. All the fine equipages filled with the fashionables of the two cities, Washington and Georgetown, and crowds of citizens on foot, men, women and children, surrounded the spacious grounds, which were then simply inclosed by posts and chains. In the centre the Indians were grouped, their heads dressed with eagle-feathers and tinsel ornaments, their faces brilliantly painted in blue, white, and vermilion; some of them with necklaces of bear-tusks around their necks, some with rows of finger-ends, looking like dried filberts, which they had cut from the hands of their enemies slain in battle, some with scalps waving from their war-clubs, and each of them wearing some trophy of his prowess in war or chase. Their feet were encased in moccasins embroidered in brilliant colors, while scarlet or blue blankets fringed and embroidered with beads and porcupine quills were thrown in careless and graceful folds around their shoulders. At a signal from the chief the dance began, to the sound of their own barbarous music, slowly and solemnly at first, then increasing in rapidity and action, until they appeared to be excited to frenzy, brandishing

their war-clubs and hatchets so near each other's heads that it was a wonder to every one that some of them were not killed or wounded; while they uttered terrific war-whoops, sufficient even there in a place of safety to curdle the blood of their "pale-faced" audience. At this moment, by a simultaneous movement, they dropped their blankets, and like stalwart, animated bronzes, they leaped in wild contortions,—but a violent shower or an earthquake could not have dispersed the gay crowds more suddenly and effectually than this unlooked-for part of the programme: for people were modest in those days, and not prepared by the nudities of the French *ballet* and the Lydia Thompson exhibitions to stand gazing with smiles "both childlike and bland" on the exhibition of these naked sons of the forest. There was a precipitate scamper, and only a few men remained to witness the conclusion of the performance. Mrs. Carlton and Lucia were looking at Tecumseh, who stood talking with the President, whom Allen Brooke had just pointed out to them, when they found themselves suddenly whirled away with the rest of the flying crowd, and could not imagine why, until one or two ladies from Mrs. Carlton's house who were present told her. And when, some years later, *Funny Elder* and *Celeste* set Young America wild by their indelicate dancing and posturing, their exposed persons and shameless pirouetting at the theatres, Mrs. Carlton could never be prevailed on to go, although she usually went everywhere. "No!" she would say, "I ran from an Indian war-dance once,—and, from all that I can hear, this is worse; and not untutored Indians, recollect—which aggravates the offence to me."

The next day being "visiting day" at the Convent, Allan Brooke told Lucia after breakfast to be ready to go with him to be introduced to the directress at two o'clock.

Lucia's heart sunk below zero when her guardian pointed out the Convent as they approached it,—a long, regular, three-storied building, with every shutter closed, and its cold monotony only broken in the centre by the gothic front of the chapel. They rang the bell and went into the vestibule, where they had but a short time to wait; a panel slid back in the door, and the portress appeared behind the grate, who received their cards and invited them into a small reception-room on the left, across one end of which, from ceiling to floor, a black grate extended. The furniture was simple, everything exquisitely clean and neat, and the few pictures on the wall were on religious subjects. But that black lattice-work conjured up all sorts of gloomy pictures in Lucia's imagination; anything savoring of bars, bolts, and loss of liberty, was insupportable to her. But just then a door

in the nuns' parlor on the other side of the grate was opened, and one of the nuns, sweet-visaged and slightly bowed with age, passed through on her way to some other part of the house, leaving the door open after her. A broad stream of sunshine flowed in, and Lucia caught a glimpse of extensive grounds, old trees, and a view of the College turrets in the distance; she saw gay groups of girls flitting here and there, heard the sound of music and singing, an indistinct murmur of voices broken by the merriest peals of laughter; her heart grew lighter, and an involuntary smile parted her lips. It was their weekly holiday, and the girls were making the most of it. The portress stepped in to say that Sister Veronica was just then engaged, but would be in in a few minutes. "Oh," thought Lucia, with trepidation, "would that it were hours instead of minutes!"

A gentleman walked into the parlor after inquiring for one of the pupils, and took his seat at the end of the room near the window, first raising the blind a little. He evidently loved light, and seemed to breathe more freely as he caught a glimpse of the outer world. He had scarcely settled himself when a young girl about fifteen danced into the room, and with an exclamation of delight flung herself into his arms. She was a bright, pleasant-looking thing, with brown laughing eyes, a *nez retroussé* and dimpled chin,—a very spirit of mischief, as her face showed. Then ensued between the two a conversation funny beyond anything Lucia had ever heard,—for this young woman spoke without reserve, and in a tone of voice as little suppressed as if Allan Brooke and Lucia had been invisible instead of sitting there in full view.

"You dear old fellow! how are you?"

"Very well. In fact I am vulgarly healthy at present."

"I wonder at that, and I not there to take care of you, or fix your cravat, or anything, you careless boy! Just look there now! you've got your collar *pinned*—the button's off: you ought to be ashamed to be so naughty! Let me run and get a needle and thread, and sew a button on for you and fix you up."

"Not just here, old lady," he answered with a lazy laugh, looking lovingly at her.

"What *have* you been doing to yourself, par-pa?" she screamed, gathering up the full dark beard that hung over his breast into her little slender hand, and sniffing at it. "It's perfectly awful! as if a milliner had been trying to bleach you in sulphur-smoke; and your linen is not only touzled under it, but streaked black and blue. Oh, I declare if you don't let me out I'll advertise for a nurse for you, you careless child!"

"Don't get excited, Lally. I'll tell you all about it if you'll only give me the chance. Now. I have been using a lead comb, you know, and some sort of a hair-wash; fact is, I thought my gray hair looked eccentric on such a youngster's head as mine. Don't you like it?"

"No! I think it's perfectly awful!" she blurted out, looking at his beard and hair with perfect disgust.

"And you like the white hair best?"

"Of course I do. Haven't I been used to seeing it there all my life! And I'll never, *never* kiss you again until you get all that horrid stuff off. And,—oh my! I declare to gracious! if your hair aint all streaked with purple and green and red, like a church window, so it is!"

He burst out laughing.

"I found that out this morning, Lally, when I went to go through another anointing and combing; and remembering that lead and sulphur were both poisons that might give me paralysis, as I'm about the right age for it, I threw the whole lot into the fire."

"Not to know that at first—and you a doctor!" she exclaimed, in a most sarcastic, withering tone. "But I'm glad something brought you up all standing. There, don't cry! I won't scold any more," she said, passing her hand softly over his eyes, "because I know you've come to take me home to spend Christmas."

His turn had come now: he looked into his hat, which he was turning round and round between his knees; the whole character of his face changed; he did not answer her at once, because he could not bear to give her pain; but it came at last—a decided "No."

"Why?"

"I got a letter yesterday from Sister Veronica telling me there had been *no improvement*. With plenty of capacity for study, it's nothing but chatter and laugh and fun all day," he replied, gravely.

"Did she tell you about the corner?—how often she sticks me there just for one giggle that I can't help? It was horrid of her to write to you like that, and I've been trying so hard to be good! But *you* ask her, par-pa, and she'll let me go."

"But I shan't ask. You know our bargain. I was ready to keep my part of it in good faith; you haven't kept yours, and I don't feel bound to reward you for not keeping up to your promise." He spoke in a lazy, kind sort of a way, which made it seem that nothing would be easier than to break down his resolution; but she knew better than that.

"I don't care!" she answered, with a defiant little laugh. But it was easy to see by the swollen veins in her neck, and the tremulousness of her laughing mouth, that she did care very much.

"I do," he answered, still gravely; "I shall miss you greatly, and mope myself half to death."

"Let me come out then!"

"No; you must learn to keep your promises better, old lady."

"I think it was downright mean in Sister Veronica! I was sure she'd send in a good 'report' this time. You don't know how pious I was in the Retreat."

"The what?"

"The Retreat. It is so many days' praying. I went in with the Catholic girls, and I declare I prayed all over the house with them yesterday; and I said all the prayers for you too, you bad boy! And, after all, for Sister Veronica to go and write such a letter!"

"I don't know much about such matters; but I rather think the praying will do you good all the same."

"No, it won't! But I don't care. How's the Ettrick Shepherd?"

"In pretty good case, but tied to the bed-post."

"Oh, you cruel, horrid boy! to tie up my darling little Etty! What did he do?"

"He ate up Mrs. Lawton's wig."

"Oh, gracious! how did he get it?" she asked, with a merry laugh.

"The other day I thought I'd go in and pay them a visit, as I had not called since they came to the hotel, and the Ettrick Shepherd followed me without my seeing him; then while Mr. Lawton and I were talking about Aaron Burr's great speech he sneaked into Mrs. Lawton's dressing-room where her Parisian wig, dressed with flowers, and all curled and frizzled, was hanging on the back of a chair—ready to be put on for dinner, as I afterwards learned. There was no one in the dressing-room: she and her maid were in her bed-room debating over a dress, and Etty espied this thing with dangling curls just within his reach. He sprang up into the chair, seized it between his teeth, and, rushing through the parlor, disappeared like a flash. 'I do believe,' said Mr. Lawton, who is near-sighted, 'that your little terrier has caught a rat! the hotel is overrun with them.' I didn't think it was a rat, but said nothing except that 'rats were a great nuisance,' and took leave as soon as I politely could, to go in search of the 'gentle shepherd,' feeling in my bones that he had got me into a dreadful scrape. Going through the passage, two little children rushed up to me, crying out: 'Oh, Doctor! Etty's caught a big rat, and has got it under the parlor sofa, growling and snarling like everything!' I was glad to hear it, and went at him. Sure enough there he was, and two waiters punching at him with sticks. I called, I whistled, I tried to reach

him to haul him out—but all to no purpose; until finding the situation getting disagreeable he broke cover and ran for it, dragging the tattered wig like a dozen scalps after him, and came near being killed before he was caught."

"Oh, gracious me! I never heard anything so funny in all my life!" said the irrepressible Lally, laughing until tears ran over her cheeks.

"So much for having a 'skye terrier' boarding at a hotel," said the doctor, smoothing his parti-colored beard.

"Then, tell me—what did you do to him?" she asked.

"I whipped him soundly, and have kept him tied to the bed-post ever since."

"Oh, you cruel, horrid boy! to treat a poor little innocent thing like that in such a way! I'll never speak to you again,—and I'll never, never love you any more for doing it. And all about an old wig too,—that any lady ought to be ashamed to wear, if it *did* cost a hundred dollars! She was always giving Etty sly pokes too. I've seen her do it, and I'm glad he eat the old furbelow up. What did she say?"

"She had hysterics, and has cut me dead. Not only that! they are going to another hotel to live."

"I'm glad they are," responded Lally; "but never mind; let's make up, since you've had so much trouble."

At this moment Sister Veronica, a tall stately woman, with intellectual features and much dignity of manner, appeared at the grate, bowed, and inquired if Mr. Brooke were present. After the introductions and salutations were over, and she had spoken to several other guests just arrived, shaken hands with the doctor and exchanged a few words in a low voice with him, Sister Veronica, the directress of the Academy, invited Allan Brooke and Lucia to go through the house, where, to Lucia's surprise, everything wore the most sunshiny, cheerful aspect: plenty of sweet fresh air; everything exquisitely white and clean; and at the extremity of each dormitory, with its long rows of white-curtained alcoves and dimity-covered beds like dove-cotes, stood a flower-decked shrine of the Blessed Virgin, crowned with garlands of lilies and roses, and veiled with spangled lace. Here and there she saw one dedicated to Blessed St. Joseph, that model of charity, of prudence and silence, holding his lilled sceptre in chaste and holy hands, ever ready to guard and help souls, as he guarded and helped JESUS and MARY. From every window Lucia saw a lovely view, and from the one in the alcove she was to have, she had just a little, bright glimpse of the river. Last of all, Sister Veronica conducted them

into the chapel, which was lighted only by the richly-tinted rays that crept through the stained-glass window in the rear of the altar, and the lamp of the Sacrament which hung suspended by silver chains from the groined roof and glimmered like a radiant star amid the purple and crimson shadows brooding over the sanctuary. The altar, of precious marbles,—the gift of a former pupil,—was decorated with calla lilies, autumnal roses, pale and fainting with the fragrance and weight of their own bloom, and crimson chrysanthemums, reminding one by their blood-red hues, their bitter-sweet odor, and spicy aroma, of the Passion of Jesus and Mary, and of the spices and precious ointments in which they wrapped Him in the sepulchre. The tall wax candles—there were no shams of tin and gas in those days—stood in fair rows in glittering silver candelabras, and vases of alabaster and Dresden china completed the garniture of the throne of the Real Presence.

Here Lucia felt rested, as if she had suddenly found a long-lost home that her heart had ever been sighing for; peace filled her soul; the burden of her fears and prejudices no longer made her dread the future; in this silent, holy sanctuary, before that benign and compassionate Presence, it fell from her weary heart, leaving but one desire, which was—to come.

"When shall we see you again, my child?" said Sister Veronica, as they were taking leave, her hand resting gently upon Lucia's shoulder.

"Very soon I hope, madame. I should like to come to-morrow."

"What! *before* the Christmas holidays?" asked her guardian.

"If you please, Mr. Brooke. Indeed that is the wish of my heart, since I have seen this heavenly place," she said earnestly, speaking in Spanish.

"If you wish it, my child, certainly!" he answered—ever kind, and thinking only of her happiness. "I will bring her to you to-morrow, Sister Veronica; but she will have to be kept very comfortable; she is a tropical bird, you know." And so it was arranged that Lucia was to enter the following day, to take up her abode under the roof where the happiest and most tranquil years of her life were spent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE *Osservatore Romano*, of July 27, announces that the Maronite Patriarch who was prevented by reasons of health from attending the Vatican Council, the Greek Melchite Patriarch, and the Archbishop of Aleppo of the same rite, have sent to the Holy Father their full adhesion to the decrees of the same, as also thirteen Hungarian Bishops who were either prevented attending or have been created since.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MISS NAGLE, FOUNDESS OF THE PRESENTATION ORDER.

Our thanks are due, and we hereby give them, to the talented and pious writer of the life of Miss Nagle, which was written in Ireland for publication in the AVE MARIA. We are truly glad and grateful to our Blessed Mother, that while the number of our subscribers is increasing in this country, the AVE MARIA is becoming more widely known in Ireland, England, and France, and that our friends in those countries as well as many in America, show the interest they take in the welfare of Our Blessed Mother's Journal not only by reading it and endeavoring to induce others to subscribe, but also by sending valuable and interesting articles for publication.

CHAPTER I.

Miss Nagle was born in the year 1728, at Ballygriffin, in the County of Cork. It was the family-seat of her ancestors, and is beautifully situated on the picturesque banks of the river Blackwater. The family of that name, of which Miss Nagle was one of the most honored members, is well known in the south part of Ireland. In the worst of times it was faithful to its religion, and is still in the enjoyment of much of its ancient inheritance. When so many of Irish blood have fallen away, it is no slight honor to have clung through good report and through evil, to the venerable faith of its country. Her father was Mr. Garret Nagle, of that place; and in the maternal line, she claims kindred, through the Mathews of Thomastown, with the Rev. Theobald Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance. Her parents were sincere and practical Catholics.

The persecution of the time and of the Government but attached them to their faith the more; and they took care to inculcate its principles on the tender and yet susceptible minds of their children.

While yet a child, she gave some indications of a wayward and thoughtless levity that more than once was a source of some concern and uneasiness to her mother, but of which (if indeed it was ever more than the ordinary waywardness of childhood) no trace can be discovered in her maturer years, so completely had religion softened, if not changed, the ordinary vivacity of her temper. To her kind and indulgent, and probably more discerning father, however, she was always an object of the most affectionate regard. He did not expect to find the gravity of the woman in her who was yet a child. With the trusting of a parent's heart he would often say that his "poor Nano would be a saint yet." This, which was nothing more than the outpouring of a father's love, has received from its

subsequent fulfilment the character of a prophecy. When she had received the scanty measure of instruction which the domestic tuition of the times afforded, and which probably went no farther than the mere rudiments of knowledge, it was determined to send her to some of the Continental cities to complete her education. Such a course was then usual among persons of her class, who had no other means of acquiring these useful and ornamental accomplishments, which the unhappy condition of the country rendered impracticable at home. She was accordingly sent to Paris,—then, as well as now, the centre of the fashionable world, and to which, at that time more especially, the brilliant Court of Louis XV imparted a more than ordinary splendor.

The recommendation of influential friends gained her admittance to some of the most select society of that fascinating capital. The conduct of the Irish Government of that day, very calamitously for itself, drove many of the best and noblest families of the country into exile. Their exclusion from any office of trust or emolument, the refusal of their civil and religious rights, the open injuries and indignities to which they were subjected after the perfidious violation of the treaty of Limerick, made their residence in Ireland one not only of discomfort but of danger, and if ever the sword of of an Irish Catholic was to win its way to wealth and fame, it was to be in other lands, and, in another's and a stranger's cause. The history of many a well-fought field and arduous campaign contain few names more illustrious than those which England drove with scorn and ignominy from her shores. Many of the Irish refugees or their descendants then adorned the French metropolis, and the Irish society of Paris was numerous and fashionable. Miss Nagle abandoned herself, with the unreflecting gaiety of youth, to its pleasures and amusements. After some time, and when the more important purposes of her visit to the metropolis were effected, she seems to have largely shared in the customary round of visits, parties, and evening amusements. The delightful contrast which these afforded to the monotony of her own quiet Irish home—the charms of music and song, which Parisian taste presented to the votary of pleasure,—the attractions ever varying and ever new, which the life of a great city furnishes to one accustomed only to a simple rural life, made her present residence fascinating in no ordinary degree; and she suffered herself to be borne along the stream, absorbed with the present, and thoughtless of the future. She remained thus for some considerable time.

She was at length rescued from the danger of her way of life by an event trifling in itself, but im-

portant in its consequences to her, and indeed to millions then unborn. She had been spending the evening at a fashionable party: the entertainment was prolonged to a late hour, and, when the company separated, she was wending her way homeward, in all the languor of weariness and exhaustion. The morning was yet in its earliest dawn. The busy world was not awake, and the silence of the lonely and deserted streets was broken only by the roll of the distant carriage that bore some gay votary of fashion to her home.

Her way was through one of those narrow streets, which, even at the present time, intersect the city in every direction; when, on turning a corner, her attention was attracted by some poor people standing near the door of a church. They were afoot thus early, to hear Mass before their day's work commenced. They were too early even for the porter, who was wont to anticipate their matin call; and they waited near the door of the church, expecting the time of admission.

Such a scene is by no means new in Catholic countries; but, at the moment, it was new and startling to her, and conveyed to her mind a serious and impressive lesson. What a contrast there was between their simple, earnest, self-denying devotion, and her frivolous, dissipated—she believed criminal—course of life! How differently they appeared, respectively, to that All-seeing Eye that from the high arch of heaven looked down in ceaseless watch on all! How different would be their several destinies hereafter! How many hours did she permit to pass away unprofitably, that she might have made more priceless far than gold! Oh, it was not thus she might be, nor thus she ought to be! The thoughts that crowded upon her soul were bitter and humiliating, but they were salutary. Her bosom heaved with powerful emotion, and big tears of regret flowed down her young cheek, for in an instant her heart was changed, she determined on an entire change of life, and of devoting herself for the future to God.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MRS. MARY CRAYCROFT, Springfield, Kentucky, sends \$2½ in gold for the Papal Fund.

THE SAINTE CHAPELLE.—During the conflagrations in Paris, the *Palais de Justice* was one of the many public buildings in flames, and the *Sainte Chapelle*, standing almost in its centre, seemed doomed to certain destruction. Higher and higher around it rose the devouring element, and immense clouds of smoke enveloped and entirely hid from view the whole beautiful edifice. So vain seemed the efforts of man to master the fire, that all who witnessed the scene expected there would soon remain nothing but a mass of

ruins, to indicate where once had stood this masterpiece of art. But when the flames were finally subdued and the clouds of smoke had rolled away, the house of God proudly stood in the midst of charred and blackened ruins, more beautiful and more conspicuous than ever.

As it has been with His church, so was it with His Religion: sought to be destroyed by the same deluded hands, obscured for a while by the clouds of socialism and fanaticism, it not only escaped the threatened danger, but has emerged from it strengthened by the attempts at its destruction.

Rome.

[From the Correspondence of the Westminster Gazette.]

ROME, July 26.

I supplement my hurried account of last week of the Pope's reply to the Accademia di Religione Cattolica, by sending you that of the *Voce Della Verità* which has always had the most faithful and appreciative report of the words of his Holiness at these various audiences. After commending the faith and zeal of the members in promoting the objects of the society, he said that amid all the various subjects which suggested themselves for the exercise of their exertions, one was to combat the attempts now set on foot to misrepresent the idea of Pontifical infallibility. But of all the misstatements concerning it, he said, none was more malicious than that which pretended it included the assertion of the right to depose sovereigns and to release subjects from the obligations of allegiance.

Extraordinary (supreme) circumstances had heretofore occurred under which this power had been exercised by the Popes, but it was in no way connected with the dogma of Pontifical infallibility. The source of its exercise lay not in the infallibility, but in the authority of the Pontiff.

According to the law of nations as it was understood and accepted at the time of its exercise, the Sovereign Pontiff was the Supreme Judge of Christendom, and the power ascribed to him extended to taking judicial cognizance of civil matters concerning royal persons and states. Naught but wilful malice could confound matters not only so diverse in themselves, but rendered still more so by the character of the times. What but wilful malice could find any affinity between an infallible judgment concerning a principle of revelation, and a civil power exercised by the Popes, when called on so to do, by the voice of the people for the general good. At the same time it was not difficult to see the intention with which such absurd ideas are put into circulation, ideas which have no serious place in the mind of any one, and least of all, in that of the Pope. The most frivolous and farfetched pretexts are accepted as good, when seeking to excite the governments of the world against the Church.

"There are those," he added, "who desire that I should further declare and explain the decision of the Council. But this I will not do. It is clear in itself, and needs no further comment or exposition. To who-

ever reads the decree with an upright mind, its true sense is obvious, and easily to be understood. But this need not prevent you from using your understanding and your knowledge of the faith in combatting those errors which might deceive the unwary and lead the ignorant astray.

"May God bless your labors, and guide them to the furtherance of that end which you must have most at heart, the diffusion of truth, and the glory of God, and of His Church."

Yesterday there was an audience which, politically speaking, was the most important of the whole series. It was of the Prefects of the Committee of the Interessi Catholici Society, of Roman citizens of various grades, headed by Prince Campagnano, to present the signatures which have been collected, forming the counter-plebiscite which I have already mentioned more than once as in preparation. The full number is no less than 27,161, and if we deduct the names of about 2,000 ecclesiastics, there still remains more than 25,000 names of Roman citizens, laymen over age (who have each authenticated their signature with the statement of their address and occupation) to prove that the change of government is not in accordance with the will of the people. I have so often dwelt on the numerous disadvantages and difficulties under which signatures are given, that the inference that this number presents shows that there is a still larger proportion who would gladly give theirs also if they dared. It is to be hoped that due steps will be taken to give this great fact the publicity it deserves. There can be no comparison between the value of 25,000 autograph signatures rendered in the face of every difficulty, and the 40,000 spurious tickets in the Plebiscite urns obtained as we have seen. And that it may not be said that the signatories only sent their names as a congratulation to the Pope, and not with any political motive, every sheet to which signatures were put bore a short address, deploring how his rights had been violated, and professing the writer's adhesion to his teaching and to his protests (*deplorando i violati suoi diritti; ed aderiscenti ai suoi insegnamenti ed alle sue proteste*). While none could put their name to this under existing circumstances without strong conviction and earnest attachment to the Holy See, it is easy to judge how many might desire to sign, and not dare do it, while many thousands, just of those who would be the most likely to approve it, former soldiers, families of the noble and upper classes, with their connexions and dependents who have emigrated from Rome on account of late events, and five or six hundred who had lately done the same to avoid the conscription, would all have swelled the number had they been here.

After listening to the loyal address, read by Prince Campagnano, the Holy Father rose to reply, and never with more animation. Amid all the deserts and sorrows of the present situation, this event is one eminently calculated to console, if in nothing else, in rehabilitating one's regard for human nature, by this proof, that amid all temptations and persecutions there are 27,000 men left in the Holy City, who, following the quotation adopted in the address, have not bowed the knee to Baal. And besides this, suppress it or ignore it

as the world may, here is afforded a record which the Vatican archives will always have in store to show how faithfully the Papal Government was cherished. That the Holy Father felt all this was manifest in his smile and in his voice, and indeed the very earnestness of the flow of words in which he poured out his heart renders it impossible to convey any adequate idea of what he said, but all present were impressed with the satisfaction the matter afforded to his sense of justice. "Yes," he exclaimed, "it is most true, and let us render glory to God and thanks to God for making it thus manifest that Rome has been true to herself. Heaven grant that never may it have to be said of her, 'Woe unto thee Chorozaïn, woe unto thee Bethsaida, for if the mighty things had been done in Tyre and Sidon, which have been done in thee, they would long ago have repented in sackcloth and ashes; therefore it shall be more tolerable in the day of judgment for Tyre and Sidon than for you.'

"No!" he continued, with affectionate confidence, "never can such words apply to Rome. The spirit of honor and loyalty which held you close bound to me, which in the midst of overflowing evil keeps you in the straight path of justice with such abundant courage, renders you worthy subjects of this Holy City, empurpled with the blood of her noble martyrs, and rendered illustrious by the heroic virtue of her multitude of confessors. The good works to which you devote yourselves with so great zeal, your labors for the maintenance and diffusion of religion, will assuredly earn for you the blessing of God and the applause of all men of piety, not to say of all the just and upright.

"May God keep you ever faithful to your good intentions, and preserve you from contamination of the evils which have overflowed this city. With my whole affections I pour out my benediction upon you and upon your families, and I bless all those who now, being out of Rome, are prevented from subjoining their names as they would wish.

"Men have said that I am worn out and weary. True I am weary of witnessing the iniquity, injustice, and disorder around us; I am weary of the insults offered day by day to religion in this city, which was wont to shine before the world as an example of faith and morals; I am weary of the oppression of the weak and innocent, of the insults offered to ministers of the sanctuary, of the profanation of objects of our dearest veneration.

"Of all this am I weary in truth! But worn out and weary in the sense of being ready to surrender the cause committed to me; in the sense of being ready to compromise the struggle with injustice, and of turning back from the pursuit of that which is right—in this sense, No!"

A burst of respectful applause, as irrepressible as spontaneous, broke from the audience as he spoke, and for some seconds impeded his further utterance. As it subsided, he continued—

"No, in this sense I am *not* weary; and, by the help of God, never shall it be that I became thus weary. . . . Anew, I give you my benediction to bear you up in this struggle, in which you, too, are engaged; and I invoke it in copious measure on your families also, and on your

substance; may it be with you through life, and open for you the gates of an eternity of joy. . . ."

Letter of Pius IX to the Catholic Women of Cincinnati.

We transfer to our columns, from the *Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph*, the following gracious letter of our Holy Father, as being indicative at once of the piety and faith of those to whom it is addressed, and of the fatherly goodness of the illustrious writer, who, amidst all the anguish of his present great trials, receives with evident satisfaction the expressions of sympathy and attachment which come from all quarters, and even deigns to acknowledge that sympathy in terms of paternal tenderness like the following:

TO OUR BELOVED DAUGHTERS IN CHRIST, SARAH PETER, MARY LINCOLN, AND OTHER ILLUSTRIOUS MOTHERS OF FAMILY AND PIOUS WOMEN OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.

Beloved Daughters in Christ, Health and Apostolic Blessing:

The signal tokens of piety displayed in your letter, and the burning zeal with which you manifest your devotion towards the Apostolic See, have been for us a motive of consolation in the bitter anguish that overwhelms us when we witness the boundless evils working with impunity around us. What adds still further to our confidence is the solicitous anxiety with which, joining your prayers to those of the rest of the faithful throughout the world, and emulating the zeal of your worthy Archbishop, you all beg of God to put an end to this nefarious warfare which the sons of darkness wage against the Church, by deigning to bestow upon us, in all things, peace and safety. We doubt not that your pious supplications, procuring for us in this struggle a larger share of divine grace, will more promptly obtain that divine assistance which will substitute order for these social perturbations. We felicitate you, moreover, that your example, stimulating the zeal of others in your own country, has prompted men, likewise, to vie with you in this respect. In the meanwhile rendering to your filial love a like measure of paternal affection, and begging all blessings from on high to each and all of you, whether living in the world or in religious communities, we affectionately grant the apostolic blessing.

Given at Rome, from St. Peter's, the 26th day of July, in the year 1871, and of our Pontificate the 26th.

PIUS IX.

The Projects of the Enemy.

We need not wonder that the efforts of the Communists all over the world, and especially in Rome, are directed against the Mother of God. To counterbalance these efforts, we, children of Mary, should increase our devotion to her, and do

all we can to have her honored as she deserves to be.

A letter to the *Univers* contains a story of a magnificent but remarkably bulky taper having been sent to the Vatican—no one knew by whom—accompanied by a request that it should be placed in the Pope's private chapel, and lit during his Mass. The request was complied with, and the Pope, seeing it burning in a corner of the chapel, ordered it to be immediately extinguished. It was opened after the Mass in his presence, and was found to contain a small Orsini shell. And the *Nazione* itself states that, in giving audience recently to the Chapter of one of the great Basilicas, his Holiness warned the Canons to keep a strict guard over their church; "for," he said, "it is intended to be one of the first buildings to experience the effects of petroleum. I know positively," (he is reported to have added) "that as a first experiment, these wretches are determined to destroy the edifices dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. It is the rage of the infernal enemy against the Queen who shall crush his head."

Of petroleum, moral as well as physical, there is certainly no lack in Rome at present; it is, as the writer in question puts it, simply a question of matches. The petroleum, which has been bought up by the Ghetto, is said to be reserved for all the principal basilicas and religious monuments; but this to be the case only if the present order of things should ever be seriously threatened. "The Revolution in danger!" is to be the war-cry in Rome as it was in Paris.

Death of Right Rev. Bishop Demers.

The Right Rev. M. Demers, D. D., Bishop of Vancouver Island, died on the 28th of July, and his remains were consigned to their last resting place on the 31st, with the usual solemn ceremonies. The AVE MARIA has lost a good friend in the death of this saintly and zealous prelate. The *Catholic Sentinel*, of Portland, Oregon, of the 5th inst., says:—

"Ever since his return from Rome, where he went to attend the great Vatican Council, Bishop Demers has not been as well as his many friends and the faithful of his diocese would have wished. During an episcopal visit to Cowichan, V. I., he was prostrated by an attack of paralysis, from which he was never to recover, lingering between life and death till the 23th of July, 1871, on which day, at three o'clock A. M., the aged Prelate gave up his soul to his Maker. Rt. Rev. Bishop Demers labored for some years on the mission in Canada, and in 1833 came to this Northwestern country in company with Rev. F. N. Blanchet, now Archbishop of Oregon City. Here he labored among the Indians of this country, whom the zealous missionary and Bishop called his children.

"The deceased was consecrated first Bishop of Vancouver Island, on the 30th of November, 1847, and has since then directed the affairs of his Diocese to his honor and the complete satisfaction of his spiritual chil-

dren. Bishop Demers was a most zealous advocate of the rights of the Church and its supreme head, and acted with the great majority of the late Vatican Council in regard to her doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope. His life-long labors among the poor Indians, his great services to the Church, and his great works of charity and mercy to all who needed such, will, we are sure, gain for him from Almighty God the reward in heaven promised to the true and faithful servant on earth."
Requiescat in pace.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

How James Northrop came by his Death.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Be merciful in thy thoughts."

[CONCLUDED.]

The war being ended, he returned to S—, where he shortly afterwards married a young Creole girl.

His ferocious temper, so far from being improved by his Mexican campaign, no man dared to thwart him, for he would be sure to receive the contents of a revolver or the point of a knife, with which weapons he was always armed. Before he had reached the age of thirty years he had been indicted for murder, but was not convicted for want of sufficient evidence. He remained quiet for a short time, but soon broke out bad as ever.

It happened one evening, while lounging in the bar-room on the corner of the street in which he lived, he became witness to a scene between some boys. Several between the ages of eleven and sixteen were idling around a public pump on the opposite corner, when a child of some eight or nine years came to draw some water in a small tin bucket. The day was very cold, and the sidewalk was covered with ice, on which the older boys were then sliding. The child was clad in a petticoat, and wore his mother's shoes on his stockingless feet. No sooner did he appear than the lads commenced to tease him:

"Say, Mick, where did you get your vest?" said one.

The child made no reply.

"Why don't you answer, you little greeny?" said his tormentor, at the same time giving him a push which knocked him off the sidewalk. The child got up, and prepared to fill his bucket, when one of the other lads seized it, and commenced drumming on it with his knuckles.

"Pluze gi' me me bucket," said the child.

"Tell me your name and I will."

"Me name is Michael."

"Ha, ha! didn't I guess well!" roared the first boy. "I knew he was a Mick by the cut of his shoes. Who's your shoemaker?" he continued.

This touched the child's feelings to the quick: a vision of the poor room he called home arose before him, where his mother lay sick; and it was her shoes he had on, having none of his own. He burst into tears, and cried piteously for his bucket: the boy who had it threw it into the middle of the street, telling him to go after it. He meekly essayed to do so, when one of the boys pushed him rudely and knocked him down. This was more than James Northrop could stand. He made a few strides across the street, caught the boy by the ear and shook him well, gave all the lads a sound scolding for their cowardice, then taking the child's bucket, filled it and spoke kindly to the little fellow. The child with a soft brogue said, "May the Lord reward you, sir, in the hour of your need. It's my mother'll be much obleeged to you. If I wasn't so short I'd wollop them chaps in a minnit."

James greatly admired the last sentiment expressed by the little fellow, and immediately volunteered to carry the water for him, as the little fellow's hand had been cut by the sharp ice when he fell. "How far do you live from here, my little man?" asked James.

"Just beyant there, sir. My mother is sick, and has no one to do a turn for her but me."

They reached the miserable room in a few minutes, where he found the poor woman lying sick, just as the child said, with no assistance but her little son. He gave her ten dollars, saying, "I'm a rough concern myself, madam; but I have a wife, and I'll send her and see what she can do for you."

"God reward you, sir, and may you never die in sin."

"Mother, the boys war goin' to bate me again, only this gentleman came up and he soon made them scamper like young hares."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed the widow, "how can I ever thank you enough! those thoughtless lads are forever teasing my poor little boy; I have no means to get him clothes, and so the poor child has to suffer their taunts."

"If they ever attempt to tease you again, my little man, just threaten to tell me, and you'll see they won't touch you."

"Thank you, sir; mother will soon be well now; when she gets enough to eat, and then she will buy me a jacket and trousers, and then they'll be afereed of me, when they know I'm a boy. It's because they thinks I'm a girl they play on me."

"You'll be somebody when you are grown," rejoined James; "you have a good deal of the man in you now."

James was as good as his word; and when he returned home he said to his wife, "Celeste, there's a poor soul down in the tenement-house back of the 'Travellers' Home;' she is right sick, and has no one to care for her but the most cute manly little chap I ever came across."

"Well, I'll go there in the morning and see her," replied his wife—a very stylish lady, but attached to her husband, and, like every one else, in wholesome fear of contradicting his wishes in anything.

The winter, spring, and summer passed by, and in the fall God took the widow O'Halloran to Himself; and in all those ten months James Northrop's bounty had supported her, though he never but on the one occasion entered her home, for he could not bear the sight of poverty. When she died, the priest who was her confessor took the little Michael to his own home, and committed him to the care of his mother, who was his housekeeper,—so the little fellow was well cared for in the house of Father Smythe.

We will now pass from the year '49 to '68, merely remarking that in those years James had been four times arraigned for murder. On the last occasion, being convicted and sentenced to death, he had his punishment commuted to the penitentiary for life, but by some means procured his liberty, and returned to S—in the second year of the war, where he resumed his former reckless life—dealing in horses, betting on races, and engaged in all manner of riotous living.

In the mean time we must see what became of our little friend, Michael O'Halloran.

He had grown to manhood under the fostering care of the gentle, large-hearted Father Smythe. The good Father had perceived early indications in the child of a recollection and piety not common to his years,—he therefore formed the resolution to train him in such a manner that if it should please God to give him the grace of vocation to the priesthood a blessing he never ceased to ask for the child—he would be fit for that holy office.

Father Smythe's prayer was heard: he had the happiness to see those orphan hands he had so often held in his own as he taught him to pray, now anointed to offer sacrifice for sin, and pour the Precious Blood of the Sacred Heart over contrite sinners.

Michael, now Father O'Halloran, was in the second year of his priesthood, in the year 1868, when he met with the following incident. There had been races near the town of S—, on the Ohio River. James Northrop was there, betting as usual, and in returning to S— the cars by which he was travelling were run into by a freight train, and a number of passengers were killed and wounded. Amongst the latter was James Northrop; he was

carried to a farm-house a few miles from the scene of the disaster, where it happened that Father O'Halloran was holding a station. A physician being called, declared the unfortunate man had received internal injuries, and could not last many hours.

Ah, how quickly his soul now leaped back over all those intervening years to his early infancy, and the few first truths of religion he had then been taught! Upon learning that he had not long to live he asked for a priest. Father O'Halloran was brought to him, and upon inquiring his name immediately recognized the champion of his boyhood at the pump. He instructed him as well as the short time would permit, heard his general confession, gave him the Holy Viaticum and administered Extreme Unction, after which the wounded man seemed to rally, but it was only for a few days, during which Father O'Halloran was unremitting in his attentions.

On the morning after receiving the Sacraments the priest said to him: "Are you not the Mr. Northrop who in 1849 lived in the city of S—, near the corner of Tremont and Main streets?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Do you remember once defending a little boy, and accompanying him to his poverty-stricken mother, whom you relieved so efficiently that but for your timely help she might have died of hunger?"

"No; I have no recollection of the kind. I don't think I did that much good in my life."

"Ah! you have forgotten it,—but God never forgets our good actions; it is only our offences which He, our Loving Lord, has promised to forget, and to remove from His memory, as far as the East is from the West, the sins of the contrite sinner. That good deed in its reward you will find awaiting you at the judgment-seat. You do not, then, remember that poor woman's prayer, 'that you might never die in sin'?"

"Prayer? Well, now that you recall it, I think I have some faint memory of such a prayer. If I remember rightly its oddity struck me; but it is so long ago that I have forgotten all the circumstances."

"I have not forgotten them; for I am the little boy—the son of that widow whom you so kindly aided, and in whose memory that action has ever lived,—and I have never ceased to pray for you."

"Impossible! Do you really tell me that God has so amply repaid that trifling service? Oh, great and good God! how countless the multitude of Thy mercies! how many blessings may be resting on my unconscious soul, that outweigh the curses I so richly deserve for my wicked life! Yes,

Father, it is most surely true that our good God forgets the evil and remembers the good of His creatures' lives."

"We may well imagine how our tender, loving Lord holds you in His memory, when I, His poor erring creature, have not forgotten you. Since I have been ordained I never offered the Holy Sacrifice without making a special remembrance of you."

"Oh, Father, how kind that was! how can I ever repay you! Truly God's mercies are above all His works."

Seeing that the dying man could not survive long, Father O'Halloran deferred his departure that he might assist that poor soul in its last struggle, which took place not many hours later. A little after midnight, the priest, perceiving that he was dying, gave him the last absolution, and with gentle and holy words assisted him to pass to his God, which event took place at 1 A. M. on the 17th of October, two days after he had received his injuries.

James Northrop's childlike confidence in the merits of his Divine Redeemer and the intercession of the Holy Mother of God were truly affecting. Would that there were many such penitent souls kneeling at the feet of our loving Jesus as this poor sinner! His mortal remains were coffined and sent on to S—, where, in the daily papers of that date, might be read the following notice:

"The remains of James Northrop, the desperado and murderer, arrived in this city on yesterday. It will be remembered that he was one of the passengers on the train of cars which met with such a frightful accident on Tuesday last. If it were only such characters that met their end by accidents of the kind, there would not be much cause to lament them."

We may easily imagine what were Father O'Halloran's feelings upon reading the above. "Oh, vain world!" he exclaimed; "so confident in your own enlightenment, and so very ignorant of the ways of God! How truly may we say with the apostle: Oh the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments, and how unsearchable His ways! Poor soul! on earth condemned by fellow-sinners, whilst perhaps it is hymning the enrapturing praises of God, confirmed in His blissful presence for eternity."

The lesson for us is: Judge not, and you shall not be judged; condemn not, and you shall not be condemned.

KINDNESS is preserved by a constant reciprocity of benefits or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits can only be bestowed as others are capable to receive, and such pleasures only imparted as others are qualified to enjoy.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Vol. VII.

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No. 38.

The Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

A PREPARATION FOR THE INCARNATION.

For if the first fruits be holy, so is the mass also, and if the root be holy, so are the branches.—*Rom. xi, 16.*

From the earliest ages of the world, man expressed his homage to God by means of sacrifices. Cain offered to God the first fruits of the earth, though his sacrifices were not accompanied by that earnest piety and devotion which alone can render a sacrifice acceptable to God; and Able offered the firstlings of the flock, accompanying his sacrifice with that sincere love of God which won for him the blessings and approval of heaven. From that time the practice of offering in sacrifice the first fruits both of the earth and of animals continued to be the expression of man's subjection to God, and the means by which man obtained from God the grace and strength to live in a manner pleasing to his Creator. Later, when Moses, acting under the inspiration of the Almighty, gave his law to the people of Israel, this practice was made obligatory on all, and after the deliverance of the Jews from the bondage of Egypt, it was made obligatory on the liberated people to offer to God, with special ceremonies, every first-born of the human species, in memory of the terrible means by which God procured the liberation of His people—the death of the first-born of all the Egyptians.

Seeing how pleasing and acceptable to God was this offering of their first-born, as evinced by the many special favors conferred upon those who complied with this requirement in a spirit of true piety, many pious parents, not content with simply offering their children to God, in accordance with the requirements of the law, consecrated them from their very infancy to the service of God in the Temple, where they dwelt in apartments provided for that purpose, and spent their time waiting upon the priests and joining with them in the praises of the Most High. Nor was this privilege confined to the male children of the Israelites, but

extended also to the females, who occupied apartments specially designed for them, and, outside of the hours devoted to prayer each day, spent their time in works designed for the ornamenting of the Temple or for the use of the priests during the performance of the sacred rites.

It was in accordance with this beautiful custom, that SS. Joachim and Anne presented their holy child, Mary, in the Temple of Jerusalem, while she was yet but three years old; and the Church, established by the Son of that spotless Virgin, invites all Christians to meditate upon that first solemn offering of herself, made by one who was destined to be so intimately associated with Him who redeemed mankind from the bondage of sin. But why does that offering, which Mary made of herself to God, claim our attention and admiration? It is because that solemn consecration of herself to God, which Mary made on the occasion of her presentation in the temple, was the first voluntary and public act on her part in the preparation for man's redemption; it is because that oblation of herself was the most perfect offering that had yet been made to our offended Creator, and because, by that act, she gave an example of virtue, which has since led thousands to devote themselves exclusively to the service of God, by a life of retirement and sanctity which has rendered their names glorious before men and angels.

That act of consecration to God in the Temple was the first voluntary act on the part of Mary in the preparation for man's redemption. God had decreed from all eternity that the Saviour of the world should be born of a virgin. He began the work of mercy by exempting Mary, the destined Mother of the Redeemer, from the stain of original sin. But still that favored child possessed free will, and, as yet, had given no positive evidence of her willingness to correspond with the designs of God. The beneficent Creator not only preserved her from original sin, but gave to her, as He had previously done to Adam and Eve, the full use of reason from the first moment of her existence, both as a natural consequence of her Immaculate Conception, and, as the Doctors of the Church tell us, that she might begin from the very dawn of exist-

ence to glorify her Creator and acquire merit by an intelligent practise of virtue. But, as yet, that bright intelligence occupied itself only in meditations upon the promises of God to send a Redeemer, and on the sanctity which should surround that Divine Being, who was to come upon earth in human form. Three years passed away in these holy meditations, and Mary conceived a desire to be, at least, the servant of the chosen Mother of the Divine Child. To render herself worthy of this employment, she wished to devote herself to the service of God, and the practise of virtue in the Temple. She reminded her parents of the vow they had made to consecrate their child to Him, if God would grant them the grace to become parents. They consented with joy to the fulfilment of that vow, especially as the holy child herself requested it, and Mary was brought to the Temple. There, kneeling before the Holy of holies, she consecrated herself forever to the service of God; there, the holy fathers tell us, she pronounced that vow of perpetual virginity, by the observance of which she hoped to render herself worthy to serve the Mother of the Redeemer, and thus it was that she made the first voluntary step in the fulfilment of the designs of heaven, and in preparation for the Incarnation of the Son of God, who was to redeem man. Have we not then reason to rejoice while contemplating that great act of self-sacrifice, which was the first prelude to the glorious sacrifice of Calvary, by which we were restored to the friendship and favor of God?

The second consideration which invites our attention in connection with this subject is the perfection of the offering which Mary made to God. Since the beginning of the world, many children had been offered to God by their parents, but in all these children there was the taint of original sin, which, as it were, reminded God of the offence which had been committed by our first parents, and rendered the offering less acceptable to Him. Besides, these children, being thus offered to God before they had attained the use of reason, were passive victims in the hands of their parents, and incapable of taking any part in the oblation. But far different was all this in the case of Mary. Free from the stain of original sin, spotless and lovely as the bright Seraphim of heaven, she was a victim in the hands of her pious parents worthy the complacency and acceptance of the Most High. And when we add to this the fact that while her parents, with tears of devotion and charity, offered their holy child to God,—that same child, with the full advertence of a bright unclouded reason, with the full use of an upright will, and with a heart overflowing with the purest love for God, joined with all the fervor of her stainless soul in that ob-

lation of herself, renouncing forever the pleasures and enjoyments of this world, and consecrating herself entirely to the love and service of her God by a vow of perpetual virginity, what additional lustre and perfection is not added to the gift presented to our Heavenly Father! Indeed, the holy Fathers, filled with astonishment and gratitude by the contemplation of the beauty and perfection of this offering, assure us that God was so pleased with it that He hastened the time of man's redemption, sending the Saviour sooner than He otherwise would have done. Yes, and they might well have added, that if God could have been satisfied by anything less than an infinite reparation of the sin of our first parents, that offering of Mary would have been sufficient to redeem the world, so perfect and pleasing to Him were the gift itself and the love with which it was offered. If, then, we love God, and rejoice at seeing Him honored and glorified, have we not reason to be glad and exceedingly grateful to know that a fellow-creature was found worthy to offer a perfect gift to the Creator, and thus propitiate Him in our favor?

Finally, if the Holy Ghost declares through the Prophet Isaiah,* that the very feet of him who brings good tidings and preaches peace are beautiful, evidently because such a one serves to lead men to God by unfolding to them the beauty of His law and the advantages of virtue, what shall we say of her who exemplified in her own person the highest perfection of virtue possible for a creature, and on the day of her Presentation gave an example of practical love for God which exerted an influence not only upon the people of one age or nation, but upon those of all ages and nations, and by the power and efficacy of that example will continue till the end of time to make virtue lovely, and fortify the courage of those who wish to serve God in a more perfect manner, to battle bravely against the allurements of worldly pleasures, in the well-grounded hope that they will be victorious and one day reach that hundredfold reward, and gain eternal life, promised to those who leave all things for God's sake. What, for instance, gives courage to the young maiden who has lived amid the comforts and enjoyments of opulence or worldly greatness, to bid farewell to friends and pleasures and pledge herself by a vow of perpetual virginity to the service of God and a life of virtue and sanctity? The example of Mary. What cheers the lonely missionary, far from home and the advantages of civilized society—deprived, by his own free choice, of even the lawful pleasures of life, and subjected to hardships and sufferings for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men?

* Isaiah, lli, 7.

The example of Mary. What gives strength to the youth, assailed by passions and beset by temptations, to resist the promptings of a perverted nature and keep his soul free from the taint of worldly contagion? The example of Mary. Yes, there is not a virtue of which she has not given an example; there is not a trial or temptation in which we may not look to her for sympathy and encouragement. Again, therefore, I would ask have we not reason to rejoice, while we reflect upon that act of self-sacrifice by which she gave the first public example of virtue and love for God—when she began that life of perfect conformity with the will of God, which was nothing less than a constant example for the encouragement of all succeeding generations; when she offered to God the first fruits of her faultless life—the first fruits of her perfect reason and her upright will? Yes, let us rejoice, and let us be grateful, and let us prove our gratitude by living, after her example, a life of virtue, in accordance with the teachings of her Divine Son.

The Christian's Vow.

Come forth each star that gems the ether blue,
Come every sun that lends the flower its hue,
Come all that's dark below or bright above,
And praise my Jesus dear, my true and only love.
To Thee, as do the seraphs, fain would I bow,
To Thee, as do the angels, fain would I vow
That time nor space should tear the links apart
Which bind a wretch like me to Thy fond Heart.
Listen! each pearl that decks the sea-birds' home,
Listen! each ray that lights the white sea foam,
Listen! ye rocks, ye flowers, ye groves, ye mountains
grand,
Listen! ye wild waves breaking on the strand,
Listen! all creatures form'd for your Maker's praise,
Hear now the vow to that lov'd Heart I raise,
And thou, sweet Virgin Mother, Mary ever blest,
Who dwell'st in that pure Heart, like dove within its
nest,
Hear how I vow my Lord's dear Cross to share,
My joys—the sorrows of my Jesus dear.
Come forth, ye angel-throng, to fan His burning brow,
Come forth, ye cherubim, adore Him now;
Float on each breeze that stirs His clotted hair,
Breathe on each piercing thorn that lingers there,
Listen! with folded wings to catch His dying sigh,
Then pulse your pinions for the realms on high.
Grant me, Oh Jesus! the gift of Thy dear love,
Send out to me Thy Spirit's Holy Dove.
I'll weave a wreath of Love, of Hope, of Faith,
And place 't with Mary on Thy Heart till death.

Amen.

WHEN flatterers meet, Satan goes to dinner.

The Blessed Virgin and the Twilight Hour.

Glancing over an old number of the *Catholic Advocate*, we found these beautiful thoughts of one whose tongue is no less eloquent than his pen:

No creature connected with the history of our Saviour and His Church has inspired so many gentle and tender emotions, so many holy and poetic thoughts as His Mother, Mary the Virgin. Every art has bowed to her, and sought through her a higher and diviner inspiration. She is the ideal woman; and the genius of the Christian world, wherever it has sought the type of perfect loveliness, has instinctively turned to the Mother of Jesus. Think of the great works of art, famous throughout the world and forever, in painting, in music, in architecture, and you will be astonished at the wonder-works of human genius which the Blessed Virgin has inspired. The great warm heart of the Catholic people has blended her name with all the deep and holy poetry of nature. She is to them the Queen of earth as well as of heaven—the Star of the sea, the Lily of the valley, the Rose without thorn. She is gentle as the dove, young and beauteous as the rosy cheek of morn, tender as love, pure as the crystal dewdrop that rests upon the white lily's spotless bosom. Her voice is like music on the waters when the pale-faced moon looks down upon the blue and tranquil deep, lifting up the soul above the troubled billows of life's stormy sea, to a higher world where the enduring presence of God is felt. Her name is as sweet as the words lisped by innocent childhood, carrying the heart back to the paradise of earth, the home of one's youth, when, kneeling by our mother's side, we heard her sacred lips, in accents that still dwell in the soul, soothing it to rest, speak the holy name of Mary. The thought of her is like the remembrance of prayers uttered from the heart in the far-distant past, when the world was all-beautiful, because we were all-pure. Devotion to the Virgin-Mother of God has raised woman in Christian nations to the high and holy sphere in which she now moves. The thousand heavenly feelings which, in Christian lands and Christian hearts, gather round the hallowed words wife, mother, sister—highest names of truth, of love, of beauty—owe their magic and their power to the Virgin Mother of the God-born Child.

Whenever we think of Mary, religion naturally melts into poetry. In nothing however, it seems to us, has the Catholic heart been more divinely inspired than in making the twilight hour the hour of Mary.

"Ave Maria, o'er the earth and sea
That heavenliest hour of heaven is worthiest thee;
Ave Maria, blessed be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying-day hymn stole aloft
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.
Ave Maria! it is the hour of prayer,
Ave Maria! it is the hour of love,
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!

Ave Maria! oh that fare so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the almighty Dove—"

The morning breaks upon us with creative force, re-awakening into life slumbering nature. There is about it a motion, a stir, a busy air, as it

"Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill,"

which prompts to action rather than to thought, and speaks of the active and restless world rather than of the calm peace of heaven. But the evening brings with it such an air of repose, of quiet and of rest, that the soul in that soft hour, forgetting for a moment the distractions and troubles of life, raises itself on the wings of contemplation to the very throne of God.

"Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things,
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'er-labored steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bringest the child, too, to the mother's breast;
Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart,
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Feeling to weep the dying day's decay."

Home is never so truly home as in the blessed hour of evening. The family circle, broken up during the day by the dividing cares of life, is now knit together again. A sense of contentment and peace is diffused throughout the household. The toil and labor of the day now makes repose doubly sweet, as pleasure is sweetest after pain. Now woman's gentle voice, breathing in accents of love from the bosom of the wife, the mother, the sister, lulls and soothes like the sound of falling waters. Now hand clasps hand, and heart responds to heart, and mutual eyes in silence speak what tongue could never utter.

It is as if God's angels with unnumbered eyes were coming down upon us, and preparing to spread over us their gentle wings of love, to compose us to rest as the hen does her little ones or as the mother lulls to rest her infant babe.

Then awakes in the soul the infinite longing, that sense of unrest which steals upon the heart in the hour of its deepest and highest joy, telling it in accents sad and sorrowful that naught is at rest, that all things are passing away; that the twilight hour is but the sweet angelic smile which for a moment lingers around the lips of the dying, and then all is dark.

The sight of the beautiful in nature creates in us a longing after heaven; because the image of God, who is ideal beauty, is reflected from all those objects which so inspire the soul.

When in the spring-time we seat ourselves upon the borders of a lake, in whose tranquil crystal waters, as in a vast mirror, are reflected the green woods and the smiling meadows, the trees and the plants and the flowers; into whose bosom the glad some ripples of rill and rivulet are flowing all joyous like children that run to meet their gentle mother, while the hushed winds whisper to one another from leaf to leaf, as if

afraid to dispel the enchantment of the spot; does not in such an hour a mysterious solitude creep over the soul, and free it from the distracting thoughts of life, giving it power to raise itself on the wings of contemplation to the very throne of God? On such a scene the beauty of God is reflected, and the soul through nature contemplates the ideal which causes it to long to fly away and be at rest. The sight of true beauty always reminds us of heaven.

Seated on the border of that enchanted lake, a man grows sad and thoughtful,—a sweet melancholy takes hold of him, because he has caught a glimpse of home, but is still an exile.

On a summer evening, when the broad bright orb of the disappearing sun is flooding all the hills and woods with golden light, and not a breath of air disturbs the solemn stillness, but all nature is bowed in silent prayer, and the stars come out one by one, the guardian angels of the night,—who does not feel in this sweetest, heavenliest hour the infinite feeling, the unmistakable presence of God, before whom heaven and earth, "from the high host of stars to the lulled lake and mountain coast," grow still, absorbed in adoration.

Is it not then a most deep and religious feeling which has caused the Church throughout the world in the twilight hour to sound the vesper bell, re-echoing for evermore the words of the angel to Mary, "Hail! Mary, full of grace!" calling her children at the close of day to meditation, to prayer, to solemn thoughts of heaven?

How well I remember the deep impression which in days that have passed—alas! no more to return—this beautiful and devout custom of Catholic lands made upon my youthful soul. The peasant returning home from the labor of the day, at the sound of the *Angelus* bell stops by the wayside, takes his hat in his hand, and devoutly making the sign of faith, repeats the words of the angel to Mary, and the response of the handmaid of the Lord to that heavenly messenger. The joyous, boisterous children, no longer under the master's severe eye, but homeward bound, frolicsome and light of heart, at that same sound grow suddenly silent, and hushing their clamorous voices, raise in supplication their hearts to the throne whereon by the side of Jesus sits Mary His Mother. The maiden puts down her milk pail, the stalking plowman ceases a moment to whistle, the village gossips hush their prattle, the venerable pastor returning from his evening stroll takes off his tricorned hat, and all unite in prayer to God through the intercession of His Virgin Mother. Nature itself seems sanctified by this devotion, and presents a more peaceful and hallowed appearance, as if the souls of believing men had been breathed into the very stones.

In Catholic lands we frequently find by the wayside, in some secluded spot, or on some high eminence, a chapel or shrine dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Hither from the neighboring villages and surrounding farm-houses come devout matrons and fair maidens, bringing flowers to deck the altar of the most lovely of the daughters of woman. Here the people, as they pass to and fro from town to town, from hamlet to hamlet, stop and kneel, especially in the quiet evening time, to refresh their souls and to recall to mind in

humble prayer that life is a journey, and that they are pilgrims travelling on with ceaseless step to a better land.

In September, 1802, in the company of a very dear friend, I was going on foot from Brussels to visit the battle-field of Waterloo, which is only a few leagues distant from the Belgian capital. The sun was already beginning to disappear behind the crimson clouds that bordered the horizon when we came in sight of the famous field of blood, from the centre of which rises a solitary mound of considerable height, on whose summit the British lion rampant stands in unshaken firmness, as on the day of battle stood the Iron Duke, and casts a fierce, defiant look at France. At the sight of this historic spot, where the greatest captain of the world, and the sublimest genius that has ever appeared on the scene of human action to dazzle and blind men's eyes by deeds of glory, let fly for the last time the Imperial Eagle whose bloody talons had torn victory from the tattered banners of the nations of the earth, a thousand wild thoughts of shriek and shout and battle-cry, and the sullen cannons' sepulchral voice, hoarse with the groans of men doomed to death, came rushing in confusion through my mind. Just then a gentle bend in the road brought us in view of a rustic shrine dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. The shades of evening were fast gathering round us, and neither human face nor human dwelling was in sight. But as we drew nearer we beheld kneeling before the shrine a peasant girl, apparently on the verge of womanhood, absorbed in prayer. She was dressed in the simplest manner, after the fashion of her country, and her head was unadorned save by the glossy hair, which, bound by a fillet, hung in waves, which the gentle zephyr caused to rise and fall. By her side, on the ground, she had placed her basket, and a few feet farther off her dog was resting, watching his young mistress with patient love. As we passed by she did not move, but seemed to be wholly unconscious of our presence, as if her soul had left the world and was with the angels of heaven, in ecstatic bliss before the throne of God.

There was such an atmosphere of religion, of purity, of innocence, of faith and of love round about this simple girl, that I had already forgotten Waterloo with all its memories of blood. Remembering where I was, I looked on this picture and then on that. In the undulating plain below, contending thousands had met in the death grapple, and human blood shed by human hands had flowed till that valley became a sea of gore; and as the Angel of Death rose from that charnel-house, and flitted with ominous plume across the Continent of Europe, and over the British Isles, carrying the dread tidings, there rose up to heaven the universal wall of widows and orphans, whose husbands and fathers had been butchered that another page of history might be written in characters of human blood. There the struggle, the agony, the throe, the torture, and all the horrors that belong to death in its most hideous form, had been suffered by thousands who knew not why they bled. And yet that field is for evermore a field of glory—the boast of nations and the pride of peoples. Such is the world and such is human life.

And then I thought of that Catholic girl, kneeling

before the altar of religion, forgotten of the world as she had forgotten it. In the mind of God and in the Judgment of dispassionate reason, was she not performing something higher and nobler than that which made the heroes of Waterloo famous throughout the world? Is it not more glorious to adore God than to kill His noblest creatures? Is it not better to refine and purify one's nature by entering into communion with the angels and saints of heaven, than, forgetting the immortal part, to make all virtue consist in animal courage? Certainly, if it is happiness that we seek, even here on earth, that maiden was more content, possessed a more quiet and even soul, than the proudest warrior whom victory ever crowned.

Priceless, above all earthly blessings, is Religion, child of heaven, sole comforter of human life! Without the hope that we have through it of a happier existence, it were better for us not to be at all. S.

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER XV.

CONVENT LIFE.

"Who is she?"

"What an odd-looking girl!"

"She looks like a quadroon!"

"South American perhaps."

"When did she come?"

"How funnily she's dressed!"

"Did you ever see such eyes!"

Such were the questions rapidly asked of one another by the girls grouped about in the play-room, as Sister Veronica, holding Lucia by the hand, passed through. Some of them were busy over scraps of fancy-work, with their little red morocco trunks filled with worsteds, floss silks, spools, needles and pieces of embroidery beside them; others were grouped around two of the nuns listening to interesting convent-anecdotes of the time when their mothers were here at school; while others, most of them first-class girls whose school-days were nearly over, gathered around one of their number, "just in," who was giving them a glowing description of a recent ball given by the English Minister, Mr. Fox, at which her sister was present.

"What a fright that child is!" she stopped long enough to say, as Lucia went by them. "Well, as I was telling you," she continued, "there was the greatest excitement as to whom Mr. Fox would open the ball with. Every lady invited expected to be the chosen one, and made the grandest preparations to outshine all the rest in the splendor of her toilette. Nothing else was talked of, or discussed,—and what, after all, happened?"

"What?"—"What?"—"Who did he open the ball with?"—"Perhaps he didn't dance at all?" were the eager exclamations that arose.

"Yes, he did; but he invited that lame little Miss Wood, who is both ugly and pock-marked, as well as shabbily dressed always, and looked more shabby that evening by contrast, to open the ball with him! They do say that some of the ladies fainted; many thought it a good joke, while there were still others, who had been in a fever of expectation for weeks, who declared 'it was shameful,' and abused poor Jane Wood, and ridiculed her high-heeled shoe, which she is obliged to wear to make her walk evenly—for you know one of her legs is much shorter than the other; and oh they were perfectly furious."

The girls laughed,—as only merry, healthy school-girls, just upon the verge of the world's "promised-land," can laugh,—expressing at the same time their opinions very freely for and against Mr. Fox's strange selection—when an old nun standing near the group, with two or three children clinging to her hands, who had involuntarily heard the anecdote, observed:

"It showed a good heart, and the finest tact in Mr. Fox, I think. The world's people set us Christians good lessons sometimes."

The girls did not argue the point with Sister Angelica, because they regarded her as authority in such matters, she having visited foreign Courts and been introduced as the daughter of the American Minister, accredited by his Government once to France and once to St. James', where she was admired for her grace, beauty and intelligence. Her father on his return home held the high positions of Senator, Vice-President, and Judge of the Supreme Court, and she presided over his elegant establishment, the fairest and brightest star of the Republican Court, when to the surprise of all, and in opposition to every argument urged against it by her father—who was deeply grieved—and a large circle of friends and relatives, she retired from the world, obedient to the grace of a sacred vocation which bade her leave all for the love of Christ, that she might unite herself for time and eternity to that glorious and glittering army of "Virgins who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth" and to whom alone the high privilege is given.

Sister Angelica in her sweet humility never referred in the remotest manner to her brilliant past, but the little *on dit* about Mr. Fox touched and impressed her as something so extraordinarily chivalrous and kind, that involuntarily she commented on it, then went away with the exacting little girls, who never ceased pleading and nestling close about her, to give attention to their insignificant affairs,

her tender conscience wounded and disturbed for having recognized for an instant, even by a few words, the ways of the world, from which she had been so long separated.

Soon after, Lally Chesney came dancing in, her bright face dimpled with smiles; and looking around in quest of the merriest party to join, made her way towards this, evidently full of news.

"Did you see the new girl?" she asked first thing.

"What new girl,—a scrub-girl?"

"Were *you* a scrub-girl, Nanny Doyle, when you first came? I mean the little girl in black, who came through here just now with Sister Veronica."

"Yes," answered one; "who is she?"

"I'll tell you. She's a Spanish girl, and Senator Brooke of Virginia is her uncle, or brother, or something—and I have just come out of the clothes-room, where I had to darn a horrid old pair of stockings for talking in studies, and I saw her trunks unpacked—and oh my! I never saw such splendid things in my life! and Sister Philly's in such a stew over them as you never heard of. I believe she's Cinderella."

"When will Cinderella wear her finery, I'd like to know? Perhaps she thinks we have a ball here every week!" asked Miss Doyle, with an air of naughty sarcasm.

"I wish we could! I should enjoy it for one,—and I'd borrow some of that finery to wear," laughed Lally.

"What did Sister Philly say?"

"She didn't say much; but if you had only seen her looks as she unfolded the finery,—oh, I never saw such laces and embroideries and beautiful things in all my life! She must be awfully rich! Sister Philly frowned and chutted over them until I thought she'd wear the end of her tongue off, then she packed them all up in two of the trunks,—oh, it made me awfully sorry to see such lovely things buried, or as well as buried,—and sent for Pat to take them up to the store-room. 'Such nonsense,' said Sister Philly, 'to send such things here! I wonder who in the world packed her trunks? Not a single useful dress hardly, and all the under-clothes so furbelowed that our laundresses would get distracted over them!' Then there was a 'consult' with Sister Veronica, and they're going to get her some plain black merino dresses and things like ours, only she's in black, they say for her mother, and can't wear the uniform. I heard her play on the piano too, and she's far ahead of any of us."

"Speak for yourself, Miss Chesney!" said the young lady who was considered the best pianist in the Academy.

"I do—and for all the rest, to save trouble, you know!" answered the irrepressible girl.

"Poor little thing! Did you say she's a Senator's daughter?" asked one of the large girls.

"No,—niece I believe,—any way she's a stranger, and I think we ought to be kind to her," said Lally Chesney.

"She'll have to take her chance, as we all did," said one of the first-class girls haughtily. "We'll have no favoritism here!—you know that, Lally Chesney!"

"I know *she* won't be here nearly six years before she graduates,—and *then* have to be pulled through by the skin of her teeth!—so there, Ally Wade!" retorted the saucy girl, as she danced away, singing "I am so fond of pleasure that I won't be a nun," much to the amusement of her companions, who all more or less stood in a little awe of Ally Wade on account of her seniority and her airs, and enjoyed heartily the sharp answer she got.

Lucia passed through the usual examinations—was assigned to low classes except in music; in that, she was put in the first. Shy, sensitive, and reserved, she made but small progress in becoming acquainted with her future companions, who regarded her as a moody, outlandish little thing, and let her alone,—all except Lally Chesney, who, with imperturbable good humor and merry ways succeeded in getting on friendly but not intimate terms with her. She spent much of her time in the beautiful, quiet chapel, and joined the Confraternity of the Living Rosary, of which most of the Catholic girls at the Academy were members. In the Confraternity room, with its fair shrine and image of the Blessed Mother, its holy pictures of the scenes of her joys and sorrows, and in the chapel, Lucia felt at home,—elsewhere all seemed strange and lonely. The girls sometimes twitted and quizzed her—as school-girls have a pleasant way of doing, partly from a desire to tease, and partly from a malicious love of domineering, heedless of the pain they inflict so they are amused,—and were a little astonished sometimes at the spirit with which their attempts were resisted by the usually quiet, and, as they thought, stupid child.

On one occasion, about two weeks after she came, Lucia heard from Lally Chesney that Ally Wade had said before the girls that she had been into her desk and taken out a pencil and knife belonging to her.

With flashing eyes and crimsoned cheeks she left the piano where she was practising, and went down to the play-room, where most of the girls were assembled, unable to get out for their usual run up to the "Farm," on account of a heavy snow-storm—and going straight up to Ally Wade, who was surrounded by her usual satellites said:

"Did you say that I went to your desk and took some things out?"

"I—well, didn't you? Some one told me that you did," answered Ally Wade, with a sneer on her countenance.

"No, I did not; and I'd like you to tell me who said so."

"Oh, I don't care anything about it—but I'd as lief tell you as not. Mary Benson told me she saw you do it. Here she is now. Come here, Mary Benson; I want you," said Ally Wade, delighted at the prospect of an excitement.

Mary Benson came.

"Did you tell Miss Wade that I opened her desk and took out something?" asked Lucia, confronting her.

"I—I—who told you so?" said the girl, quite frightened at the anger flashing in Lucia's eyes.

"I did," said Ally Wade.

"I didn't mean—I said it was somebody about her size. It was almost dark, you know,—and I said I *thought* it was her," stammered the girl, her face like crimson.

"Don't say such things of me again, if you please. I was not near your desk yesterday evening, nor indeed since I have been here, Miss Wade," said Lucia.

"No!" cried Lally Chesney. "I was with Lucia all day nearly, and Mamie Benson just wanted to get into your good graces, Ally Wade. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to let her bring you such tales."

"You want your ears boxed, you pert little thing!" said Ally Wade, angrily.

"I'm sorry you'll never enjoy the pleasure of doing it, you stupid big thing!" she retorted, ever laughing.

"Do you believe what I say, Miss Wade?" demanded Lucia, now pale, and furiously angry.

"Oh, I suppose so; what difference does it make anyhow?" said Ally Wade, carelessly.

"It would make me a sneak, a story-teller and dishonorable, to do such a thing, and I'd rather cut my hand off than be guilty of such an act. You shall tell me whether you believe it or not,—Yes or No,"—said Lucia excitedly.

"No then, if that will satisfy you, you little wasp!" answered Ally Wade.

"Girls! girls! Mistress Muggins is advancing!" exclaimed Lally Chesney, laughing; "hush it up or she won't let us have our Christmas play."

Lucia turned to see who Mistress Muggins might be, but saw only Sister Mary John, the Assistant Directress, who was a strict disciplinarian, and somewhat exacting, coming towards them with grave countenance and slow step. Lally Chesney, who frequently felt the effects of Sister Mary

John's inflexible justice, always called her by the name she bore in the world when speaking of her to her companions; which piece of impertinence generally raised a laugh.

"I'm sorry, Lucia,—I believe you,"—said Ally Wade hurriedly, for she was to graduate the following summer, and wished to keep a clear record, as she was trying for the gold medal.

It must be confessed that Lucia's display of spirit towards Ally Wade, who was much looked up to by the whole school, made a favorable impression and caused the girls to feel a respect for her which they had not felt before. Every day, however, she found some of the petty trials of school life to contend with—and, as we may imagine, she did not bear them like a saint, although she made desperate efforts to be patient and keep within bounds her exasperated and angry emotions. Sometimes she was so happy as to succeed, but oftener she did not.

The holidays had begun, and everybody was busy about Christmas-gifts,—that is, the girls from a distance, who were to remain at the Convent, where the good Sisters did everything they could think of, in the way of innocent recreations, to give them a good time. There were grand preparations going on for the Midnight Mass of Christmas Eve, for ornamenting the chapel and getting the choir up to the highest state of efficiency, not only as an *amende honorable* to the Divine Babe for the poverty and humiliation of the stable and manger at Bethlehem; but Archbishop Cheverus was to be the celebrant and preach to them on the occasion. Then there was no end of talk about the Twelfth-night play, costumes and decorations, scenery, drop-curtains, *et cetera*—all of which taxed their inventive faculties and ingenuity considerably. Lucia remembered seeing Maun Chloe folding some broad lace flounces to pack in her trunk the morning before she left "Haylands"—rich, costly lace, of so cobweb a texture that the needle-work upon it looked like frost flowers, and she thought how lovely it would look upon the chapel altar, and how glad her darling would be, if she could speak out of the silence, to have it appropriated to such a purpose. She spoke to Sister Angelica, and told her wishes; Sister Veronica was consulted, and the lace flounces brought down to be examined,—but they told Lucia that they did not feel a right to accept so costly a gift from her without the authority of her guardian; and scarcely then,—knowing how hereafter, in the world, she would prize such things, and be perhaps unable to procure them. But she declared she never meant to wear them, and if they did not accept them for the purpose she wished, she would get her guardian's permission to send them away to some other church: they had be-

longed to her dead mother, and for reasons best known to her own heart she wished them consecrated to sacred uses. Then she wrote to Allan Brooke about it, who drove over the very next day, and told Sister Veronica that Lucia had his full permission to do whatever she pleased with her effects, that he agreed with her perfectly about the donation of the laces, and was highly pleased by the thoughtfulness of her intention. She was overjoyed, and felt that she had received instead of conferred a favor in having her gift accepted. "Only," she said, to Sister Angelica, "I don't want anyone to know anything about it except yourself and Sister Veronica: it will be enough for me to see it there; it will remind me of my mother, and make me very happy to know that the nuns are all praying for her eternal repose; Sister Veronica told me she would ask them to do so, without mentioning names."

"Yes, my child, she has already done so, and I will offer my Communion with yours at the midnight Mass for the same intention," replied the gentle nun, pressing the child to her bosom. Sister Angelica had been deeply interested in Lucia from the very first, for under her faulty surface she had discovered a mine of solid good, pure high principles—truthfulness, honor, and a deep religious sentiment which, if properly directed, would prove the leading motive of her life. So without seeming to notice her idiosyncrasies, or her constitutional faults of temper, Sister Angelica patiently and skilfully applied her remedies by words spoken in season, by relating at opportune times other experiences resembling hers, and how at last they had overcome and triumphed with the help of God and the gracious assistance of MARY.

All the Catholic girls went to confession that afternoon of Christmas Eve, to endeavor to prepare in their hearts a crib for the Divine Babe, the "expected of nations," and a sweet and tender solemnity brooded over the place. The altar, and the very steps leading to it, were one mass of lights and flowers: a large Star of Bethlehem with spangled rays, tremulous and glittering, hung suspended above the tabernacle, while the lamp of the Sacrament burned with clear, steady ray over the sanctuary. The carved white-winged angels kneeling in marble stillness on each side of the altar, as if watching and adoring, reflected the roseate hues gleaming softly from the alabaster vases, in which lights had been placed, at their feet; and as it flickered in soft pulsations over them, they looked so instinct with life as to make it a wonder they did not expand their wings and soar away to their brighter heaven.

Lucia had taken a slight cold, and it was thought best for her not to join the procession, which from

her place in the chapel she now heard at a distance singing the *Adeste Fideles* on its way through the house, now rising, now falling, in strong harmonious cadences. Presently it fled in, the girls all wearing white veils, and those who were to receive Holy Communion holding a lighted candle, still singing *Adeste Fideles* as they took their places. Sister Veronica, Sister Angelica, Sister Mary John, and one or two other nuns, accompanied and knelt apart, but near them. Then the solemn midnight Mass began, the Archbishop-celebrant, in white stole and chasuble, that glittered with gold and silver embroidery, over his rich rocket and purple cassock, his splendid ring upon his finger, and his great jewelled cross gleaming upon his breast, arrayed in all the glory of the sanctuary to welcome the coming of the "Son of the King" to His inheritance! There was no hurry to his dignified movements; there seemed to be no thought of earth in his mind as, with head bowed and countenance glowing with rapt devotion and deep humility, he celebrated the Divine Mysteries. Then came the exulting *Gloria in excelsis*; afterwards the hymn "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," sung by a voice now indeed blending with the *Adeste Fideles* of heaven—a voice whose notes were without flaw, and soared above the heads of that white-veiled congregation, up through the dim arches of the groined roof, like a very "bird of God" seeking outlet for its flight towards heaven's gate as it sang the old, old, and ever wonderful story. Then followed a sweet and simple discourse from the saintly Prelate, as simple and as soul-touching as the meditations of St. Bonaventura on the birth and childhood of Him who was born of MARY that night eighteen centuries ago; and there was not an eye there, however unused to tears, nor a heart however filled with worldliness or unaccustomed to think on such subjects, that did not fill with soft tender tears—that did not melt, as he spoke, with sacred emotions, which were more precious to heaven than gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

The *Agnus Dei* was sung in thrilling strains, and those who were prepared went forward and knelt at the sanctuary railing, to receive into the warm and humble abode of their hearts Him who had been rejected by the people of Bethlehem and driven to the shelter of a poor stable. It is true that some of these hearts scarcely had room for the illustrious stranger, they were so crowded with oxen, camels, goats and asses, represented by natural passions—but they offered Him and His holy Mother welcome: they made the best place they could for them: and full of compassion, never turning from any who seek Him, He abode with them!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fest. Nativitatis B. V. M.

When thou wert born the murmuring world
Rolled on, nor dreamed of things to be,
From joy to sorrow madly whirled;—
Despair disguised in revelry.

A princess thou of David's line;
The Mother of the Prince of Peace;
That hour no royal pomps were thine:
The earth alone her boon increase

Before thee poured. September rolled
Down all the vine-clad Syrian slopes
Her breadths of purple and of gold;
And birds sang loud from olive tops.

Perhaps old foes, they knew not why,
Relented. From a fount long sealed
Tears rose, perhaps, to Pity's eye:
Love-harvests crowned the barren field.

The respirations of the year,
At least, grew soft. O'er valleys wild
Pine-roughened crags again shone clear;
And the great Temple, far deserted,

To watchers, watching long in vain,
To patriots grey, in bondage nursed,
Flashed back their hope—"The Second Fane
In glory shall surpass the First!"

—Aubrey De Vere.

DR. DÖLLINGER does not appear to feel very much honored by the compliments bestowed upon him by the Protestants of Germany and other countries. He thus expresses himself on the subject:

"They call me the new Luther. Heaven forbid! I have no ambition to play the part of Luther. There is no Catharine Bora who is luring me away. I am excommunicated, it is true, but I am not a schismatic; and, pray, clearly understand that I have, and can have, no sympathy whatever with the errors of Protestantism. I have spent much of my life in combating these errors, and I am annoyed now to find that Protestant clergymen and theologians imagine that I am in sympathy with them, or have changed my opinions. Do they forget my doctrine, *De l'Eucharistie dans les trois premiers Siècles*, my work on 'Interior Development and the Effects of the Lutheran Schism,' and my sketch of Luther? I see clearly enough that the sudden notoriety which has been given to my humble name arises, not from sympathy with my desire to preserve the Holy Catholic Church from what I think is an error, but from hatred to her and a desire to bring about her destruction. Vain desire, for she is built upon a rock, 'and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.' There is no question of a schism at present, nor need there be one. To make a schism there must be two parties—one desiring to separate itself from the community, the other wishing to exclude their adversaries. Doubtless there is now a party which wishes to exclude, but we have neither the intention nor the wish to separate ourselves from the Catholic Church.

Rome.

[From the Correspondence of the Westminster Gazette.]

Rome, August 2.

Among the audiences of congratulation still going on at the Vatican was one on the 27th of a deputation from the Confraternity of St. Joseph of the Carpenters. Their address bore allusion to the circumstances that their chapel is placed over the very prison where St. Peter himself suffered captivity, and referred, too, to the occasion of the present Pontiff having some years back preached to the people from the external steps of that church, and the enthusiasm with which they received him. The Holy Father, in reply, spoke of the glory it was to them to be enrolled under the banner of so exalted a saint as the Patriarch St. Joseph, and that the other memories of their sanctuary should not make them oblivious of the claims of his shrine. Among other recommendations, he urged warmly upon them to watch over the management of their workshops, and take care that no bad language should be suffered to disedify those under them. He spoke, too, of the workshops for young ladies which used to be under his care, of the Hospital of Tata Giovanni, and of his continued interest in the boys, who he hoped, after being carefully trained there, might not be contaminated by bad example in their ultimate places of employment. On the other hand, they must not lose heart by reason of the blasphemers and evil-speakers around. Such have always existed. Even in the days when our Lord was on earth there were evil speakers who derided Him, asking contemptuously if He was not the carpenter's son, as if they would have implied nothing noble could come from such a source. But if He was not the carpenter's son, He was the son of that Great Artificer of the Universe who set the sun and stars on high, and was the author of all that is beautiful in creation.... He concluded by again impressing on them the duty of setting a good example to the workmen under them, and on the clergy of the Society that of exhorting the members to the punctual fulfilment of all the duties of their calling.

On the same day was received a deputation of fifty Trasteyerini, chiefly belonging to the working classes, presenting a stole richly embroidered in pearls that had been spontaneously subscribed for by the population, accompanied by an affectionate address, expressing the hope that he would "wear it for the first time on the day when it should be given him once more to traverse the streets of his loving Rome in triumph;" and recalling some of the benefits their quarter of the city had derived from the present reign; the tobacco factory, the Piazza Mastai; the splendid new road up the Janiculum; the schools for the poor; the decoration of the ancient sanctuaries of the locality.

The Holy Father thanked them for their handsome gift and for their recognition of his interest in their welfare. He accepted the stole as the symbol of consolation—*stola jucunditatis*—consolation so much needed in the midst of so much bitterness of adversity.... In former days the works such as those of which they had spoken were the consolation and pride of the city, and often it had happened that those who came to visit it

from afar had told them that they had seemed to find themselves in an earthly paradise, so different was Christian Rome from other cities. Unhappily, this could now no more be said.... God is visiting us for our transgressions, whether mine, or those of the clergy, or of the people, I cannot say.... nevertheless we must not on this account lose confidence. The days of consolation and joy (*giocondità*) will certainly return, and each one will again find work and content. We must hasten it by our prayers, and prepare ourselves to deserve it by the exercise of Christian virtue, and chiefly by parents attending to give their children a sound Christian education, and children by hearkening to the counsels of their parents.

Defective Education.

A few weeks ago a number of superintendents and teachers, engaged under the public school system of the different States, or occupying positions as presidents and professors in denominational colleges, under an organization designated as the "Teachers' National Association," held a session at the city of St. Louis, Missouri. The programme for the occasion disclosed a variety of subjects, followed by general discussions, such as pertain to the extent to which the State should legislate, both in relation to a higher course of studies, and as to compulsory measures with a view of securing attendance at school; the management of training or normal schools in connection with model departments; methods of primary teaching, and other topics of a kindred character.

The main question, however, upon which the great body of teachers who are non-Catholics are at sea, without a rudder to direct their course, befogged in their attempts to benefit the youth of the nation and accomplish the well-being of society—a defect weakening, in a great measure, all their well-directed and well-intentioned efforts, is the absence of that complementary training which shall mould the true man or woman, the honest citizen and the consistent Christian, arising from their inability to impart the *dogmas of religion* and furnish a basis for practical morality. In the public schools only superficiality and generalities can be touched upon; to go further, an element of discord would be introduced, the rights of conscience invaded, and a step taken in the direction of the union of Church and State.

In the institutions under the control of the religious denominations, the freedom of enquiry, coupled with the great variety of opinions, or the general indifference and skepticism, leave the student in the midst of doubt and uncertainty, or a total unbelief in revelation; in either contingency requiring determination, courage, and the grace of God, in after years, to surmount his defective early

training. The sad condition of our dissenting friends in their educational enterprise in this respect, and the lamentable effects flowing therefrom, are aptly presented by Gov. Brown, in his opening address before the Association:

"It is very customary in declamations to pronounce that education is the great safeguard of republics against the decay of virtue and the reign of immorality, yet the facts scarcely bear out the proposition. The highest civilizations, both ancient and modern, have sometimes been the most flagitious. Nowadays, certainly, your prime rascals are educated rascals, and it is at least doubtful whether education in itself, as now represented and confined merely to the acquisition of knowledge, has any tendency to mitigate the vicious elements of human nature, further than to form the disposition and dispose of crime."

Compulsory Education.

While it has become apparent, judging from the fruits which the public school system and the denominational institutions of our dissenting brethren have produced, in the general laxity of morals and the unsettled religious belief of those educated at their hands, it is singular to observe the disposition manifested by them in their advocacy of the adoption of measures, on the part of the law-making power of the State, enforcing attendance at school, but would naturally and logically be led to think that only when education, as conducted by them, was fully adequate for the wants of the human soul in its temporal and spiritual aspirations, would they feel authorized in the last resort, after all other means had proved unavailing, to call to their aid the strong arm of the Government in order to confer the blessings of an education upon every youth of a school-going age. One would suppose that in a country like ours the promptings of parentage, of father and mother, count for something; that the opinion of the social circle in which one moves would have some elevating effect; that the Church organization to which one may be attached, was a nucleus impelling to action towards securing at least an elementary training for one's offspring. But all these are ignored, fail to be taken into consideration, in the scheme of our modern popular educators. We are pleased, however, to record the fact that there are those among them—while friends of education from the stand-point taken by their co-laborers, cannot be blind to the sophistry in the argument used in behalf of compulsory education—who see in it a step leading to a revival of the old pagan doctrine of absolute temporal supremacy and the absorption of individual freedom.

Last winter resolutions were introduced into the

Legislature of the State of Illinois favoring the enactment of laws of a compulsory character, while, at the same time, the report of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction of that State disclosed the fact that the percentage regarding those who failed to reap the benefits of an education under the ample provisions of the State, of private and denominational enterprise, was very low. The resolutions were buried in the pigeon-holes of the Clerk, only to be brought forth when some enthusiastic educator, awakening from his slumbers, attempts to strengthen the arm of the Government by the enactment of such a code.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MISS NAGLE,

FOUNDRESS OF THE PRESENTATION ORDER.

CHAPTER II.

SHE RETURNS TO IRELAND. LAMENTABLE CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

The resolution of devoting herself unreservedly to God she never afterwards regretted nor altered. As a natural consequence, she withdrew herself from all the worldly relaxations and social festivities that had until then proved so fascinating, and, after a short interval, returned to her own country. Having but few of the engagements of worldly life to occupy her time and claim her attention, she employed herself in such works of charity as her position enabled her to perform—and, more especially, the instruction of the poor. It was during her stay at the house of a friend that the evidence of the necessity of some such work forced itself on her notice. She never could have believed, if she had not seen it with her own eyes and heard it with her own ears, that the ignorance of the poor was as great as it really was. The little knowledge they had of God and of religion was obscured by many gross and degrading superstitions; and superstition brought, as usual, in its train the practice of many useless observances.

Miss Nagle was prepared to expect ignorance among them, and disposed to make every reasonable allowance for the effects of that political system by which they had for centuries been, to use the expression of an old writer, "brayed as it were in a mortar," yet she was shocked at the scene of moral and religious desolation that lay before her. Zealous and long-continued exertion might in some measure mitigate the evil; but its full remedy was far beyond any effort of hers. It is said that it was the work in which she was then engaged, and the evident necessity of making some lasting effort for the education of the poor, that first suggested to her mind the value of a Religious Community for their instruction; but it was a mere

passing thought, which then seemed far beyond her power ever to accomplish.

About the year 1750, which was the period in question, the people were sunk in the lowest state of political degradation. The beginning of the last century was perhaps the darkest period in the history of the Catholics of Ireland. They were silent, and history makes no mention of their sufferings; but it was the silence of despair. Their valor in the field was rendered ineffectual by the pusillanimity of their leaders, or by national dissension—that demon that had ever blighted the destiny of Ireland. Their rights, secured by treaties and solemn covenants, were trampled on with scorn by the perfidy of their rulers. Even the corrupt and bigoted Parliament was quiet, not through any good will to the Catholics, but because its worst was done. From the beginning of the religious dissensions it had been the policy of the Irish Government, aided by an obsequious Parliament, to discourage knowledge under the severest penalties. By the laws then on the statute-book of Ireland, rigidly enforced by the bigots in power, any one, whether parent, tutor, or guardian, who should send a child for education to any foreign seminary, or private family, as also the child so sent and educated, as well as the persons who had been accessory thereto, were to be forever disabled to sue or prosecute in a court of justice, in any action civil or criminal, to be guardian, executor, or administrator; they were to be incapable of willing or receiving any legacy, deed, or gift; and, moreover, should forfeit all property, both real and personal, during the term of their natural lives. The education of a Catholic was, in the eye of the law of Ireland, a crime of such enormous magnitude, as to require, as the only fitting penalty, a total forfeiture of the rights of citizenship; and the person so guilty was to become an utter alien to all the privileges of civil society. Was it to be wondered at that a people subject for years to laws like these should be reduced to the state in which Miss Nagle found them on her return from the Continent? Religion, which could have remedied, or at least mitigated the evil, was even more rigorously proscribed. The same laws which made education a felony, denounced the pastor and set a price upon his head, and the few lessons which could be given, were by stealth, as if they were some bad and wicked thing, and at hurried and distant intervals, such was the fearful insecurity of the times. They became like the seed sown among thorns and brambles, uncultivated and unattended to—and, therefore, bore no lasting fruit. The want of popular and religious instruction was therefore great and pressing; but how difficult was it to be communicated? An effort on the part of Miss Nagle, with

but little chance of being successful, would have drawn down upon her the severity of the laws, and endangered the security not only of herself but of all connected with her. Even her own position which was one of dependence upon her friends, did not afford her the means necessary for the purpose. She would most cheerfully have given her personal services; but how far would these meet the magnitude and urgency of their wants? Dismayed by the evils which surrounded her, and unwilling to be an eye-witness of the misery which it was not in her power to relieve, she determined on seeking in the seclusion of some Religious Community on the Continent that tranquillity and power of serving God in peace which her own country could not afford her. Like the afflicted daughter of Sion weeping by the river of Babylon, she could there mourn, in the silence of God's house, over the hapless lot and spiritual desolation of her people.

CHAPTER III.

She took leave of her friends, as she thought forever, and set sail for France. We do not know whether she had in view any one form of the religious life in preference to another; but, were we to judge from the tenor of her acts, and the nature of her dispositions, it is probable that some Religious Order which was immediately concerned for the poor must have been selected by her, if the choice depended upon her alone. But Providence was to arrange it otherwise.

Though she had accomplished one part of her object by removing to France, she had yet some misgivings as to its propriety. Her heart was still in Ireland; and her thoughts were utterly absorbed in reflecting on the wants of its benighted children. It was a prayer for their welfare that started to her lips in the morning; and her evening examen was never performed without an act of compunction at their supposed desertion. A dim and shadowy consciousness of having culpably abandoned them to ignorance and crime haunted her very dreams by night. Could it be that this strong and abiding feeling was a witnessing of the divine will in her regard? And yet, on maturer reflection, it seemed but a mere spiritual delusion. What else could be the hope of effecting what in her circumstances, and with her means, seemed impossible? What could one lone woman, without means, without assistance, without any great physical strength (for her health was far from good), accomplish for the improvement of her people, where kings and princes, the rulers and the legislature and the crafty and unscrupulous policy of a mighty empire, were all arrayed in opposition against her? How many dread and stern realities to resist its accom-

plishment, and destroy almost the possibility of success! This internal struggle continued for some time. In the anguish of her mind she sought light and aid from above, and advice from some experienced spiritual guide.

The members of the Society of Jesus were then, as indeed they have ever been, deservedly celebrated for their learning and piety, and she had recourse to some of that body in Paris, who had the reputation of being enlightened directors of souls, to clear up her doubts and disclose to her the path of duty in which God would have her walk; she consulted more than one, and the objects of her choice proved themselves, in every respect, worthy of the trust reposed in them. It may have been that a special grace was vouchsafed to them upon this occasion, and in circumstances where God's glory and a nation's spiritual good depended so immediately upon their decision. Their names are not known. She laid open (the words are those of the writer of her panegyric) the agitation of her mind—her settled disgust for the world—her ardent desire for the religious state—her feeling for the poor of her own country—her strong propensity to contribute to their relief that from the first moment when she discovered their ignorance she could never divest herself of the thought. But she attributed all to her own weak imagination,—that, as matters then stood, it was morally impossible for her to be of service to them. The penal restraints were an insuperable bar, and she had no pecuniary resources at the time. Her constitution was delicate. The exposing herself again to the dangers of the world, upon so wretched a prospect of success, was hazardous in the extreme, yet she felt herself most strongly impelled to it, nor could she turn her thoughts to any other subject.

When she had thus laid down all her load of uneasiness, and given full vent to her conflict, far from being encouraged by them to embrace the religious state, they unanimously declared that to instruct poor children in Ireland was doubtless the object of her vocation; that her profound humility, her solid judgment, the steadiness of her virtue, aided by divine grace, would be ample protection against the dangers of the world. That, though her fortune was not then extensive, her opulent connections might one day augment it. That to co-operate with Christ in saving many souls was certainly more glorious than to confine her efforts to the saving of her own. That so generous an example must have its share of influence. That though the Penal Laws might prevent her from doing as much as she wished, they could not prevent her doing what lay in her power. She replied, she argued, she remonstrated—but to no purpose. Their decision was not to be changed. The result would seem to indicate that this advice

and decision were immediately suggested by the spirit of God. The time perhaps was come at length, when the prayers of the saints for their suffering and deserted brethren were to be heard. At this period there were few religious houses on the Continent in which there was not to be found some one of Irish birth or extraction, to supplicate heaven in behalf of his or her land and people; and to beg for them some share of those blessings, of which they had been so long and so wantonly deprived. Miss Nagle was the instrument selected by God to accomplish His own wise ends. She was no sooner convinced that her vocation was to minister to the wants of her own poor, than she came back to Ireland, where she commenced that career of usefulness and piety which was never interrupted until the period of her death. Not even her most sanguine anticipations could have conjectured the magnitude and importance of the good that was to result from her labors.

The condition of the Irish Catholic was truly lamentable. In the year 1745 a terrible calamity occurred in Dublin, which led to some slight mitigation of the Penal Laws against them. The public celebration of divine worship being prohibited, a number of people had assembled in a store in Cook street, in that city to hear Mass on Patrick's Day. The assembled crowd was so great that the beams which supported the floor gave way, and the entire congregation were precipitated to the ground. Nine persons including, the priest, were crushed to death. Lord Chesterfield was the Viceroy at the time; and the sympathy elicited by the calamity, combined with his own sense of liberality, induced him to tolerate there opening of the Catholic chapels for the performance of divine service. It was an act of pity not of justice, on the part of the Government of the day. The Incorporated Society, and similar bodies, had been established for the avowed purpose of bringing the poorer classes over to the Protestant religion. The charter schools were in full and active operation; enormous sums of money were bestowed on them by the state, and they had all the care and patronage that the maternal solicitude of the Established Church could give them. But, to the honor of the poor Irish be it said, they spurned the proffered boon of knowledge, because it was coupled with apostasy. Such was the influence of the established clergy, that they could not permit any opposition to their views; and the Government discountenanced, and the laws absolutely prohibited, any education by members of the Catholic persuasion. The natural and inevitable consequence of such barbarous system of exclusion was the ignorance and degradation of the people; a degradation that would have been general and perpetual, but

for the leaven of religion which still, despite the efforts of misrule, continued to pervade and vivify the mass of the population. In the year 1763, we find Miss Nagle living with her mother and sister in Dublin, where she is said to have begun the good work of instruction by establishing a school for thirty poor children, in which she was assisted by the good wishes and frequently by the co-operation of her mother and sister. Though this statement has received the support of no less an authority than the Rt. Rev. Dr. Coppinger, it is extremely probable, if not entirely certain, that the school in Dublin has been confounded with the commencement of her mission in Cork. There was a school in Dublin conducted by some charitable ladies. Her acquaintance with these and their useful labors may have given rise to the report of her having herself established one. If such had been the case, and that she had been aided by her mother and sister, it is scarcely possible that she would have given expression to such words as are found in her first letter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A VISITOR to Paris writes—A Parisian will tell you that Paris is destroyed. "But," I said, "the city is still very fine." "No," was the general answer, "It is burnt." I could not understand why the destruction, which is certainly great considered by itself, but only a small part of the whole place, and much less than I expected to find it, was spoken of as if it were universal. At last I found, or thought I had found, the reason—the once crowded boulevards are now comparatively empty; the *cafés* are no more crowded, the rows of chairs in the streets beside marble tables are not, as formerly, occupied by pleasure-seeking loungers watching the ceaseless stream of gay life flow by; the life of Paris is not there, and so to the Parisians the city is ruined or might as well have been ruined—for how can one care to live in a changed Paris? I need not write of the public buildings—it would be an old tale. But not even the ruined Tuileries or the Hotel de Ville, so impressed upon my mind the fearful struggle in which the Commune expired as the marks of bullets upon the houses in every street. The lofty white stone fronts are scarred everywhere with shot. In the many miles of boulevards or streets along which I walked or rode, it was difficult to find a house that had not its fractured stone, or at least its mark; most houses had many fractures and many marks.

OUR DIVINE SAVIOUR, when about to redeem mankind, came to us through the Blessed Virgin Mary; can it displease Him, then, that we in turn approach Him through her?

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

God's Hidden Saints.—No. 3.

Nannette T— had a great soul, and she resolved that her sacrifice should be one worthy the adorable Spouse for whose divine love she made it. She was a most fascinating girl, with a mind of superior order, and an intellect of no common mould; tall and most graceful in every movement, with a countenance at once full of spirit, intelligence, and sweetness, she attracted admiration at first sight, while the suavity of her manners and the cultivation of her mind made her an object of the highest esteem to all who were acquainted with her. By her own family she was idolized.

Nannette had a number of suitors, some of whom would have given her a wealthy home and high position in society, but Nannette, though agreeable and pleasant to all, encouraged none, for her heart was fixed on her adorable Spouse.

Great was the astonishment of all her friends and admirers, when she announced her intention of joining the band of Religious who were about sailing for the Island of Trinidad, in the West Indies, under the protection of Bishop Smith, the Coadjutor Bishop of that island. Lamentations were heard on all sides, for Trinidad lies between the tropics, and is considered one of the most unhealthy islands in the world. Schools of instruction were badly needed in this island, and no one could be induced to go there for pay, as it was looked upon as certain death to Europeans. The love of God could alone induce human nature to make such a sacrifice, and the Bishop knowing full well how fruitful Ireland has ever been in furnishing priests and nuns ready to give up life itself at the call of their heavenly Father, went there and found a number of clergymen and ladies willing to undertake the work of God.

Never shall I forget that parting. Nannette, accompanied by her young sisters, went to pay a last visit to the graves of her loved kindred. It was a heavenly night: the moon shone out in splendor, dancing in silver ripples on the tranquil bosom of the river; every sound was stilled but the gentle summer night breeze playing through the long grass, or fanning quietly the leaves of the tall ash trees, which stood like sentinels through the old churchyard. We knelt around the graves and prayed long in silence; then Nannette plucked a few shamrocks, blades of grass, and daisies from the grave, and cutting a small lock of hair off each of her young sisters she twined them round this precious bouquet and put it in her bosom.

"If I am permitted, dearest children," said she, "I will never part with this while I live." She prostrated herself on the grave, and embraced it with her arms again and again. Fixing her eyes upon it for the last time, she said in a low but tearless voice: "This is all I envy you, darlings; you can be laid here with them;" she could say no more. Little did she dream then that they too, poor children, were one day to be exiles like herself. I drew her away, and next morning it was my painful task again to try and bind the bruised hearts so sorely tried. About a week after Nannette's departure, they received from her the following letter, written within sight of the Irish coast. She had entrusted it to some fishermen passing in a smack, and they posted it at the town of Kinsale, County Cork:

"June 5th, 1839.

*"My dearest Girls:—*My last lines, within sight of my loved land, I address to you who are the subject of my incessant thoughts. I have been at sea now three days, and we have only gone to Cork as yet. The weather is very fair, indeed too fair, for our passage will be slow. Although I write, my chance of posting this is but slight. We have just viewed through the telescope a fishing-smack, and if she nears I will give her some money to drop this in the next post; so do not wonder at the post-mark—it may be Kinsale.

"I hope that my brother and his wife did not go to Liverpool after I had left; it would be such a disappointment. I fear it, as I was in a kind of expectation of them up to the hour of I sailed.

"A thousand loves to all. I could name each, but you will consider each for me. This journey is tedious, but I will not say dreary. I look with hope to the end. I have been sea-sick, but not so bad as my companions. The clergymen are exceedingly attentive to us all.

"Now, I must tell you when I unfurled my sails, on Sunday morning, at twelve o'clock, a large company came on board the steamers which towed us down the Mersey, to witness our last departure from Britain. They steamed about twenty miles into the Channel, and then returned. We did not sail sufficiently near the Irish coast to catch a glimpse of Cork; but this fishing-smack will, I hope, bear you this letter. Oh, what shall I say for a farewell to you, my sweetest, dearest sisters; kiss each other for your own fondest Nannette.

"The boat is neared; I MUST SAY farewell until I write under the shade of the fair palm trees, amid the perfume of the orange groves. My letters will then be long—not hurried like my present one; but it is to my own darlings I write. Your fondest till death, and AFTER,—for that will be our joy! May angels guard my two innocents. Farewell! Pray for your own

"NANNETTE."

The following journal, at sea, was received the September after her departure:

"SUNDAY, June 16, 1839.

*"My own beloved Sisters:—*I commence my correspondence to-day on the broad Atlantic. On this day fortnight we left Liverpool, and for eleven days the

wind was so unfavorable that our voyage promised to be dreary, long, and almost dangerous; however, on Wednesday morning we had a total change: the wind quite in our favor, and has continued so since. I fear you will find it difficult to read my epistle,—I am writing on deck, and the sea to-day is a little rough.

"Eva, if I could only get down I would kiss the white foam for you,—I have the pleasing sight of it often now, as the 'blue above and the blue below' is all I have witnessed these fifteen days.

"On this day week we had no Mass, but a dark gloomy day; no gleam of sun, and every prospect of a storm. I did feel sad and alone; the vessel heaved so much as to prevent me the pleasure of writing. When that day was done, I looked on Monday as a treat. I began some work, and have been sewing all the week since. It is a great source of amusement to me.

"Father George is like a brother to us all. Every evening that is fine, we sit on deck; he has a fine voice, and sings songs of home. I often wish I had a good voice, I should not cease singing. This will show you how high my spirits are. If I could fancy that you both would regain yours, I should be truly happy. No sorrowful thought ever crosses my mind; still I am determined to return in case the climate should not agree with me; but that remains to be tested.

"Do you remember this time last year in Dublin? We were together, and that, at any period of our lives, constituted happiness. This Sunday you will especially remember, being the anniversary of the death of our beloved Bishop. On Tuesday next I am to have Mass celebrated for my father—more of Father George's favors; he promised me four, and this day's was for me. I told him the eighteenth would be my festival. Oh, dearest sisters, am I not happy? I shall have the Holy Sacrifice offered on the Atlantic's broad wave for him who assisted so often at the same Divine Mysteries with a fervor we will strive, with God's grace, to imitate. We had two Masses to-day; Father McN. is very timid and this was his first at sea. Poor Father Casserly! I suppose Robert told you about my last visit to our venerable friend; I just had time to kneel and receive his blessing,—the hour of our departure had come; I was glad I had not much time."

"TUESDAY, June 18th.—Darling Josephine, and my sweet little bundle Eva, how often have I thought of you both to-day, and of the whole scene of this day five years! I had Mass this morning exclusively for my father. This day and yesterday are such as would enchant you, Eva; 'not a breeze the blue wave to curl,' so serenely still are the waters that we walk up and down deck as if on the avenue.

"Last night, after a march, enjoying the fresh gale, Father George gave us such beautiful instructions as we shall never cease to be grateful for."

"ST. JOHN'S EVE, June 23.—Many a bonfire you see to-night blazing on the hillsides of dear home! Well, ever loved sisters, a third Sunday at sea—a lovely day, and 'fair glides our bonnie bark.' I work every day still, and leave Sunday for writing. It grows hotter each day; all the windows in the cabin are thrown open. We are able to have Mass every day during the

fine weather, and both priests celebrate on Sundays. The captain came to Mass to-day, and another old gentleman who is the only passenger with ourselves. My feelings the first day we had Mass were very different from what they are now. I could not restrain my tears,—I thought it so desolate, so sad; but now we have again lights, which were then forgotten, and a bell which I ring; I kneel opposite the window and have a view of the blue waves. The deep, stretching out to the horizon, raises my mind more than all the splendor I could behold in the finest Gothic temples. There is something sublimely grand in assisting at the Adorable Mysteries away out upon the boundless deep.

"24th.—I have just made a dish of slim-cakes, this is the third dish—the priests, the captain, and my lady companions all looking at my performance; at first I did not like it, but now I work away and don't mind. They like cakes very much; the sea-biscuit becomes so tiresome. Farewell; dinner is on the table."

"SUNDAY, JUNE 30.—Josephine and Eva, my own darlings! The past week has been very fine; we are travelling at a very good rate, as the breeze is favorable; the nights are exquisite; we sit or walk each evening until eleven o'clock; do you admire the moon with me? but no,—it is at different hours. In our present latitude there is a difference of three hours, and when I arrive in Trinidad there will be four hours. We stop on deck every night from sunset, which takes place at half-past six, until the hour I mentioned—that is five hours; so, surely, you cannot escape being filled with the same admiration I am, during some part of that time. Its rise is indeed sublime: it is sudden—as if it started from the deep—full, bloodlike; after awhile it becomes a mild orb, beloved by you, Eva;—but my journal is all moonlight and wavy! I am now four weeks on board the packet Lima; do not wonder if I tell you the same things over, as I do not remember what I wrote, and I continue without reading it over; however, I know it is equally welcome to you. I have a very comfortable berth—the best in the cabin. There is a window a little above me, through which I have the benefit of what fresh air the sea affords without being exposed to a dangerous draft. A curtain only separates us ladies, which we can draw back when we please; we had partitions, but the weather becoming so warm, they were taken down, as they excluded the air. We rise about seven, and dress. I wear my black silk dress, cape, brooch, and belt, just as you saw me last, a small white collar, and cap of black tulle. Well, now I'm washed and dressed; by this time the priests are generally ready to say Mass—half-past seven. I have care of the vestments and the dressing of the altar. Father George taught me to arrange it. I kneel near the altar, to assist, as it often happens the ship gives a sudden lurch, and one of the priests must keep a firm hold of the chalice until the consummation; then I hand the water and wine. After Mass, breakfast is immediately announced; the captain sits at the head, which is the middle of the table. I sit on one side of him, Miss Green and Miss Connolly at the other; at the opposite side are the priests, and Mr. Lockhart, our fellow-traveller. Our breakfast is a reg-

ular '*déjeuner a la fourchette*'—roast ducks, ham, eggs, and fish—boiled, fried, and cooked in various forms,—puddings, etc. My breakfast consists of a slice of ham, a wing of a chicken or duck; or a couple of boiled eggs, some potatoes, then coffee with egg-milk, and cakes; not a bad breakfast you will say. We then go to work; one of the clergymen reads for us. At twelve o'clock lunch is announced; it is a regular meal; we take a glass of wine each, which they say is essential. Then we work, talk, and read alternately."

"SUNDAY, July 7.—My journey continues most happily; may your lives be as undisturbed as my mind is. The meal I last described (lunch) is preparing. Perhaps you are both at Mass now, praying for your own Nannette. Dinner is announced at four o'clock. They ring a bell for each meal; we have the best soup, ox-tail, mock turtle and chicken, some salt fish always, and some just fresh caught, chickens, ducks, ham, corned-beef, pies, puddings, etc.; we often have pancakes besides, with very nice sauce, the best of wines, fruit also, raisins, damsons, currants, preserved. I have a most excellent appetite—quite different from what I had at home. I was then thinking of my departure; now, to use an English phrase, I enjoy my meals. Well, after dinner Miss Connolly, Miss Green, and your own Nannette go up on deck to work, read or chat; we have tea early—half-past six—tea, coffee, cocoa, and cakes; after that we all walk a couple of miles on deck, and, when tired, lean over the bulwarks watching the little, bright, glistening waves and the nautilus fish; the moon is no longer visible, but I awaken sometimes and see her half-declining disc peeping over the waters. I have told you how we spend the day: they are all alike, Sunday excepted. On that day I have not ceased to recite our usual devotions, joining with you in spirit. I find I am near the end; how shall I end, Oh ever-beloved darlings? I do most heartily wish I knew if you had fretted after my departure; it would be cruel to act so contrary to the will of God."

"JULY 17.—Beloved Sisters: I have arrived safe, thank God, after the most pleasing voyage any mortal could enjoy. I might write a description of our arrival as long as my whole journal, but I shall only speak of myself. About a fortnight before the Lima came within sight of land, one evening sitting on deck with my bonnet loose a sudden breeze wafted it overboard and left me bare-headed. It was my intention to get one immediately on our arrival, as we expected to stay at Dr McDonnell's house some days before going to the convent; however, just as the Lima anchored in bay, a gentleman rowed over, and came on board to meet us. The Bishop had sent him to conduct us to the convent in his own carriage. So off we came to St. Joseph's. It is a beautiful place; I did not imagine it could be so beautiful. Oh dear, dear pets, I write from the Indies! I look at myself as if I were a prodigy! Your own Nannette is taken every care of; the nuns are extremely attentive to us. I will have much news in the next, but have very little news now. There is a college quite near us; four of the clergymen are Irish; one of them comes here every morning to celebrate Mass. Our confessor is a French priest. My own fondly-loved darlings, I must say farewell. My unchanged love to all. I shall write to my brothers next. Your ever devoted
NANNETTE.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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Protestant Saints.

The Catholic Church can show a long list of Saints, beginning with Mary, the Mother of the Redeemer of the world, then counting in the Apostles chosen by Jesus Himself—except the apostate Judas whom the modern religionists, or non-religionists, have taken up as one of their own saints—and producing in every age a succession of saintly men and women, demonstrating thereby not only the sanctity of the doctrine which, when followed, *makes* saints, but also that the doctrine is practicable and has been followed out by an innumerable crowd of men and women.

Consult the Roman Martyrology, the Bollandists, and the Lives of the Saints, generally.

Protestantism, in the first place, does not care much about making saints, in the Catholic sense of the word. That good and genial man, Martin Luther, the ex-monk who broke his vows to marry the ex-nun, Bora, cared little about eliahty, but set the example that is followed now by people in general outside the Church, especially by the Free Lovers and Mormons, who, though at times virtuously rated by the daily papers, do nothing more than to carry out logically the principles advocated by those papers and propounded by those great and good men, the founders of Evangelical and Episcopal heresies, Martin Luther and Henry VIII.

And, nevertheless, such is the moral force of virtue that the ribald weeklies, Harper's and Leslie's, and the pharasaical press whose name is legion, find the necessity of getting up some Saints, in order thus to distinguish themselves from the professedly scurrilous papers, yclept the *Day's Doings*, and such like, which we have seen hawked around by the newsboys on the R. R. trains, and bought up with avidity by the prurient-minded graduates of our common schools, who glory in knowing at least one of the three R's, and show their acquired science by reading over the *Police Gazette*, and such like papers, and then giving them to their children to look at the abominable woodcuts, and spell out the horrible list of crimes.

Some of the high toned (?) papers, daily and

weekly, have seen the necessity of making some distinction between themselves and these low papers, and at least to try to make it appear that they are not quite so Protestant as their thorough going fellow-workers in the cause, who, with no mask on, go in for the beautifying, praising and painting vice so as to make it appear much better in the eyes of their readers than the old hum-drum virtues inculcated by the Catholic Church.

They are ardent zealots in the cause of the pure worship of God. They raise up their inky hands in holy horror against the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist, and do their utmost to bedaub with their dirty sheets the beautiful teachings of the Catholic Church concerning the Blessed Mother of Jesus, and the veneration due to those who have proved themselves true servants of God. In following out this path they have ended in denying the divinity of Christ, calling the august Mother of God a common woman, and rating the saints of God as old fogies who not only did not know how "to keep hotel," but who took altogether a wrong view of this life and the life to come—if any life is to come.

Such writing, however, though it might please a great number of their readers, naturally disgusted all their intelligent ones, and the proprietors of these papers—feeling the effect on their pockets—instructed their editors to come out a little stronger on the *moral*, and we consequently have daily, weekly, monthly and quarterly nauseous doses of fulsome praise bestowed upon men who in the Catholic Church had gained a name and some fame, which, had they not been connected with the great Catholic Church, or with some of the Religious Orders that, in the Church, do so much good, would never have been known beyond the limits of their native village.

Döllinger and Loyson are the two great Protestant saints of the day.

Döllinger does not seem to appreciate the compliment paid him by his ardent newspaper admirers and interviewers. It is true the poor man is outside the Church, is no longer a Catholic, since he formally denies a dogma decided by the Church. In his dotage, and mayhap puffed up by the

praises of some of his friends (?), he has thought fit to change the *rôle* he played when in full intellectual vigor,—so instead of being taught by the Church of God, he now considers it his duty to teach the Church. No matter how much Dr. Döllinger may protest against the unwelcome embraces of his dear Protestant newspaper friends, he is as much a Protestant as his fellow-countrymen, Luther, only there is no woman in the case, and he has held on to some more truths than his predecessor, Martin, thought it expedient to keep in his new-fangled religion.

As for Dr. Döllinger we sincerely commiserate him, and can readily understand the sincerity of his protests against being made a Protestant Saint and apostle by newspaper interviewers. It must be the depth of humiliation for him to find himself bespattered with praise by the very men against whom he had written and acted during the whole course of his life.

The only course for him to escape being a Protestant Saint is to have humility, which is not recognized among genuine Protestant virtues, though our Blessed Lord proclaimed the humble of heart blessed. With humility and a sincere repentance for his sin, he may be received back into the fold of the Church from which he has been cast forth for just cause; and thus escape the opprobrium of being canonized a Saint by our daily and weekly secular and denominational papers by becoming a humble and obedient child of the Church of God.

The other Protestant Saint, who is more worthy of a good Protestant canonization than Dr. Döllinger, is Mr. Loyson. He was once the Abbé Loyson, but he has lost all claim to the title of *Abbé* by becoming a religious, when he was called *Père Hyacinthe*. As *Père Hyacinthe*, a member of a distinguished Religious Order of the Church, he had opportunities of doing good, if he wished, that even as an accomplished priest he could not have had. Instead of doing good, he allowed himself to be puffed up with vanity, to be carried away by the genuine Protestant doctrine of dislike to chastity, and formally threw off the habit of the Religious Order, of which he was a member, broke his vows, and came to America in search of more popularity and of his Catherine Bora, thus having one more claim to Protestant canonization than his older fellow-saint, Dr. Döllinger.

From all we can learn, our secular and denominational papers have in Mr. Loyson a saint of their own kidney: and they may rest assured that the Pope and Cardinals will not make frantic efforts to get him into the Church. It is certainly sad to see a poor apostate monk, an excommunicated and self-degraded priest, persist in flaunting his shame to the public gaze, by writing letters of

milk-and-water bosh, and appending thereunto the name of *Père Hyacinthe*, a name to which he has no more claim than he has to the glorious title of faithful child of the Church of God.

In writing of Messrs. Döllinger and Loyson we by no means forget that they may do a great deal of harm; the former, backed by such an able villain as Prince Bismarck, may prove the ruin of many proud and rebellious spirits; the latter, with his Free Love proclivities, may be the means of consigning a few to a hotter place in his Master's torrid kingdom than they would have been able to claim without his illustrious example.

But in the case of these two, our good Protestant friends may well complain, as Dean Swift did, of the Holy Father, that in weeding out his garden he threw the weeds over the wall into the Protestant common.

Sanctifications of St. Joseph in Nazareth.

BY MARIE JOSEPHINE.

And sometimes when the day declined, Jesus
Would sing a hymn with Mary and Joseph.
What a choral of voices! The angels must
Always have stood entranced in the clouds
When they sang.—Think what it must have been
To hear Jesus sing. Jesus loved to sing hymns.
He first learned—seemingly learned—of Mary;
The Divine Man would learn from His Mother,
As all men from their mothers. Mary never
Sang in Egypt; not even to her Divine Babe.
How could the Blessed Mother sing in the land
That was not God's? But she sang the sweet night
After she had come up from Egypt, and Jesus,
Her dear, Divine Boy, sang with her. The words,
Only sweet in her lips, 'n His lips were sweeter.
It was always a peculiar joy to Jesus
To seem to learn anything from His Mother;—
Joseph would look on them such times entranced.

I hear the voice of Jesus of Nazareth
Singing in the house of His Mother,
And wonder if He first sang that hymn here
That He shall sing with the disciples! *
If the Angels ventured to sing in Heaven,
Or if they stood on the Heavenlier Hills t' listen
To th' singing on the Hill of Nazareth!

Now they all sing together—now Jesus
And Joseph; then Mary and Joseph
Would ask Jesus to intone a solo,
That they might listen that mellifluous
And most crowningly adorable voice
Pouring out its only all-perfect praise—
Distinct, rich, rapt, solitary yet full,
Like no other man's voice; pouring incense—

* "And when they had sung a hymn, they went out to Mount Olivet."—*Mat.*, xxvi, 30.

Sweetness—tenderness—glories—pathos—
Exalting—bedewing—embalming the ear
That heard.

Such were the sanctifications
Of the Saint of Nazareth, that he shared
With the Mystical Mother; and when Jesus
Read to His Mother and him the propheta,
Especially the prophecies concerning
Himself, the very voice of the Son of Man
Was fulfilment—sacrifice—a great prayer
In the ears of His Father in Heaven
And an embodiment of all melody,
Of all the songs of mankind.

The sweet hearts
Of Mary and Joseph are illumined as Jesus sings,
As Jesus reads, as Jesus works, as Jesus
Stops and meditates, or walks praying—kneels
Sits, or stands—by the wise conversation
Of His few precious words, by the sweet silence,
By every act—by the look of Jesus
Are illumined. Their two hearts grow to Jesus,
Daily. Their interior is perfect. Their lives
Conform outwardly, sweetly, in all things.
What dear dispositions Mary and Joseph
Must have had, living as they did with Christ,
In the most calm, uninterrupted repose,
In the familiar tranquillity of love!
It is a peacefulness and a sanctity
To us poor sinners nigh incomprehensible;
And yet, we somehow seem to feel, to see
It, to gaze upon it, as we ponder
Upon Nazareth, and understand how
It must have existed, in a measure.

O St. Joseph! there was never any man
The intimate of God before. Shut in
And secluded with Jesus and Mary,
What privileges thou didst have! The grace,
The goodness, the reflection of the Divine
Under the veils, that thy sanctified eyes
Saw in every look—gesture—movement,
Flowed into thy soul as from a fountain,
Filling it full to the generous brim,—
Overflowing with spiritual sweetness.

Joseph's supernatural habits of soul
Enabled him to discern adoringly
Into these things. "He moved within the ring
Of those shadows and fires the Divinity
Cast around itself in its earthly home;
And if Abraham's bosom was sweet rest
And full of visionary beatitude
To the old patriarchs who awaited
The opening of Heaven, what must the bosom
Of that Nazareth have been—the chambers
Of that Holy House where God tabernacled
So many bright years so familiarly,
And yet so sublimely abnegated!"*
Few came to the Hill in these tranquil days,
Neither Jesus nor His Mother nor Joseph
Made visits, or went abroad much, or sought
Company. Joseph was aged too, his strength

To labor had subsided and he did
No more work. The family subsisted
Chiefly now on the labor of Jesus.

Contemplate Jesus laboring to support
His Mother and His aged Foster-father—
Laboring as a common and humble man
To support His parents! Shall we ever,
After this, neglect kindness to parents?—
Or to the aged?—Saint Joseph was aged;
A God laboring to provide for man—
Shall we ever after this deprecate
Plain, homely, honest toil? Mary assisted
Jesus in the support of the family,
At her embroidery-frame and her wheel.
O blessed Saint Joseph!—with such support!
How God doth take care of His loved ones!
How familiar is the Lord with His friends!

But no other man ever lived with God
So familiarly. This favor is solitary;
It is a jewel that no other man hath—
It will shine as a jewel in thy crown
That no other man hath. Who would not put
All the other emoluments of earth
In one pyre and bargain them in exchange
For that kingly joy—that kingly trophy—
That one king-jewel for an immortal crown;
This reward so transcending on the earth,
So imperial in Heaven? Man of eternity,
Angels shall mark thee a hundred millions
Of years from to-day, and a deep murmur
Of admiration run through their white ranks,
As thou mayst walk by,—“with whom the Lord lived
While upon the earth!” “Lo! the man the Lord
Labored for.”

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER XV (Continued).

CONVENT LIFE.

Never had Lucia beheld so lovely a sight: never
had the earthly part of her being been so com-
pletely lulled to rest: never before had she com-
prehended the significance and power of religion to
elevate and strengthen the soul against the army of
foes camped round about it, in the shape of human
passions and infirmities and its countless inclinations
to evil. She was very young, it will be objected,
to have such near views of spiritual life, but it
must be always remembered in this narrative that
Lucia was different from others of her own age,—
highly sensitive, full of deep religious sentiment,
emotional, and with a conscience so tender as to
thrill and suffer from the smallest wound, most
of all from such as were self-inflicted.

* Faber.

The midnight Mass was over, the lights extinguished, while odorous clouds of incense yet hung like a veil over the sanctuary, and in silent order the inmates of the Convent retired to rest with the echo of the *Gloria in excelsis* in their hearts, and the blessing of the Divine Babe of Bethlehem anointing their souls like balm.

"Oh, Sister Angelica!" whispered Lucia, at the door of the dormitory,—where, clinging to the hand of the gentle nun, she detained her a moment,—"to think I did not want to come here! It seems like Heaven!"

"Does it, my child? Thanks to our Blessed Lady that it is so with you," said Sister Angelica, with tender pity in her eyes as she looked down at the wonderfully bright face lifted to hers, knowing so well that "joy lasteth but for a season," and that crucifixions ever follow the hosannas! But she would not cast a shadow on the present heaven of the neophyte by telling her of the bitter conflicts to come; she knew that they were marching on with inexorable and inevitable certainty, as to all, to meet her advancing feet; time enough then, when they drew near, to feel the bitter shadow and the thorns, without anticipating! So she only said, smoothing back the hair from Lucia's face: "Let us watch away, like the shepherds, my child: watch to keep out the 'little foxes that destroy our vines,' and the wolves that devour our lambs, and the angels of God will appear to us bringing us tidings of great joy. But we must watch without ceasing."

"Yes, always!" said Lucia softly. Allegory was more forcible and eloquent to her imaginative mind than any other form of speech; there was that in her nature which its esoteric meaning impressed so vividly that she took in at once the full significance of it. Sweet and calm were her slumbers that Christmas Eve; she remembered nothing of her dreams except the pale, peaceful shadow of her mother's face that brightened her sleep, and when the first bell awoke her for the Christmas Mass she felt strangely rested and happy.

Allan Brooke came to see her early that day; breakfast was just over, and the girls were assembled in the play-room opening Christmas boxes and packages from home, and comparing presents. He had been full of misgivings about Lucia—indeed had made himself quite miserable, fearing that she was unhappy, until he saw her, and heard her assurances of perfect content. Then he gave her the Christmas gifts he had ordered months before from Paris, one of which was a large gold locket set with fine pearls, containing a miniature of her mother painted by David, the celebrated French painter, from one that Allan Brooke had had copied from the veiled picture in his library.

It represented Zoé in the days of her youth and happiness, when no shadow or chill had yet fallen on her matchless beauty.

"Oh, my darling! my darling! how beautiful you were! I knew her, Mr. Brooke, by her smile and her eyes! Thank you thousands of times!" she said, in low tremulous tones, clasping the beloved image close to her quickly-throbbing heart.

"I thought it would make you happy, my dear," he said gently, much touched by her emotion. "And here," he added, handing her another locket set in rubies and diamonds, "is the *Madre Dolores*; the pearls mean tears, my child—the rubies and diamonds, bitter passion and hope."

"Oh, Mr. Brooke, how can I ever thank you for these precious gifts!" said Lucia, gazing upon the face of the *Madre Dolores*, whose sorrowful loveliness, and bitter anguish were depicted with marvellous fidelity; then she pressed it reverently to her lips, utterly unable to express all that she wished.

"It is enough, little girl, if they make you happy. Now let me tell you something. I thought, if Sister Veronica does not object, that you might like to have a little feast for your new companions to-day, so I have ordered several baskets full of French confectionery—cakes, tropical fruits, and some other trifles for you to distribute among them.—Ah, here is Sister Veronica!" She was passing through on her way to the convent for an hour's rest—but seeing Mr. Brooke, stopped to speak to him, when he mentioned his little plan.

"Certainly! certainly! I am thankful for anything that brings happiness to our young people to-day, and this will be a great treat. But stop!" she said, as if struck by a bright thought, "we have a German Sister here who often tells us about the Christmas trees in her Fatherland; suppose we get Sister Alphonsi to fix up a Christmas tree for this evening?"

Lucia had never seen a Christmas tree, but her guardian had, and thought the idea a splendid one, as she did also after he explained to her what it was.

"How lovely it will be!" she exclaimed, as she pictured to her imagination a tree with twinkling lights all over it, and bearing wonderful fruits glittering with gold and glowing with every tint of the rainbow.

"I will go now, and send Patrick up to the farm to cut us a tree, and we shall expect to see you, Mr. Brooke, this evening."

"And Mrs. Carlton?" said Lucia.

"Certainly. Mrs. Carlton is an old acquaintance of mine. But this is to be a surprise, Lucia, so keep it secret from every one."

"Except Sister Angelica?"

"By all means let Sister Angelica into our secret; she has great taste, and can help us greatly," replied Sister Veronica with a smile.

"And, Sister," said Allan Brooke in a low tone, while Lucia went to the other end of the room to speak to Lally Chesney, who had come in to receive a package from her father sent by a servant, "I know that you assist a great number of the poor,—will you please accept a little Christmas gift for them? Do not mention my name," he added, as he slipped a hundred-dollar bill through the grate into her hand.

"God bless you, Mr. Brooke, this will bring comfort and food to many a poor fireside where there is nakedness, hunger and sickness," said Sister Veronica, while a flush of emotion passed over her pale features.

"Will you do me the favor," he said "to be my almoner hereafter in such cases? I have but little opportunity to do good, because I am quite taken up with my public duties. I assure you, Sister, that you could not do me a greater service."

"Thank you, in the name of the poor and suffering. I will do as you wish, Mr. Brooke, and may Almighty God reward and bless you," answered the good nun fervently, much impressed by the charitable dispositions of a man who was so immersed in public affairs, that he had but spare time to think of his own.

"I will detain you but a moment longer, Sister. Tell me how my ward impresses you."

"I am studying Lucia's character, Mr. Brooke. She is a remarkable child, full of incongruous elements, and I am trying to find the key-note of her disposition. My impression is that she will do well. Sister Angelica, who has great experience in such matters, says that she has the best foundation for a true and good womanhood she has seen in many years."

"That is pleasant to hear. Such were my own impressions, but I feared they were not altogether impartial. Now I will detain you no longer, but shall trespass on you this evening."

"Be sure and invite Mrs. Carlton, with my kind remembrances," said Sister Veronica as they parted.

We will not describe the festivities of that delightful evening at the Convent, or speak of the rested, relieved hearts of the indigent poor who received with their dole of bread and soup that day money to meet their present needs.

The Christmas Tree was a grand success, and Lucia's happiness was so great that all her resentments melted away in the genial brightness of the hour. She selected some of the most beautiful and costly things on the "Tree" and offered them herself to Ally Wade and Mary Benson, not with a proud sentiment of heroic condescension, but with

a sweet feeling of humble reparation for the faults of anger, pride, and sullenness that she was ever prone to fall into, for Lucia was determined from this time forth to keep watch with the lowly shepherds and not with Herod.

Nor will our limits allow us to follow Lucia through the peaceful years of her convent life, or describe her trials and her joys while there. It is enough to say that with Sister Angelica for her chosen adviser and friend, and under the pure and sacred influences of the place, her character developed its finest traits, and she gradually learned the important science of *self-government*, by keeping watch over herself, faithful to the promise made the first Christmas Eve she spent there. The change was gradual, and so slow as to be almost imperceptible to her constant associates, but none the less sure and substantial.

She spent her vacations at "Haylands," dividing her days, as in the old times, between her home and "Buckrae," where everything was kept in the most perfect and beautiful order around her mother's resting-place. Sometimes she accompanied her guardian and a party of friends to the Virginia springs, where she met and was introduced to the Jeffersons, Randolphs, Washingtons, Lees, and other distinguished people of the time, who were intimate friends of her guardian. Once she was made happy by having Father Jannison of their party, the guest of her guardian. The good old pastor had been extremely ill with malarial fever, and was ordered to the baths of Berkeley, and everything arranged for his journey by Allan Brooke before he himself heard anything about it, and they brought him back in triumph, fully restored to health and usefulness by the efficacy of the waters and the mountain air.

[END OF PART I.]

ROMAN SUNDAYS UNDER THE NEW REIGN.—By degrees our Sundays are passing out of those happy days of rest, church-going, and pleasant recreation, which the Sundays used to be. The new-comers among our tradesmen take a pride in defying the rules of God and the Church by open shops, and the Government insists on shops in which salt and tobacco are sold remaining open all day. Gavazzi's paper tells us that Sundays are an invention of priests—which is pretty true, by-the-by—and that God does not want them observed. So what with schools, what with public sports, what with the Government works, the public offices, the very Parliament dishonoring Sunday, the progress downward is not slow. And now we have the learned professors of our University giving lectures to the public in the great hall Sunday mornings and afternoons. Last Sunday there was a lecture on "Mushrooms and their Uses," just when people are usually at church, and in the afternoon on "The Properties of Light."—*Roman News-Letter*.

The Prisoners of Holy Cross.

2.—MAZAS AND LA SANTÉ.

The magistrate did not keep his word; for the four brothers who remained at the *Conciergerie*, instead of being set at liberty were transferred to the prisons of *Mazas* and *La Santé*, there to remain an indefinite time in captivity.

It was more painful in these prisons than in the *Conciergerie*, where they had the pleasure of seeing each other from time to time, with the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, and to learn some news of the outer world from new prisoners who were brought in every day. After the departure of Father Champeau, God sent them a Belgian priest, who occupied the same cell, and who was arrested for the fourth time; his affability and charity rendered him particularly dear to them. Soon after a missionary from China, M. Guérin, who had escaped from other barbarians, also arrived to console them and encourage them to suffer for their religion. For, in those unhappy times, it was not necessary to cross the seas to become a confessor of the faith, and to run the chance of being a glorious martyr.

The first of our brothers who disappeared from this pious company, was Brother Gregory. On the 11th of May, towards ten o'clock in the morning, he heard his number called, and saw the door of his cell open; he was told to take up his baggage and pass on to the police office. After he had been "inscribed" he was taken to a large hall where he found a dozen prisoners, who also held in their hands their few articles of clothing, and were waiting for an explanation of this extraordinary re-union. A company of Christian Brothers, of Issy, then arrived, seeming to ask with their eyes of the first arrivals, "What are they going to do?" "Will they set us at liberty, at last, or do they intend to take us to another prison?" No one was able to answer their questions. The poor captives remained there, standing up all the while, for about three hours, making their commentaries and communicating to each other their hopes or their fears. Had the guardians of the prison even removed two buckets, the stench from which the prisoners were obliged to breathe! But, alas! the Commune heeded not to take such care!

At last an employé came and told the captives to pass into a less disagreeable place, where they could walk up and down; after waiting an hour they were led through the villainous and interminable corridors of the police station, to a small interior court-yard, which was occupied by some ten National Guards, their arms at rest. There, two large vehicles awaited them, on which was the

significant inscription: "*Service des prisons.*" They were two cellular conveyances, an invention most worthy of the modern penitentiary system.

They contained two rows of cells, separated by a corridor, in which there was the guard, armed; each row was composed of four or five very narrow cells, only large enough to contain one person in sitting posture. Each cell is closed by a solidly bolted door.

That day, it seems, there was want of space, for two captives were crowded into each little cell, without any regard being paid to their protestations. Brother Gregory had to share his with the Brother-purveyor of the house of Issy; as he was a tall man, he had the honor of occupying the one seat, and his companion, half seated on his knees, doubled himself up so as to fill the rest of the space contained in the cell. In the meantime the equipages started off, and rattled heavily over the street towards an unknown destination; for none of the prisoners knew whither they were going.

About three o'clock the vehicles stopped in a court-yard, surrounded by very insignificant buildings, at the windows of which there appeared women and men in livery. The livery of the employes at once revealed to the captives that the day of freedom had not yet come.

In a few minutes all the prisoners disappeared one after another, and were locked up in dark, narrow cells which seemed to have been made for wild beasts: an iron grating closed in the upper part, and a seat fastened to the floor was the only article of furniture in the abode. The captives asked whether they were to be detained there for a long time, and to what punishment they were destined. Some one in order to try to cheer himself up began to whistle: *Mourir pour la patrie*, (to die for one's native land). But the brutal voice of the pitiless guard told him to be silent. Instead, however, of keeping silence, he cried out: "Are we going to stay here all night?" But there was no reply: the silence of death reigned on all sides.

During this time, the prisoners sought some distraction in the inscriptions which decorated the walls of their cells. The most of them were cries of hatred and vengeance, mixed up with blasphemies and disgusting expressions. In cell No. 9, there was one sentence of Christian resignation: under a cross a hostage had written, "*By this we shall be saved.*" By another inscription our dear confrère learned in what hotel he was lodging. "*Mazas, 15 February, 1871.*" It was then to this famous model prison that he had been transferred with his companions in misfortune. A sad prognostic!

At last the guard broke the silence, calling out in a loud voice, "Prisoners, roll up your sleeves,

and be ready with your baggage!" Soon the cells were emptied and the prisoners, each in his turn, passed into the police office, where some of the employés took down their names, while others amused themselves, without pity for the unfortunate. Thence they were conducted separately into a cell containing a bath all ready, and they were told to strip. Brother Gregory, who was not tempted by the bath and who guessed what they intended doing with his clothes, positively refused to take a bath. The guard replied: "Then empty out your pockets, for I must search you." The inspection was made with the greatest minuteness; after his purse had been searched, the guard added with the grace we may be permitted to suppose: "*N'oubliez pas le garçon, s'il vous plaît*," (Please don't forget the servant). The briefest kind of a response repaid his insolence, and the ceremony was ended. Some time afterward, a guard came to the Brother, giving him a metal badge bearing the inscription: *1re Division, No. 126*. This was the cell that was definitively assigned to him, and in which he remained until his escape.

Four days later, the 15th of May, the other three brothers were taken away from the *Conciergerie* in the same way. They were compelled to wait three hours in a common hall, perhaps the same; then they crowded them into one of the cellular vehicles, with some thirty other prisoners. In vain the victims sought to convince the guard that each cell was scarcely large enough for one person; two were thrown into a cell, the door was violently slammed to, at the risk of breaking their bones and suffocating them. Neither the furious exclamations of some, nor groans of the others, were regarded. The horses were put to the gallop and they soon arrived at the *Mazas* prison.

It appears that the fourteen hundred cells of this prison were occupied; for the new-comers, after waiting half an hour in the searching-cell, were taken back to their inconvenient conveyance, and crowded into the cells as before. They were then taken to *La Santé* prison, in the Faubourg St. Jacques.

There they had breathing time, while the inscription of their names and preparations for their incarceration was in progress. Their new cells were like those of the *Conciergerie*, but the silence in the prison was so rigorous that not a sound was heard in it during the greater part of the day. One might have easily imagined oneself to be in a remote country place or in a desert. There were no songs,—they were expressly prohibited; no complaints nor groans, everybody must be well there; no more promenades, all were *au secret*. There was, however, leave given at certain hours to leave the cell, as the health of the prisoners absolutely de-

manded it; but the promenaders were alone and could not see their fellow-prisoners, even at a distance. The going-out and coming-in was organized in such a manner that even a sign could not be interchanged among them. They could converse only with God and their guardian angel.

When one is a Christian, this privation is supportable, and commerce with heaven is only the sweeter from it. Did we not fear to hurt the modest sentiments of our *confrères*, we could mention some who were never weary in their prison life. Why, indeed, should we weary of solitude, if it be not because we long for absent creatures, and that we know not how to converse with the Creator who is ever present? Worldly persons, who live on noise and vanity, do not understand this kind of language; they give up to despair when they no longer see the faces that were wont to smile upon them, nor hear the voice that used to strike their ear. They find nothing else in their poor brain to occupy themselves with: there is a void which resembles an abyss. Sad avowal of their frivolity, of their indigence, and even of their moral nullity! It is not surprising that some come out idiots from solitary confinement.

To obtain this complete solitude the guards of *La Santé* and *Mazas* take the most minute precautions to prevent the prisoners who go out to walk or who return from it from encountering or even see each other. The minutes are counted: the going out and return are made on a full run, and the doors open at the second. Overseers are scattered all around it. The walk of each division in its general form resembles a fan; it is composed of several alleys or walks forming triangles, separated by high walls and closed in by an iron grating similar to those that may be seen on the cages of the wild beasts in a menagerie. In the centre is a pavillion with windows, which is used as an observatory by the guard: the brutal voice of this man is heard every moment, reprimanding the promenaders for doing something forbidden. There is a large stone to sit upon. And, nevertheless, should you stop there, the guard cries out, "have you been brought out here not to walk? You must circulate; 'tis the rule."

La Santé is composed of six buildings, disposed in a semi-circle around a circular plat of ground, the centre of which is occupied by the chapel. The prisoners can assist at the holy Mass without leaving their cells, by leaving their doors ajar. During the time of the Commune, as every one knows, all exercises of worship were suppressed. These buildings have two stories above the ground floor, and each division contains about two hundred and fifty cells, without counting the dungeons. The cells resemble those of the *Conciergerie*, both as to

size and furniture, except that that the bed is a hammock.

The disciplinary regulations are posted up in each cell. The bell announces the principal exercises of the day, such as the distribution of bread and of meals. That distribution is made with such rapidity that if each prisoner is not ready at the opening in the door to catch what is placed there, or, more properly speaking what is thrown there, he runs the risk of seeing his bread roll on the floor, or his soup spill out of his porringer. The loss would not be great: but as there are no other aliments, 'tis a matter of importance. Each one cleans his dishes and his abode, at a given time, and no dispensation from this is accorded to any one whomsoever. This precision, joined to a feverish activity, soon becomes a torture to the unfortunate prisoners who have to suffer it every day. What must it then be when a person is forced to be a slave to it for years! What a penance! Enough, indeed to expiate a multitude of faults when one has been guilty and is repentant; enough to gain many merits when one is innocent and resigned.

There is, however, a *cantine* for the relief of delicate stomachs, and a library for the relaxation of the mind when one is wearied out. But a choice must be made. Among a pile of volumes, Brother Gregory took a book which seemed to have the best title; it was not fit for an honest man to read.

The four Religious of Holy Cross endeavored to sanctify this hard *regime*, by Christian patience, reciting their beads, or making the Way of the Cross by means of an indulgenced crucifix. On the 21st of May, at midnight, the alarm-bell was heard at *La Santé*, mingled with the sinister roll of the drum; the Commune was in confusion. At the same time a battalion of insurgents presented themselves, with orders to put all the prisoners to death. We shall recount, hereafter, what took place at *Mazas*. The *greffier* (the clerk of the court) made an energetic opposition to the massacre of the unfortunate men confided to his care, and succeeded in inducing the assassins to go away, who, nevertheless, promised to return soon. The prisoners were ignorant of the danger they ran; but the noise of the bombardment, and the suppression of their short daily promenade, made them aware that grave events were transpiring.

The 24th, at mid-day, the sharp reports of the *mitrailleuses* were distinctly heard, and the bombs fell with such a noise on the prison that all were seized with affright. Suddenly a shell dashed through the wall, and struck a prisoner in his cell. Then all cried out for help; they shook the doors, they wished to get out. The guards made vain efforts to restore silence; they advised the pris-

ners to open the windows and to hide under the mattresses. Fear made them obey.

But soon a violent conflagration burst forth in front of the cells. The uproar re-commenced. All were yelling "Fire! fire! Help! help!" Nobody wanted to be roasted alive. The tumult was frightful.

Not until four o'clock did the guards come and hurriedly give orders to all to hold themselves in readiness to descend into the cellars, with their coverings and porringers. A few minutes afterwards the doors were opened and the prisoners were taken to a place of safety. A subterranean abode has nothing very attractive; but with what pleasure did not these innocent victims of the Commune feel themselves sheltered from the bombardment, and see, at last, some other faces than those of their jailors. They breathed more freely, and seemed to taste the first fruits of the liberty which was soon to be restored to them.

For at the same time that the Commune sent a new order to shoot them without pity, the army of Versailles arrived by another road and barred the passage against the assassins. Next morning, at eight o'clock, their saviors made them all appear in the front office, and said to them, smiling: "Gentlemen, you are free, but you owe a fine wax taper to the Blessed Virgin, for you were all doomed to die to-night."

How sweetly those words echoed in the hearts of the prisoners. May God return to their liberators the good they have done to so many victims!

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MISS NAGLE,

FOUNDRESS OF THE PRESENTATION ORDER.

She had not been long in Cork when she determined on carrying into effect the object she had so much at heart. She did so, however, in the strictest secrecy, and without the knowledge of any of her family. After some time, one great obstacle to her benevolent designs was removed, by the death of her uncle, Joseph Nagle, Esq., who bequeathed to her a valuable property, and left it also without any limitation of the purpose to which it might be applied. He was acquainted with her charitable dispositions, and probably thought he could not apply it more usefully than in placing it unreservedly at her disposal. The manner in which her schools became known to the public, and to her friends, is very curious; and, fortunately, some of her own original letters are in existence, in which it is described. The following is an extract. The letter is dated the 17th of July, 1769, and is addressed to one of the first members of the Ursuline community:

DEAR MISS FITZSIMONS: I am sorry Miss Coppinger

cannot see the schools, as I think no one can have an idea of their use unless an eye-witness. As you wish to have a particular account of them I will tell you how I began. I think I mentioned to you before that it was an undertaking I thought I should never have the happiness of accomplishing. Nothing could have made me come home but the decision of the clergymen, that I should run a great risk of salvation if I did not follow the inspiration. This made me accept of a very kind invitation of my sister-in-law to live with her. When I arrived, I kept my design a profound secret, as I knew if it were spoken of, I should meet with opposition on every side, particularly from my own immediate family, as, to all appearance, they would suffer from it. My confessor was the only person I told of it, and, as I could not appear in the affair, I sent my maid to get a good mistress and to take in thirty poor girls. When the little school was settled, I used to steal there in the morning. My brother thought I was at the Chapel. This passed on very well, until one day a poor man came to him, to beg of him to speak to me, to take his child into my school, on which he came into his wife and me, laughing at the conceit of a man who was mad, and thought I was in the situation of a school-mistress. Then I owned that I had set up a school, on which he fell into a violent passion, and said a vast deal on the bad consequences that may follow. His wife is very zealous, and so is he, but worldly interest blinded him at first. He was soon reconciled to it; he was not the person I most dreaded would be brought into trouble about it; it was my uncle Nagle, who is, I think, the most disliked by the Protestants of any Catholic in the kingdom; I expected a great deal from him. The best part of the fortune I have, I received from him. When he heard it he was not at all angry at it, and in a little time they were so good as to contribute largely to support it. And I took in children by degrees, not to make any noise about it in the beginning. In about nine months, I had about two hundred children. When the Catholics saw what service it did, they begged that, for the convenience of the children, I would set up schools at the other end of the town from where I was, to be under my care and direction; and they promised to contribute to the support of them. With this request I readily complied, and the same number of children that I had were taken in, and, at the death of my uncle, I supported them all, at my own expense. I did not intend to take boys, but my sister-in-law made it a point, and said she would not permit any of my family to contribute to them unless I did so, on which I got a master, and took in only forty boys. They are in a house by themselves, and have no communication with the others. At present, however, I have two schools for boys and five for girls. The former learn to read, and when they have the Douay Catechism by heart, they learn to write and cypher. There are three schools, where the girls learn to read; and, when they have the catechism by heart, they learn to work. They all hear Mass every day, say their morning and night prayers, say their catechism in each school by question, and answer all together. Every Saturday they all say the beads; the grown girls every evening. They go to Confession every month, and to Communion when their Confessor thinks proper. The

schools are opened at eight; at twelve the children go to dinner; at five they leave school. The workers do not begin their night prayers until six, after their beads. I prepare a set for First Communion twice a year, and I may truly say, it is the only thing that gives me any trouble. In the first place, I think myself very incapable, and, in the beginning, being obliged to speak for upwards of four hours, and my chest not being as strong as it had been, I spat blood, which I took care to conceal, for fear of being prevented from instructing the poor. It has not the least bad effect now. When I have done preparing them at each end of the town, I feel myself like an idler that has nothing to do, though I speak almost as much as when I prepare them for their First Communion. I find not the least difficulty in it. I explain the catechism, as well as I can, in one school or other every day, and if every one thought as little of labor as I do, they would have little merit. I often think my schools will never bring me to heaven, as I only take delight and pleasure in them. You see it has pleased the Almighty to make me succeed, when I had everything, as I may say, to fight against. I assure you I did not expect a farthing from any mortal towards the support of my schools; and I thought I should not have more than fifty or sixty girls, until I got a fortune, nor did I think I should have had a school in Cork. I began in a poor humble, manner, and though it pleased the divine will to give me severe trials in this foundation, yet it is to show that it is His work, and has not been effected by human means. I can assure you my schools are beginning to be of service to a great many parts of the world. This is a place of great trade. They are heard of, and my views are not for one object alone. If I could be of any service in saving souls in any part of the globe, I would do all in my power."

The noble Christian feeling, and high religious spirit, which breathe through this fine letter are beyond all praise. When it was written, she had been five years engaged in the meritorious and useful labors to which she there refers. Neither wet, nor cold, nor fatigue, could deter her from her mission of charity,—she spent her days in the schools, superintending their management, teaching, as she herself tells us, the young their catechism, and the old, on many occasions, their prayers, even those prayers which should be ordinary and familiar words in the mouth of every Christian. Her visits were not unfrequently prolonged to a late hour, after the schools were dismissed, in her anxiety to impress the truths of religion on some hapless child of poverty and misfortune, and on many a cold winter evening would she be seen returning from her long protracted labors, at the hour when the darkening twilight makes the slippery pathway perilous to the benighted pedestrian. Her appearance on these occasions, holding her lantern before her with one hand, and her cloak around her with the other, was well known, and long remembered by the residents of the localities in which her schools were situated.

Her health, so far from suffering, seemed to have improved by her labors. The attack which at one period threatened the most serious consequences, passed away without any bad result. He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, gave her health and strength to perform her self-appointed duties with perseverance, regularity and efficiency. During some of the years that she was thus occupied she stayed with her own family, joining in their social festivities, and enjoying, with a Christian gaiety, the society of her friends. But she never omitted her customary duties for any purposes of relaxation. These were the primary objects of her care, and were always fulfilled in the early part of the day. But she soon resigned even this limited participation of the pleasures of the world, withdrawing herself gradually from all those claims which mere worldly ceremony imposes, and which the etiquette of social life requires to be discharged. She paid no visits except when charity prompted, or her neighbor's good or edification required. Her time was divided between her own religious duties and the care of her poor children. She had no greater relaxation than in speaking to them of God, or in pouring forth her hopes and wishes in the fulness of her heart to Him, whether in the privacy of her chamber, or in the presence of the adorable sacrament of the altar. The good she had hitherto effected was at best temporary. She might devote her time, her means, her whole individual attention to the education of the poor; but she herself was the sustaining principle of the entire system. And, if she were taken away, the entire would fall to the ground. Yet a few years, and that event would, in the ordinary course of nature, take place. She had no security that it might not be in a day. It was therefore a matter of the most serious and urgent importance to consider whether some stability might not be given to it, firmer and more enduring than what it derived from the life of any one individual. The uniting with herself some other pious ladies, animated with the same spirit, would, it is true, give greater extension to her usefulness; but the adequate attainment of the object, she had in view, could be secured by means of a religious community alone. If such a thing were possible, it would be a guarantee both for the fullest efficiency and its continuance for generations to come. But, if the mere establishment of a school for the purpose of imparting elementary knowledge was dangerous to the parties concerned therein, how much more dangerous would be the establishment of a religious community devoted expressly to the purpose. The very existence of a priest or a religious in the land was a thing of sufferance, connived at rather than permitted. It was not more than twenty

years since a proclamation was issued by the executive government in Dublin, offering a reward of a £150 for the apprehension of a bishop, £50 for that of a priest; and, as if the blood-money was not enough, the conviction of anyone who offered shelter or protection to a bishop, was to be rewarded with the sum of £200. It is true, these barbarous enactments had been inoperative for some years. But there was no legal immunity. The ministers of religion held their freedom by a single thread. They knew not when the cry of blood might be raised against them; and, at the very period in question, the Catholics of Ireland had the misfortune to see a respectable, and, as is now admitted, guiltless minister of religion, Father Nicholas Sheehy, parish priest of Clagheen, in the County of Tipperary, hunted to death by the Protestant ascendancy, and with the connivance of the wretched government of the day. At such a time it was a bold and arduous thing to carry into effect. She communicated her wishes to those who, in every trial and difficulty, had been hitherto her guides. One of these was the Rev. Mr. Doran, a member of the Society of Jesus; the other was his nephew, the Abbé Moylan, afterwards Bishop of Cork. To these zealous and enlightened guides she submitted the desires of her heart. She laid open her hopes, her wishes, her fears. They entered warmly into her views, and after a full consideration of the objects sought to be accomplished, and the dangers to be encountered, the Rev. Mr. Doran suggested that no institute would be more suited to their position and their wants than a community of Ursuline Nuns.

Many and serious difficulties presented themselves to the object Miss Nagle had in view. There was, in the first place, the unsettled state of the Kingdom to which reference has been already made. The position of an individual would be insecure, that of a religious community in imminent peril. Another difficulty, more immediately affecting the establishment, was the difficulty of procuring subjects for such a mission. None of the professed religious of the convents to which application was made, would volunteer for such a dangerous and, at the same time, laborious undertaking. In the Ursuline Convent of St. Jacques, indeed, there was one person who seemed favorably disposed towards the Irish foundation. She held a subordinate situation in the community, but through some interference or other was removed, and her good-will towards the religious interests of our country over-ruled. This was one of the trials to which Miss Nagle refers in her letters, and which she seems to have felt most bitterly. When every other resource had failed, it was arranged that some novices should be procured and received into

the house of St. Jacques. They were to be there trained to the discipline of a convent life, and to the mode of conducting schools. When this training was completed, it was hoped that the foundation would not be attended with much difficulty. The Abbé Moylan had the good fortune to meet with a few generous and disinterested individuals, who were willing to run every temporal risk, and encounter every temporal inconvenience, to forward the interests of religion. Their names deserve a place in the history of their country. They were four in number—Sister Angela Fitzsimon, Sister Augustine Coppinger, Sister Joseph Nagle, a relative of the foundress, and Sister Ursula Kavanagh. They were all nearly connected with the first families of the Kingdom. Miss Kavanagh was very nearly allied to the illustrious house of Ormond. Miss Fitzsimon was at this very time in Paris for the express purpose of entering the Order of the Visitation, when Providence directed her attention to the religious wants of her own country and people. On the 5th of September, 1769, they all commenced their novitiate in the convent of St. Jacques. The difficulties that beset the institution may be inferred from the following letters of Miss Nagle, which have never before been published. The first is dated the 17th July, 1769, some months before they entered on their novitiate, and is directed, as are indeed all the others, to her dear Miss Fitzsimon:

“As it is always a real pleasure to me to hear from you, I am much obliged to you for both your kind favors. In the first there was enclosed your note. I can't help saying that, if I could be jealous at anything you did in my regard, it would be at your not writing in a more friendly manner; as, be assured, you may command anything in my power. I cannot express how much I suffered on your account, as I was sure your uneasiness must be great at not hearing of the young ladies I mentioned. They were to depart in the first vessel that sailed to Havre. When I wrote I thought everything was settled, but it pleased God to order things otherwise, which, in all appearance, has turned out a fortunate occurrence; for, by the delay, there are two subjects more, such as one might ambition in every respect. I shall say nothing of their merit, as that will speak for itself. I am not acquainted with Miss Coppliger. I have seen her, but it is on the amiable character Mr. Doran gives her I depend; and I am afraid I shall not have the pleasure of seeing her again before she goes, as the measles are like a plague here. Though not always mortal, yet they are dangerous to grown persons, and Mrs. Coppliger told me it was the only disorder she dreaded for her daughter. She and the father are greatly pleased at her choice of life,—they are so pious. I wish Mr. Shea was so well pleased at his daughter's inclination. He has not yet given his consent. He says it is a sudden thought. He has not known it long, though she has

been thinking of becoming a religious more than twelve months; she is a person of incomparable sense and prudence, and it is not very probable she will change. Miss Coppliger's parents won't let her go until her Aunt Butler approves of her resolution, to which, by what you mention of her good intentions toward this foundation, she will immediately give her consent. Had I only a proper person to begin this foundation, I think it has the prospect of meeting with surprising success. I am charmed with the account you give me of the ladies you are with. I hope the same spirit will be communicated here. I think the religious discipline would be too strict for this country; and I own I should not rejoice to see it kept up. I must say Miss Noylan's prejudice to take on here, has made me see things in a clearer light than I should have done, and makes me accept the disappointments I have met with as a decree of the divine bounty. All her friends are sorry she went abroad, and, I must say, laying aside her own merit, this house would have a great loss in her, as she is of a family deservedly beloved. They are in hopes she is beginning to change. I wish it may be so. If she has so much zeal, she will never have such an opportunity of exerting it as here.

“I must look on it as one of my crosses, that the two ladies, who were so good as to patronize this foundation, should be removed; but the Almighty is all-sufficient, and will make up this loss to us. I beg you will present them my compliments. Mr. Noylan desires to be affectionately remembered to you. As he gave you an account of the building, I shall say nothing of it, only to excuse myself as to the house I built first. I never intended it for ladies. At the time I was sure I should get the ground at the rear to build on, and, as it gave on the street, I was obliged to have it in the manner it is, in order not to have it noticed as a convent. I shall refer you for that and many other things to my next, which I hope the young ladies will be the bearers of, and believe me your affectionate friend,

“NANO NAGLE.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ST. ISIDORE OF SCETE.—St. Isidore, priest and hermit, was one day discovered bathed in tears. The brother who perceived him crying, asked him the cause of his tears. “I weep for my sins,” said he: “for though we had offended God only once in our lives, all our tears would not be enough to bewail so great an evil.”

As the branches of a tree return their sap to the root from whence it arose, as a river pours its streams to the sea whence its stream was supplied, so the heart of a grateful man delights in returning a benefit received. He acknowledges his obligation with cheerfulness; he looks on his benefactor with love and esteem.

THE man who possesses good health is always rich.

God's Hidden Saints.—No. 3.

[CONTINUED.]

A cough seemed to fasten upon Nannette from her landing; they were all bled every day to prevent their taking the fevers so fatal to strangers, but nothing could stop her cough, and she commenced to droop a week or two after her arrival. Everything was done for her that the best medical skill could devise; in vain,—she faded like a beautiful flower when transplanted from its native earth. On the thirteenth of August she appeared to be dying; and, on receiving a visit from the Bishop, expressed a great desire to make her vows, and die a professed Religious. The Bishop accordingly appointed the next day for that solemn ceremony. Her own letter will best describe the scene.

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT,
PORT-AU-SPAIN, Trinidad, Sept. 18, 1839. }

My dearest Bernard: My changed hand must astonish you. I am indeed unable to write, although I make the attempt. There is a packet going out, and there will not be another until October, so I conceive it is worse I shall be, and I endeavor to gratify as far as it is in my power. My dearest Bernard, this is a painful letter for you to receive and for me to write. I truly fear it shall be my last.

19th.—I am much better since I wrote the above, and my opinion is altered. I have suffered much sickness; I had a slight cough leaving home, and by enjoying the sea breezes it became more annoying; but I must say the time I was on board was altogether very pleasant. When we landed, I felt quite different, I became weak from the heat and was bled every second or third day, until I counted six times, and no food was permitted me until the feverish heat was overcome, also to allay the inflammation of my lungs, they were too far gone. There was a consultation of physicians held, who examined me and despaired of my life, but said there was no immediate danger; however, I took another change, and appeared to be still seeking a better land. The bishop and several priests assembled and administered to me the last sacraments, then I made my vows and received the habit; the nuns were all present and several other persons, it was a very imposing ceremony, the bishop in his pontifical robes gave me his blessing, and the last absolution. All knelt expecting my death every moment, but *I did not die*. After some time they all left me; it is the will of God I shall have a little more time to prepare. I now sit on a sofa every day, and walk a little about the room which is a very fine one with plenty of windows. I am very well attended; I cannot desire more; the nuns are very kind to me. Our Mother Superior, indeed, possesses every good quality to make her beloved by all, but I cannot converse with them, as I do not understand Spanish, speaking being injurious to me, it matters not. Well it is time I should have done with myself.

A packet has just arrived and given me much disap-

pointment. I felt so certain of letters from you all; only for a few lines from poor Robert I should be much fretted; his letter is dated June 28th, you were all well then. Tell my dear Catherine she must consider this letter addressed to her as well as you. I hope you are both quite well, and enjoying the smiles of your happy, healthy children. I regret I cannot give you any description of this country, I have not seen it except from the windows, so far it is much to be admired. The bishop will send me his carriage to ride out in when I am able. This privilege is permitted to invalids. This climate they say is the best for my complaint, and if there be a hope to be entertained for one with bad lungs, I may yet enjoy a little health. May God's holy will be done in all things. Get all the good people to pray for me, I give my warmest love to both of you and love and kisses to each of your dear children; from their ever fond aunt,

NANNETTE.

My name in religion is Sister Scholastica, it is Mother Superior's own name.

My dear Richard, I am better able to write to you than I have been since I commenced. I am much better and have had a good night, every care is taken of me. I eat some little bit or other every hour, to prevent the faintings I was subject to. The bishop is extremely attentive to me, he visits me very often and brings with him grapes, cakes, or something he thinks I would fancy. I like him very much.

My anxiety for you in Liverpool was truly great, not either hearing from you or meeting you according to promise, indeed, until I got a letter from Robert, here, I had an uneasy mind lest your usual neglect of yourself had brought back your bad sore throat.

Since writing the above I learned that Miss Green, one of the young ladies who came with us, will return, she has been suffering from continual headaches; she will, I believe, go by this packet. I would be sent too, as I fear I shall do no good; but the doctors do not approve of it, unless I could be certain of not being seasick. I had no sea-sickness on the voyage out; however, if you get this you need not expect me, which is pretty certain. I suppose you made a long stay in Scotland—how did the travelling agree with dear Margaret? I hope she is stronger, and dear little Mary with her. I take many days to write this, and some are bad days; kisses to my dear little pets. My dearest, believe me unalterably your own ever fond sister NANNETTE.

I am sure you are all pleased to hear I am a professed nun. May God be praised for all His mercies.

This letter arrived in November, so the winter passed away sadly enough, but her family looked hopefully to the Spring for cheering letters, or perhaps Nannette herself. The thought sent a thrill of delight to the hearts so devotedly attached to her. Lent passed over, and soon after Easter a letter came at last; eagerly they tore it open, it was in a strange hand, from Father George, whom she spoke of in her journal at sea. All was over—Nannette was gone to her dear Lord! I shall give a sketch of his letter here:

GRANADA, December, 24, 1839.

I trust ere this you are prepared for the happy change which has taken place with regard to your sister—her sickness, dangerous, almost mortal, her recovery, miraculous in the opinion of all who saw her was made known to you, I believe by herself. Previous to this her wonderful recovery, in the presence of the bishop of these Islands, a number of clergymen and her sister nuns, she took the solemn vows of a religious of the order of St. Joseph, under the name of Sister Scholastica. Ever from that moment she became each day much stronger, her spirits more elastic, her health improved, in a word, this her rapid recovery, was attributed to the powerful intercession of the Blessed Mother of God, to whom she was so devoted. But alas! this happy change for the better; these prospects so frequent in the consumptive patient, were only destined to make her friends feel her loss the more, to see their hopes blighted, withered and destroyed. Sickness seized her once more, and then it became painfully visible to all that she was too good, too interesting to remain in this land of sorrows. Her Lord, for whose dear love she sacrificed friends and country was evidently coming to claim His bride. Her sickness was lingering, though her sufferings were but few; she seemed to sleep away her existence. I am placed at a considerable distance from Trinidad in the island of Granada. I was consequently a long while without seeing her, or even hearing of her illness, until I arrived on business in Trinidad. When I saw her, the change in her appearance shocked me; I attended her every morning and, by special leave of the Bishop, celebrated Mass in her room. One morning she expressed a wish to have a newspaper, that before she died she might direct it in her own hand-writing to you. I immediately procured two papers, one of which she directed to you, the other to her brother. I mailed both of them, and trust they reached you in safety. My stay was limited to a fortnight, and I left your dear sister much better on the first of December, '39. I began to entertain hopes of her recovery, but human expectations are vain. I was destined never to see her on this earth again, and I then, not knowing it, took leave of her for the last time. Weep not, or if you weep, let your tears be tears of joy not of grief; weep for the departed spirit of a saint, but in your sorrow—if sorrow in such a cause be not sinful—consider that there is one bright spirit, one saintly soul, and that a sister, who this moment and always, until we are freed from the prison of the flesh, shall pray for you, for me and all the world, and to whom we can, in our distress, have recourse with confidence, and assuredly she who whilst on earth was so much attached to her friends, now that she is free from all concern for herself, will not be unmindful of their positions, in heaven, and will incessantly intercede with the Father of Mercies for us. Yes, my dear young friend, though grief is the natural concomitant of humanity, especially when we learn the death of a relative and that one so amiable, affectionate, and beloved by all; still your feelings should be those of thankfulness and resignation. Thankfulness for your sister's happy death—resignation to our good and merciful God in whose divine presence we will one

day stand, as she has already stood. May He grant when the hour of our departure comes that we may meet it with the love and joy with which she met hers. Weep then but remember your fears are not alone for a saintly but a martyred sister, who to propagate the Gospel of her dear Lord, left friends, relatives and country, who relinquished everything dear on earth, to unfurl the standard of the Cross and diffuse its all-saving truths to minds never before instructed in the science of a crucified Saviour—a sister who braved the perils of the ocean, and the sickness of a tropical climate, to come amongst them, and although it pleased God to call her away from the scene of her labors, ere much was effected, still that loving Saviour, who regards the intention alone, pleased with her goodness of heart and magnanimity of soul has I trust in His mercy ere this placed her amongst those blest and glorious martyrs who alike to her forsook all for the standard of Calvary. Oh do then let your tears be those of happiness, consolation and thanksgiving; well might she when told of her approaching death exclaim with the Psalmist: "I rejoice at the things which are told to me because I go to the house of the Lord." You are now I trust, prepared to learn that your dear sister died on the seventh of December, feast of St. Ambrose, 1839, at six o'clock in the morning. She was not much more than three weeks here when seized with consumption. I received the following account of her death from Trinidad: "Her death was edifying in the highest degree; she expressed sentiments of the most perfect resignation, and of the most heart-felt joy at the prospect of seeing the face of her sweet Jesus and her tender Mother, Mary, and of meeting all her own dear relatives in heaven. She expired tranquilly, appearing to have fallen into a slight doze rather than the sleep of death. She was buried on the same evening, as is the custom in this warm climate. Her funeral procession was the most interesting that has been seen here for years. In a future letter I shall describe it, and give some interesting circumstances connected with her death. I am now hurried, and write you at the request of the Bishop, who begs you will inform her family by the present packet, if time will permit, or you be yet recovered from your late illness." I have but just recovered from a severe fever, but could not refrain from writing you the moment I learned the death of dear Nanette, particularly as it was her last request to me to do so in the event of such a thing taking place. She gave me blanks directed to her different friends, that they might have prayers and Masses offered for her, all of which she requested me to fill up and send to their different destinations. It is my intention to do so; at present, however, I am not sufficiently recovered, and trust you will, in the meantime, discharge this obligation for me. May God in His great mercy and goodness grant you and your family grace and strength to bear with Christian fortitude the account which this letter contains, shall ever be the prayer of your most sincere friend.

The Bishop of the diocese also received a letter from the Bishop of Trinidad, in which he declared that "if the happiness and prosperity of the community depended on her recovery, nothing more could be done

for her. The Mother Superior procured a respectable Irish woman to wait upon her, to whom the good Sister was much attached. The Superioress and all the Sisters, the children of the school, the priests of the neighboring college, formed a funeral procession from the convent to the cathedral, which is two miles distant; the clergy, dressed in their priestly robes, chanted the office of the dead until they came to the tomb in the cathedral where they laid her. She looked most edifying, dressed in the habit of a daughter of St. Joseph, with her arms crossed upon her breast, holding a chaplet of flowers, and between her fingers a small bunch of shamrocks which she had brought from her own country. We were all very much interested in her, and regretted her loss to the community."

This was the last they heard of Nannette. Well might they exclaim:

How beauteous are the forms that stand
Beyond death's dusky wave,
And beckon to the spirits' land,
Across the narrow wave.
No damp is on the freed one's brow,
No dimness in her eye;
The dews of heaven refresh her now;
The fount of light is nigh.

INDUSTRY.—Man must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The world does not contain a briar or a thorn which divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility, which we can overcome by industry, than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them, no indolence can taste them. They flow only from the exertions which they repay.

In recompense for the short duration of life entailed by some occupations it must be regarded as a consoling, almost a sublime fact, that labor in general does not tend to shorten life, but rather by strengthening the body, to lengthen it; while idleness and luxury are productive of the same results as the most unhealthy occupations.

No heart is insensible to words of praise or the kindly smile of approbation; and none are utterly above being affected by censure or blame. Children are particularly sensitive in this respect. Nothing hurts a child more than a spirit of fault-finding; and perhaps nothing can exert a more baneful influence upon both parent and child.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[From the Monitor.]

Little Gaspard's Dream.

Little Gaspard, weak and weary,
Watched the morning hours advance,
With their gold and crimson torches
Firing all the hills of France—
Pouring in a flood of beauty
Through his window's latticed bars,
Whence all night his sleepless glances
Sought the glory of the stars.
And as broader still their splendor
Deepened over tower and dell,
From the gray old chapel belfry
Loudly pealed the matin bell;
Then he raised his blue eyes softly
To "Our Lady's" picture fair,
While his meek young soul was lifted
On the snowy wings of prayer.
Day by day he heard the pealing
Of the chapel's silvery chimes,
Whispering to his prisoned spirit
Of Heaven's fadeless summer climes.
He had learned to know and love them,
Joining in with each refrain:
With their ringing bursts of gladness—
With their tolling throbs of pain.
They had voices full of meaning
For the lonely orphaned child;
But he loved them best when speaking
Of her praise the Mother mild.

Poor and crippled, early orphaned,
Gaspard's life knew little joy;
But the Mother of the Saviour
Had been mother to the boy.
Through the painful years he numbered
Living on his kinsman's dole,
'Twas her love that filled and brightened
With its summer all his soul.
And to-day was the Assumption;
Far along the village street
He could see the children passing,
Bearing blossoms fair and sweet—
Bearing blossoms for the altar,
Emblems meet of trust and love,
Eloquent of Him who giveth
Bounteous graces from above,
And the tears flowed fast unbidden,
With a longing deep as vain,
For the hours of strength and gladness
He would never know again.
Longings to behold the altar
On his Mother's festal day—
See her shrine all decked and wreathed
With the blossoms bright and gay;
Hear the organ's deep voice filling
All the place with music sweet,

Till the soul seemed lifted upward—
Upward to the Saviour's feet.
And at length, in broken murmurs,
Did he say : " O Mother mine,
I alone have naught to offer—
Naught to lay upon thy shrine.
My poor limbs refuse to bear me
To the fields or forest bowers,
And I cannot crown thy image
E'en with simple wildwood flowers."
And he wept till o'er his spirit
Came a sense of calmness deep,
And his wearied soul was drifted
To the tranquil realms of sleep.

And in dreams the holy Mother
Sought and comforted the child,
Leading him through pleasant valleys,
Where spring's sweetest blossoms smiled.
In their midst a patient pilgrim
Bore his cross entwined with flowers,
Such as never sprang to being
In earth's fairest garden bowers ;
Stainless, snowy petalled lilies,
By no earthly sunbeams spun—
Roses flushed with glowing beauty,
Born not of the mist or sun.
Little Gaspard questioned softly,
" Whither doth the pilgrim go ?
And whence are the wreathed blossoms
Bathed in such heavenly glow !"
" Child, that pilgrim is the spirit,
And thy sufferings are the cross ;
And the flowers that twine around it
Show thy patience in thy loss.
They have bloomed amidst thy silence,
'Neath the taunting words of scorn—
They have caught their glow and fragrance
From thy pains and for Jesus borne ;
And who walks beside the pilgrim,
Speaking words of hope and cheer,
'Tis thy guardian angel, Gaspard,
Who forever hovereth near.
He it is who culls the blossoms
Of thy patience, love and prayer.
Aids thee that thy spirit faint not
In the darkness of despair."
" Whither flow those shining rivers,
Glowing like a golden crown ?"
" Child, they are the steady currents
Of God's graces flowing down.
Strengthened by their fresh'ning waters
Many a weary soul shall rise,
Clasp its cross and journey onward
In the pathway to the skies.
Courage, child ! God's love and patience
With His children knows no bound,
And ' His sacred presence ' maketh
All the wide earth holy ground.
Courage ! In life's ceaseless battle
Prove thyself a soldier tried.
Gird thee with the proven armor—
Love for Jesus crucified ;

Pray to Him in simple trusting ;
He will strengthen and befriend,
And will give thee—priceless jewel—
Perseverance till the end."

Gaspard waked—the noontide's glory
Held the wide earth in its trance,
And the *Angelus* was pealing
From the thousand towers of France—
Waked to days of helpless suffering—
Waked to nights devoid of rest ;
But his dream made endless summer
In the chamber of his breast.
Still he heard the voice so thrilling,
In its beauty sweet and grand ;
Still he saw the shining rivers
Flowing downward through the land ;
Still he bore his cross unmurm'ring,
Though with bitterest pain oppressed,
Till his guardian angel called him
Home to lands of heavenly rest.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

MOSSY WOODLAND, August, 1871.

Claiming His Sister.

A French paper says that Lucille Rome, a pretty little girl, with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction, under the charge of vagrancy.

" Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

" Ah ! my good sir," said she, " I have no longer friends ; my father and mother are dead—I have only my brother James, but he is as young as I am. Oh, sir ! what can he do for me?"

" The Court must send you to the House of Correction."

" Here I am, sister—here I am ! do not fear !" cried a childish voice from the other end of the court, and at the same instant a little boy with a lovely countenance started forth from amid the crowd, and stood before the judge.

" Who are you?" said he.

" James Rome, the brother of this little girl."

" Your age?"

" Thirteen."

" And what do you want?"

" I come to claim my sister Lucille."

" But have you the means of providing for her?"

" Yesterday I had not, but now I have. Don't be afraid, Lucille."

" Oh, how good you are, James !"

" Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate ; " the Court is disposed to do all it can for your sister. But you must give us some explanation."

" About a fortnight ago," continued the boy, " my poor mother died with a bad cough, for it was

very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself, I will be an artisan, and when I know a good trade I will support my sister. I went apprentice to a brush-maker. Every day I used to carry her half of my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room and she slept in my bed while I slept on the floor. But it appears she had not enough to eat. One day she begged on the Boulevard, and was taken up. When I heard that, I said to myself, 'Come, my boy, things cannot last so; you must find something better.' I soon found a place where I am lodged, fed, and clothed, and have twenty francs a month. I have also found a good woman, who, for these twenty francs, will take care of Lucille, and teach her needle-work. I claim my sister."

"My boy," said the judge, "your conduct is very honorable. However, your sister cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow."

"Never mind, Lucille," said the boy, "I will come and fetch you early to-morrow." Then turning to the magistrate, he said: "I may kiss her, may I not, sir?"

He threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept tears of affection.

LITTLE boys and girls, get this story by heart, and practice in your lives the virtue which it inculcates, and when you meet a little maimed friend think of lame Jimmie.

A few days ago, I was passing through a pretty, shady street, where some boys were playing at base-ball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly-looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game; for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as base-ball.

His companions, very good-naturedly, tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place; and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one at last, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh, hush!" said another—the tallest boy in the party; "never mind, I'll run for him—and you can count it for him;" and he took his place by Jimmy's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said, aside to the other boys, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on, I thought to myself that there was a true little gentleman.—*Child's World.*

Borrowing Trouble.

What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future—either our own, or that of our dear ones. Present joys, present blessings slip by, and we lose half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeams. Oh! when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our little children teach us, every day, by their confiding faith in us? We, who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust: and He, who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving! Why cannot we, slipping our hand in His, each day walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or bowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep and peace and home? Why toil so distrustfully to gather up manna for days to come, when every dewy morning shall find it freshly sprinkled at our feet? When we do get near "our Father," how wonderful seems this our distrust—how our eyes overflow that we could make so mean a return for that all-embracing, all-bountiful, generous kindness, which is measureless as the ocean, though our shortcomings are numerous as its tossing waves.

MAKE A BEGINNING.—How many a poor, idle, hesitating, erring outcast is now creeping, crawling his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had made a beginning. A beginning, and a good beginning, too, is necessary. The first weed pulled up in the garden; the first time a manly "I will" is said; the first seed put in the ground; the first pound put in the savings' bank, and the first mile travelled in a journey, are all important things. They make a beginning, and thereby a hope, a promise, an assurance is held out that you are in earnest in what you have undertaken.

PERFECTION.—A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed:

"You have been idle since I saw you last!"

"By no means," replied the sculptor; "I retouched this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb."

"Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles."

"It may be so," replied Angelo; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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ENCYCLICAL EPISTLE OF HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS IX,

To all Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops,
Bishops, and other Ordinaries in Com-
munion with the Holy See.

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolical Benediction.

Often, Venerable Brethren, during Our long Pontificate, have We turned to you and intimated how gratefully We have received the proofs of devotion and love which the God of all mercy has put it into your minds, and into the minds of your faithful flocks to show to Us and the Apostolic See. When the enemies of God began to invade its civil dominion, in order that, if it were possible, they might prevail against Jesus Christ and His Church, "which is His Body and the fulness thereof," you, Venerable Brethren, and the Christian people, have, without ceasing, besought God, whom "the winds and the sea obey," that He would still the tempest; nor have you desisted from repeating again and again the testimonies of your love, or from discharging every duty by which you could console Us in Our tribulation. And when this City, the Capital of the whole Catholic world, was wrested from Us, and We were placed at the disposal of those who had oppressed Us, you, together with the multitude of the faithful of your Dioceses, redoubled your prayers, and with your numerous denunciations you asserted the sacred rights of religion and justice that had been most audaciously trampled upon. And now that, by an event unknown since the days of Saint Peter, and unprecedented in the whole succession of the Roman Pontiffs, We have attained the twenty-sixth year of Our Pontificate in the Chair of Rome, you have given such magnificent proofs of your joy on account of this great mercy granted to Our littleness, and you have so brilliantly exhibited in action the vigorous life with which the entire household of Christ is animated, that We have been profoundly affected at it; and, uniting Our prayers to yours, We have

been afresh encouraged to look with greater confidence than ever for the complete and absolute triumph of the Church. It has been most gratifying to Us to know that in every part of the world the faithful have made vast pilgrimages to celebrated sanctuaries, and that great assemblages of Catholics have been gathered at those sanctuaries, and there, under the leadership of their own pastors, have publicly offered up their prayers and made their communions to thank God for the great mercy He has bestowed upon Us, and to beseech Him to give the victory to His Church. We felt Our sorrows alleviated, nay turned into joy at the congratulations contained in your letters, at your assurances of loyalty, at your prayers, and at the very numerous arrivals of Catholics from all parts, amongst whom were many distinguished by noble rank, and by ecclesiastical and civil dignities, and still more ennobled by their faith; all of whom being united in feeling and in act, together with a large number of citizens of Rome and of the provinces that have been seized on—from different and distant realms have travelled hither with one accord, and have voluntarily exposed themselves to the same perils and insults to which We are exposed in order that they can come face to face with Us and there testify the pious sentiments of themselves and their fellow-citizens, and also might present to Us volumes, containing many thousand signatures of the Faithful of all nations to addresses, in which they characterized in the severest terms the invasion of Our Principedom, and earnestly maintained that its restitution was demanded and enjoined by every principle of religion, justice, and even civilization. By this occasion also there hath accrued to Us a receipt of money larger than ordinary; both poor and rich having exerted themselves to relieve the poverty that had been brought upon Us; added to which there were also manifold presents of various kinds and of great value, from a magnificent tribute of the productions of Christian art and genius, excellently adapted to exalt the twofold power, Spiritual and Royal, granted to Us by Almighty God; there was also an extensive and splendid supply of sacred vestments and church furniture, out of which we were enabled to

assist the poverty and lowliness of a great many churches in different places.

Truly it was a wondrous spectacle of Catholic unity, and one which clearly proved that the Universal Church, although spread over the whole world, and made up of nations differing in manners, in character and pursuits, yet is animated by the same spirit of God, and is all the more marvellously strengthened thereby, the more fiercely the impious persecute and distress her, and the more craftily they plot to cut her off from all human aid. Let, therefore, abundant and most hearty thanks and at the same time by showing forth his ever be rendered to Him who glorifies His own name, ready power and help raise up our afflicted souls to the hope of certain and final triumph. If, however, We refer all good things that We have received to God their giver, yet at the same time We do feel the utmost gratitude toward those who have been the agents of Providence, and have discharged abundantly towards Us all the duties of help, consolation, loyalty, devotion and love. Lifting up Our eyes and hands toward heaven We offer to the Lord all that has been conferred on Us in His name by our children; earnestly begging Him that He would vouchsafe speedily to hear their united prayers for the liberty of the Holy See, for the victory of the Holy Church, and for the peace of the world; and that He would bountifully reward each one with earthly and heavenly blessings, which is beyond Our power. In truth, We could have wished to express to each and to all personally Our gratitude, and to give to each and to all the assurance of Our warm affection; but the great number of presents, letters, and addresses that come in from every quarter, renders this plainly impossible. In order therefore that Our desire may in some manner be carried into effect, We communicate Our sentiments to you, Venerable Brethren, first of all, and beg that you may announce and explain them to your clergy and to your flocks. And We exhort all that they continue instant in prayer united with yourselves, and in full confidence of soul; for if "the continual prayer of the just penetrateth the clouds, and turneth not back, until the Most High regardeth," and Christ has promised that whenever two or three are gathered together in His name, and agree as to what they shall ask for, the Church Universal, by her continual and united prayer, obtains all that she asks for—so that, Divine justice being appeased she may behold the powers of hell crushed, the efforts of human malice defeated and brought to nought, and peace and justice restored to earth.

But do you, Venerable Brethren, above all things, labor with your soul and strength to this end, that, being united together in a close phalanx,

you may confront the enemies of God, ever attacking with fresh plots and violence, the Church which no force shall ever destroy—that you may the more easily and successfully resist their onset and defeat their armies. This is what We do earnestly desire and most fervently pray for, and with Our heart do We ask it for you and for the whole household of the Catholic Church; and as a pledge of that most wished-for issue and of the Divine favor, and as an undoubted proof of the special affection and gratitude that we feel toward you and each one of you, Venerable Brethren, We do from Our inmost heart very lovingly impart to yourselves, your clergy and flocks, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, August 5th, being the Feast of St. Mary of the Esquiline (Our Lady *ad Nives*), Anno Domini 1871, in 26th year of Our Pontificate.
PIUS PP IX.

Angelus Domini Nuntiavit Mariæ.

Sweet thy sound, O bell that chimest
Angelus Domini!

Many a thought and dream sublimest
Of her sorrows and her love,
Who in glory reigns above,
Thy soft peal recallevh soon—
Angelus Domini!

Ah! vain and dark the poets' power
Meet praise to render
To her everlasting splendor;
Earth hath neither gift nor dower
Equal to her work immortal—
She the golden gate and portal
Leading into Paradise—

She the gracious star that beameth,
Hers the radiant flag that streameth
O'er us, when the tempter's voice
In subtle whisperings sayeth "come,"
Oh! sweet to think that one
So heavenly bright doth still illumine
Our wandering, wayward footsteps here,
And yield sweet balm for blighting fear.
Angelus Domini!

Brighter, methinks, the streamlets flow;
Softer the winds of summer blow;
Richer the blushing roses glow
When thy hallowed numbers fall
Softly on the ears of men;
And birds in bower and glen
Warble more sweetly then.
Angelus Domini!

—Nation.

CONACIENSIS.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling,
but in rising every time we fall.

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

HOME AGAIN.

A bright morning in May: the syringas and lilacs in bloom; an odor of violets on the air; roses of every tint, from blood-red to languid pink-veined saffron, glowing in royal beauty on trellis and in *parterre*; hyacinths of surprising size sending out the breath of their incense as the zephyrs, which make such low sweet whisperings among the tender leaves of the old beeches and oaks overhead, toy with them, causing them to tremble and sway like jewelled bells. Apple blossoms like rose-tinted snows drift over the green wheat-lands; peach trees, blushing in delicate bloom, make beautiful the brown fields over which the ploughshare is making long even furrows; birds are whistling their love-calls on every bough, or trailing their clear notes in scales of marvellous sweetness, high up where the sunshine distils itself in showers of gold in the blue depths, lure the eye in vain to follow their pathless flight. Over there, through an opening in the woods, a broad view of the river, gleaming and sparkling like broken diamonds, bears along the white-sailed fishing boats towards the bay, and larger craft loaded with tobacco and other produce outward bound for northern ports; in the distance stretches the foam-flecked bay: a sky-bound horizon on one hand; a dim, far-off shore-line on the other; rocking ships in the distance, and sea-gulls, with sunshine upon their wings, flashing and hovering low down over the waves in keen lookout for sea-trout and flounders.

A tall beautiful girl in a white muslin dress, which fell in graceful diaphanous folds around her, stood upon the verandah at "Haylands," her hands folded together and resting upon a gnarled and fantastic grape-vine, which, years ago, had clambered up and twined itself in wild luxuriance among the clematis and coral honey-suckle that screened the place with a lattice-work of leaves and flowers far more beautiful than the gilded vines and leaves of the Temple; far more beautiful in their tremulous, fragrant life than the marvellous tracery of the Moorish Alhambra. She stood looking out at all the loveliness outspread before her, drinking it in, as it were, until it reflected itself from her tender, luminous eyes. There could have been nothing more graceful than her tall, lithesome form; nothing more perfect

than her high, finely-cut features: the richness of her coloring, the shape of her classic head with its abundance of black silky hair, wound and gathered into a loose knot at the back by a curiously carved tortoise-shell comb, from which one or two curls escaped straying over her slender ivory throat to her shoulders. While she stood there motionless in her full content, with the sunshine flickering through the vines in tremulous radiance over her, the wind brought to her the songs of the contented negroes at work in the brown fields, now rising in full chorus, now heard in solitary refrain, giving just that dash of pathos to the scene that it needed to make its loveliness and poetry perfect.

"It was a beautiful thought to dedicate this month to the Queen of Heaven; to offer unto HER the sweetness, the freshness, the brightness of the young year,—HER Son's gift to us. Every ray of sunlight or stars, every glistening dew-drop, every beauty of leaf and blossom, every sound that intones a thought of the Creator of all, is fitly thy tribute, sweet Mother of thy risen Son. As if it were all mine, I offer it to thee; I offer it to thee, blessed and compassionate one," she thought, in the fulness of her heart. A footstep approached, slowly shuffling through the hall, and our old acquaintance, (it is eight years since we last saw her,) Maum Chloe, dressed as for a holiday but somewhat bent, comes out into the verandah, where she stands a moment veiling her eyes with her hand as she looks around; then catching sight of the one she sought, she gave a satisfied laugh, coming towards her.

"I'm so glad you came, my dear old maummy," said the young lady, going to meet her, and taking one of her brown wrinkled hands in her own, "sit right here in this low straw chair, and put your feet on this soft cushion—there—now I'm going to sit on the step and lean upon your dear old knees like I used to when you told me stories; then we'll have a talk, a real old-fashioned talk, after our eight years separation. I want to hear all the news."

"Look yere, Miss Lucia," said Maum Chloe, chuckling. "I'll set down jest to 'dulse you, thar bein' nobody but us 'uns about, but tell me, honey, is you sure its you, for, please God, I can't 'member, when I looks at you, anything a bit like that poor little onfriendly cretur, Miss Zoë's darter."

"No, there's nothing left of her except her nose, just as large now as it was then, when it was much too big for her poor, little, yellow face," said Lucia, laughing.

"That's a fact; it is the same nose, I declar, but nothin' else. I tell you, honey, that little gal's as dead and gone as if she was berried; and now sich a beauty as is growed outen her! Oh my, honey!

you is the purtiest thing I ever laid my eyes on," said Maum Chloe, scanning every feature of the peerless face uplifted to hers.

"Yes, mauminy," she answered, while a soft blush tinted her face. "Our good God has fashioned me fairly. He has made me beautiful, and I accept His gift, not to be vain or proud of it, but to try and make my poor life correspond with it, that I be not condemned for misusing what He has given."

"And don't you like to look at yourself, honey, in the glarss?" asked Maum Chloe, in simple amaze.

"Yes," she answered, "just as I love to look at this rose, or a beautiful picture; then I go straight away, forgettin' what manner of face I have."

"Laws, honey, nobody but me'll ever b'lieve that. I b'lieves it, 'cause I knows you aint got one grain of hipocracy 'bout you. I wouldn't tell nobody, honey, if I was you; they'd say right off you was jest fishin' for complemens."

"I expect they might, but I shall not speak of such things to any one. Father Jannison and my Guardy know how I feel, and what I think, and it is nobody else's business. Now that *you* know, maummy, I want to tell you something else. You must not flatter me. I don't like it."

"I dunno, honey, 'bout that," said Maum Chloe, shaking her head and laughing. "I likes to look at purty things too, and when I sees even a bright flower I'm bound to tell it what I thinks of it."

"But I'm not a flower, Maum Chloe, so after this I'd rather you'd say nothing about my beauty. Didn't you used to comfort me once by telling me 'pretty is as pretty does?' So now. You know that my *true self* is under this fair show, my true self, which God alone sees, and which can never die, while this beauty you so much admire will fade, will die, and perish in the dust, or grow wrinkled and unsightly, the eyes dim, and all comeliness be destroyed by time and grief; but the *true self* never grows old, never decays, and if it has lived aright grows brighter, fairer and purer until it returns to Him who gave it," said Lucia, in grave, sweet tones.

"That's true, my purty; I never thought of lookin' at it in that light. You's right, you's right," said Maum Chloe. "But I'm mighty glad to git you all back to 'Haylands' worst more. It's ben awesome lonely sence you all went away travellin' in furren parts. Only, honey, it 'pears to me that my Mars' Allan don't look like he used to; he aint half so spry, and thar's a heavy look in his eyes that makes me sort of oneasy. I been watchin' of him close, I tell you, and, honey, I seen the blood fly up in his face twice, and he put his han' up to his head quick, quick, like it hurt him,

but he don't say nothin'. And I notis, too, he drops to sleep in his cheer arter dinner and I don't like that nuther. Is anything the matter with my boy, Miss Lucia?" she asked, in anxious, eager tones.

"My dear old maummy, did you ever see a hen with one duck?" said Lucia, patting the brown wrinkled cheek of Maum Chloe. "You are just like that about Guardy. He's as well as well can be;" she added laughing.

"He's mighty nigh to me, honey; but I'm glad thar's nothin' the matter with him;" said Maum Chloe with a glad look. "I s'pose you heerd about poor Jupe?"

"Bligh wrote us word. He was drowned, he said. How was it?"

"Yes, honey, drowned arter all. When his boat was picked up it was bottom up'ards, he under it tangled up in the ropes and sail somehow; drowned dead! And, honey, we didn't know whar to lay him, we thought he oughter be laid at his ole Mars' feet, and Father Jannison; he thought so too; and we dressed him up in all his finery he was so proud on—white wig, red trimmin's, shoe bucklers and all, and sich a figger he was in his coffin! It was like a show! His face didn't look no bigger'n my hand, and his eyes starin' wide open, like he was watchin' to see if we did everything he wanted. Father Jannison he had been keepin' his money for him, and, honey, he left harf of it to him, and tother harf to you. Lawyer Jones, he writ his will for him when Miss Zoé fust comed home, and if you b'lieve me, he had seven hundred dollars cash."

"Poor old Jupe!" said Lucia, brushing the tears from her cheek; "my faithful old friend! I am glad he was laid at my grandfather's feet. I would have chosen the spot for him, had I been here. But tell me how Sam Meggs and his wife get on?"

"She gets along peert enuff, but ole man Meggs, he's more ornary than ever, and it 'pears to me his eyes is bigger. He's got a sort of paralysis, some says, but I thinks its sheer laziness. He never moves outen the chimbley corner, but sets thar mumblin' and chawin' all the time. He's one of them kind that its hard to tell what they was made for; and her pashunts is parst b'lief, honey, she humors him, and waits upon him like he was a baby. If he b'longed to me, I take him by the scruff of his neck, and duck him twice a day 'till he got some life into him."

"Oh! Maum Chloe, I'm ashamed of you; you wouldn't do such a thing for the world. There are some diseases that make people dead that way for years and years, and they can eat and don't seem to suffer any pain, but they are dying all the

same, just like an old tree that begins to die at the top, and they can't help themselves any more than if they were dead," said Lucia.

"Law! does you think ole man Meggs is that a way?"

"Yes, no doubt of it, and I am so glad to hear that his wife is good to him. I should have thought a trial like this would be very hard for her to bear, she's always so stirring and active."

"Yes, indeed, honey, she's mighty pashunt with him, but I tell *you*, my purty! she takes it out upon tother folks when she gits a chance; it seems to do her good, it's just like liftin' the led off'n the tea-kettle to let off the steam."

"I expect it does," said Lucia, laughing. "I don't think I should like to be about when she gets in that tea-kettle sort of a way."

"She's a turror to evil doers," answered Maum Chloe, with her old, hearty, inward laugh, that usually shook her all over like palsy. "The niggers here says they hears her 'cross the river sometimes—but I never did."

"I suppose there are a great many young people and children among the negroes at 'Haylands' now."

"I carn't count 'em, honey. Thar was about a hundred in all, boys and gals and little uns, when you goed away eight years ago; well I reckon thar's 'bout twice that now; 'pears to me they's always bein' born; and it's a rar thing for any of the picaninnies ever to die. Seems to me they jest grows and flourishes like poke, or mushrooms, withouten anyone much keerin' what becomes of on."

"I'm glad to hear there are so many to be taken care of. Oh, Maum Chloe, I'm going to do great things for them, and I want you to help me," said Lucia, a beautiful enthusiasm in her eyes.

"Laws, honey, you carn't do nothin! it's agin the law to learn 'em to read and rite; and as to freein' of us, we'd heap ruther stay as we is than be turned loose and be druv outen the State, for you know we has to travel as soon's we git our free papers."

"Never you mind, you'll see what we can do. Guardy,"—for so she had learned with sweet confidence to call Allan Brooke—"Guardy says I may do what I please, and I am going to try."

"Well I never heerd the like! Course I'll help you all I can, but I declar its all nonsense. They's gettin' along well enuff, and it'll just make 'em dissatisfied, and good for nuffin' upon the yearth. I tell *you*, Missy, you'll have trubble for your pains; and you mout as well go to a hutch of wild hars, the skeeriest varminths that run wild, and try to larn 'em to do like white folks." And Maum Chloe stopped, quite short of breath, to shake and wheeze over what seemed to her an utterly absurd idea.

"I expect to have some trouble, Maummy; but we can do nothing that is worth doing without that. We must put up with difficulties when we hope to succeed, and I am going to try my best," said Lucia, full of courage.

"Well, honey, it's a good work, I reckon; but what can you 'spect to do, sich a fairy lily as you, agin the ign'rance and stupidness of three hunded niggers? Why, my blessed misses, some of 'em is that dark and thick-skulled they'd think you was gwine to put a spell upon 'em if you set 'em down to ther primmer."

"If I can't do much, I'll do what I can, Maummy. I'm determined to try, so you needn't say another word to discourage me. And you're to be my right hand helper, say what you will, you dear old Maummy," said Lucia, her eyes full of hope, and a ring of strong, good will in her voice. Maum Chloe ruminated a little while, she would like to have told her, only she had not the skill to put her thoughts into language, or arrange the observations of her long experience into intelligible sentences, that the *desire* to do good and great things was not always accompanied by the ability to execute, hence many of the inglorious failures of mankind.

But she would no longer pursue the descriptions of her plans; she had prepared Maum Chloe for the new order of things to be established, and until she was quite ready to carry her ideas into effect, she thought it would be most judicious not to have the minds and imaginations of the negroes excited by rumors or disturbed by anticipations they could not comprehend; so telling Maum Chloe not to speak of what she had been saying to her, she reached out her hand, asking her what it was that she had so nicely done up in the clean fine handkerchief she saw sticking out of her bosom.

"It's—well honey,—you know I ain't heerd it so long; and I get so hongry for it now and then, that I feel like if I could jest get somebody to read it to me wonst more, I'd be satisfied to die," answered Maum Chloe, her face quivering with excitement.

"Yes; I know. I have thought of it very often, Maummy, and wished myself here to read it to you," said Lucia.

It was the old speech, fragrant with lavender and thyme; the paper grown very yellow, and beginning to split in creases. It required very delicate handling now, but Lucia unfolded it to Maum Chloe's satisfaction, and read it in clear, distinct tones, which gave full effect to the more flowery and patriotic flights, and brought tears of delight to the old creature's eyes, which were now grown so dim that Lucia had noticed several times, the two days since her return to "Haylands," that she

put out her hand before her as if feeling her way, as she moved around the dining-room. But she denied there being any failure of sight, and declared she never saw better in her life. As Lucia finished reading and folding the precious document, wrapping the fine linen handkerchief carefully around it, Maum Chloe got up out of the chair saying:

"This is the blesseddest hour I've had in three year; it 'pears to me its makes me feel young agin, and 'news my strength like a eagle; but I must be seein' bout dinner, now; I hear the hosses' hoofs trampin' down the road."

"I don't hear a thing, Maum Chloe; sit still a little longer; I want to ask you a hundred things. Guardy and Frank wont be back for an hour."

"Ears is safe 'n eyes to trust, chile. I knows black Belzebub's tramp a mile off," said Maum Chloe, shading her eyes with her hand, as she stood looking down the broad avenue which stretched in a beautiful vista under the over-arching boughs of the old trees, more than a mile away. "I don't see nuther, but I hears that cretur's tramp for certain."

So she did, and in a few moments Lucia saw the two gentleman, Allan Brooke and Frank Yellott, then on a visit to Haylands, come in sight as they turned the circular carriage-drive and cantered down the broad, noble avenue. She walked down the steps, and stood upon the rose-blooming terrace in her peerless, gracious loveliness, the sunlight flickering through the leaves in a shower of radiance over her head and dress, ready to receive them.

And if Lucia was so transformed by the intervening years since we last saw her, could it be possible that the tall, broad-shouldered, handsome man, sitting his horse like a Centaur, so much changed outwardly as if he had been in Medea's cauldron, could be Frank Yellott? Eight years, added to his fourteen, had done wonders,—had given him time to grow and make much of himself and his advantages. Nothing could be more *debonair* than his manner; nothing more perfect than his address; nothing more faultless than his appearance, from his soft, curling, Saxon hair, to the tips of his polished boots and the ornamental gold-work of his dainty spurs. The *minutiae* of his toilette accorded with the style of the times, but was regulated and subdued by a more manly taste than the prevailing fashions of the day which were still infected with the elaborate follies of the regency authorized. Altogether, our cub of eight years had developed into a fine-looking, manly gentleman. He and Lucia had shaken hands and laughed over their old quarrels, and, if they were not good friends, had made up their minds, indeed

pledged themselves, to bury the tomahawk. Allan Brooke showed but little change. When one reaches the summit of the mountain they do not plunge down at once into the shadow on the other side, but wait, lingering and looking backwards, loth to leave the pleasant sunshine and the view of the pleasant perspective left so far and forever behind, with its beautiful spots, its graves, its rainbow-crowned mists and clouds! He was grown stouter; the iron-gray of his hair was verging on the whiteness of the almond blossom; but his form was still erect, his face ruddy, his eyes clear, and his step firm and even; judging from appearances, he had a prospect of length of days and usefulness still beyond him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STARS OF OUR LADY; Or, Glances Through the Calendar.

ST. ROSE OF VITERBO.

Some ten years ago the Rev. Dr. Manning (now Archbishop of Westminster) in one of his eloquent lectures on the state of the Church predicted that this age will shine with great lustre in history, and we shall be envied the privilege of living under the pontificate of Pius IX; because it is precisely the epochs most dark and stormy in passing that appear most glorious in the annals of faith. This observation, at once so consoling and encouraging at the present juncture, recurs naturally to the mind when looking back to various eras in the eventful life of the Church. Thus the sixteenth century is rendered so illustrious by its countless saints that, in the glow of their fame, the direful evils that affected it,—the rise and rapid spread of heresies; the apostacy of whole nations; the triumphs of the wicked; the trials of the just,—seem but as clouds on a summer sky; we can scarcely realize the terrible gloom in which the whole horizon of the Church was wrapt to the gaze of her faithful and suffering childreu.

So the thirteenth century comes before us, brilliant in its varied enterprises for the faith, its crusades against infidels and heretics, and its missions to the lonely captives under the fair banner of "Our Lady of Mercy;" more wondrous still in its adoption of the poverty of Bethlehem in the great Orders of Saints Francis and Dominic, and the host of lesser orders, confraternities and societies animated by the same spirit, and in the millions of all ranks, from the monarch to the beggar, of both sexes, and all ages, who lived a semi-monastic life in the midst of the world, "brothers" or "sisters" of St. Dominic and St. Francis: we look at the long list of its canonized saints, delight ourselves to

very weariness with their marvellous records, and then consider its multitude of second-class heroes, its every-day characters, whose virtues and deeds seem to us as extraordinary as those of the saints themselves, and we think how glorious was that era of faith, how happy they who lived amid its grandeur and enjoyed its holiness. We forget through what a hard and continual struggle against foes on every hand all this work of God and for Him was done. The tiara glitters brightly on the noble brows of the Innocents and Celestines and Gregorys of that busy time, and we do not see that it was to each of them in truth the *crown of thorns*. "The goat can sting the lion," and even so can a miserable John Lackland defy an Innocent III, a perfidious Frederic II banish an Alexander IV, a petty Victor Emanuel imprison a Pius IX, while the whole Church feels every blow inflicted on its Chief. Even in the middle of that great century a Cardinal could draw this gloomy picture: The Holy Land in danger; the Greek schism triumphant; the Papacy driven from Italy; central Europe threatened by savage Tartars, or desolated by civil war; Spain oppressed by the Moors; France and England murmuring against the "pretensions" of Rome.

It was just at this time a strange champion appeared on the hard-contested field, the strangest, the most unlikely, according to all human ideas; but God laughs at the prudence of man. The stripling, David, going forth to battle against Goliath was far outdone by the adversary that rose to confront the imperious Frederic II, a little fragile child of ten years. It was not only the helplessness of her age, or the disqualification of her sex that was against the success of St. ROSE OF VITERBO; worse still, she was alone, obscure, unfriended. No religious order raised its protecting ægis over the brave child, no celebrated director of souls stood forth as her defender. She had claims on three of the great families of the faith, yet it does not seem that Benedictines, Franciscans or Clares acknowledged her as their own. At most, they barely tolerated her. Doubtless such neglect entered into the mysterious designs of God on this chosen child; yet what a lesson it should be, what a warning against the insidious working of pride and envy.

No cloister garden fosters thee,
O sweet and fragrant Rose!
For thee there is no sheltered bower
Of holy, calm repose.
Raised 'mid the world's bleak, cheerless wilds,
Exposed to every blast;
Yet thou art safe, for *Mary's* care
Round thee is fondly cast.
The Mystic Rose of heaven alone

Claims thee, sweet tender bud,
And nurtures thee to vigorous growth
With her own blessed food;
So that, like her, a rose 'mid thorns,
Thou might'st in beauty bloom,
And nor one taint of earth alloy
Thy heavenly perfume.

This sweet flower of Italy was born in the year 1240, of parents greater in the sight of heaven than of earth. Her father, though he could count nobles among his ancestors, was a poor working-man, as his father had been before him, in the employment of the Convent of St. Mary's of the Roses, the first religious house erected in the town of Viterbo, where both so fully imbibed the spirit of religious as to be wonders of piety in their secular state. Katherine, the saint's mother, was worthy to be admitted into this little family, so great in its obscurity. The accounts given of the humble household, faithful when so many were wavering, earnest, simple, and truly Catholic, where the parents, with their little one between them, knelt with the fervor of those who hunger and thirst after justice, to invoke divine mercy on their faith and their nation, both ravaged and oppressed, remind us of the Family of Nazareth.

The child of benediction showed from the first that all her thoughts were tending to high things. At the age of three years she was a devout visitor of churches, adoring her hidden Love, delighting in the celebration of the holy mysteries, and listening with rapt attention to sermons, which she was able to repeat so perfectly afterward, as to prove that she was one of the "children taught of God." Even at this age her miracles were great and various. At the moment a beloved aunt was about to be consigned to the grave, the blessed infant, by a sudden inspiration, laid her little hand on the bier, and called to the dead woman, who immediately rose in perfect health and lived many years after, a continual witness of the child's supernatural power. This power was shown in small things as in great, as it ever is with the friends of God. Being moved by her mother's distress at the loss of a favorite bird, which had been stolen by a neighbor, the child privately besought its restoration, and the thief persisting, with abusive language, in denying her guilt, one side of her face was suddenly covered with feathers like those of the stolen bird till, on returning it in an agony of terror and remorse, she obtained, through Rose's prayers, the withdrawal of the just judgment. As strange and more pleasing is the miracle of the broken jug. The fault of the accident being charged on her by a cowardly little companion, the owner, in a transport of fury, fell on the innocent child, who finally ended the scene by

picking up the broken pieces, which she put together and restored the jug, without a flaw, to the hands that had assaulted her so cruelly.

If you were of the world, the world would know its own, says our blessed Lord. Here was a little child whose beauty and grace, striking intelligence and loveliness of disposition, would have naturally made her the idol of all, but since to these were added God's special gifts to His chosen ones, the world quickly understood, slandered and hated its infant foe. But it was sad, though not unusual in the experience of the saints, that they who should have been the first were the last to appreciate her. She longed with her whole soul to give herself to God in the religious state; but, though the shadow of a stately convent fell across her father's cottage, and the ancient rule of St. Benedict provided for the admission of such "little ones" of Christ, she was not suffered to come unto Him there. All she could do was to make a cell of her own room, and there give herself to a life of continual prayer and frightful austerities, her holy parents tacitly sanctioning her in a course so repugnant to their natural tenderness. This domestic cloister, watched over by admiring angels through several years of such a wonderful child-life, was to be consecrated as a true sanctuary by the Queen of Virgins.

It was the vigil of St. John's feast, 1249. The little child, worn out by unceasing penance, lay on her death bed, with kind friends around her sadly waiting for the coming of the death angel who would deprive them of this cherished flower. But it was Mary who came. The Mother of the true Life came to give health to her little one, told her with a mother's patient minuteness, how she could devote herself to God in religion, notwithstanding obstacles that seemed insurmountable, and departed, leaving, as a token of the reality of the vision, a brown habit of the order of St. Francis.

The child's biographer touchingly remarks that through her wonderful life of seventeen years "she never experienced joy or repose, but every description of tribulation and fatigue." But she had one hour surely of uncloudless joy, when, on the morning of that festival of the great Precursor, her father's patron and her own model and teacher in the ascetic life, she visited the different churches of Viterbo, in obedience to the instructions she had received. A charming spectacle in the eyes of men and angels! Loving friends had decked her in their own silks and jewels, and on the sweet face but yesterday so pale and wan, bloomed anew the fresh roses of childhood, and the still more beautiful flush of virginal modesty, as she went forth attended by a concourse of matrons, maidens and children, all singing hymns of joyous praise

for the marvellous work of Mary. And so she comes, last of all, to her parish church of St. Mary on the Hill, and there, during the solemn Mass of her pastor and confessor, her longing desires are accomplished, she is clothed in the religious habit, and becomes a daughter of St. Clare. Then, in perfect obedience to her celestial Mistress and Superior, this young consecrated virgin returns to her little cell, there to wait with burning heart the fulfilment of the sweet promise. "When these my commands are fulfilled, your nuptials shall be celebrated with your Spouse, Jesus;" and soon, after some farther marvels of divine grace, the Lover of lily souls deigns to consummate this precious hope.

St. Teresa, from experimental knowledge, clearly unfolds the purpose of these spiritual nuptials to which some few favored ones are admitted in this life, a favor which a saintly prelate tells us is only lower than that conferred by the Beatific vision of God which we all hope to enjoy hereafter. "We are not to imagine," says Teresa of Jesus, "that our Lord's design in admitting a soul to this union with Himself is to overwhelm her with joy and consolation; for the most signal favor which God can bestow upon us, is to make our life like to the life of His Son on earth. Therefore, I hold it for certain that our Lord bestows upon us these graces in order to strengthen our weakness, and to enable us, after His own example, to endure great sufferings. . . . The one end of this spiritual marriage is the continual productions of works for the glory of God. Do you know what it is that He desires most ardently of us? That our zeal, by every means within our reach, may strive to bring back souls to Him, that those souls may be saved, and may sing His praises throughout eternity."

This doctrine is illustrated in the career upon which the child-saint now entered, and which has been the marvel of succeeding ages. She gathers about her a band of young disciples, and a Mother Superior of experience and holiness might learn from the sweet gravity, the comprehensive wisdom with which she instructs them. Now she is seeking out sinners, winning them with gentle pleadings and loving tears to the feet of the good Shepherd; anon she is confronting the impious and impenitent with an impetuous, fiery zeal that sends them cowering from her presence; again she she is with a procession of pious women and simple children, sending up from the public thoroughfares their psalms of praise and penitence, beautiful reparation to the Supreme Majesty outraged by impious words and profane oaths. One day she is giving calm counsel in the way of perfection to thirsting souls who crowd her father's hut in eager quest of the waters of eternal life; the next she is

in the public square, denouncing the treachery of a sacrilegious emperor, and rousing the faint-hearted to new faith and love, as with loud cries of "Long live the Pope and the holy Church!" they rallied about the infant advocate of an exiled Pontiff. Words of prophecy spring naturally to her lips; signs and wonders everywhere attend her; she fears no foe, shrinks from no rebuff, yielding to no obstacle, one thing alone could daunt her—praise. The spouse of the lowly Jesus, brave as a lion before threatening foes, was timid as a dove with applauding friends; at the first word of admiration she fled to shelter of her cell, till divine love, bursting through the shackles of humility, again sent her forth to seek new conquests for Jesus.

But this could not go on. "The foolish child who set at naught the imperial laws and turned the hearts of the people to the Pope," was arraigned before the usurper's judges as a seducer of the people, found guilty of high treason, and in pretended clemency only sentenced, with her parents, to perpetual banishment, their small share of this world's goods confiscated, that they might perish by want, as the lord president avowed to them was his desire. Hurried off by the officers of Frederic's justice ere the people had an intimation of this proceeding, the hapless exiles found themselves among the mountains, on a stormy December night, darkness around them, glittering ice beneath their feet, hail and snow beating down furiously on their homeless heads. To go forward in the trackless waste was impossible; to go back forbidden. Exposed to the wild strife of the elements, the parents spent the night in prayers and tears, animated by their angelic child, whose heart was all aglow with love of Him for whom she suffered, while her fragile little form was almost insensible from cold, hunger and fatigue.

This taste of martyrdom's pangs was only like oil thrown on the flame of her zeal. From town to town she went on her wondrous way, everywhere proving her mission by miracles, converting sinners, enlightening heretics, attaching the faithful to their persecuted Chief Pastor, till, Italy being freed by the tyrant's death, she returned to her native town, where the gratitude and admiration of the people would have been displayed in a thousand touching ways had she not buried herself in the solitude of her cell. Again she was called forth,—this time by a brief from Rome, authorizing her to pursue her apostolate of preaching and good works for the faith. Her confessor, to whom it was addressed, now felt at liberty to further her desires, and opened for her disciples a religious house which was at once called by her appreciative townspeople the Monastery of *Saint Rose*. But this little establishment was considered by the

Convent of St. Mary of the Roses an infringement of its vested rights, and for peace' sake had to be given up. Neither could the saint obtain the one lifelong desire of her heart—admission to this great house. She sought it for the last time two years before her death, but "there was no room." The nobleness of her spirit, as well as her prophetic power, shone in the answer of this little maiden of fifteen summers:

"I know full well, my sisters, that the reason you will not permit me to join your society is not because your number is complete, but because you despise in me that which God delights to see in His servants, for he desires that they should be poor in temporal goods, and only rich in spiritual possessions. But I declare unto you, that the poor, despised and foolish girl you refuse to receive living will come to you when dead, and then you will all hail her arrival with joy and gratitude, and she will be very precious to you." A prophecy fulfilled when Pope Alexander IV translated her remains from their first resting-place, on September 4, 1259, to the convent of St. Mary of the Roses, since called of St. Rose. Four centuries later, in 1661, the cottage, consecrated by her abode and by the blessing which her Divine Spouse gave it, at her request, on the occasion of that mystic espousal, was united with the old monastery, as she had foretold to her mother, "*it will one day belong to my monastery.*"

MARY.

The Mock Italian Procession in New York.

A New York paper thus describes the late procession in that city, which was made to commemorate the robberies of Victor Emanuel, under the name of Italian unity:

"The rain was pouring fast, adding, if possible, to the ludicrousness of the miserably fantastic peep-show. The grand features of the display were supposed to be the three triumphal cars and the pewter toy chariot. The first car, representing Ancient Rome, (according to programme) was drawn by eight horses. A lady, clad in armor, and dripping wet, was perched on top to personate Roma, but, under the circumstances, looking more like a representation of Niobe on a shaky monument with 'the ancient warrior' doing the drowning Neptune behind her. To give the shaky old truck a 'monumental appearance,' a mud-stained curtain was trilled along so as to conceal the wheels, and to make believe that it moved on air, or did not move at all. The conscientious wheels, however, would be no party to the imposition, and crackled and squeaked loudly to proclaim their presence and the part which they played in the serio-comedy. The noble band of organ-grinders, who formed the rear-guard of 'Ancient Rome,' were heard to curse the augur whose unlucky prediction had

deprived them of the means of drowning the squeaking of the obnoxious wheels with their hurdy-gurdies. Then came the long, lingering line of carriages, making a vain effort to 'string out' the procession. The next relief to monotony was the triumphal car, 'Modern Rome,' containing two dozen dark-eyed daughters of fair Italia, who came all the way from Baxter street and the distant Five Points, in dripping muslin to contribute to their country's glory.

"The 'hundred young ladies' who were to represent one hundred Italian cities were reduced to a beggarly two dozen, whose main regret seemed to be that they had not followed the example of their more sensible sisters in staying away. The insignia of the cities looked mighty sickly, and in a confounded state of bankruptcy.

"But the most ludicrous sight of all was that of the Italian Bersaglieri. These New York specimens of a once famous regiment, (famous mainly by its mighty dexterity in running away) look very much like the 'supes' of a second-class theatre. Their manner of marching is quite original in itself, as indeed is their way of bagging. The Colonel (dressed in magnificent apparel) of this mighty host is a man about five feet ten. This is quite a good height, but he is so fat that it takes much from that grace and symmetry which he might otherwise possibly possess. He, however, evinced a laudable desire to do his level best in attending, not only to his own regiment, but to any other part of the procession that did not need his services.

"Was there a stoppage, did a carriage get out of line? this noble Colonel frightened the poor organ-grinders so much by his blazing sword that, perforce, they went ahead. Seeing the success of his efforts, the Colonel resolved to form his men into a vigilance committee, and instead of marching in the procession, marched beside it looking out for delinquents. At Bond street there was a stoppage. The Colonel blustered and spluttered, but did not succeed in making any decided impression on anybody. One of the marshals about this moment got out of his place, which he had a perfect right to do, but the Colonel thought that he hadn't, and made a frightful rush at the horseman with drawn sword. The effect of the meeting of the two rivals would, no doubt, have been a heroic sight, if they had met. But, unfortunately, in his holy anger, the Colonel had not provided for his scabbard, which got between his legs and overthrew him. It was a mighty fall, and a very ungraceful one; it would not have mattered much, however, if it had not been for the mud, and one of the privates of the regiment, who stood in front of the Colonel when he fell, receiving the point of his outstretched sword in the soft part of the calf. The wound so enraged the soldier that he turned round and began kicking his floored Colonel in a most unsoldierly manner. This, combined with the mud, completely demoralized the valiant commander, who, when he rose, offered not the slightest resistance to the storm of derision which greeted him from the sidewalks. In truth he was a sorry sight. All his fine gold epanettes and spangles and frills were turned to a dingy brown. His hat was completely smashed, and the entire uniform, indeed,

so completely spoiled that it will no doubt take the noble Colonel many a month of weary organ-grinding before he can replace it, and again stand at the head of the men in all the pomp and splendor of war.

"The 'Pewter Toy Chariot' came on with its owner, Signor Tausi, manfully prepared to play the part of the modern Curtius if only the opportunity offered; but it did not, and the mongrel parade passed up Broadway, under the drowning rain and growling thunder, until it reached Irving Place, where, happily, it gave up the ghost. The unfortunate girls and children who did the *tableaux vivants* on the occasion were lifted from the uncomfortable positions which they occupied—their light muslin garments wringing wet, their hair dishevelled, and their *tout ensemble* completely demoralized. Organ-grinders may form processions in the distant future, and march to tunes of their own playing, but Rome and her handmaidens will march no more until her old friend Jupiter Pluvius promises to play no more such pranks as he did yesterday.

"On arriving at Irving Place the Grand Marshal thanked the police for their assistance, and dismissed them. The police thanked the Grand Marshal for the dismissal, and marched off at a 'double quick.'"

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MISS NAGLE,

FOUNDRESS OF THE PRESENTATION ORDER.

The Miss Moylan, whose temporary defection or uncertainty she laments in this letter, was a sister of the Abbé, afterwards Bishop, Moylan, and the very first who joined the young community when it arrived in Cork. She lived within the convent walls for the unusual period of 72 years; and for much of that time held the responsible office of Mother Superior of the sisterhood. She witnessed and shared its early struggles and difficulties, and lived to see its present prosperous condition. She died full of years and virtues in the year 1842, in the 90th year of her age, having for many years been the connecting link between the present members and those saintly women who bore the weight of the day, and the heat, in evil and troubled times.

The letter of which the young ladies were to be the bearers, has not been preserved; for the next we have is dated the 13th of May, 1770, some months after they had entered on their novitiate:

"DEAR MISS FITZSIMONS: I am glad to profit of any opportunity to assure you how pleasing it is to me to acquaint you with anything I thought would be agreeable to you, as I am certain it will be, to hear that I hope we have got a very desirable subject in the young lady I mentioned to you some time ago, recommended by Mr. Austin. I wish I could transmit to you that part of his letter in respect of her, that he wrote to Mr. Doran; but as it was not convenient to give it to me, I shall give you a full account of her, and

some conjectures of my own in her regard. As you may be surprised I have not insisted on a better fortune, and do not know how matters stand, I have done nothing in it but with the approbation of our worthy friend and your uncle. Her father will give only £200 to the house. He is to pay fifteen pounds a year interest on it. While she lives, he is to give her a pension for herself; that he does not choose to name at present. His indignation is so great against her for being a nun that he offers her £2,000 if she will marry. Her inclination, I find, was to go to the same convent where she was brought up. He would not consent to it, as he says there is a probability that in France they may demolish all the monasteries. He consented that she should go to Flanders, and Liege was the place he chose for her. I suppose, being under an ecclesiastical prince, he thought they would longer subsist. All these objections made her determine, I believe, on taking on here, and she is greatly pleased to be among those that were educated in France. When he gave her leave to come here, he desired that she should leave Dublin in July and go to a convent in Galway, to remain till things are fixed here. I have begged that she would come here and stay with me. In the first place she could be of great service, and it would be a great comfort to me to have her. It is considered more advisable for many reasons, in consequence of his odd manner of acting in her regard. The footing I put it on, is its being less expensive than her going to Galway and coming thence here. If he thought it would be agreeable to her, I dare say he would let her come. She is his only child, and I believe the same person we mentioned to you about two years ago. There is a great likelihood that she will be of vast service to the house. Her name I do not know. She has had a mind to be a nun since she was a child, and is very devout. Nobody can write better than she does, or has better orthography. This is what Mr. Austin says of her in his last letter, in which he spoke of her. He said she had great talents. Providence has ordered everything for the best in her regard to keep her for this place. It mortified me that she had not joined you, and had she, I am sure she would have met with the same fate the others did. Even Mr. Austin heard so much to the prejudice of this foundation, that I believe he did not endeavor to prevail on her as he would, had he known how matters were. Ever since Mr. Halloran has been here, who was informed of the truth of everything, nobody can interest himself more than he does for its success. We must think the Almighty permits everything for the best. You'll see, with His assistance, everything turn out well; and His divine hand will uphold us in getting your former mistress. The house she is in will, in my opinion, bring a judgment upon itself, if it hinders her from being the means of saving so many souls. Mr. Moylan desires me to assure you of his most affectionate compliments. He is so hurried since the jubilee, that he has scarcely time to eat his meals. He attempted several times to try to get an hour to write to you. It was in vain. It mortifies him. He can't, as I don't know any one for whom he has a higher esteem. His health is much impaired since this great fatigue. He expects his sister every moment;

and shall have time to write to you, and to the superior at the same time, as the jubilee will be soon over. I was surprised when he asked me if I wrote to the Mistress of Novices. I never did. I know I ought to have done so, and to the Superior. My not writing French prevented me, as I am very unwilling to be troublesome to those who I know have not time to spare; and I could not trust any one else. I hope your fortitude will bring you through all crosses, and put a happy conclusion to this foundation. Be not discouraged from choosing any young lady you think proper. I have been often ashamed for fear you would have thought I was in any way flattering you with the success of it. I met so many disappointments; and even that young lady I now mention, I was sorry that we ever spoke of her to you, though we were sure of her when we did; and afterwards she resolved to go to France. You see we have got her back again. And if Miss Smith be not entered into any other convent, Mr. Moylan thinks he can prevail on her to come here. I wish he may. I beg you will be so good as to present my compliments to the Superior, to your present Mistress, and to your former one, whom I love and reverence, and to Mr. Fitzsimons. My best wishes to the young ladies. All the family at Barryscourt are in perfect health, and Miss Nagle's family are also well. I hope you and they enjoy, as I wish you may always, perfect health. It gives me a vast deal of trouble, to find that these two young ladies that want to learn can have no advantage in that respect. If it would be permitted there to have anybody to teach them anything you thought would be hereafter an advantage to the house, don't spare any expense. You'll be the best judge of that, and of everything else in their regard. They are happy to have a person of your good sense to direct them; and I can say, with truth, that you are, under God, the chief support of this good work, which, I flatter myself, you will see prosper far beyond what one has a right to expect in such a country as this.

"I am, my dear Miss Fitzsimons, your most affectionate friend,
NANO NAGLE."

It will be seen by the latter part of this letter, how solicitous she was about the literary as well as the religious training of those who were to found her new establishment. It is in accordance with the good sense and wisdom which are observable in all her actions. The efficiency of any establishment, intended for educational purposes, depends, almost entirely, on the qualifications of those by whom it is conducted. Hence it is of the first importance, that they be perfectly skilled in all those branches of knowledge which they will have to communicate to those entrusted to their care. If the teacher be incompetent, or but half instructed, it will be in vain to expect a good and solid education.

The next letter is dated Cork, September 28, 1770; and the latter part of it is wanting. In fact the remaining letters, except one, are more or less

defective. As usual, it is addressed to her dear Miss Fitzsimons:

"I am sorry it was not in my power sooner to tell you how much I am obliged to you for not standing on ceremony with me, and being so good as to write to me so often of late, though I could not answer your kind favors as punctually as I wished to do. I believe you'll attribute my silence to the real cause,—want of time. I can't express the joy I had to hear of Miss Kavanagh's resolution, and that she had joined you. It was what you ambitioned this long time past. If once we were fixed, the object in view is so great, that I dare say many would follow yours and her example. I had little reason, when first I thought of this foundation, to expect the success it has already met with. I must say every disappointment we have had, the Almighty has been pleased to make it turn out to our advantage, though my impatience made me very often not submit to His divine will as I ought. I believe we are indebted to your worthy friend for this young lady's determination to come here. We are happy, I think, in having one of the sisters. I am not surprised at what you mention to me in regard of Mr. Kavanagh, for he and his lady, by some conjectures of their own, were sure Miss Nano intended coming here. As for my part, I could not say anything that gave the least notion that she was so inclined; nor did I flatter myself by what the clergymen then told me of her, that she would; and I must do her brother and sister justice; they did not seem at all angry with her for it. I dare say she will be of great service to them by her prayers. I cannot tell you how eager Mr. Doran is for your coming over soon, as he foresees they will every day be starting some new difficulties on account of the French lady, which is already the case, and was made an objection when Miss K. got leave to come. He wrote to his nephew the many reasons that made it so necessary to have this establishment begun as soon as possible, as he and I are sure, by the character you give of this lady, that she is one of those modern religious persons, who think every inconvenience is such a cross that there is no bearing it. She that makes such a sacrifice for the good of souls, will have fortitude to make light, I hope, of not having everything settled as comfortably as it ought to be. One could not imagine, in a house so lately built, that the walls could be so dry as they are; nor can one judge of those till they are plastered, for when the plaster dries immediately it's owing to the walls being so. Had I not seen it had this effect upon it, I could not have believed it. You will find it will be very habitable this winter, which I did not think it would be. And when you are settled there, I shall be to blame if I do not get every necessary that is thought wanting. As there is nothing in my power I shan't endeavor to do, I hope you will be so good as to excuse, in the beginning, all, and consider we are in a country in which we can't do as we please. By degrees, with the assistance of God, we may do a great deal—"

"CORK, Dec. 17, 1770.

"DEAR MISS FITZSIMONS: It is not to be expressed, all the anxiety of mind I have gone through by your

and our worthy friend's silence, as I did not get the letter you mention to have been sent by hand, nor did I know what to think, till I had received yours of the 27th of last month. It did not surprise me to find by it that nothing was yet fixed, as I was sure I should soon be made acquainted with how matters went, if there was good news. On the receipt of your letter I spoke to Mr. Doran, who is so good as to write, in my name, to the superior, begging her interest, and that she would be so charitable as not to defer making her community give a categorical answer. As to that point, I think, she can't well refuse the last request, in conscience; as to the other, she may not have any scruple about it. Had I written myself, she might say that I could do it as well before as on this occasion; and others may take it ill that I did not pay them the compliment. Only Mr. Moylan has such patience and zeal, he would certainly have long ago given up the affair. He is resolved to leave no stone unturned to bring about this foundation. He says you and he will consider what is best to be done, for I dread they never will consent to lose so useful a subject. It's all in the power of the Almighty. We don't know what is best for us, and so ought to be resigned to the divine will. I think I have reason to take it unkind of you, to give me so many reasons for making use of the credit I gave you on Mr. Waters, as you may be sure nothing could give me more pleasure than that I could, in any way, oblige you, and I beg you'll not be uneasy if Mr. Fitzsimons can't pay me readily, for money is at present so scarce, and there is such a run on the bankers in this kingdom that people can't get what is due them. I shall acquaint you when it is paid. When one is in a strange country, any disappointment is sensible. As for my part, I am often without money, yet as everybody knows me, I don't mind it.

"It gives me great pleasure to find that Miss Kavanagh is so well pleased with teaching in the poor school. It shows a particular call from the great God to take delight in it. I dread, though her health is better, that in winter it will be too cold for her; and it would be better if she would take care of herself for the good of the poor here, where she can be of more service than there, and I beg you will endeavor to prevent her from going to them. The young lady in Dublin, her name is lawless. When everything was settled, Father Austin told it to her father, who came to town; but she could not press it on him to come with her. He made an excuse that he was old and sickly, and the weather too cold for him to venture. He gave her leave to come, when she got company proper for her to travel with. She was with an uncle of her's in James' street. He engages not to let her want anything during her life. We were sure you were coming over, in consequence of reports, that certainly you were on your way, until Mr. Doran inquired into the truth. I could have wished that, when you determined not to come this winter, I had been informed of it; not so much on my own account, as on hers. I could not avoid putting myself to some expense; and at a time when I had many calls for money, and employed workmen in the short days, which makes work come out vastly dear; and only, as I mentioned to you, that I was resolved not to buy

what could be had in a few hours, and at farthest in a few days, I should have put myself to very unnecessary expense, which I am determined not to do till you are landed. That is a day I long for. It is a vast pleasure to me to find that your mistress is so much changed in her behaviour, as I think there is no greater happiness in the world than to be in union. Whosoever we live with, we must expect to have something to suffer, as this world is not to be our paradise. As I find they will allow you to leave when you have a mind, I hope you and my cousin will get a person to instruct you in what may be useful to teach hereafter, if you should think proper. Give my best respects to Mr. Moylan, to your former mistress, to the superior, and to your present mistress. My affectionate compliments to all the young ladies; to Mrs. Lynch when you see her, I beg you will say that my best wishes shall always attend her, and that I shall never forget her kindness to me, which I have a great sense of, and believe me to be, with the sincerest esteem, dear Miss Fitzsimon, your most affectionate friend,

"NANO NAGLE."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Protection of our Blessed Mother.

"Glory to God in the highest!" It is with the sincerest pleasure, my dear Rev. Father, that I address you to-day, for I am about to record a most glorious miracle which occurred recently in this city. I know it will rejoice a heart like yours, which so truly loves the glorious Mother of God, to learn a new manifestation of the wondrous power which she has received from our dear Lord Jesus. We may well exclaim with St. Bernard "Oh! Mary who ever asked a favor of you and was refused?" The following is the account given to me by the young girl, (in whose favor the miracle was wrought) and the two sisters present on the occasion:

— had been sick for three years, and during the last two had not been able to eat a solid meal; the doctor urged her to try to eat, and in the effort to swallow even the half of a cracker she would suffer extreme pain, sometimes threatening strangulation. Her disease was a tumor on the liver, which the best physicians after several years trying all their art had pronounced incurable. About two months since she entered the infirmary attached to the convent of Mercy, in this city, where the best of medical attendance is to be had, and where everything was tried for her; all to no purpose. About three weeks ago she formed the idea of commencing a novena to our Blessed Lady of Prompt Succor, (*Bon Secour*) during the recital of which she continued to grow worse daily, and towards the end sank rapidly. The novena ended on the 31st of August, and on the evening of Friday, the 1st of September, she was so low that the

Catholic physician advised that she should receive Viaticum and Extreme Unction; previous to receiving the Sacraments she had a vision in which our Blessed Lady appeared to her and asked if she wished to go to heaven, upon her replying in the affirmative, she said "then I will take you there."

On Saturday morning she received the last sacraments, after which our Blessed Mother again appeared to her, accompanied this time by St. Joseph. Our sweetest Mother asked her if she would be satisfied to remain some years longer on earth to perform some acts which our dear Lord wanted her to do for him; and upon her saying "yes," our Blessed Mother said: "Then I will cure you," and she was instantly cured! There were present at the time two of the sisters and two of the patients, one of whom was not a Catholic. They all heard the girls replies to our dear Mother, and saw the radiant expression of her face, but did not see the vision.

The young girl immediately asked the Sister infirmarian to let her arise and dress, that she was quite well. Hardly daring to believe it, the Sister requested her to keep quiet; but she sprang from the bed and called the sister's attention to the place where the tumor had been, which was now perfectly natural, all appearance of it being gone.

She dressed and went to the chapel where she remained on her knees for more than an hour in thanksgiving before the tabernacle, after which she went to dinner and eat a most hearty meal of meat, vegetables and bread, all of which she had not tasted for more than two years. Her strength was as perfectly restored as her health. She declared she felt stronger and better than she ever remembered to have been in her life. There is to be a Grand High Mass of thanksgiving this week in the chapel of the convent; and one of our best artists is employed to make a painting of our Mother as she appeared on that occasion, which was: standing arrayed in white, with one hand on her breast and the other extended to raise the sick girl. I have no doubt they will before long publish an account of it in the papers.

Another instance of our Mother's protection was that of a young girl who was burned on the first of September, and the Father who attended her said—in asking the prayers of the Archconfraternity for her happy death that it was a most remarkable instance of the protection afforded by the wearing of the scapular, if it had not been for which she would have been instantly burned to death; but the fire did not pass the scapular, and so she was preserved to receive the sacraments, and died most happily on last Thursday.

Begging your pious prayers, I remain, dear Rev. Father,

Your most humble servant in our Lord, —.

Adoramus Te, Christe!

For Even Voices.

By Vincent Ruffo.

Chri.....ste,

A - do - ra - mus te..... Chri.....ste, Et be - ne - di - ci -

Chri.....ste,

mus ti..... bi. Qui - a per sanc-tam cru - cem tu - am et

re - de - mis - ti mun.....dum.

pas - si - o - nem tu..... am re - de - mi..... sti mun - dum.

re - de - mi - sti mun.....dum.

Do.....mi - ne, Do.....mi - ne, mi - se - re - re no..... bis.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

God's Hidden Saints.—No. 4.

The subject of this sketch, Ambrose L—, at the age of ten years lost his mother, who declared in dying, that she bequeathed her children as a legacy to the Blessed Virgin. He was educated for a short time, not more than two years, at the celebrated Belvedere school of the Jesuits, in the city of Dublin. Here he imbibed such taste for devotional exercises as never forsook him. He would carefully mark each coming feast of Holy Church, even minor ones, in the hope of being permitted to communicate. His ardent wishes were at length gratified when he completed his eleventh year, on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul. A year or two after he expressed a wish to become a member of the Society of Jesus, and therefore earnestly desired to pursue his studies. But his wish could not be accomplished, for his father's affairs taking an unpropitious turn, by the advice of a friend, his father left his native country and emigrated to New York. Here his circumstances obliged him to place the boy in a counting-house.

Ambrose though a perfect stranger from the very commencement, so won the esteem and confidence of the gentleman with whom he engaged, that he was constantly entrusted with large sums of money which he carefully took to their different destinations. In a few years his father died of cholera, which was then devastating the city of New York. Subsequently to this event, Ambrose seemed incapable of fixing his thoughts on the world, and now the death of his dear father, to whom he was devotedly attached, more than ever estranged him from it. The charge of his young sisters and brothers however prevented his accomplishing his desires for the present. He sighed for heaven, and sometimes in the midst of business or amusement, appeared so absorbed as not to hear what passed around him. On one of those occasions his aunt having recalled him to himself, asked him what were the thoughts that held him so occupied; he replied; "I am thinking what a contrast there is between heaven and earth; above, all is peace and stillness—beneath, all is noise. I would greatly prefer to be above." He constantly wore the scapular of our Lady of Mount Carmel, and was tenderly devoted to the dear Virgin Mother. He would frequently speak of her to his little sisters, and when they committed any fault he would say, "Did you ever hear of the Blessed Virgin doing that? Try and remember how she is always watching over you." His love for the Blessed Sacrament was

intense. He would communicate every Sunday, and festival days besides, and never would pass by a church without entering to visit his dear Lord, concealed under the Sacramental veil. No hurry of business admitted with him any dispensation of this practice, though in such a case his visits would of course be short. At night if the church happened to be shut, he would slip unobserved into the recess of the door, and, kneeling on the step, would make his adoration. The most remarkable traits in Ambrose's character were unobtrusive politeness and unselfishness—he was always ready to oblige and serve every one, whether relative or stranger. If he happened to meet a woman or child carrying a burden which he considered too heavy, he would never fail to offer his assistance, and if permitted would carry it to its destination. It was only after his death that his visitations of the sick and many acts of private charity were made known by the recipients. The summer of eighteen hundred and sixty being unusually warm, he walked a long distance to bring relief to a family in distress. The exposure to the sun brought on typhoid fever, which terminated his life in two weeks. During his illness, the Fathers of the Society of Jesus visited him frequently. The day before his happy departure, his sister who was waiting on him, left the room for a moment, and on her return found him smiling. "Oh Helen!" said he, "you don't know who has been here."

"No, Ambrose dear," she replied, "who was it?"

"It was the Blessed Mother of God! She stood at the foot of the bed and smiled upon me." Helen wondered, but said nothing, thinking perhaps it might be his imagination, for the doctor had pronounced him better and said he would recover. He remained tranquil a while, but seemed to have some presentiment that his death was not far distant. Again addressing his sister, he said: "Helen, I shall see uncle to-morrow."

"What uncle," she exclaimed.

"Don't you know uncle who died last year?"

"Oh, yes," she replied.

"Well I shall see him to-morrow."

A great change came over him during the night, and next morning the doctor pronounced him dying. The good Jesuit Father who was his confessor for many years, was with him early, and administered to him the last Sacraments. Shortly after their reception, he lost his speech, excepting an occasional word which he seemed to utter with difficulty. All his relatives flocked around him. He extended a hand to each as a token of affection. They kept constantly reciting prayers; if they stopped a moment he would turn his eyes towards them and exclaim: "Pray! Pray!" It was the feast of the Transfiguration of Our Lord, the sixth of

August, just as the Angelus bell had been tolled, and the shades of evening commenced to gather, he breathed forth his innocent soul to live forever in the presence of his divine Jesus, whom he loved to visit in the Adorable Sacrament—the blissful reward of his exemplary life.

His confessor, standing beside his lifeless remains, declared it was his belief that Ambrose had never lost his baptismal innocence. It was quite surprising what a number of persons came lamenting him after death. Although leading a life so apparently retiring and hidden, every one seemed to know and love him;

“For he had kept the whiteness of his soul,
And thus men o’er him wept.”

He was laid out in the brown habit of our Lady of Mount Carmel. His wax-like hands modestly crossed upon his bosom, a smile upon his young lips, he looked the very type of peace and happiness. He was carried to the church in a white velvet coffin by six young men, all, like himself, weekly communicants and members of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception. Each wore a band and streamer of white crape, an emblem of the purity of their departed brother. The following Sunday, after the recital of the office for his repose in the sodality, the Rev. Director addressed a discourse to the members—about three hundred in number—the theme of which was the virtues of Ambrose. He proposed him as a model to them all; he looked on his death as a loss to society whose exalted virtues were only equalled by his humility. He called on all to attend next morning at his Requiem Mass, and as many as possible to go to Holy Communion more he said, to fulfil their duty to their departed brother than from any need he had of their aid, as he felt morally certain that his happy soul was already inebriated with the beauty of God, and joining the virginal hymn following the Lamb. The Rev. Director of the ladies’ Sodality, also addressing the members, commended Ambrose L— as a model for their imitation. He said his gentleness, modesty and unobtrusive piety, filled every one who knew him with admiration; his virtues might well be practised by any lady. Such was the beautiful reward of this dear holy child who loved all that was beautiful, but God above all.

ASSURANCE AND MODESTY.—A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly, or ill-nature of every one he converses with; a man without modesty is lost to all sense of honor and virtue; a modest assurance is the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

True Politeness.

A poor Arab, going through the desert, met with a sparkling spring. Accustomed to brackish water, a draught from this sweet well in the wilderness seemed to his simple mind a present fit to offer to the Caliph. So he filled his leathern bottle, and after a weary tramp laid his humble gift at his sovereign’s feet. The monarch, with the magnanimity that may put many a Christian to blush, called for a cup, and filling it, drank freely; and with a smile thanked the Arab and presented him with a reward. The courtiers pressed eagerly around for draught of the wonderful water, which was regarded as worthy such a princely acknowledgment. To their surprise, the caliph forbade them to touch a drop. Then, after the simple-hearted giver left the royal presence, with a new spring of joy welling up in his heart, the monarch thus explained the motive for his prohibiting: During this long journey, the water in this leathern bottle has become impure and distasteful; but it was an offering of love, and as such I accepted it with pleasure. I feared, however, that if I allowed another to taste it, he would not conceal his disgust. Therefore it was that I forbade you to partake, lest the heart of the poor man should be wounded.”

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—On the shores of the Adriatic sea the wives of the fishermen, whose husbands have gone far off upon the deep, are in the habit, at even-tide, of going down to the sea-shore, and singing the first stanza of a beautiful hymn; after they have sung it they will listen till they hear, borne by the wind across the desert sea, the second stanza sung by their gallant husbands, as they are tossed by the gale upon the waves, and both are happy. Perhaps, if we listen, we too, might hear on this desert world of ours some whisper borne from afar to remind us that there is a heaven and a home; and when we sing the hymn upon earth, perhaps we shall hear its echo breaking in the music upon the sands of time, and cheering the hearts of those that are pilgrims and strangers, and look for a city that hath a foundation.

TRANQUILLITY is the wish of all: the good, while pursuing the track of virtue; the great, while following the star of glory; and the little, while creeping in the ways of dissipation, sigh for tranquillity and make it the great object which they ultimately hope to gain.

WE had better appear to be what we are than affect to appear what we are not.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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No. 41.

The Sodality's "Strike the Cymbal."

It was out of season, certainly. The paschal time was long past. The rolling year had borne us far from joyous Easter-tide, and the Church no longer sent her alleluias ringing up from every holy shrine to blend with the ecstatic alleluias of the blessed round the throne of the Conqueror-God. Instead, through the long sunset of the fervid summer-days, the banished children of Eve were sending up to Mary's gentle ear the plaintive notes of the *Salve*, the heart-cry of exiles pining for the soul's true fatherland. Yes, *Strike the Cymbal* was undoubtedly out of season, with its glad alleluias and resonant hosannas.

Yet methought it was beautifully appropriate as the termination of Assumption-day's exercises. Every heart swelled with the triumphant instinct of Catholic piety as the ringing chorus pealed forth on the sultry August night; the lights that illumed the fair face of the Sodalists' chosen Queen flashed up with a brighter glow; a soft zephyr stole out from the clustering trees of the church-yard and floated in at the open windows, as if the faithful departed, resting from their labors, felt "e'en in their ashes live the former fires," and joined in the song of praise to Him "who robbed the grave of victory." Ah, these are times when it behooves us all to remember with strong, defiant faith that

Christ our God is Lord of hosts.

These are no days for quiet, unobtrusive piety. "The prince of this world cometh," intruding his dreiful power from all directions, and with unerring instinct Mary's children confront him in the fearless arrogance of faith, taunting him because

Judah's Lion, King of Sion,
Lord o'er hell hath fled the tomb.

Was the face of the earth ever so loathsome and appalling to the Catholic eye as it is now? Were the claims of God to the unhesitating allegiance of His creatures ever so recklessly disregarded? True, the world has always been evil, and man has been rebellious from the first; but if the malice of the wicked was as great, at least the number was not equal nor their intelligence so fearfully active.

The result of three centuries of wide-spread heresy! *This* is the point to which the "glorious Reformation" has brought "an emancipated world!" The legitimate, inevitable consequences of false religion are made plain to every eye. "We are fast lapsing into paganism;" "The light of Christianity seems fading from the earth;" such are the startling cries of all decent, well-disposed non-Catholics at this crisis. The demon for which they have no name is rioting through their cherished homes, poisoning the sources of domestic peace and confidence, blighting even the natural virtues that show every soul to be the offspring of Divinity, uprooting the foundations of civil society, hounding on labor against capital, trampling on the weak and brutalizing the strong, mocking at fondly trusted laws, sneering at the cherished family bible, and snapping the last fragile thread that binds them to revealed religion,—they see it all, and while human fiends echo the mocking laughter of infernal ones around them, they gaze trembling, hopeless, into the abyss of ruin widening at every side. Oh that they would but turn their eyes to the mountain from which alone help can come! There they would see the beautiful City of Faith which cannot be hid; pure, heavenly, unshadowed, *unreformed Faith*, unchangeable as the God from whom it springs, the same in the nineteenth century as when it first emanated from "the Saviour" in whom they still profess some belief, though the demon they unthinkingly cherish is insidiously whispering to their hearts that Christianity is a failure. But no; they will not open their eyes to the light of truth; they will not recognize the agent in the destruction that appalls them. The veiled prophet has cast off the mask, and jeeringly displayed his native deformity to his victims; but they pick up the fragments, bind them over their shrinking vision, and worship still.

And some of us Catholics—God pity us!—have failed to see the hideousness of this hydra-headed monster. We have listened coldly, half doubtfully, to the Church—though we *knew* she was the Voice of the God of truth—when she taught us that the demon of heresy is the deadliest of all the evil spirits that throng in Lucifer's dread realms;

the very same who dared to approach the Son of God after the forty days' fast in the desert, and with pious quotations from Scripture tempt him by the identical proffers that have since been fatal to so many souls: relief in physical necessities, wondrous display of power and talents to win applause, boundless possessions and great titles. The same tempter, with more facility of changes than fabled Proteus; now cautious, now bold; here "stealing the livery of heaven" to attract the well disposed, there strutting in its native deformity to delight the evil-minded—but everywhere and always the same vile spirit—the demon of heresy. Ah, well, God be praised! our eyes are opened now. There will be no more thoughtlessly "liberal Catholics." In the light of passing events we can see the uselessness of mere natural virtue and good disposition in the hour of trial, and, looking with horror at the evil work of *misbelief* and *unbelief* joining hands in ready alliance when there is a chance to strike a blow at the Church of Jesus Christ, we can feel the force of Pio Nono's terrible denunciation: "There is in France a more formidable evil than the revolution, more formidable than the Commune, with its men let loose from hell, who flung fire upon Paris, and that is Catholic Liberalism."

Sing on, then, dear children of Mary! Sound aloud the victories of Him in whose Name and by whose Church alone will the march of the destroyer be stayed ere hope perishes from earth.

What are nations? what their stations?

Joyously ye turn to the wonderful King who holds all power on earth as in heaven, the true Chief of your choice who keeps all your loving tributes to return to you before an assembled world in imperishable jewels. It is a grand thing in these days to be a young soldier of Christ.

Up, up with the Cross, though demoniac rage
Assail it with all the strong might of the age;
We laugh at the age, its mad threats and loud boasts,
For down it must go before Catholic hosts.

Round Mary's own Pope we are gathering in might,
And if there be need at his orders will fight.
Perhaps they've forgotten the crusading days?
Aye, Rome can again set true hearts in a blaze.

Let a Peter, a Bernard, step forth to the breach,
"God wills it!" the shout of his world-ringing speech,
Like the flash of the lightning, the whirlwinds wild
leap,

The sons of the crusaders forward will sweep.

CATHOLIC.

STEPHEN CLONAN, Mary Clonan, Catherine Clonan, Daniel Clonan, and family, of Joliet, Ill., send us collectively the sum of \$20 in gold for the Holy Father.

Ave Maria.

"Ave Maria!"

'Tis a voice sweet and low
That falls on my ear,
Thrills me through and through
As list'ning I hear
A prayer upward go
To her on high.

"Ave Maria!"

'Tis the night-song of praise
That comes from the soul
When eyes heavenward gaze
Where the planets roll
And loose their bright rays
To earth below.

"Ave Maria!"

'Tis the prayer of a child;
"Keep me, Mother, keep,"
And praying she smiled,
Smiling fell asleep,
By Heaven's calm beguiled
To sweetest rest.

"Ave Maria!"

'Twas my heart's deep response
To the prayer I heard;
A child was I once
In thought and word;
Ave Maria!
Keep me so still.

A. D. Aug. 29, '71.

—The Metronome.

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

PART II.

CHAPTER I (Continued).

Although Lucia was disposed to be friendly with Frank Yellott, she noticed one thing about him, which combined with her old mistrust, forbade full confidence in him. *He never looked you squarely in the face while conversing with you;* his eyes shifted here and there, as if avoiding the scrutiny of other eyes all the time; and they were handsome eyes, too, large, well formed, and intelligent, but of an uncertain color—between coffee-brown and green; in some lights they showed one shade, in some, another. When the green light shone in them, they were simply diabolical. Lucia had seen this phosphorescent gleam in them once, and shrunk back as if some invisible hand had struck her a blow on the face, for to her it seemed the glow of a bale-fire of a nature otherwise full of great and good possibilities.

Frank Yellott had passed, with great credit to

himself, through his collegiate course, and was now preparing himself for the profession of the Law. Cultivated in intellect, fond of æsthetic pursuits, and with a reputation for more than mediocre talent, Frank Yellott seemed to have a brilliant future before him; everything now depended upon himself to make or mar the gifts Almighty God had given, and the indications were that he would do well. There was no apparent reason why he should not, unless the influence of his old training: "to seem and not to be" frustrated the designs of a merciful Providence in his regard.

Allan Brooke looked with proud eyes on these two young people, both so near and dear to him; and in his secret soul, he hoped that they might be attracted towards each other and crown the happiness of his life by a marriage, which uniting the families of Brooke and Ramsey, would, he thought, be a satisfactory compensation for the sore disappointment of his own youth. But never by word, look, or act, could the keenest observer have detected his cherished hopes, whatever they might, naturally enough, have suspected. He was very proud of his nephew whom he had not seen for several years, until his return from abroad two weeks ago, when he invited him to accompany him to "Haylands," and would take no denial. Having seen Lucia, Frank Yellott did not require much persuasion, but packed his traps and was ready to start when they were; but he saw little of Lucia who spent every moment of her time with the friends in whose company they had been travelling over Europe for three years, until they reached Baltimore, where they separated—the Manns and Miss Jefferson leaving them for their home at Monticello, themselves back to "Haylands."

Frank Yellott had a great deal of worldly tact, and adapted himself so entirely to his uncle's tastes that the latter found great pleasure in his society; with Lucia it was more difficult, but he did not obtrude himself, and conducted himself towards her in the most delicate and deferential manner, which, at length, thawed her coldness, and made her feel herself to have been hard and ungracious.

After being at "Haylands" a week, Frank Yellott wrote a letter to his mother, which we, in the character of Asmodeus, read over his shoulder, and transcribe, as part of the web of our story.

"I have never," he wrote, "seen such a transformation as in Lucia D'Olivierez. To say that she is the most beautiful being I ever saw, does not express it, and you would accuse me of raving if I attempted to describe her. She used to be like a stormy petrel, but there is now a calm, self-possession about her which it seems impossible to dis-

turb. It strikes me that she is ever on her guard and holds herself with firm reins. I do not imagine for a moment that her high spirit is extinguished, for I see a sparkle in her eyes sometimes when she is excited in conversation about anything she is much interested in, which forbids such a supposition—she is simply mistress of herself. The Governor has adopted her, and she gets by his will *one half* his princely fortune, the other half to be *divided* between ourselves. The piece of information, imparted by uncle Brook himself, in a gush of confidence, set me thinking, and my cogitations result in this: Would it not be a wise thing in me to try and effect a consolidation of interests by a marriage with Lucia? Is not the idea brilliant as well as utilitarian? I think the Governor would like it for I am in high feather with him; although I never expect to find a wife who will suit all my requirements, for I am very fastidious you know; yet the solid advantages of such a match would counterbalance much that might otherwise prove disagreeable. And Lucia is so beautiful, of so proud a presence and has withal so much true *noblesse-oblige* in her character, that I think in time I might get up a grand passion for her! How she would fancy me, I have not given myself the trouble to ask. I think—without vanity—I could win her, with *uncle Brooke on my side*, and it will be something of a triumph if I do, for while abroad Lucia rejected the Marquis de Montfort, an English nobleman of large estate and unexceptionable character, simply because she did *not love him!!* Such absurd simplicity must have given de Montfort something new to think of. The Governor mentioned one or two other offers she had had, but so far, Lucia has never had the slightest sentiment for any one—I mean of a tender sort, you know—which makes my chances better. Write to me, my worldly wise mother, and tell me what you think of my plan."

Mrs. Yellott thought, with her son, that the plan was admirable. Her own affairs, from an extravagant love of display which carried her irretrievably beyond her means, were in a state of enextricable confusion and to her mind the purpose of her son was like a direct interposition of Providence for herself. And then, she thought, Lucia is a Catholic! This *was* a consolation to Mrs. Yellott, who, if she did hold on to the world with a tenacious grasp, never let go of her faith and its outward observances, and succeeded in "serving two masters" as successfully perhaps as anyone had ever done. Then she had good reasons for rejoicing in the prospect of her son having so strong a safeguard as a Catholic wife, for his record was far from being stainless: there were two or three scrapes which he had gotten into, which gave her

many hours of secret dread and uneasiness. Knowing his weakness, she had no guarantee that he might not bring himself to open disgrace some day by repeating them. As long as he kept up appearances, and covered his sins with a cloak of immaculate hue, it was not so bad; but woman-of-the-world as she was, she knew full well that when a career begins to be openly downward there is but small hope of redemption left. So with the double incentive of her son's safety, and his aggrandisement as well as her own, she thought his union with Lucia would be the happiest thing possible, and straightway visited several convents and orphan asylums to have prayers offered for her intention. Those holy women and innocent little ones are set to praying for strange things sometimes, without knowing it; but prayer is one of those treasures which is never lost. If it is not the will of Almighty God to answer them in one case, He pours them out in His all-wise mercy, like healing balms, where they are most needed.

Frank Yellott made no pretense at home of attending practically to the duties of his religion; his set were nominal Protestants and Free-Thinkers: fast, stylish young fellows who made witty and sarcastic jests on sacred things,—jesters that passed with them for wit,—and above all, they ridiculed the Catholic religion in a way which made him ashamed of it, their three points of attack being, first, "that none but the ignorant and poor attended the churches; that it was politically antagonistic to free governments, and that it was a priest-ridden and idolatrical system," which arguments struck like barbed arrows deep into the most vulnerable parts of his being, his pride, his American ideas of liberty, and his pride of intellect. Added to these influences, it was the fashion about this period, when Voltaire's baleful genius began to throw its sulphurous lights over the minds of the youth of the country, and Tom Paine's infidel doctrines, clothed in the choicest flowers of rhetoric and finely-rounded periods, insinuated a deadly venom into their souls, to make a boast of principles, which, if not openly infidel, tended none the less towards a deep-seated opposition to Christianity. Frank Yellott's set were of this stamp, and their wealth and position gave their sentiments a weight in his estimation, which, before long, began to make him think that religious belief was a superstitious weakness unbecoming the true dignity of man.

Mrs. Yellott, as we know, loved her children supremely and selfishly, and having discovered something of her son's false sentiments, it was with a feeling of unutterable relief that she read the letter from which we make the extract. Such a relief, too, in connection with her temporal affairs,

for, with such prospects in abeyance, her creditors would not press her.

And now with mingled deference and assiduity, Frank Yellott opened his campaign. Self-possessed and watchful, he was ever on the alert to render Lucia some little service, without an appearance of obtrusiveness; he was passionately fond of music, and, having naturally a fine tenor voice, he sang with her entrancing selections from the Italian and German masters, and also the sacred melodies in which her soul, no less than her artistic taste, delighted. Allan Brooke's great, simple, trusting heart was full of the happiest anticipations, that were almost like the day-dreams of his youth as he watched this growing and, as he hoped, mutual attachment. Lucia, distrustful at first, barely tolerated his attentions, but they were so skilfully regulated and marked by so much delicacy, that she began to reproach herself for so persistent a dislike without being able to show good cause for it. It was senseless, prudish and uncharitable, and she would turn over a new leaf. Then she became more gracious; in haste to repair her fault, she allowed him to accompany her on horseback in her rides over the country; to row and sail with her, and tried to treat him altogether as a near kinsman. There was only one spot where he could not accompany her, and that was to her mother's grave. When going there, she invariably slipped off without seeing him, or declined his offers to go with her courteously, firmly, but without excuse or apology. Lucia was pleased, above all, to note Frank Yellott's devout manner in church, his reverent attention to the sacred rites, and the gravity of his conversation when religion formed the topic; and so, after awhile, she lost all distrust of him, and their intercourse was that of the most friendly character.

Maum Chloe disapproved altogether, and it was not long before she made an opportunity to deliver herself on the subject to Lucia.

"I does not like Mars' Frank, honey, and 'taint no use tryin'. It 'pears to me, I al'ays feels somethin' tinglin' in my backbone when I looks at him good,—a feeling like I has when I sees a caterpillar and I hates a caterpillar worse'n a snake. Lord forgive me, but you take keer, my purty; don't you git to thinkin' too much 'bout him, nohow."

"I must be kind to my Guardy's nephew, you unreasonable old maummy; you know he's our guest," said Lucia, unwilling to discuss the subject from that point of view with Maum Chloe. "I give myself no uneasiness about such matters; I have placed them all in the hands of our Blessed Lady, and she will protect and guide me in my choice if I ever marry. But I am so very, very happy here just as I am, you dear old simpleton,

why should I want to trouble myself about Frank Yellott or anyone else?"

"Ah, honey, your time's got to come," answered Maum Chloe, shaking her head. "It's like the measles and the 'hoopln' cough, took nateral. Thar's no use sayin' you'll do this, or that, or tother, it's bound to come. Some gits over them ar complaints safe and sound; some dies; some goes blind or gets so racked out with 'em that they suffer all their days along of 'em. I does hope our Lily Lady'll keep you outen harm's way,—I trusts she will, my baby."

"I trust her, my dear old Maum," said Lucia, smoothing Maum Chloe's brown wrinkled cheeks with her long, soft hand. "But come now, don't you want me to read to you about Tobet?"

"In course I does. I al'ays likes to hear about Tobit. But you mind one thing, my purty, ole Scratch gits into men by whiles like he got into that gal Tobet married, and taint likely if you happen to get one of that sort that you'll meet a angel, like he did, to tell you what to do; and 'member any way, thar aint any of them kind of fish in the Potomac like what he catch," said Maum Chloe, thinking in her heart all the time of Frank Yellott.

"Do you see this, maummy?" said Lucia laughing, as she held up her rosary of plain black beads strung upon steel wire, and shook them playfully before her eyes. "This is my fish, my ointment, my angel, my help, and it has never failed me yet."

"Ah well! well! young folks al'ays looks up, and I reckon they's right; its only we 'uns as is ole and shaky as goes 'long lookin' down afeard of the mire, and snakes, and stones under-foot. And I don't like Mars' Allan's looks nuthur,—it worrits me. He was took that dizzy yesterday when he got up suddint outen his cheer, that he catch holt of me to keep from fallin' then he purtended he'd stumbled, when thar wasn't a blessed thing to stumble agin. I don't like it."

"Guardy gets the cramp in his foot sometimes now, and I suppose it seized him then," said Lucia, impressed in spite of herself by the old negro's frequent allusion to her Master's symptoms.

"Do he have the cramp? well thars nothin' wuss than cramp, only taint dang'ous!" said Maum Chloe, with a look of infinite relief. "I'll git a eel skin to tie round his leg this blessed day if that's all."

Then Lucia opened the old bible—it wouldn't have sounded the same to Maum Chloe out of any other—and read to her, while she sat on a low chair near the window darning with difficulty, scarcely able to find the mesh to put her needle in, and instead of "take up two and leave two," her stitches were far apart and like cats teeth; but no-

body dared suggest spectacles, she was jealous to the last degree of her usefulness and it seemed to throw a doubt upon it for anything to be said which conveyed an idea that she was getting old.

Allan Brooke and Frank Yellott came back in high glee from St. Inigoes, where they had spent the day with Father Jannison, helping him to look over old papers, and decipher records, made on parchments mildewed and worm-eaten. But their labors were rewarded in finding a venerable account, in the handwriting of Father White himself, of the first landing of the Catholic pilgrims in Maryland. Lucia was quite enthused by the account, and so eager to hear it, that Allan Brooke promised to read it to her after tea, Frank Yellott having made a copy of it; and as it possesses great historic interest we will transcribe it in our next chapter with the opinion, whatever it may be worth, that St. Inigoes is far worthier of the homage and remembrance of Catholics, than Plymouth Rock is of that of the Puritans.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

My Lily on the Virgin's Bosom.

The sun was white in all the streets of Florence,
His splendor burned upon the bridge and river,
While fate rained down her pestilence in torrents,
Bereaving me forever.

Nay; not forever! on the Virgin's bosom
I see the emblem of my sainted daughter—
She holds my Lily in perpetual blossom—
I find her where I sought her.

Close to her heart, with all a mother's patience,
She bears my flower, enticing me to meet her!
Dear Virgin at thy son's appointed Stations
I kneel, and kneel, and climb,
That I at last may greet her.

T. BUCHANAN READ.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MISS NAGLE, FOUNDRRESS OF THE PRESENTATION ORDER.

In the summer of 1770 Miss Nagle repaired to Bath on a short visit to her friends, who were then permanently residing at that place. She appears to have adopted this resolution after much hesitation, and, if we may judge from her own words, with very considerable reluctance. Nothing would have reconciled her to even a temporary absence from her schools and children, but the hope of promoting, by her presence and exhortation, the new institute, and recommending it to the good wishes and assistance of her friends. The next letter is dated:

"BATH, July 20, 1770.

DEAR MISS FITZSIMONS: Though I did myself the

pleasure of writing to you lately, yet I do so now again, as a letter I received from our worthy friend makes me acquainted with the sudden death of his sister-in-law. She was a most admirable person, and I am most sincerely sorry for her. He says he is resolved to leave Cork in about twelve days, if the ship be ready and the wind fair. I always admired his zeal, and this is a great instance of it: to leave his afflicted family and tender father, all whose trouble for the death of his eldest son this shock revives, for, if anybody ever died of grief, his daughter-in-law has. Yet, notwithstanding Mr. W.'s fortitude to leave his friends in this situation, if his father, who is old and sickly, should fall ill it won't be in his power to depart as soon as he expected; nor can I imagine it possible he will let him go, as he can hardly leave him out of his sight in this, his urgent affliction. You thought I came here for my health. As you are so good as to interest yourself in my regard, and I was afraid it might make you uneasy, I beg to assure you that, thank God, I never was better, and it was not to take the waters I came, nor have I tasted them. I came to see my brothers, and, be assured, it was with much ado I could prevail on myself to pay them this visit. I did not acquaint you with this tour, as I wavered so much with myself, that, I may say, till I was in the ship I was not sure of coming—it was so much against my inclination to leave my children; and only to serve the foundation I never should have prevailed on myself. Our friend, I have reason to think, spoke with a prophetic spirit by what has happened, for my own family would never have the opinion they have at present, nor ever interest themselves as they do for its success. You must have been surprised when you heard they knew nothing of it. You heard what was true. The young lady who told you was the first, my sister Nagle says, who told herself; and, though she did so, she could hardly believe her. You don't forget that I wrote to you that, when I began my schools, my own immediate family knew nothing of it; so the same method I was resolved to take now. As I was sure they would be the first to oppose me, I never said one word to them till I saw things had a prospect of succeeding, which I was sure I never could have persuaded them of, if they did not see it. It gives them all great pleasure that I should be the means of promoting such a good work, and my sisters-in-law are as eager to get good subjects for it as we could be. I hope you will approve of my manner of acting, as the less noise is made about affairs of this kind in this country, the better. Mr. K—g got a letter from Dr. Butler, on which he came to speak to me about his sister, and says as we must be of such service to the kingdom if we had the Protestants consent for the establishment, he would be better pleased she was amongst us, as she could do more good there than anywhere else. On which I told him, before my brother and sister, that, had I consulted my own family, I should not have had a school in Cork, which they said was true."

The remainder of this very interesting letter is wanting. This is the only mention to be found, and the only trace of Bishop Butler, afterwards

Lord Dunboyne, which can be discovered during the entire proceedings of Miss Nagle with reference to the Ursuline establishment. His episcopal station, no less than his imperative obligation of providing for the spiritual welfare of his people, should have enlisted his warmest co-operation. Yet the only instance in which his interference can be traced, is in this mean and indirect subornation (to use the word) of obstruction and impediment. The difficulties she encountered in the establishment of the Ursulines, may be still further inferred from the following fragment of a letter written by her about this time. The first part is wanting, so that we cannot give its date, but, judging from the contents, it may be ascribed to the beginning of 1770:

"As I always reflect on myself, how many faults I have. How happy she was to have such a pious turn so early in life, and to have let herself be directed by that great servant of God, your former mistress, of whom I long to know whether she will do that meritorious action of settling this foundation. Her zeal is great. I am sure if she does it she may be compared to the grain of mustard seed in the Gospel. Though our house is the least in the Order, it has it in its power to do more good than any other; and the good seed she will sow will spread if she be inspired to it. I am sending boys to the West Indies. Some charitable gentlemen put themselves to great expense for no other motive. These boys being well instructed, and the true religion decaying very much there by reason of those that leave this country knowing nothing of their religion, made them lay this scheme, which I hope may have the desired effect. All my children are brought up to be fond of instructing, as I think it lies in the power of the poor to be of more service that way than the rich. These children promise me they will take great pains with the little blacks to instruct them. Next year I will have pictures for them to give the negroes that learn the catechism. I must beg you will be so good as to buy me some dozens of the common pictures of that sort for them. I forgot to speak to Miss N. to send them to me by the first opportunity. I am glad she is liked by the ladies where she is. Had they known all she suffered for this foundation as well as I do, it would make them pass over many imperfections they may see in her. I am confident her intention is good. I run no risk in giving directions about her to a person of your piety and sense, as you may be confident that had I known the Fille St. Joseph was a Jansenist, I should never have sent her there. I hope you will act in regard to the young ladies as you think proper; and be sure I shall always approve of it. I must say, I was desirous they should learn what was proper to teach young ladies hereafter, as there is such general complaint both in this kingdom and in England, that the children are only taught to say their prayers. As for spiritual matters, I am sure the nuns will take good care of that. I must beg the favor of you to present my compliments to the superior, to your mistress, and to your former one. My best wishes attend them and

the young ladies. Had I the happiness of being looking at you, I should imagine you were laughing at me, to think I fatigued myself in the least. I can assure you I never thought there was the least trouble in acting in regard of the schools. Do not be uneasy about my health. Nobody can enjoy better health than I do, thank God. I must say I suffered a great deal in mind, which, for a time, I thought would have hurt my constitution, but it did not in the least. I am afraid you will all be tired of me, I may live to be so old. That is what is most to be dreaded. I beg you will believe me, with the sincerest esteem,

Your most affectionate friend, NANO NAGLE.

The reverential love, or it may be the fortunate accident to which we owe these precious fragments, has not rescued any more of these valuable and interesting letters from oblivion. Other channels must be had recourse to, less authenticated indeed than her own words, but yet sufficient to continue, with sufficient confidence, the unbroken thread of the narrative.

Miss Nagle having, in accordance with the advice of the Rev. Mr. Doran, and the co-operation of Abbé Moylan, procured the admission of four young ladies into the convent of St. Jacques at Paris to obtain the knowledge necessary for conducting schools and learning the duties of conventual life, the Abbé went in 1771 to bring them back to Ireland; but as a professed religious was necessary for the foundation of a community, and none of those young ladies had been then professed, he was obliged to bring with them, from the Ursuline convent at Dieppe, in Normandy, a professed nun, Mrs. Margaret Kelly, who happened to be of Irish birth. They arrived at the Cove of Cork on the 9th of May, 1771, which was the morning of Ascension Thursday, and in Cork they were received with joy by their anxious and expecting friend—Miss Nagle. The house intended for them not being quite ready, they took up their residence in a house in the immediate neighborhood, which is now used by the nuns for the reception of visitors. As soon as the convent was prepared, and the necessary documents between the community and Miss Nagle perfected, they entered into possession. This was on the 18th of September, 1771, and, on the 22nd of the same month, Mass was celebrated there for the first time, and the Blessed Sacrament solemnly deposited in the chapel. Mrs. Kelly was appointed Mother Superior; and thus, after many trials and difficulties, and amid feelings of joy and thanksgiving, the Ursuline Order was introduced into Ireland. Besides the schools for the education of the wealthier classes, which formed the immediate object of the Institute, they were not unmindful of the instruction of the poor. They took under their immediate care and management the poor schools which Miss Nagle had previously

established and conducted; and to this day there is a school for the instruction of the poor children, attached to each Convent of the Order in Ireland. But they had not been long in Cork when dangers began to thicken around them, and the worst apprehensions which were entertained in their regard seemed about to be realized. The no-popery corporation of the day, which had hitherto looked on with indifference at the turbulence and outrages which were each day renewed within the city, became indignant at such a violation of law as the establishment of a popish nunnery. They resolved on ridding the city at once of such a stain on its Protestantism and its loyalty. They assembled a full court of D'oyer Hundred, as it was termed, to consider on the most effectual means by which the nuisance was to be removed. The meagre and imperfect records of the time do not tell how many plans of extermination were recommended and discussed in their council. They had not the example of enlightened Boston to teach them the best and quickest way of getting rid of a Convent. But it is certain that some violent measure was in contemplation, and would have been adopted, but for the interference of one influential member of the name of Carleton. His name deserves to be mentioned with honor after seventy years. He restrained their intolerant and anti-Catholic propensities by appealing to a principle more powerful with them than humanity or religion—their own pecuniary interests. It would be more beneficial for themselves, he said, and for the city, to have the means these ladies and their pupils expended at home, than to force them by persecution to go and live elsewhere. And, he good-humoredly added, that he saw no very imminent danger to the Protestant religion, or the Protestant succession, in the meeting of a few old ladies to take their tea and say their prayers together of an evening. The influence of the individual, as well perhaps as the good sense of the advice, prevailed over the bigotry of the body. The purposes of intolerance were defeated at the time. Constant residence, reconciled the Protestants to their presence among them, and every day's experience demonstrated their utility to the public. But such was the insecurity of their position, and so feeble the thread by which they held their freedom from molestation, that for years they dared not assume the religious habit, except on solemn festivals, and in the veriest privacy of the Convent. It was not until the 11th of November, 1779, and even then in opposition to the well-meant but certainly timid remonstrances of Dr. Moylan and their soundness, that they laid aside the secular dress for good, and assumed the ordinary costume and habit of their Order. The issue proved that the apprehensions

of their friends were not to be realized. Other and better times came gradually on. They shared in the increasing rights and privileges of their people, and the daughters of St. Ursula have never since been molested. The community, having thus acquired some stability, and been established on a secure basis, Mrs. Kelly deemed her mission in this country fulfilled. She was Irish by birth, but Ireland was not the land of her affections. She had resided abroad since her childhood, and the ties were stronger that bound her to "La belle France" than to the green hills of her native country. The quiet tenor of her little Convent at Dieppe, and the security of its lonely cells, contrasted strongly with the many and active duties of her new position, and with the insecurity and danger in which they were occasionally placed by the bigotry of the times. In the Easter of 1775, she returned to her own Convent and Sisterhood, after an absence of four years. It must have been a source of much consolation, in her declining years, to have been instrumental in conferring so great a blessing on her people.

In tracing consecutively the events that led to the establishment of the Ursulines, Miss Nagle has for a moment been lost sight of. It has been already observed, that the object dearest to her heart, and for which she made such generous sacrifices, was the education of the poor. When the new religious were introduced, that object seemed to have been secured. She was therefore disappointed that in their institute, her views were not carried out as fully as she intended. That institute was for the rich, rather than the poor. If these came under its care, and shared in the blessings it conferred, it was but in a subordinate degree, and their claims were but secondary to those of the others. They were not neglected indeed, but their interests were not the great and primary object of attention. Her mission, she believed to be to the poor and humble, and she could not be supposed to witness with pleasure an arrangement so unfavorable to them. She wished, as may be perceived by her letters, that the new colony should be instructed and qualified in all respects to teach even the wealthier classes those departments of knowledge which their condition required, but she never contemplated her institute as principally for them. She remonstrated against this deviation from her original intentions, and, when her remonstrance was unavailing, she retired from the Convent, for she had actually taken up her abode within it. The object which Miss Nagle disapproved was by the very words of their constitution, a primary object of their institute, and could not be altered. It was not to the community itself

that she had any objection, for she ever remained on terms of the most friendly intercourse with the Sisters, and, during the remaining years of her life, was accustomed to visit their schools for an hour on Saturdays to give religious instruction to the children. It was not that she did not love their institute well, but she would have loved another more. It is to be regretted that, on a matter of such importance, there should have been any misapprehension, and that a clear and definite understanding was not come to, between the several parties concerned, during the three years that the matters were in progress. Perhaps she thought the Ursuline institute, whatever it may have been in France, would under the pressure of circumstances in Ireland, accommodate itself to the purposes she had more immediately in view, and in which she believed it could be made more useful. From a comparison of all the circumstances, it seems highly probable that this last is the more probable solution. But, whatever the cause may have been, it has had a very beneficial influence on religion in this country. It is but one of the many instances in which Providence orders all things sweetly, and for the best and wisest ends, and in which, to use the words of the holy à Kempis, "man proposes, but God disposes."

On the shifting tide of human events there are influences at work, and movements in progress passing the comprehension as they escape the notice of those who live and move upon the surface. And such the institution of the Ursulines, in these circumstances, seems to have been. Without such an order, the Presentation, or any institute having in its object the education of the poor, would have been impossible. There was not in Ireland at that time, as in France and other countries, an educated upper or middle class to furnish subjects, qualified by their attainments and education, for its efficient management. It is not the uneducated that are to do the work of education. This would be setting the blind to teach the blind. The germ of knowledge must be brought to maturity in one mind before it can be communicated profitably to another; for the seed that is sown unripened will never bud forth or fructify. The education of the poor requires a regular and abundant supply of those who are themselves educated; and to obtain these in Ireland, where the springs of knowledge had been for years dried up, was impossible. They had to be produced in the country, and some institute was necessary to supply that knowledge, which only a favored few could acquire abroad. This object the Ursulines accomplished. They prepared the way, and furnished the agents, in the great work of the enlightenment and education of the poor children of this country. Even to this

day, a considerable portion of the members of the Presentation Order are indebted to it for their education, and perhaps their vocation to a religious life; and however it may have been originally opposed to the wishes of its foundress, it was an important, if not an essential instrument in effecting the objects to which she so ardently and earnestly aspired. Disappointed in the object after which she had yearned for many a long year, and the hope of which had sustained her through many a day of toil and anxious expectancy, she yet does not abandon that object in despair. An humble but firm trust in the providence and mercy of God supports her in one more effort in that cause which was so dear to her. She took up her abode in a house adjoining the convent, and was joined by a few generous individuals, animated with the same spirit as herself. Her pecuniary means were not all exhausted by the sacrifices she had already made, and she was therefore able to make a permanent and adequate provision for their support. This establishment was the germ of the Presentation Order. She herself had always a tender devotion to the Presentation of our Blessed Lady in the temple; and she wished that her little society should be distinguished by that title. They were to make annual vows, and to form nothing more than a simple religious society. The services they rendered to religion were so great and decided, and such a provision for the moral and religious wants of the people so loudly called for that in a few years it was extended to several other cities and towns in Ireland.

[From the Monitor.]

The Lesson Heeded.*

The sounds of festal music rose within a stately hall,
And garlands shone and banners waved upon its gilded wall;
A gay and goodly company were brightly gathered there—
The youthful and the nobly born, the valiant and the fair.
Unheeded fled the smiling night amid the tumult sweet,
The strains of witching melody, the tread of dancing feet;

* These lines were suggested by an incident in the life of Nano Nagle, foundress of the Presentation Order. This lady was one of the brightest ornaments of the French Court. Returning one morning from a Royal ball, she saw a crowd of people waiting at a church door for early Mass. So deeply was she struck with the contrast between their self-sacrificing piety and her own life of vanity and frivolous pleasure, that she immediately formed the resolution of casting off the ivery of worldly pride, and consecrating herself to the service of the "meek and lowly Jesus." How nobly she fulfilled this glorious intention, let the noble Order she founded, and its beautiful work among the children of the poor, bear witness.

Nor faintest note of graver thought could sound its warning knells
Where rang the tones of Pleasure's lute, the clang of Folly's bells.
And 'mid the proud and jewelled throng that graced that festal scene
One peerless star serenely shone, a fondly worshipped queen;
O'er all the gleaming galaxy of brightest beauty there
That high-born maid of Erin reigned, the fairest of the fair.
* * * * *
A murmur of coming morn dissolved the spell of night,
And through the shadows dimly peered the herald beams of light;
And as the day its throne upreared within the golden East,
An eager throng thus early came to share a nuptial feast.
A grand and goodly company had fondly gathered there,
Yet not in silken raiment clad, nor decked with jewels rare—
In mean and tattered drapery they braved the wintry cold,
And oft the thin and pallid cheek its dismal story told.
Yet grand were they, those heirs of Heaven, those children of the King,
And goodly was the company o'er watched by angel wing;
Nor proud heraldic blazonry, nor wreathed and gilded wall,
Could match that monarch's matin feast, that bridegroom's banquet hall.
And while they humbly knelt beside the yet unopened door,
The worldly revel hushed its strain, the stately dance was o'er—
And now, from worship false and vain, from gods of frailest clay,
The star of courtly splendor turned in weariness away;
And as she sought her regal home a strange, unwonted scene
Met, on her way, the startled gaze of Pleasure's petted queen:
She saw the lowly band that knelt beside the temple's gate—
She saw "the meek and humble ones" their matin feast await—
And lo! the Master seemed amid His chosen flock to stand,
With dust upon His battered robe and blood-drops on His hand;
"Behold!" He cried, "the picture pure, the lesson traced for thee!
Thus early seek thou Wisdom's gate, thus early wait for Me."
* * * * *
They gathered in a simple room, that knew no carving rare—
No banner with its proud device, no festal garland fair;
And none amid that childish band could boast a lordly name—

They were the children of the poor, unknown to rank
or fame.
They gathered fondly, lovingly, around a gentle nun,
And sweetly, for the Master's sake, she gave each little
one
Pure lessons of the precious lore that once on earth He
taught—
Glad knowledge of the wondrous work their hidden
Saviour wrought.
Thus was the warning heeded well, for lo! that gentle
guide
Was she who reigned, a royal rose, within the realms
of Pride—
Was she who shone with brightest ray amid the gleam-
ing train,
That glided through the stately hall to Music's witch-
ing strain.
Her voice of softest, sweetest tone, hath breathed the
solemn vow,
The sable veil replaceth now the gems that decked her
brow;
The dress of coarsest serge enshrouds the form of
queenly grace,
That lately wore the costly robe, the scarf of dainty
lace.
But Pleasure's votary never knew, amid the pomp of
Pride,
The peace divine that fills the heart of Heaven's holy
bride:
For she hath watched at Wisdom's gate, hath heard
the summons blest—
Hath cast the worldly burden down, and found the
promised rest.
Sweet is the Master's sacred yoke, His service maketh
glad,
And rare the feast she shareth now, "in wedding gar-
ment" clad;
And oft she sees, in visions fair, the shining jasper
walls,
The amaranthine garlands twined o'er Heaven's ban-
quet halls—
And sweetly faileth on her ear the welcome of her
Lord,
"Well done, thou pure and faithful one; behold thy
rich reward."

SAN MATEO, Sept. 5, 1871.

MARIE.

The Miracles in France.

Two great miracles have recently taken place in France; one at the shrine of our Lady of Lourdes, the other through the intercession of the late Father Olivant, one of the five Jesuits shot by the Commune. The first was a young girl who had been for months paralyzed of the right side, and had been sent by the physicians to try the mineral waters in the Upper Pyrenees. Passing by Lourdes on her way, she desired to visit the holy grotto. Her father was strongly opposed to this, being like too many in our days, a scoffer at

all holy things. However, her entreaties prevailed, and being too helpless to move alone, her father carried her to the side of the spring. It not being possible for her to bathe therein, she had her limbs washed with the water, and scarce had it touched her, when she felt a strange sensation all through her heretofore benumbed members, and she exclaimed: "I am cured. Let me stand alone. I can walk." Her father refused to credit her words, but she managed to disengage herself from his arms and ran rapidly to the grotto; on seeing which he could not believe his own eyes, but exclaimed, "Is it really my daughter or a vision?" He soon, however, was convinced of the happy reality of his child's perfect cure, and from an incredulous scoffer became a believer, and went to thank our Lady for her goodness, and seek her forgiveness for having ever doubted her power. Some other fashionable unbelievers who came through curiosity to see the place, and to ridicule the faithful children of Mary, were so struck by the fact that one of them lost consciousness, became deadly pale, and trembled all over, so as to be obliged to hold on by the railing which closes the grotto, and who from unbelievers and scoffers returned to their hotel believing Christians. The girl is perfectly cured, and a priest from the Home of the Sacred Heart, at Toulouse, is witness, together with hundreds of visitors to the shrine, to the fact. Thus God is pleased to manifest to the incredulous the wonderful power of His Blessed Mother.

The other miracle took place at Paris last week at the translation of the remains of five martyred Jesuits, to Montmartre. This ceremony, from prudential motives, took place with closed doors. A young girl of twenty-one, who had been given over by all the physicians, and had received the last Sacraments some days previous, never ceased praying to Father Olivant, who had prepared her for her first communion, feeling confident he would cure her disease. She had already made four Novenas; the fifth was on the eve of its termination. She was brought in a carriage to the church, and carried to the place where lay the coffins of the martyred Fathers, on touching which she was completely cured. She stood up erect, her contracted limbs extended, and she knelt down to thank her benefactor for her restored health, remaining on her knees unaided until the *Asperges*, when she rose and followed the body to the vault, the five martyrs being placed in the subterranean chapel constructed beneath the church, and after the ceremony was concluded returned on foot to her home, a good distance, being in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs. The miracle is known to hundreds, who will sign the medical testimony of the previous despairing state and perfect cure of the

girl. We feel that when the subterranean chape is finished, we will see regular pilgrimages to the tombs of our venerated martyrs. As it is, countless sick and ailing come daily to implore, through their intercession, the cure of all their ailments. Other marvellous cures are spoken of as obtained through the intercession of the martyred Fathers Ducondray and Clere. Steps are being taken to have all possible information as to these miracles, and the working thereof is in the hands of a well-known Father of the society, famous alike for his preaching as well as for the solidity and erudition of his many works. When sufficient positive facts are known, steps will be taken for the beatification of our martyrs. We see even in this city, so famed for modern civilization, and still smoking and blood-steeped, God has pleased to manifest the sanctity of His own tried and faithful servants—the children of the Great Ignatius of Loyola. The miracle of Lourdes is related in the *Semaine Religieuse*, of Toulouse; the other, in a letter written by a Jesuit Father from Paris, dated July 23. —*Paris Correspondent Catholic Opinion.*

Mary our Mother.

Mary is our Mother, the Mother of all Christians, and, indeed, of all men, in the sense that all should be Christians. It is from the words of St. John that we know this great truth, that as we owe our natural lives to our mothers, we owe to Mary the supernatural life of our soul.

Here are the words of St. John: "When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple standing, whom He loved, he saith to His mother: 'Woman, behold thy son.' After that He saith to the disciple: 'Behold thy mother.' And from that hour the disciple took her to his own."*

In these memorable words it must be remarked that Jesus mentions the names neither of Mary nor John. Nor does he give the name of mother to the Blessed Virgin, but calls her woman, *mulier*. It is the opinion of some interpreters that our Blessed Lord did not bestow upon her the endearing name of mother, because he was unwilling to augment her sorrow. Others think that there is too much of the merely human in this sentiment. The true reason is that Mary in this solemn occasion was the *Woman*, the true woman, the perfect woman, the woman through whom the world was redeemed; as Jesus was the *Son of Man* without any other title, the true man, the perfect man, the man, Redeemer and Saviour of men. "How simple are they," says P. Ventura de Raulica, "how narrow-minded they are, who are astonished, who regret,

that the Son of God upon the Cross did not call Mary *mother* but *woman*! Ah! if Jesus Christ on so solemn an occasion had called Mary *mother* he would have manifested a pious sentiment; by calling her *Woman*, He revealed great mysteries to us. Had he called her *mother*, He would have profoundly moved her; by calling her *Woman* He elevated her to the highest pitch of greatness. Had He called her *mother*, He would have declared her His *mother*; by calling her *Woman*, He declared her to be co-redemptrix. Had He called her *Mother*, Mary would have only been his *mother*; by calling her *Woman*, and giving her John as her son, He proclaimed her the *Woman-Mother* of the universe, the *Mother of the Church*. Had He called her *mother*, He would have shown Himself merely as her son; by calling her *Woman* He declared Himself to be the Redeemer. Had He called her *mother*, He would have spoken as man; calling her *Woman* He spoke as God."

For a similar reason the name of St. John is not pronounced by our Blessed Lord. John, at that supreme moment, was not merely John, but the disciple whom Jesus loved; that is every faithful disciple, every Christian worthy of his vocation; he represented all the disciples of Christ, all the sons of Mary, and in him was indicated the great fact that the two titles of beloved disciple of Jesus and devoted child of Mary are inseparable.

Mary, then, becomes the Mother not only of John, but of all Christians. And what is meant by this name of "Mother of Men," given to the Blessed Virgin? It signifies that she has brought us forth to the life of grace, as our mothers have given us natural life. The soul has its life, as the body has its own; this life of the soul is supernatural, but as true a life as is that of the body. And just as without our mothers, our bodies would not have their life, so it is through Mary that our souls are animated with the life that is their own; consequently she is the true life of our souls.

"*I will not leave you orphans*," was the promise of our Saviour, and to fulfil it, he made us children of God, and He became our Father: *Thus shall you pray: Our Father who art in heaven.* But children born of the same father and same mother are more united to each other than if they were only of the same father. Thus Joseph loved Benjamin more than his other brothers, because he was his brother both by father and mother, whereas the others, though children of Jacob, were born of another mother. Jesus Christ loving us with an infinite love made us his perfect brothers, born of the same father and the same mother. We are then, far from being orphans.

Mary, then, is our Mother because she is the Mother of Jesus; her human maternity is the

* St. John, xix, 26, 27.

consequence, the apanage of her divine maternity. From the Scriptures we learn that Jesus is not an only Son: He is the first-born among many brothers, says St. Paul: *Primogenitus in multis fratribus*;* the Gospel also says that Mary brought forth her *First-born*. Now, faith teaches us that Mary, a Virgin before, during and after the bringing forth of her Son Jesus, never had any other son according to the flesh; she has then spiritual children, who are all Christians. Indeed, being the Mother of the head, how could it be that she would not be the mother of the members? She has been made the participant of the fecundity of the celestial Father, says the Abbé Petitot, to give birth not only to Jesus Christ but to all his members. Wherefore we admit the explanation that M. Olier gives of the three Masses celebrated on Christmas day: that they are to honor the three births of Jesus Christ, viz., in the bosom of His Father, in the womb of Mary, and in all the members of Jesus Christ. On this account, too, says M. Olier, the Church during the octave of the Nativity, does not celebrate the octave each day, but the feast of some saint; because after having celebrated the feast of the First-Born, it is proper to celebrate the feasts of other children. He calls attention finally to the fact that during the octave occur the feasts of a Sovereign Pontiff; an Apostle, who is also an Evangelist; a bishop; a deacon martyr; a virgin martyr, and the Holy Innocents who represent the faithful—and thus we honor the whole mystic body of the Saviour.

* Rom. viii.

Mary our Refuge.

The Bishop of Verdun relates a touching incident, of which he was an eye-witness on his first visit to Rome. Two poor men, who were drinking at a tavern, quarrelled; and becoming violently excited, one of them seized a knife which was lying on the table, and attempted to strike his companion, who fled in terror of his life. He was pursued, and almost overtaken, when he perceived an image of the Madonna at a short distance; he fled toward it, and, throwing himself down at its feet, turned toward his adversary and said: "Have you the heart to kill me under the very eyes of our Mother?" The hand which was raised to strike him, fell as if paralyzed, and the knife dropped at the feet of the Madonna. Of course a reconciliation ensued; and this poor man's love of our Blessed Lady, and his confidence in her protection were the means not only of preserving his life, but of saving his companion from the commission of a great crime.

Letter from the Pope.

The various *Circoli* of the Donna Cattoliche celebrated the 23d of August, the day on which Pius IX surpassed the actual length ascribed to the reign of St. Peter, by presenting him with numerous sets of vestments and altar furniture for distribution among needy churches. The Holy Father, however, has settled the matter in a way consonant with his own benevolence and greatness of heart, by the following letter to Marchesa Cavalette:

"*Carissima Marchese Senatore, e figlio via Gesù Cristo.*—The multiplied proofs of filial affection which reach me daily from every parts of the Catholic world fill me with lively emotion and sincere gratitude, which I endeavor to satisfy by fervent prayers for the many children of the Church, in whose behalf I offer up every week the sacrifice of infinite value, that is the Holy Mass, which in satisfaction of the general desire, I will also apply to the 23d of this month, asking of God that He would be pleased to deliver our country (*nostra Italia*) of the many evils by which she is every day more and more oppressed.

"Nevertheless, it was with feelings of surprise that I heard of this new and most unexpected token by which it seems many good Catholics are preparing to make manifest their filial love, namely, by the presentation of a golden throne, and the proposition to add the title of 'Great' to Pius the Ninth.

"From the bottom of my heart, and with all the sincerity of a loving father, I send you my answer to both these questions.

"And first, in regard to the precious gift of a golden cathedra; from the first moment I heard of it, it suggested itself to my mind to employ whatever sum the offerings might amount to, to the redemption of the young clerical aspirants who, by a shameful (*tenebrosa*) and unheard-of law, are forced to assume military service. The clergy form the golden seat on which this Church is enthroned, and therefore it is against the clergy are directed the principal efforts of those at present in power—by spoliation, by persecution, and above all, by putting obstacles in the way of vocations to the sanctuary, in order to diminish the ranks of the hierarchy, and render it difficult to supply the void left in its ranks, decimated every day by deaths through the bitterness of heart felt by its members.

"It might be thought that the rulers of the day had assumed the task of destroying everything, and most especially all that bears relation to religion and the Church. And while they are profuse with commendations and subsidies for the discour-

agement of any of the clergy-ecclesiastics who are devoted to their ecclesiastical superiors, to apostates from the faith they show every favor to the great grief of the true and good, and because they follow after doctrines opposed to those who persecute them and their anti-Christian inclinations. But we must leave these blind rulers to pursue their way which leads to perdition, for having turned a deaf ear to the first warnings of their conscience, and become ribald by mocking the wholesome doctrine placed before their eyes, they have fallen into that descent which leads to the bottomless abyss.

"And with regard to the second idea, of adding to our name the adjunct of 'Great,' there recur to my mind the words of our Divine Redeemer. When, having assumed our human nature, He was walking through Judea, and some one struck with admiration at His teaching, addressed Him as 'Good Master,' He replied: 'Why callest thou Me good; only One is good, namely, God.' If, therefore, Jesus Christ, speaking as man, declared that God only was to be called 'Good,' how much rather must His unworthy Vicar be bound to say that God only is to be called 'Great.' Great, for the support which He vouchsafes to His Vicar. Great, for the infinite patience He is pleased to use towards His adversaries. Great, for the reward He proposes for all who forsake the way of sin to apply themselves to the practice of penance. Great, for the terrible judgments which He has in store for unbelievers, and for all obstinate enemies of the Holy Church.

"To sum up, then, I repeat that in the first place I would wish the money collected for the throne should be applied for the redemption of clerics from military service; and secondly, that my name continue to be pronounced as heretofore, desiring that all should say, to the glory of God: '*Magnus Dominus et laudabilis nimis.*' This is the wish of a father expressed to his dear children, and with all strength of desire I repeat my assurances of love and gratitude towards you. True it is that to three really great Pontiffs this title has been given, but it was only after their death, when the judgment of men had become less disturbed by the influence of passing events.

"Let these, however, still be esteemed as great in the mouths and in the hearts of all, while with effusion of heart, I impart to you and your family, and all good Catholics, my Apostolic Benediction.

"PIUS PP. IX.

"From the Vatican, 8th August, 1871."

A MAN may hear much, but it is better to believe very little of what he hears.

The Golden Throne.

The Holy Father has refused not only the title of Great, but also a throne of gold which a commission of Catholics, headed by the Marquis Cavaletti, was organized to offer for his acceptance.

That history will recognize Pius IX, among all the Pontiffs, as emphatically a great High Priest of the Church of Christ, is not to be questioned; and that the especial character of his gentle reign has been an immense paternal love, which has built up for him in the hearts of all the faithful a throne more precious than one composed of the richest metals, is certain beyond all doubt. Therefore, we can completely understand that affectionate zeal which has lately urged certain warm-hearted Catholics to make the Sovereign Pontiff an offering so naturally suggested at once by their love and the extraordinary fact peculiar to his Pontificate.

The title of Great, and a throne upon earth and in heaven, are, and will be, assuredly his by Divine appointment. And, having said so much, we venture to add that the slightest knowledge of the disposition of Pius IX might have convinced every member of the commission that their well-intentioned offering would be declined. He, whose whole career has been one long period of suffering, and of self-abnegation also, would not be likely to receive with pleasure high-sounding names, however fitting and just.

But the offering of a golden throne! what could he think of that? In the present scandalous condition of things, would it not seem in his judgment almost a bitter pleasantry? What! with the Communist and his petroleum at the very door of his palace—with an excommunicated usurper in his place—himself a prisoner where, by every title, he should rule as monarch—and his devoted children can think of nothing better for their Father and Sovereign than the present of a throne of gold!

When the beautiful Queen of Scots was murdered by the Tudor she-wolf Elizabeth, we read that her devoted knights, instead of mourning, put on armor, as significant of their intentions.

Pius IX is dethroned, imprisoned, menaced by a hundred dangers, and subjected to as many insults, and his champions are busy collecting subscriptions to present him with a handsome jewel! There are two hundred and fifty millions of us Catholics—we are a power in every kingdom the world through—we reverence the throne of St. Peter as the most legitimate and the holiest upon earth; and yet we stand idly by and allow Piedmont, a State which, commercially considered, is on the verge of bankruptcy, and in a military point of view is a fifth-rate power, to seize upon

the chair and the crown of the Chief Apostle of Christ, and to dethrone *him* whom the Christian centuries have established as sacred and immovable.

After this there is but little that can disgrace us. At all events let us display some consciousness of our shame, and if we are too feeble, too disunited or too cowardly to attempt anything for God and His Church, let us admit our misery, and at least preserve the dignity of silence. A better time will certainly come; a nobler spirit will diffuse itself among men, and they will not only *speak*, but they will *act* to some purpose. Until then we cannot but think that attempts like that of the late commission, however well meant, are almost mockeries of a sublime woe. It is the "giving of a stone when asked for bread."—*London Universe*.

How to be Polite.

Do not try too hard to be polite.

Never overwhelm your friends by begging them to make themselves at home, or they will soon wish they were there. Show by your actions, rather than your words that you are glad to see them.

Have enough regard for yourself to treat your greatest enemy with quiet politeness. All petty slights are merely meanness, and hurt yourself more than any one else.

Do not talk about yourself or your family to the exclusion of other topics. What if you are clever, and a little more so than other people, it may not be that other folks will think so, whatever they ought to do.

It may be interesting to you to talk over your ailments, but very tiresome to others to listen to them.

Make people think you consider them clever and agreeable, and they will be pretty apt to have a pleasant impression of yourself.

Treat people just as you would like to have them treat you.

It is much easier to lose the good opinion of people than to regain it; and when one does not care for the good opinion of others he or she is not worthy of respect.

Do not excuse your house, furniture, or the table you set before your guests. It is fair to suppose their visits are to you, not your surroundings. The whole machinery of social intercourse is very delicate and intricate, and it is our business to keep all places of possible friction well supplied with the oil of politeness.

THE shallow stream makes more noise than the deep. So it is with mind.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

DENIS MAGUIRE.

A Tale of Brotherly Love.

"Oh, Aunt, please tell me a story."

"Tell you a story, Ellie? About what shall it be?"

"Oh, a story, a true story."

"Well, let me see: what day is to-day?"

"It is Friday, Aunt; and oh! don't you remember, Father John said on last Sunday that it was our Blessed Lady's birthday?"

"Yes, I remember; and I am very glad to see that you have not forgotten it; do you remember what he said to you when he was here in the evening?"

"He said that I never forgot to have something more on my birthday than on the other days of the year; and said that he hoped I would be as thoughtful at least for my Blessed Mother."

"Well, and were you? what more did you do for her to-day than other days?"

"Oh, very little, Aunt; I only went to Mass and gave the fruit that mamma gave me after dinner, to poor little Agnes Fischer."

"That was little, truly, for one who lives so near the church, and ought to hear Mass every day; but I hope our Blessed Mother will kindly consider that it is the gift of a little, a very little, damsel, who has her mind more intent upon hearing stories from Aunt than devising gifts for her holy Mother Mary. By the way, as the day is not yet over, suppose you try if the garden has anything fit to make a bouquet, and take it as an evening offering; it will help to complete the day which you began with Mass in the morning, desert at noon, and now a bouquet for evening. Find as many with a perfume as you can, and tell our dear Mother their odor will serve as incense, emblematic of the prayer of your little heart, always exhaling itself in the presence of her divine Son; run now, and when you return, I think you will deserve to hear a true story from Aunt."

"Oh, yes, I'll go; I'm so glad you thought of that; there are plenty of flowers in the garden: there is lemon verbena, and scented geranium, and dahlias of four colors; and your white lily, Aunt, that had all the buds on, it is out in blossom, and Kitty says it makes her heart glad to smell it—may I cut it too?"

"Certainly; anything that is mine, Ellie, belongs to my sweet Mother."

"Will you lend me your scissors to cut them, Aunt?"

"Yes; here—be off, and I will have the story ready when you come back."

"Here I am, Aunty; was I long? I ran all the way."

"Ha! ha! ha! ran *all* the way,—only one block; that was a great run, Ellie. Did you get out of breath, Ellie?"

"No. Oh, our Blessed Mother's altar is so pretty: it is filled with lamps—I think they have one for every birthday. How many birthdays did our Blessed Lady have? was she an old woman, Aunt?"

"She saw sixty birthdays, as you call them, Ellie—but what did you say to her when you took the bouquet?"

"Oh, Father John was there, and he took it, and laid it at our Blessed Mother's feet, and said that must always be my place, at our Lady's feet; and he said he hoped my soul was as lovely as my flowers; so I knelt down and asked her to bless me, and make my heart like the moon under her feet, so she could always be standing on it. Aunt, did you forget the story?"

"No, darling; but where shall I begin?—Oh, yes, I know.

"Well, when I was a little ^{being told} ~~time~~, my papa had a poor man and his son ^{was} ~~with~~ him; very honest, thrifty men from the north of Ireland, by the name of Maguire. Well, it is of the son I am going to tell you the story. The family consisted of the father, two sons, and a daughter. The one who worked for papa was the eldest, and named Denis; and the other boy, who was the youngest, Jemmy,—he was an idiot, or, as Denny expressed it, 'he was a simple.' The daughter, Mary, worked as a housemaid, until, her father's health failing, he required her attention. Denny, by his industry and economy, saved sufficient to buy a horse and dray, and with them earned enough to pay for that house and lot on Avenue C, where his sister now lives."

• "Oh, is that the Miss Magwire where poor old Mrs. Ready lives?"

"Yes. Well, Ellie, when Denny worked for papa, he would ask every day to go to his home, just for a few minutes, about ten in the morning; after some time it seemed so strange to papa that he should leave so, he asked him, 'Denis, what do you go home every day for?'

“ Well, you see, sir, I have a brother that the hand of the Lord is on; he’s a simple, sir, and whin I laves him in the mornin’ I puts the scap’lar an him to keep him from harm; but you know, sir, there’s no tellin’ when wan of thim turns may take him, and when there bad, he’d pull every stich af

ov him, and he might come to some harm; so I goes to see if he has the scap'lar on him.'

“ ‘Who feeds him? and how does he do in the afternoon?’

“ ‘I do, sir; I laves him lashins to ate, and whin he’s tired atin’, he goes til sleep, and whin he wakes he sifs by the dure or window in a sort o’ stupor for hours—sometimes for long after we go home from work.’

"' But, Denis, it is dangerous to leave him alone ; he might burn the house and himself.' "

"Sorra fear, sir, whilst he's got the scap'lar an him. The Mother o' Marcy'll take care av him."

" 'You ought to send him to the hospital, Denis.'

“‘To the hospital, sir! an’ the Lord afflictin’ him! a then God forbid I’d be so mane; shure there’s a blessin’ about a house where there’s one o’ them, sir—aren’t they sent to thry our vartue, sir?’ They’re lucky, very lucky, sir. Sometimes though, he’s vicious and thries to bite me, but it’s only when he’s bad; most o’ the time he’s paccable.’

“ ‘Well, Denis, may God reward you; you have great charity.’

"Denny managed his little shanty housekeeping himself, doing his housework in the morning and evening, before and after his hard day's work, and never complained. When his trouble was more than usual, he would say, with cheerful resignation, 'Welcome be the will o' God; sure He knows best!'

"Three years after I first knew him, his father died, and his death had such an effect on Jemmy that Mary was obliged to remain at home to take care of him. For seventeen years Denis cheerfully labored on, and from his earnings saved enough to build that house in which he lived with his sister, taking care of that poor brother, and guarding him with as much tenderness as your dear mamma showed for you when you were a little babe, Ellie. Jemmy obeyed him like a little child, and when vexed by anything would make the most pitiful complaints to Denny, who would always appease him by promising to take him some day to see his father. The pleasing thought would put all other considerations out of his mind, for he had loved his father with all the fondness of his wild nature. It was very pathetic to hear them, as I have often heard:

"'Niver mind them, Jemmy, me boy; do you be good, and I'll take you til see yer father,' would Denny say, after hearing his grievances with inimitable patience.

"Ah, thin now will you, Denny, for sure? an' whin will you take me, Denny? Will you want the two horses to go up there? Oh, yis, Denny, let's take the two horses; me father'll be so proud

to see us drivin' two horses. Whin will you go, Denny?

"When you're good enough, which will be soon, please God!"

"Plase God agin," said Jemmy; for that was a form of prayer Denis had taught him, and which he never forgot when he wanted to please Denny. Jemmy was so helpless that Denis had to wash and dress him every day like an infant; and sometimes feed him, for he would occasionally get stubborn and would not eat for his sister nor for anyone but Denny. I wish you had seen Denny with his arm about Jemmy's neck and a spoon in his hand, and heard him say so coaxingly: 'Come, Jemmy, me man, ate this now like a good boy, an' I'll buy you the prettiest handkercher with a big red stripe an it; won't that be fine?' Somehow he always succeeded with Jemmy.

"Seventeen years have I known the good Denis to spend thus in the practice of the most untiring fraternal love, and then it pleased God to call him to his reward in heaven. Before he died he made a will, leaving all his property to Mary on condition that she should never let Jemmy be taken to an hospital, or want for anything so that even after death he sought to provide for Jemmy. I shall never forget that death.

"Mary," said Denny, 'don't mind what anyone says; do you always keep Jemmy; and when he's bad put the scap'lar an him, and the holy Mother of God will take care of him hersel'; she likes simples becace they never knew sin. I always told her, Mary, whenever he'd bother me more nor I could stan', an' she'd hear my prayer, an' make him bidable. I couldn't die asy, Mary, if I thought anythin' hard id come to Jemmy.'

"Rest asy, Denny. Whilst ever the good God laves me strength no other hand'll ever serve him. But, oh! *wirra*, shure what'll I do, Denny *asthore*, whin you're gone! God knows you were the good brother to us both.'

"Whist! Mary; I only done my duty, an' that badly, God help me! But He's a good God, Mary and knows the sort I am—only a little dust, with the image of God made an it. I'm very wake. When did Father Miles say he'd come again?"

"Afore he wint to bed, he said, he'd come over to see you, again, God bless his thoughtful heart!"

"Amin!—Mary take care o' Jemmy!"

"Poor Denny closed his eyes, murmuring the names of Jesus and Mary, wher' he apparently fell asleep, and when the priest came in, half an hour after, he found Denny was dead—passed peacefully away to receive the reward of the many virtues with which his soul was adorned, virtues, as Father Myles said, whose true worth were known only to his God.

"Denis never married, that he might be free to care for his poor brother. 'You know, Miss,' he would say to me, 'it wouldn't be in nature to ask any girl to put up with Jemmy's quare ways.'

"But the most beautiful of all his virtues was his unwavering confidence in the protection of our blessed Mother Mary. No child ever trusted a fond mother with half the guileless faith with which Denny trusted the blessed Virgin, and that is why I chose to give you this little sketch of his life on her birthday; besides, I wished you to know that, even now, we may see the most heroic virtue (generally amongst the poor) practised at times as it was of old by the canonized saints of whom you read such wonderful things told by Alban Butler.

"I hope, after hearing the history of Denny, you will never be impatient when your brothers and sister require some sacrifice of your time or pleasure. How do you like your story?"

"Oh, very much, Aunt. I'll always think of it every time I go to see old Mrs. Ready. Which room did Denny die in, aunt? I think it must be holy."

"In the one above Mrs. Ready's. Come, darling, there is the bell for tea."

A Little **Your Mother.** and Little

Little ones, do you love your mother? You will never meet an eye as tender, a hand as gentle, or a heart as kind as hers. No love will ever be so strong as that which she bears you. It was she who had nourished you in infancy, and soothed, with pleasure, your feverish cries, when all other ears had grown weary of them. She would cool the heavy brow, change the heated pillow, and answer your countless calls till the stars paled in the heavens, and yet no repining words escaped her lips. It was your mother who watched over you in childhood, taught your lisping tongue its first words, and your tottering feet to bear your unsteady weight. She was happy if your childish heart was full of joy; or if your brow was clouded, with loving words and gentle manner she was ever ready to disperse it. In youth she guided the feet which are so prone to err, into the paths of peace and wisdom. Then we must love her who has so much loved us.

If you are in prosperity many hearts will be thrown at your feet; but when fortune frowns these friends will desert you for one more favored. 'Tis then a mother's love will shine the brighter, and cause you to forget that the world is cold.

Then let your mother see that you *think of her*; perform those little nameless attentions which can only supply the demands of a loving heart.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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No. 42.

Mary Our Mother.

Last week we showed that our Blessed Lord, addressing His Virgin Mother from the Cross and calling her Woman and not by the endearing name of Mother, signified that He was not only her Son, but the Redeemer of man, the Son of God, God Himself; and that Mary, standing at the foot of the Cross, was not only His Mother, but the co-redeemer of the world, the spiritual Mother of all Christians.

Mary upon Calvary, says the Abbé Petitalot, also held the place of the Church, our Mother, the Spouse of Jesus Christ. The New Adam was to have a spouse, the Church, and, by her, produce children to God; and as Eve was at the same time the daughter of Adam, being taken from him, and his spouse, so the Church is the daughter of Jesus Christ, coming out of His opened side, and at the same time His spouse. But at the time of the Passion the Church does not exist, and it is Mary who holds its place, being herself the most august of the members of the Church. There Jesus does not consider Himself as merely the Son of Mary, a quality which He gives to St. John; He is the Spouse of the Church whom He espouses in Mary; He calls Mary, then, not Mother, but woman, *mulier*. And St. John, the eldest of the children of adoption, unites in his person the qualities of Prophet, of Apostle, of Evangelist, of Martyr, of Confessor, and of Virgin.

Mary, says M. Olier, in his *Vie Intérieure*, Mary appears on Calvary by the side of Jesus Christ, as Eve in the terrestrial paradise by the side of Adam, to be his spouse and the Mother of believers. But how different is her condition from that of Eve! The latter placed in a garden of delight and pleasure, the terrestrial paradise, the abode of innocence where she was in the ecstasy and abundance of joy; whereas the new Eve is placed with the new Adam, the restorer of sinners, upon Calvary which God the Father desires to make the place of their nuptials. He puts them in this place of punishment, in this dwelling of criminals, in this place of blood, of sorrow and forlornness, there to suffer and to be overwhelmed with

the bitterness of sorrow. It is by His sufferings, His Blood and His death that Jesus Christ was to beget children to God; and as the object of marriage is to place the spouses in a perfect union of sentiments and disposition, Mary, for her dowry, her sole portion, receives sorrow from her Spouse, who is given to her on Calvary as the Man of sorrows, as the Spouse of blood.

And this brings us to another cause of the fruitful maternity of Mary: the excess of her sorrow. Isaiah (liii, 10.), speaking of our Saviour says: If He shall lay down His life for sin, He shall see a long-lived seed. These words are also true of Mary, fulfilling the part of co-redeemer. She gives her life by immolating herself with all the energy of her will; she gives more than her life, giving as she did, her Son as the victim of sin; therefore her posterity shall live forever, and her children shall cover the earth. Abraham, having generously consented to the immolation of his son, received the reward of his heroic sacrifice: *Because thou hast done this thing, I will multiply thy race.* A more magnificent reward was certainly due to the greater sacrifice of the Mother of Jesus.

The Wiseman gives us this command (Eccli. vii.): Honor thy father and forget not the groanings of thy mother; remember that thou hadst not been born but through them. Our father and our mother have brought us forth to spiritual life in the anguish of the Cross. What torment did they not suffer! The sorrow of Mary, says St. Thomas, with his theological precision of thought, is the supreme sorrow of the present life: *Dolor Virginis fuit maximus inter dolores presentis vite.* The agony of Mary is measured by the agony of her Son, who suffered terribly both in body and mind. In His body: There is no beauty in Him, nor comeliness; and we have seen Him and there was no sightliness, that we should be desirous of Him; despised and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity; and His look was as it were hidden and despised, whereupon we esteemed Him not. Surely He hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows; and we have thought him as it were a leper, and as one struck by God and afflicted. But He was wounded for

our iniquities, He was bruised for our sins; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His bruises we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray, everyone hath turned aside into his own way: and the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. He was offered because it was His own will, and He opened not His mouth: He shall be led as a sheep to the slaughter, and shall be dumb as a lamb before his shearer, and He shall not open His mouth (Isai. liii). In His soul: Jesus is charged with all the crimes of the earth, which are present to his view. He feels the wrath of His Father who vents upon Him His indignation as if upon all the criminals who had offended Him, or who were to offend Him until the end of time.

His Mother is associated in all these sorrows: she also is charged with all our crimes; she carries them as if she, so holy and so zealous for God's glory, had committed them. She, on Calvary, becomes the object of God's wrath; her soul is filled with a sea of bitterness; her heart is pierced with seven wounds—by the seven capital sins, the source of all others; that amiable heart is mortally wounded as often as we seek gratification in the commission of sin. How far she is from Bethlehem! There she was the Mother of the Just One, and therefore she brought forth her Son in joy, and rejoiced with the Angels and the shepherds; on Calvary she completes her delivery, but she brings forth criminals, and therefore she is filled with confusion and drowned in bitterness. "O, all you who pass by the way, consider and see if there be sorrow like unto my sorrow!"

And nevertheless, sustained by love, her strength fails not. *Stabat*, she stood, a thousand times more courageous than Hagar, who had exclaimed: "I will not see my son die!" Mary showed no feebleness, had no spasms, say theologians following tradition. One of them relates that he was at Rome when, by order of the Master of the Apostolic Palace, all the paintings in which Mary was represented as overcome by sorrow and in a swoon were destroyed. It is true that pilgrims from the Holy Land relate that at the place where Mary met her Son she fainted away, and that a church has been built commemorative of the circumstance. But this tradition does not prove that there was truly a swoon brought on by want of courage and by the feebleness of an exhausted body; it shows the greatness, the immensity of her sorrow at the horrible spectacle which presented itself to the view of that desolate Mother; and it was to recall the memory of that unspeakable suffering that the church was built.

SELF-LOVE

SELF-LOVE leads us to believe we deserve praise.

The Jewel—Faith.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

There fell a hush in heaven, and a star
Moved from his flashing throne, high set where light,
Such as stalks forth in wintry northern skies,
Glimmered and leaped in living radiance,—
Through the vast choirs he passed majestic, till
He stood amid the awful loveliness
That lived upon the threshold of His throne.

"Great God!" he spoke,

And then a gentle fall of silvery harps
Was heard upon the air, and died away;
"Thy Father's voice hath called thy servant here,
Tell me my task, and, swifter than the morning's ray,
My joyful wing shall cleave paths limitless,
And sing the while sweet melodies
Because allowed to do my Father's will,"
Then came there from the glories that shot forth
A dreadful splendor round about the Throne,
And in their midst a voice, which was not voice
So much as some creative excellence,
Spoke to the radiant messenger these words:
"Go, seek on earth, my angel, where is Faith,
And where she hath her gentle, blest abode."
Sudden the form was absent, and the choirs
Took up again their lovely songs of joy,
The morning star her trembling rays cast down
And played in beauty on the far-off wings
Which sped, with arrowy swiftness, to the globe
That in the distant ether seemed a speck
Half dark, half light.

And now he neared the troubled earth and saw
Vast plains and oceans wide and empires proud,
With their great cities, monuments and towers
Raising their heads ambitious to the clouds,
And, moving like frail insects on a leaf,
Man hurried on with trifles all engrossed;
Clipping the plumes of his immortal part
To hinder it from soaring to its end.
"Where shall I find blest Faith?" the Angel sighed,
Then quickly sped into a gilded court
Where, high enthroned, a martial monarch sat,
Viewing with gloomy joy the serried host
That, with brave pennants and illustrious arms,
Poured proudly by, an endless stream of men.
"It is not here," the angel sadly said;
"This pomp and pageantry is but the pride
Which Power puts on to awe the common herd."
Then passed the heavenly messenger away
Unto a calm retreat where Science hid,
And bent its pale face in profoundest thought;
"Alas! not here," he sighed, "and strange it is
That fair intelligence, which opens wide
The book of Nature's sweetest harmonies,
And pores, a captive, o'er the enchanting page,
Should blind itself before great Nature's God."
The blessed one was gone o'er sight could catch
The splendor that did flash from his bright wings,
And to a palace quickly took his way;
It was the home of riches, where, in pomp,—
With troops of lackeys waiting on his beck,—
A proud man bent his better part to earth,
And swung sweet incense to his golden god.
"Faith could not flourish here," the spirit said,
"For all her noblest aspirations die
When gold usurps God's sovereignty of love."
With mournful face, exceeding sweet, he raised

His eyes of light, all dimmed by rising tears,
 Unto the quiet stars, that his great soul
 Might consolation find where Order sang
 And all the sons of God rejoicing made.
 "O Thou! Who art; Whose Word Incarnate left
 The Infinite bosom of the Godhead,—hear!
 A fear falls on me, for my search seems vain,
 'With desolation earth's made desolate,'
 And Faith hath died within the hearts of men."
 Then God spoke to His messenger: "Seek still."
 Instant obedience followed the command,
 And now the angel entered a proud fane
 Whose loftyurrets leaped up to the stars,
 As though resolved, audacious, to explore
 The veiled secrets of the upper sky.
 The angel lowly bowed unto the ground
 All the high majesty of his fair form,
 For, twinkling 'mid the solemn light afar,
 He saw the blessed Bridegroom's watchful lamp
 Smiling with holy radiance on His Face—
 Nearer to God than yonder silent orb—
 And kneeling in the sacred place he saw
 An aged woman, hooded and in rags;
 The chaplet in her trembling, withered hands—
 Withered by want as much as by old age—
 Shook in her weak, frail grasp.

He nearer drew,
 And saw the light which poured from the lone lamp
 Reflected in the tears, which, like fair pearls,
 Gave graceful beauty to her haggard cheeks
 And filled the angel with triumphant love;
 Her eyes were fixed upon the gilded door
 Which hid the beauty of her humble King.
 Fixed with such love that e'en the angel bowed
 In reverent awe beneath its fiery ray.
 Her heart and soul looked from her faithful eyes,
 Pure as the sunlight on a lily's breast.
 And child-like certainty—a living Faith—
 Wreathed her wan features with a happy smile.
 She had no power nor riches,—ignorance
 Had been her hard inheritance from youth;
 Her life had been one long, enduring woe;
 The loved one of her maiden hopes was dead,—
 Her brave, strong sons were but a memory,—
 The daughter in whose blooming youth she saw
 Herself renewed as with a lover's life,
 Had faded gently from her arms of love
 And sunk to rest upon her anguished heart.
 And now, in her old age, bereft of friends,
 Weary she waited for the happy hour
 When she should see her Father and her God.
 "O God! I thank Thy blessed Majesty
 For all the sorrows I have suffered here;
 Grant me to bravely carry my poor cross
 Unto the parting of life's latest breath.
 And thou, O gentle Mary, help me on
 That I may walk where thou hast led the way!"
 Thus prayed the wan and haggard, gray-haired child,
 Hid in the temple's quiet, sacred gloom;
 And while she prayed the angel left the earth,
 And even now was passing, 'mid great orbs
 Freight with strange creations of His power,
 Up to the awful glory of the Throne.
 He passed again the myriad hosts of light
 Whose endless song, like oceans' billows, swelled
 Upon the air with wordless harmony,
 And there at Heaven's throne he gently laid
 Sweet Faith which lived in that poor woman's sigh.

NOTHING is so beautiful as a pure soul.

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

PART II.

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD PAST, AND THE FUTURE.

"Now Guardy if you are settled to your entire satisfaction—is the cushion just right?—so—you'll please let me hear about St. Inigoes. Is there anything in that paper about the beautiful Miss Brent, Lord Baltimore's niece, who was carried off by Clerbourne's pirates?" said Lucia as she wheeled a low arm-chair near her guardian and threw herself with indolent grace into it, hungry to hear about the landing of the Catholic pilgrims upon the virgin shores of Maryland.

"No, there's nothing about beautiful young ladies in the account," replied Allan Brooke unfolding the paper: "it is only a simple and truthful record of events relating to the early settlement of Maryland, evidently written by one of the companions of Father White, perhaps by himself, and shows the difficulties and dangers Lord Baltimore and his little company encountered in planting the cross upon these shores; and it also shows indubitable proof, my child, that the grand principle of FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE was first promulgated and practiced on this continent by those same Catholic pilgrims; for while the Puritans of Massachusetts were persecuting Episcopalians, and while the Episcopalians in their turn were driving the Puritans out of Virginia, the Catholics of Maryland, who alone appreciated the true charity of the Gospel by giving equal protection to all, opened their doors to sufferers of every denomination."

"Well now Guardy, I want to know why a monument in memorial of some sort has never been erected at St. Inigoes to perpetuate that fact? It is one for Catholics to take a noble pride in, and is a living contradiction of the slanderous charge of intolerance brought by Protestant writers against the Church, which like the dear Lord has ever taught the new commandment in a spirit of perfect charity towards all. Can't we do something to inaugurate so noble a work?"

"I have been thinking about it; Father Jannison and I have had numerous talks over it, and if I live another year, I think the work will be at least begun."

"That's good news, Guardy! What a lesson the pyramids would have preached through the centuries, had they been erected to perpetuate some ennobling principle like that of self-sacrifice

for the good of others, or the divine precept of good will to men! Why, Guardy, in the old, old times, when men had visions of God, or were visited by His angels, with whom they wrestled in the wilderness, they always raised a memorial of stone upon the spot to let the nations know it was holy ground. Why, then, should not a place so consecrated as is St. Inigoes, by a divine charity, by the wrestling of saintly men with dangers and death for the salvation of souls, and daring all perils to plant the altars of faith in the wilderness, have its memorial stone? Oh, it must be done—I shall never rest until it is begun!" exclaimed Lucia, radiant with enthusiastic purpose.

"You are right, my darling," replied Allan Brooke, looking with fond eyes upon her. "I am glad that our sentiments accord so perfectly on this point, for I intend not only making provision by will for the purpose, but will have a fund for the continuance of the good work. As soon as ever some regularly organized plan is settled upon, I will add a codicil to my will for its execution. But you know the old adage, 'Rome was not built in a day,' and we must be patient until all things are ready."

"Waiting is a hard curb, particularly when the spurs of our will are sharp and keen. Pardon me, Guardy, for the horsey comparison, but it slipped out, suggested, I suppose, by seeing Frank Yellott galloping down the avenue on Belzebub, whom he doesn't know, in the least, how to manage. Where can he be going?"

"He had an engagement to dine with the Ogles, and asked me to make his excuse to you, which I quite forgot."

"The Ogles are a gay lot, aren't they?"

"Yes," he answered, drily; and there the subject dropped. But Lucia observed that his lips were rigidly closed, and she saw that he suppressed a sigh, while he adjusted his spectacles and smoothed out the manuscript upon his knee.

"That portion of North America," he began, "which now forms the State of Maryland, was granted by King Charles I to George Calvert, created Baron of Baltimore, in Ireland, by James I, about the year 1623. The grant bears date 1631. Sir George having died, the grant was afterwards made to his son and heir, Cecilius, Baron of Baltimore, bearing date the 20th of June, 1632. After obtaining this grant, Lord Baltimore sent out his brother, Leonard Calvert, Esq., accompanied by other Catholics and their attendants, to the number of between two and three hundred, for the purpose of founding the colony. The adventurers are represented to have been persons of considerable wealth and distinction, who left their native land to avoid the inconvenience of religious intol-

erance. They set sail from Corves, in the Isle of Wight, on the 22d of November, 1633, and they arrived on the 20th of February following, at a place which they called Point Comfort, in Virginia,* a narrow and barren point of sand jutting out from the mainland into the Chesapeake Bay. They shortly afterwards steered their course up the Chesapeake, and, entering the broad mouth of the Potomac, sailed about nine leagues, when they reached a large and beautiful island which they called St. Clement's, but which afterwards bore the name of St. George's.

"Here they effected a landing, and immediately proceeded to plant a cross. An altar was shortly after erected, on which the holy sacrifice of the Mass was offered. At first it was their intention to commence their settlement upon this island, but after having explored the Potomac as far up as Piscataway, examined the country, and given names to several places, they finally selected for their first colony an Indian settlement, called in the Indian dialect Yao-conoco, but which they afterwards named St. Mary's. This village was situated on the eastern bank of St. Mary's river, distant about eight miles from its mouth. Thither, then, they directed their course, and, without molestation from the Indians, effected their landing on the 25th of March, 1634.

"Calvert began by making a free and fair purchase of this land from the Indians, as well as of circumjacent lands, for which he paid them liberally in articles suited to their way of life which he had brought from England for the purpose.

"The prudence and justice which dictated this policy appear to have governed the subsequent proceedings, also of the proprietary and his officers, in extending their limits of possession, and to have produced an entire good understanding and friendly intercourse with the natives. Among the individuals who accompanied Leonard Calvert were the Rev. Fathers Andrew White, Copley, Altham, and one or two lay-brothers, all members of the Society of Jesus. These holy men had been solicited by the proprietary, especially the first named, on account of his singular merit, to embark with the settlers on an expedition which they could not but foresee would be the means of gaining many souls to God. Accordingly, we see them uniting in the great and good work with a truly apostolic zeal, and sharing among the foremost the privations and hardships of the enterprise.

"The first object the fathers had in view was to erect a house wherein to celebrate the sacred mysteries for the present, with becoming decency, until such time when a more appropriate temple

* Now better known as Fortress Monroe.

might be erected. This was effected without much labor. A rude, yet sufficiently capacious building was soon seen to rise above the humble huts of the natives, having convenient to it a house large enough to accommodate the fathers on their retiring from the labors of the day. The greatest harmony existed between the settlers and the Indians. They hunted together and shared equally the fruits of the chase. The female settlers taught the Indian women the catechism, and how to spin and weave.

"So deeply were the Indians impressed with the justice of the colonists on all occasions, and so great was the confidence they reposed in them, a chief among the Patuxents was heard to say: 'I love the English so well that even were they to go about to kill me, had I breath enough to speak, I would commend my people not to avenge my death; for I know they would not do it except through my fault.'

"This good understanding continued undisturbed between the colonists and the aborigines till the year 1638. The great bane and evil genius of Maryland was one Captain William Cleyborne. This man, from the very beginning, had proved himself an active and intolerant enemy of the infant colony of Lord Baltimore. As early as the year 1631, he had obtained from the home government a license to *trade* in these parts of America, for which an exclusive patent for that purpose had been granted before, and under that authority had begun to plant a colony on Kent Island, and laid claim by right and prior settlement to that and other lands comprehended in Lord Baltimore's grant. This claim Lord Baltimore would by no means allow. After a contest of some years, not without bloodshed, Cleyborne had recourse to other measures. He represented his claims and wrongs in a petition to the king, who referred the whole matter in dispute to the commission of colonies, and it was by them finally decided that the land in question belonged to Lord Baltimore, as no plantation or trade with the Indians ought to be allowed within the limits of his patent without his permission. After this Cleyborne was resolved to go any length, and not only refused obedience, but joining a Captain Richard Ingle, through his means, in 1644, an insurrection was raised against the proprietary's government, who was forced to fly into Virginia for protection and aid. The insurgents seized upon the records, and the great seal, which was never recovered, and plunged the peaceful little settlement into all the horrors of anarchy and intestine war for the space of about five years, at the end of which the government was re-established, and a free pardon, with some particular exceptions was extended to the authors and abettors

of the disturbance. Lord Baltimore did not forget to reward those who had taken the lead in opposing this dangerous insurrection, as appears by several grants and manors made to them. Cleyborne, in the meantime, had been arrested, indicted, found guilty of murder, piracy and sedition, but made his escape, and his estate was confiscated.

"The Catholics of Maryland had been greatly oppressed and persecuted in their own country. The most unjust and unheard-of laws had been passed, by which, for more than a century, they had been made to suffer the most grievous penalties on account of their religion. How easily could they have retorted on the present occasion, had they been so disposed, upon their enemies? But no, such was not their spirit nor the spirit of their divine founder. With a nobleness of soul, and generosity unrivalled, the utmost freedom was allowed in religion to Christians of all denominations who should come into the province. Sufferers of every persuasion were alike protected by her laws, and as early as 1637 the oath of the governor and council had been, 'I will not, directly or indirectly, trouble, molest or discountenance, any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ or in respect of religion.'

"In Massachusetts the Puritans were persecuting Episcopalians, Catholics and Quakers; in Virginia the Episcopalians were persecuting and driving the Puritans beyond their borders, and it was only the Catholic colony of Lord Baltimore, in Maryland, which afforded perfect freedom of conscience, and gave a safe asylum to those who could not find it elsewhere, but were driven with cruel intolerance to seek it where they, according to the ideas in which they had been educated, of animosity and bitterness towards the Catholic Church, had the least expectation of finding it."*

"That is a deeply interesting narrative, Guardy, and so suggestive to the imagination as well as to the mind! St. Inigoes is classic as well as holy ground; and every spot there—the ruins of Lord Baltimore's house, the site of the Indian village,—in fact every foot of ground round and about that place is invested with a new interest. I shall go over there to spend the day to-morrow and dream it all over, and see with the eyes of my imagination the grave, gentle pilgrims, their rude huts, their humble chapel, the wigwams of the Indians, the men flitting here and there in their scarlet feathers and gay blankets, and the women scarcely less grotesquely attired, pursuing their avocations without fear or molestation. Oh, what a picture I could make of it all were I only a painter!" ex-

* Copied *verbatim* from the old records at St. Inigoes.

claimed Lucia, folding her hands together and looking as if she saw it all before her.

"Yes, those were stirring days. We give honor to men who venture their lives in the interests of science in strange lands, unknown seas, and among barbarous peoples; but the world has but small honor for such as brave every peril to carry to 'those who sit in darkness' the light of faith. I shall not be satisfied until we make a beginning to perpetuate in marble and brass the landing of the Catholic pilgrims of Maryland. General Washington once expressed the hope to my father that it would be done, for he had a most enthusiastic admiration for Lord Baltimore and his brave company. But let us hear something now about your great plans for the people at 'Haylands'; this is the first opportunity we have had to talk them over since we got home."

"Oh!" said Lucia, with a little laugh, while the crimson deepened in her cheeks, "I am thinking them over; making what you lawyers call a digest of them. But let me tell you something, Guardy; I want a big room to begin with, a regular work-room—I won't call it a school room, although I do mean to teach in it despite the vandal laws of your state to the contrary."

"You will have to be careful, my child. Such reforms are looked upon with jealousy, and give offence, which fact proves that progress and slavery cannot march together."

"I intend to be as wise as a nest of serpents, and as harmless as a brood of doves, my dear Guardy. I will keep just within the edge of the *letter* of the law,—trust me for that. But I must have a great big airy room built somewhere."

"As it is only an experiment my child, how would the old tobacco house answer if fitted up and whitewashed, to begin with? It is in a beautiful situation, and large enough for a meeting house."

"The very thing: I shall fancy myself in the old Indian church of the Catholic pilgrims! Tomorrow I am going to collect all the young Arabs of the plantation and have a sort of review. Are you prepared, Guardy, to stand treat for a pint of molasses all round?" she answered, laughing.

"Ah! Lucia, Lucia," he said, laughing heartily; "is that the way you are going to work? going to buy them over with molasses!"

"Yes, and anything else they have a fondness for. You never saw all those marvellously bright prints of scripture scenes, and the saints that I bought in Paris; and I have got the most astonishing collection of beads, and flowered calicos, and gay flannels you ever beheld. I'm going to teach them how to make their own clothes, how to knit and spin, and all sorts of things."

"And how about the interdicted branches?" he asked, amused.

"I'm going to give every soul of them a box of letter-blocks; and if they have curiosity enough to want to know what the signs upon them mean, why I shall tell them and give them hints that will keep them on. You know my maid reads and writes, and plays upon the piano almost as well as I do. I taught her on the free soil of Europe. She is to help me. Oh, we shall do splendidly!"

"Little dreamer!" said Allan Brooke, rising; then he paused beside her chair, and smoothing her hair with soft, tender touches, said, as he looked away towards "Buckrae:" "Do as you please; do as you please; only don't spoil them with thoughts incompatible with their condition, lest some day they come to hurt through it."

"How? what do you mean, Guardy?" she asked, quickly.

"'Haylands' may not always be their home, you know," he answered, with a sad inflection in his voice which startled Lucia.

"You wouldn't sell them away, not one of them, would you?" she asked, quickly, while her eyes dilated with a look of grieved surprise.

"No; I have never trafficked in human flesh and blood, my child, but the day will come when my estate must be divided, you know; when they will be scattered far and wide, how, or where, it is impossible for me to tell."

"Look here, Guardy; look right into my face," she said, rising up and holding both his hands in hers while she looked him steadily in the eyes. "What do you mean by such talk as this? Aren't you well? I won't have you talking so: it brings back like a horrible dream all the dark chaos of my child life, and everything rushes like a wave right up to my head." Tears were streaming over her face now.

"Well? of course I'm well. Look at me," he said, holding himself erect and squaring his broad shoulders which had grown to stoop latterly; "do I look ailing? Did you ever see a better specimen of a healthy 'old Virginia gentlemen,' I'd like to know?"

"How could you scare me so, Guardy? Of course you look in perfect health," she said, smiling through her tears, which he playfully brushed from her cheek, quoting: "'The rose has been washed, just washed in a shower;' but come, my child, let us go in and play Palestrina's *Dominus regit me*. It will clothe the skeleton I have raised in your thoughts in the white raiment of peace, and make you never wish that your old Guardy should be immortal. How sublime the words: 'For, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil for Thou art

with me. Thy rod and Thy staff have comforted me. Thou hast prepared a table for me against them that afflict me. Thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my chalice, which inebriated me, how goodly is it?*

By this time they had reached the music-room. Lucia thought of her dream long ago and felt as if the veil of mist out of which her mother's form had issued, out of which had come the Mother of Sorrows to crown her head with thorns, were gathering around her; the shock caused by the thought of losing this one true, strong friend, even at some remote time, had never entered her mind: her present had always so satisfied her that in the bright years since she came to "Haylands" she never thought of looking beyond it; but now, by some psychological force and sympathy, or prevision, the effect upon her was far greater than her guardian's allusion seemed to warrant, and she thought so herself, presently, when the grand notes of the anthem began to rise and throb around her, and her voice blending with his in rich accord sang the sublimely touching words.

But she remembered this hour afterwards, and all that passed, as one of the glorified spots of her existence; in darker and sadder days it glittered afar off like "lights on the hither shore," blending its radiance with the clouded brightness of this twilight land.

Allan Brooke rarely made reference to his inner life; it was his sanctuary, the curtain whereof was never lifted, and this glimpse of it was the first Lucia had ever had. But from that hour he was invested with a new and sacred interest to her, although the conversation and incident were never again alluded to by either.

* Twenty-second Psalm.

Fiat Voluntas Del.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Once I made plans, and said: When spring-tide rains
Have made the summer bloom, I'll dream my dream;
And when the autumn garners in its grain,
And ere the winter whitens all the plain,
I will fulfil my long projected scheme.
But ah! (heigh ho!) before the silvery rains
Melted in bloom, my dream was sacrificed;
And autumn proved my schemes were worse than vain,
And all the winter, in a vice of pain,
My heart was caught and crushed and agonized.

Sufficient for the day—O Lord, Supreme!

Thy lips have said—*shall be the ill thereof;*
And now I have no plans, I make no schemes,
But like an infant rocked in tranquil dreams,
Within Thine arms I simply trust and love.

—Catholic Record.

The State of the Question as to the Pope's Temporal Power.

The Month contains a learned and lucid article on a question which is of vital importance and will be read, we doubt not, with great interest:

Within the few last years much has been said and written concerning the Pope's Temporal Power—his civil authority over certain states constituting a secular domain or kingdom. This sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff has been, as we all know, of late most violently assailed in theory and in fact, and, at the present moment, our Holy Father Pius IX is actually despoiled of his Temporal Power. Under these circumstances, the question of the Pope's civil rights has become one of vital importance. The Pontiff himself and the Bishops of the Church and many able Catholic writers have proclaimed and vindicated these rights. Their legitimacy and necessity have been established by historical and other arguments abundantly conclusive. I do not intend doing this work again although I must go over some of the same ground in connection with the object which I have proposed to myself in this paper. In all controversies, whether between Catholics and non-Catholics, or among Catholics themselves, it is of great moment that the *state of the question*—the *status questionis*—should be accurately defined. The neglect of this leads to confusion of ideas, mutual misunderstandings, and often very serious errors. Champions of a good cause frequently commit great mistakes, regrettable enough in themselves, but more so on account of the advantage they afford to the adversaries of truth.

In the main question of which I am speaking, the question which concerns the Pope's Temporal Power, the parties opposed to each other are, on the one side, sound, well-informed Catholics, on the other, infidels, many Christians not belonging to the true Church, Catholics who are culpably unsound in their views, and lastly, ignorant or deluded Catholics. Of course the *state of the question* is important in every dispute with whatever adversaries, and ought to be well understood by both sides. But for us right-thinking Catholics—as we consider ourselves to be—the first thing is to determine for ourselves what it is we are to defend, and this is the main end I have proposed to myself in taking up the subject of the Pope's Temporal Power. Before going further I think it right to say distinctly that, though I have put all sound, well-informed Catholics on the one side in the *main question*, I by no means intend to imply that there may not be legitimate difference of opinion among such, as to details. I do not pretend to infallibility

in my own views. In endeavoring to settle this question, we need not address ourselves to those whom we agree in considering as real adversaries of the truth—whether they be excusably so or not. We are not fighting with them. But we have no occasion to whisper. We may let them overhear us, and we may gain a good deal by this even in our contest with them. It has been said before now, and said truly, that with regard to the more serious matter of the conversion of Protestants, they may often be influenced more by hearing sermons addressed to Catholics than by controversial discourses. "It seems to me," says Canon Oakley, "that the best kind of controversy in popular preaching is that which, by giving a clear statement of true doctrine, indirectly condemns its opposite."*

I will, first of all, cite from ecclesiastical documents three passages, in which the necessity of the Pope's Temporal authority is asserted, in two instances by the Pontiff himself, in the third by a large number of Bishops.

Pius IX in an Encyclical Letter dated the 18th of June, 1859, and addressed to all the Bishops of the Church, speaks as follows: "We publicly proclaim that a civil Princedom is necessary to this Holy See that it may be able to exercise its sacred power without any impediment; which civil Princedom, indeed, the artful enemies of the Church of Christ are striving to take away from the same (Holy See)," etc.

Again, in Apostolical Letters of the 16th of March, 1860, he says: "Since the Catholic Church, founded and instituted by Christ the Lord to procure the eternal salvation of men, has, by virtue of its divine institution, obtained the form of a perfect Society, it ought, consequently, to possess such liberty that in the exercise of its sacred ministry it should be subject to no civil power; and because in order to act freely, as was just, it needed defences corresponding to the condition and necessity of the times, therefore, by a decidedly singular counsel of Divine Providence, it happened that, when the Roman empire fell and was divided into several kingdoms, the Roman Pontiff, whom Christ has constituted the Head and centre of His whole Church, acquired a civil Princedom, whereby in truth it was most wisely provided by God Himself that, amidst such a multitude and variety of temporal Princes, the Sovereign Pontiff should enjoy that political liberty which is so necessary that he may exercise his spiritual power, authority, and jurisdiction throughout the whole world, without any impediment."

The Bishops assembled at Rome in 1862, in an

Address to the Holy Father, dated the 9th of June of that year, express themselves thus: "We recognize the civil Princedom of the Holy See as something necessary, and manifestly instituted by the Providence of God, nor do we hesitate to declare that in the present state of human things this civil Princedom is altogether required for the good and free government of the Church and of souls. It was assuredly necessary that the Roman Pontiff should not be the subject, nay not even the mere guest, of any Prince, but that, residing in a kingdom and dominion of his own, he should be his own master, and in a noble, tranquil and venerable liberty should defend the Faith and rule and govern the Christian commonwealth. . . . But to say any more on this so important subject hardly becomes us, who have often heard thee not so much discoursing as teaching with regard to it. For thy voice, as a sacerdotal trumpet resounding through the whole world, has proclaimed that by a decidedly singular counsel of Divine Providence it happened that the Roman Pontiff, whom Christ had constituted the Head and centre of His whole Church, acquired a civil Princedom.' By all of us, therefore, it is to be held as most certain that this temporal rule did not fortuitously accrue to the Holy See, but by a special disposition of God was assigned to it, and during a long series of years confirmed and preserved to it, with the unanimous consent of all kingdoms and empires and almost by a miracle." This Address may be looked on as coming from the whole Episcopate—morally speaking—if we take into account the number of those who signed it at Rome and of those who gave their adhesion to it from a distance. It may also be considered as expressing the sentiments of the Pope, who fully accepted and approved of it.

Having premised these authoritative declarations, I will divide my subject into three principal heads or questions: 1st, *What is meant by the necessity of the Pope's Temporal Power?* 2ndly, *What is the nature or reason of this necessity?* 3dly, *What is the bearing of this necessity on the Civil rights of the Roman people?*

§ I.—WHAT IS MEANT BY THE NECESSITY OF THE POPE'S TEMPORAL POWER.

When the Roman Pontiff's secular sovereignty is said to be *necessary* to the Church, what is the force of the word *necessary*? Necessity has various degrees and phases. One thing may be strictly necessary to the *existence* of another, as for instance food is for the preservation of animal life on this earth; or it may be necessary only to well being, as certain comforts are, without which we can absolutely live. Then, a thing may be necessary in particular circumstances, as medicine or change

* The Priest on the Mission, p. 46.

of climate is for the life of some. Again, a means may be necessary for a special end, unless its place be supplied by a different means, equally or more effectual. I may need a horse to make a quick journey, but a railway train will serve me even better. Necessity may be essential, springing from the nature of things, as creation and conservation are for the existence and continuance of contingent beings; or it may be dependent on an order which could be changed. Thus food, though, as I have said, strictly necessary to animal life on this earth, will not be so for man's bodily existence after the resurrection, and could be dispensed with now if such were the will of God.

Before determining what way the Pope's Temporal Power is necessary for the Church, it will be useful to state and explain some principles regarding the *Will* and *Providence* of God, principles which, though they are not abstruse, and are, for the most part, pretty well understood, in substance, by educated Catholics, are occasionally either forgotten or misapplied, to the prejudice of clearness and accuracy. The *Will* of God is here taken for His *wish*, *volition*, the object of which volition God is said to *will*. The Will of God is said to be *efficacious* when it effects its object. Whenever the Almighty absolutely decrees that a thing *shall be*, His Will is, of course, efficacious and infallibly carried out, in some cases by His immediate operation, in others by intermediate agencies so applied as surely not to miss of the intended result. But many things which God truly wills, He does not thus decree. He often allows His Will to be frustrated by the perversity of men, and it is then said to be *inefficacious*. The *permissive Will* of God consists in His willing to *permit* and not prevent acts and events, which are displeasing to Him and which He disapproves with an inefficacious Will. Such are all sins committed and many results of sin.

The Will of God is frequently of a legislative character, imposing on men an obligation of doing certain acts and avoiding others, so however that the power of disobeying is still left, and but too extensively exercised. Divine legislation comprehensively taken may be distinguished or divided into that which is *preceptive*—including prohibitions—and that which is *constitutive*, or, if we wish to use the word, *institutive*, conferring authority on men or giving special force and virtue to certain acts. The Primacy and the Sacraments are results of this branch of legislation. The phrase *jus divinum* is used to signify either a divine precept or a divine institution. We often hear or read that an action is obligatory or illicit *jure divino* (by divine law), and again that the Bishop of Rome is *jure divino* (by divine right) Head of the Church, and the marriage of Christians *jure divino* indis-

soluble. It is needless to remark that the *constitutive* will of God is always *efficacious*, that is to say that it validly communicates what it intends to communicate. I will return later to this phrase *jus divinum*, which is occasionally and mischievously misapplied.

In the meantime, I have a few words to say about *Providence*. Providence is that care which God takes of His creature, both in the natural and supernatural order.* He *provides* for them, partly by general laws, over whose execution He watches, and partly by a large amount of special intervention. This intervention is not commonly of a miraculous character. It does not involve a suspension of the laws of nature. It consists extensively of influence exercised on the minds of men, but extensively too of modifications of material agencies. That the Almighty does so intervene to control and direct even material creatures, over and above the action of fixed physical laws, cannot be legitimately questioned by the Christian, and is almost universally admitted by all men who have not argued themselves into notions not far removed from atheism. Else, to say nothing of the clear testimony of Scripture, what is the meaning or supposed utility of prayers to God for rain, for fine weather, for the cure and removal of disease, common to Catholics and Protestants and Pagans? This intervention of God varies in degree, according to His Will, and according to the various circumstances and wants of men, within certain limits but vaguely known to us, which limits determine what we call the *present Order of Providence*.

It is very important for the right understanding of my main subject that the meaning of this phrase, the *present Order of Providence*, should be well apprehended. It is obvious that the Supreme Lord of all things could extend at pleasure the amount of His direct interference with our earth's concerns, and that there are many possible systems of Providence so different in degree as to be, according to moral estimation, distinct in kind, though each admitting a good deal of latitude within itself. Not only is this true of what we may call the whole area of Providence as it regards our world—of which alone it concerns us to speak—namely, the world itself and its inhabitants; but we may conceive several similarly different systems of divine action with relation precisely to the Church, all leaving the Church unchanged in its essence and in that permanent form which its Founder gave it from the commencement of the Christian dispensation. For there can be no practical utility in contemplating another possible Church, except per-

* I am not giving a philosophical or theological definition of Providence, but a short description, such as is quite sufficient for my purpose.

haps incidentally for the purpose of mere illustration, since we know that this individual Church is to last till the end of time. Again, when we speak of systems or *orders* of Providence, we may take a more or less restricted view of their mutual distinction, so that two states of things may be looked on as belonging to one order or two, according to different standards of division. This remark will serve to remove a difficulty arising from the use of the same form of expression—in the *present Order of Providence*, or in the *present Providence*—by different persons or by the same in different contexts in senses not materially identical. When two orders of Providence, in relation to men generally or in relation to the Church, are thoroughly in all moral estimation distinct, there is little or no likelihood of God's passing from one to the other. Not so to the same extent, when the distance is less marked. By an order of Providence, we are of course always to understand a *permanent* system, not an isolated instance or a few instances of unusual intervention, which may even sometimes be thoroughly miraculous. If, for example, God were to-morrow to slay all those who are in the way of the Pope's resuming the government of all the States he possessed at the beginning of his reign, and restore him to the full enjoyment of his rights, it would no doubt be a wonderful work, but not a new order of Providence. We must bear in mind too that, as I have already stated, within the present order of Providence, there are varieties in the degree of intervention. When there is a peculiar pressure of suffering or difficulty, peculiar helps are afforded, though commonly while they render the pressure more bearable, they still leave it painful.

I now return for a moment to the *jus divinum* of which I have spoken. No degree of providential arrangement, as such, creates a *divine law* or a *divine right*. If, under the influence of interior divine persuasion, Francis II, the still legitimate sovereign of Naples, were, with the full approbation of his people, and with the cheerful consent of Victor Emanuel and the Florence parliament—and oh! what floods of grace would be needed to move these last!—if, I say, Francis, with *his* people, and with Victor Emanuel and *his* parliament, were to make the Pope a present of the kingdom of Naples; and if, further still, the fact of the supposed effectual persuasive action of God were to be divinely revealed, the Pope's right to Naples, though real and unimpeachable, would not be divine, at least as distinguished from that of other legitimate princes, for it is not my business here to deal with the famous questions of the divine right of kings. What I mean to assert is, that where God does not *command*, or *authoritatively appoint*,

whatever he may bring about by any other kind of intervention is not thereby rendered *juris divini*. Nay, more,—if God were to *command* a king or a prelate to use his royal or ecclesiastical power in a particular manner, the act done in obedience to such command would not belong to divine right, nor be in itself or its effects of a higher order than if no precept of the Almighty had preceded. *Divine right* can be created only by the immediate exercise of divine legislative power. Nor does the revelation of any past or future fact give, of itself, a divine character to the fact. It may be believed with divine faith, but not, therefore, as a thing divine. The Scriptures are full of histories and prophecies regarding crimes, which surely appertain not to divine right.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MISS NAGLE, FOUNDRRESS OF THE PRESENTATION ORDER.

This little association was the germ of the Presentation Order, which has since struck deep its roots in its native Irish soil, and grown into a stately tree, spreading wide its branches, and affording shelter and sustenance to vast numbers of the poor of the cities and large towns who look to it for refuge. Distinguished amongst all the other orders, by the eminent services it has rendered in the work of educating the too long neglected poor of our country, to which it is *exclusively* devoted, is the humble, retiring, indefatigable Presentation Order, the glory of the Irish Church, founded amidst the desolation of her captivity in the dark hour that preceded the dawning of freedom, when the chains of the oppressor still pressed heavily and sank festering in her lacerated, tortured frame. To form a just idea of the value at which we should estimate this order, we should consider,

1. *The want it was formed to relieve.*
2. *The difficulties it had to contend with.*
3. *The positive benefit resulting from its labors.*

Ireland, vanquished after an obstinate struggle of four centuries, was made to feel the honors of an impious and inhuman vengeance, such as no other nation, in ancient or modern times, has ever experienced. Bereft of the protection of her nobles, who pined in exile, or served in a foreign camp, plundered of her property, stripped of her social rights, an outcast and a beggar; unarmed, helpless, fettered; can we conceive a more wretched object? Yet, even than this was her condition far more miserable! A system of legislation, truly diabolical, the object of which was to reduce to slavery her very soul, had been invented, and

unrelentingly employed against her. To make her patiently submit to her degradation, it was expedient to extinguish her natural sentiments, to uproot the principles of her holy religion, to dry up the fountains of knowledge, and to efface from her soul the image of God.

The heart revolts from the scenes suggested by satan for this impious purpose. Our altars were desecrated and pulled down—our churches dismantled—the very stones of the sanctuary were thrown in the mire, and the priests of the Lord were driven for shelter to the bogs, to mountain caves, or the secluded glen, bearing with them the sacred fire of the New Law, to be hidden, like that of the Old, from the ken of heretical bigotry. The Catholic establishments for education were suppressed by law, and the teachers and the taught, were liable to the charge of felony. It was at this dark period of our history, the star of the Presentation Order first shone out, to cheer and to illuminate the poor of Ireland; and, for ninety-three years, far from becoming pale or dim in its course, its effulgence is now more vivid, and its bright rays continue to increase in light and glory. But notwithstanding the connivance of the authorities, the position of the Presentation nuns was, for many years, far from being secure. The following document regarding the foundation at Waterford, in the year 1798, illustrates the state of things at the time, and presents a striking contrast between the difficulties that surrounded the first laborers of the Presentation nuns, and the freedom of religious action now-a-days. It is copied from the original, which has the seal of the Protestant consistorial court affixed:

Richard, by divine permission, Lord Bishop of Waterford and Lismore. To our well beloved in Christ, Miss Eleanor Power, greeting. Whereas, you are presented to us by Rev. Thomas Keating, the Rev. John Power and Peter St. Leger, merchant, all of the city of Waterford, as a fit and proper person to teach females and keep a boarding-school for the education of females in the city of Waterford aforesaid, we, therefore, confiding as well in the integrity of your morals and honesty of your life and conversation, as in your skill and ability in instructing, or causing females to be instructed, do, by the tenor of these presents, give and grant unto you, the said Eleanor Power (in whose fidelity we confide), full power and authority to keep a boarding-school and perform the office of schoolmistress, to teach and instruct, or cause to be well and sufficiently taught and instructed, such females of the Roman Catholic profession, of said city, as now are or shall hereafter be committed to your care, strictly enjoining and earnestly recommending it to you to pay the greatest attention, as well to the morals of such children, as to teaching them the fear of God and keeping His commandments. And we do by these presents, inhibit all other person or persons from teach-

ing within the said city without our license or faculty, first to them for that purpose granted, in pain of the law and contempt thereof.

In testimony whereof, we have caused the seal of our consistorial court of Waterford and Lismore to be hereunto affixed, this 16th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine.

GEORGE FLUERY,
Register.

R. DOBBYN.
Vicar-General.

The same interest attaches to this relic of a decayed ascendancy, as to the fossil of some huge, devouring monster whose race was at one time the terror of mankind. We learn from it the anxiety of the Catholics regarding the infant institution; their humiliation in begging a license from a Protestant bishop to teach the word of truth to the little ones of Christ; the guarantees demanded of the Catholic body in the names of two respected priests, one of whom was destined soon to shed lustre on the episcopate of the diocese, and a respected layman, the father of two distinguished ornaments of the Society of Jesus. We perceive by it, also, the prudent timidity of the nuns in putting aside the religious habit, and asking permission barely to hold a boarding-school, of which the Rev. Mother assumed the charge as directress, the sisters appearing only as teachers. Finally, we are enlightened by it on the subject of the pains and penalties that awaited any one who should dare to teach within the loyal city of Waterford, without the orthodox sanction of the Protestant consistorial court.

This is only a specimen of the difficulties in the foundation of other houses of the order about this time, and even later.

The new institute was commenced by Miss Nagle towards the close of the year 1777, and the house was opened on Christmas day in that year. This event was marked by a singular instance of her affection for the suffering children of her Redeemer. Fifty indigent persons were entertained by her at table, and ministered unto with her own hands. She continued to repeat this charity while she lived, on each occurrence of that festival, and the same duty is still performed in the parent house of the Presentation Order. This was but one of the many actions in which she was engaged.

During the thirty years of her mission, for such it may be called, her career of charity was scarcely interrupted for a day. Morning, noon and night, she was ever engaged in her kind and charitable duties, breaking the bread of life to the ignorant, or the meat which perisheth not to the hungry. Her solicitude extended even to the youth of the other sex. It has been already mentioned, that she provided from the very beginning a school for their

instruction, though this duty has been long since discontinued by the Presentation Order. She provided an alms-house for the aged and decrepit female poor, which is still in existence. The last work of charity, in which she was employed, was an asylum for penitent females, but this design she did not live to accomplish. She would receive and shelter, were it necessary, in her bosom, even those wretched outcasts, at whom the world, which has made them what they are, points the finger of scorn and abhorrence. They found, in Miss Nagle, one who felt their misery, and who determined, as far as in her lay, to relieve it. This merciful and benevolent design she would most assuredly have carried into effect, if her destined career of usefulness was not already at an end, and her measure of good works filled up, and pressed down, and already running over. But the sanctity of God's chosen servants is not acquired by works of charity alone. There is an internal world in the heart, which must be cleansed and sanctified. The beauty of the king's daughter is chiefly from within, and though, from the fulness of the heart, the mouth speaketh, and the hand worketh, yet there are hidden trials reserved for the children of God, which the world can never know. It is only He who has called them, and sustained them in the conflict, knows how steep and rugged, and strewn with many a thorn, is the secret path by which the soul is led onward to perfection, and prepared for glory. Miss Nagle, like the servants of God in every age, had her internal trials. Besides her daily solicitude, like the Apostle, for her numerous children, she was on many occasions doomed to encounter contradiction and disappointment, and, what is yet more hard to bear, insult and contumely. She was more than once called an imposter and a hypocrite, in the public streets; and she heard her benevolence condemned as reckless extravagance, and her piety as pharisaical ostentation.

Temptations of a yet fouler kind were devised and thrown out against her by the corrupt malignity of her enemies, for even the best and holiest have enemies. But like Him who when reviled did not revile, and who when led like a sheep to the slaughter, opened not His mouth, her only reply was silence and uncomplaining submission. The barbed arrow pierced her bosom, but no one knew of the wound that it inflicted, nor would they have known it if a considerate solicitude for her spiritual daughters had not compelled her to put them on their guard against the wiles of the tempter, and fortify their inexperienced minds against the virulent aspersions of calumny. Such was the lowly estimate she formed of herself, and the joy she experienced in any involuntary occasion of humiliation, that she preserved as a cherished relic, an alms which she

received one day at the door of her convent. The gentleman who gave it knew not who she was; but he thought that one so poor and humble, yet so resigned, pious, and unpretending in her demeanor, must be an object worthy of his charity. She was wont to spend four hours each morning in prayer. She made each year a spiritual retreat of eight days, great part of which she spent in the church, on bended knees; and the night of Holy Thursday was ever with her one of sacred and unintermitted watching before the adorable Sacrament of the Altar. Yet it was only in performing after death the last rites of friendship to her remains that her knees were found excoriated, and in part ulcerated, and that they must have been so for years. The acute and piercing agony which her kneeling must have caused her, she bore with the most enduring fortitude. She never whispered, even to her nearest and dearest associates, a hint of her secret and long-continued suffering. It was known but to herself and God. There were large tumors, too, on the soles of her feet, so that the wonder was that she was at all able to walk. And yet, for the last three years of her life, she travelled over a great part of the city, seeking from door to door the means of support for those many charitable foundations which would otherwise have fallen to the ground. Such was the tenor of Miss Nagle's life. It was spent in the performance of good works, and in the practice of great virtues. She was ever doing penance for sins of which the profoundest humility only could persuade her that she was guilty. In the beginning of 1784, she reached the fifty-sixth year of her age; and in the spring of that year, the symptoms of a premature old age, began to develop themselves in her exhausted frame. Hers was not the infirmity of years, but of severe and long protracted labors; she began to complain of weakness, oppression, loss of rest and appetite; and a troublesome cough aggravated not a little the sufferings of the last moments of her life. On the 26th of April, it became evident to all around her that her last hour was come. She had previously received the last rites of religion, and calling her little community around her, she gave them her last lesson. It was that which she had taught them during life: "Love one another as you have hitherto done;" and, taking her last farewell of them, she passed gently from this world to a better.

Thus died one of the greatest women that has been given to our time, or adorned our country. The world may not be always disposed to think her so, for when was it found ready to do justice to worth like hers? but she was great before God. Her remains lie in the quiet and beautiful little cemetery, formed originally for the Ursulines, but

now belonging to the Presentation nuns. Those associates whom she loved so well, are buried by her side. No sound intrudes to break the silent loneliness of the spot, nor step to brush the dew-drops from their graves, but when a spiritual daughter comes to learn a lesson of self-devotion and perseverance at her tomb, or a casual visitor is brought there by the memory of her virtues and her name.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Second Bull of the Pope on St. Joseph, Patron of the Church.

Our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX, in a Bull dated July 7th, 1871, after enumerating the various acts of his predecessors and himself in honor of St. Joseph, and especially the recent Decree by which the Holy Patriarch has been named Patron of the Universal Church, and his festival on the 19th of March raised to a Double of the First Class, though without octave on account of Lent, decrees as follows:

And whereas it seemeth good to us, that, having named him Patron of the Universal Church, we should render to him, in the public worship, every mark of honor provided for in the general rubrics of the Roman Breviary and Missal; we, therefore, having consulted our Venerable Brethren, the Cardinals of the Congregation of Sacred Rites, besides renewing, confirming, and amplifying by these present letters the afore-mentioned Decree, do moreover command and enjoin as follows:

That both on the Festival of St. Joseph and on that of his Patronage, even when they do not fall on Sunday, the Symbol or *Credo*, be said in the Mass.

That in the prayer, *A cunctis*, whenever it be said, the commemoration of St. Joseph, in these words, *Cum Beato Joseph*, be always added, after the name of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and before that of any other Patron, except the angels and St. John the Baptist.

That, finally the same order be obtained in the Suffrages of the Saints, whenever they are prescribed, the following commemoration being added in honor of St. Joseph:

COMMÉMORATIO ST. JOSEPH.

Ad Vesperas.

Ant. Ecce fidelis servus et prudens, quem constituit Dominus super familiam suam.

V. Gloria et divitie in domo ejus.

R. Et justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi.

Ad Laudes.

Ant. Ipse Jesus erat inepiens, quasi annorum triginta, ut putabatur filius Joseph.

V. Os justii meditabitur sapientiam.

R. Et lingua ejus loquetur judicium.

Oremus.

Deus, qui ineffabili providentia Beatum Joseph Sanctissimæ Genetricis tuæ sponsum eligere dignatus es, præsta quæsumus, ut quem protectorem veneramur in terris, interessorem habere mereamur in cælis.

Newspaper Writers and the Pope.

We clip the following from the *Catholic Telegraph*:

"If I ferret every day in this dirt-heap of journalism, I hope it may be considered as of some account towards expiating my sins, since the employment is one which tortures mind and heart. Stupid calumnies, long tissues of falsehood in which everything is invented, names, places, facts; frivolous and continual scoffing against misfortune, justice, religion, and even common honesty; all these weapons are employed against us every day. The *Wiener Abend Zeitung*, and the *Tigblatt*, how clever they are! What sources of information are possessed by the correspondents of the *Kölnener Zeitung*, of the *Independence*, and of the *Times*. And what a copious measure of lies can be compressed into a few lines by that distinguished diplomatist who, being at Florence, writes all kinds of trash about Rome and the Pope to the *Augsburg Gazette*:—'The Pope is ill, very ill, he has had fainting fits, and seizures,' according to one writer; while another says, 'He is in consultation with physicians and Cardinals as to what is to be done, and discussing the approaching Conclave,' and a third writes: 'The future Pope is already chosen: it is Cardinal Patrizi; nothing remains but for him to take possession.' 'The Pope,' ought I to repeat it? Yes! in order that all these shameful depths of iniquity and stupidity may be revealed, 'the Pope has lost his senses, his mental faculties are affected,' others, still more wicked, write. And what is the kind of proof adduced to show that the Pope has lost his reason? It is that he has condemned bad newspapers, he has put his finger upon the most frightful wound of all, and has menaced the earnings of the herd of scribblers. And what else have these bill-stickers to live upon? *Fodere non valeo, mendicare erubescio*. Take away their power of disseminating scandal, and there will be no refuge left for them except the workhouse.

Yet it is not these poor wretches who chiefly anger me, but those that believe in them. If they had an ounce, or a single particle, of common sense, they would see that they were swindled out of their centesimi, kreutzers and pennies. Hundreds of persons of both sexes, of all classes, belonging

to every country upon earth, and professing every different kind of creed, go every day to the Vatican and behold this Pope, who is ill, falling into fits, dying, out of his mind, yet giving, nevertheless, audiences during several hours, listening to the most varied and sometimes strangest demands, and replying to them readily, happily, often wittily, and always with kindness. They see him receiving the addresses of deputations, and answering them on the spur of the moment, suitably, affectionately, and though always having to deal with the same arguments, ever finding new words in which to express himself. They are witnesses to evidences of a wonderful memory which, after the lapse of twenty years, recognizes an individual, seen perhaps only once; and, after sixty years have passed, recounts the most minute particulars respecting men, places and events. They see those animated, penetrating, and eloquent eyes, that strong and robust frame, and that countenance, from which age and misfortunes have not removed, but, on the contrary, have deepened, its expression of exquisite intelligence and inexhaustible goodness. And are not these hundreds of daily witnesses sufficient to make any one comprehend that this unprincipled herd of penny-a-liners are making a joke of their readers even more than of the Pope?

"But I will not allow myself to be overcome with a anger: let the *Daily News* speak in its turn; it will be a little relief after all this heat. Its columns contain a long story made up of stupid nonsense in which, however, is wrapped up one delicious morsel, and here it is: It is to be found in a letter of its correspondent of the 14th July dated from Rome, though written most likely in the newspaper office at home. The *Daily News* states then that the Pope was 'never in better health and never in better spirits, than he finds himself at the present moment.' Guess why? Because he is diverting himself greatly with 'twitting and taunting the more Ultramontane of the venerable members of the Sacred College' with being themselves the authors of all the present mischief. 'You see,' I copy the words of the journal, 'what it has all come to, just as I told you, just as I never ceased to predict: you insisted on my abjuring my early liberal policy, and now you see the result. I hope your hearts are gladdened with it. But go on, Venerable Brethren, you shall have it all your own way; you shall have another Syllabus, another Encyclical letter; but recollect, Venerable Brethren, that all along this has been your policy, not mine. It is by you that just calamities have been brought upon the Church and upon the world.' Many of the Cardinals and Monsignors, adds the journal, seeing that the Tem-

poral Power is gone, and having no longer any reason to be silent, are speaking out, and are now taking another view of the question, and are becoming more and more liberal. 'Should their efforts prove altogether unsuccessful,' adds the writer, 'and retrograde counsels prevail, they will openly side with Döllinger and Father Hyacinthe. 'These are no vague and idle dreams,' we are told; 'they are the plain, straightforward assurances of great Catholic Churchmen, by whom such a course is regarded as the sole means capable, if not of saving St. Peter's bark, at least of constructing such a raft or life-boat as may enable them to reach the shore in safety.'

"And this is the kind of thing which is served up and quietly swallowed by the English public! *O sanctas gentes*, in whose gardens grow these ill weeds which even the Egyptians would not eat.

"Tell me, I beg of you, is this Pope who gives such replies to deputations and writes such letters to bishops, to priests and laymen, and from time to time publishes such Allocutions and Encyclicals as you are well acquainted with, and which annoy you so much—is this Pope who the other day spoke those four well known words on Catholic liberalism to the French Deputation—and wrote those others words to Cardinal Patrizi on the infamous press of Rome—is he Pius IX or not? Beccaccio says, that the people whom Dante placed in the *Inferno* when they were passing through Florence, felt their limbs to find out whether they were alive; and we, on reading such rubbish as this, cannot but seriously ask, whether there can be, after all, a grain of truth in the Darwinian theory so well represented at the present day in the University at Rome. Perhaps the Mosaic and Darwinian theory may be reconciled in this way; namely, that although men are not descended from an ape, they are on the way to become beasts.

"F. MOR. NARDI."

More Italian Unity.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* Roman correspondent writes on the 17th of August: "This morning the Italian Government forcibly seized and appropriated four of the Roman convents, namely: 1. Santa Maria Maddalena, by the Quirinal, assigned to the King's Civil List, in place of the Palace of the Consulta; 2. San Domenico, also by the Quirinal, taken for the Court of Audit; 3. Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, of St. Francesco a Ripa; and 4. Sant' Antonio Abbate, near Santa Maria Maggiore, which are to be converted into barracks. Some of the journals affirm that M. de la Villestreux, Chargé d'Affaires of France, has

asked Signor Visconti-Venosta for an explanation of the law for the suppression of religious communities at Rome and of the confiscation of the estates of the clergy. This statement is an exaggeration. The French Chargé d'Affaires intervenes only in behalf of the French establishments, which, as well as those of other foreign countries, will be made the subject of special stipulations with the Powers to which they belong.

HISTORICAL PARALLELS.—On the 4th of August the French troops evacuated Rome. On the same day the French were defeated at Weissenburg.

On the 5th of August the French abandoned Viterbo. The same day the Prussian army occupied the frontier.

On the 6th of August Gen. Dumont embarked for France, at two o'clock in the afternoon. At the same hour, on the same day, McMahon was retreating, defeated.

At five o'clock on the same day the French banner was taken down from the bastion of Civita Vecchia. On the same day, and at the same hour, two French colors were taken by the Prussians.

On the 7th of August 4,000 French soldiers left Rome. The same day 4,000 French soldiers were taken prisoners by the Prussians.

September, 1860, the defenders of the faith fell at Castelfidardo, Napoleon being an accomplice. September, 1870, Napoleon and all his army fell into the hands of the Prussians at the battle of Sedan.

WHAT A MAN KNOWS.—What a man can write out clearly, correctly, and briefly, without book or reference of any kind, that he undoubtedly knows, whatever else he might be ignorant of. For knowledge that falls short of that—knowledge that is vague, hazy, indistinct, uncertain—I for one profess no respect at all. And I believe there never was a time or a country where the influences of careful training were in that respect more needed. Men live in haste, write in haste—I was going to say think in haste, only that perhaps the word thinking is hardly applicable to that large number who, for the most part purchase their daily allowance of thought ready made.—*Lord Stanley.*

DEATH OF A CHILD OF MARY.—The prayers of the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart are earnestly solicited in behalf of Mrs. EMMIE REILLY, a most zealous agent of the Association, who breathed her last, in Augusta, Georgia, on the 31st of August.

TRIALS show how pleasing a work is to God.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[Translated from the French for AVE MARIA.]

Legend of Saint Galonnek.

Saint Galonnek was a native of Ireland. He left his native land to spread the knowledge of God in other countries, and the fame of his good deeds spread far and wide. He used to call himself Galbamus, a name of Roman origin; but the people of the country where he went to teach, now a part of France, seeing that his heart was like one of those fresh springs of water that are ever bubbling beneath unfading verdure, changed his name to Galonnek, which signified, in their ancient language, the open-hearted. And, in truth, never had any child of God a soul more tenderly awakened to the sufferings of his fellow-men. No sorrow was beneath his sympathy. He was like the sea breeze, springing with each tide, never failing to refresh the weary traveller on his way, or to fill the sails of the humble fishing-boat and bring it safe to land.

His father and mother were people of wealth, and, though themselves buried in the darkness of paganism, spared not the tenderest solicitude in the education of their son. He was placed under the instruction of the most learned masters Ireland could afford, and, above all, had the honor of being a pupil of Saint Patrick, then found amongst them like a nightingale in the midst of wrens, or a beech tree towering above the ferns on a common. Under his teaching the boy grew up, learning only to regard himself in the person of God and his neighbor; and with so fervent a love for souls did the holy apostle of Ireland inspire Saint Galonnek, that at the age of eighteen he had no other wish than to cross the seas to the northern part of France and preach the kingdom of heaven to sorrowful sinners.

His father and mother, who had been converted before this, desired to throw no hindrance in the way of his accomplishing this pious work; embracing him, with tears they bade him God speed, assured him they should meet again once more before the throne of God.

Galonnek took his passage in a boat manned by ill-disposed sailors, whose design was to plunder him. When they discovered, however, that the holy youth was possessed of nothing but an iron crucifix and a holy staff, they turned him out on the sea-coast, where they abandoned him, helpless, and without provisions.

Galonnek walked about a long time, not knowing where he was, perfectly tranquil in his mind, certain that he was in his Master's kingdom.

The sea that roared behind him, the birds that warbled in the bushes, and the wind murmuring in the leaves, all spoke alike to him, each in its peculiar voice, the name of that Master whose creatures and subjects they were. He came at length, towards evening, to a part of the country where he found a village. He seated himself on the doorstep of the first house, awaiting an invitation to enter. Far from that, however, the master of the house told him to get up and go away.

Galonnek then went to the door of the next house, and received the same inhospitable order; and so on, from door to door, throughout the village. And from the expression everywhere used to him, *zevel*, this village was afterwards called *Plonzevel*, which literally means people who said get up. The saint was preparing to stretch his weary limbs on the road-side, when he perceived a cabin which he had not yet noticed, and drew near the door. It was the dwelling of a poor widow, possessed only a few acres of barren land, which she had no longer strength to till. But if the fruits of her land were little worth, those of her heart were rich and plentiful. So tenderly generous was her charity if any one asked her for a draught of goat's milk, she would give them cream; and if one begged for cream, she would be ready to bestow the goat itself. She received Galonnek as if he had been her dearly beloved son, long absent and supposed dead. She ministered to him of the best she had, listening with devotion to his holy teaching, and, already having charity, the very key of true religion, she was ready to embrace with all her heart the faith of Christ. So early as the very next morning she begged the grace of Baptism, and Galonnek, seeing that her love of her neighbor already made her a Christian in intention, consented to bestow it. But water was wanting at the moment of the ceremony, and Saint Galonnek going out took a spade, and digging for a few moments in the old woman's court-yard, there sprung out an abundant fountain, and he said: "By the aid of this water your barren land will become fertile meadows covered with rich grass, and you will be able to feed as many cows in your new pastures as you have now goats browsing on your heath."

This miracle began to open the eyes of the villagers. They gave permission to Galonnek to take up his abode in a forest which stretched in those days from *Plonzevel* to the sea shore. There the lowly disciple of Saint Patrick built himself a hut of turf and of boughs.

One day whilst praying in this oratory, he heard the hoofs of a run-away horse; and leaving his devotion to see what was the matter, he saw a knight thrown from his horse amidst the thicket. Galon-

nek ran to his assistance, and having with much difficulty carried him to his hermitage, he began to bathe his wounds, to dress them with leaves for want of ointments, and to bind them up with strips taken from his own gown of serge.

Now it chanced that this knight was a count who ruled over that part of the country. He was found presently by the attendants, whom he had outstript, peacefully sleeping on the saint's bed of fern. But behold, when he awakened—that saint's prayer had stood him for remedies, and all his wounds were healed. Whilst all stood astonished at this miracle, Saint Galonnek said gently: "Do not be so much surprised, for if by faith mountains may be removed, why should not charity heal death itself?" The count, filled with wonder and delight, declared that the whole forest should belong to the man who had done so much for him; and not only that, but he should have as much good meadow land as could be enclosed within the strips he had torn from his gown to bind the wounds, each strip being reduced to single threads. Thus Galonnek became the owner of the whole parish, and a proverb arose, which is current in those parts: "that it is with the length of the benefit received, one must measure the field of gratitude."

Yet Galonnek was not the richer, notwithstanding the noble liberality of the count. All the income of his estate was given to the poor, whilst he still lived in his little hermitage; but as many young men were attracted to the neighborhood by his reputation for holiness and learning, he built many other cells beside his own; and thus from his school in that solitary glade, the light of the Gospel went forth in time through all the length and breadth of the country. It was amidst the perfume of wild flowers, beside a murmuring brook, that Galonnek taught his pupils. He would teach them to understand something of the providence of God by making them observe the tender care with which the little birds prepare a downy nest for offspring yet unborn. He would point out to their attention how the earth yields moisture to the roots of trees; how the trees, become a dwelling place for thrushes and finches; how these again make music in the forest with their tuneful strains,—to illustrate the advantage and necessity of mutual benevolence and brotherly love. When he found need to stimulate their efforts or their perseverance, he would lead them to behold the ant, unwearied in her toil, or the constant woodpecker, whose tiny bill achieves the scooping of an oak. But this teaching did not confine him in one place; and wherever he went his presence was as a star in the midst of darkness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The State of the Question as to the Pope's Temporal Power.

[CONTINUED.]

Having thus prepared the way for the solution of the questions I proposed concerning the Pope's Temporal Power, I return to the first of them. What is meant by the *necessity* of this power, a necessity attributed to it by the Sovereign Pontiff himself and by the Bishops of the Church in great number, as we have seen in the passages cited? Is the secular sovereignty of Christ's Vicar on earth necessary for the *existence* of the Church? Would the Church fail were that sovereignty to cease altogether? Would the Church, at least, so languish without it, as to be in a state of imperfection inconsistent with the promises of Christ regarding this His chosen Spouse? Is the Temporal Power necessary for that well-being which has been manifestly guaranteed to the Church? Is it thus necessary at least in the *present Providence*, taking the phrase *present Providence* not in a very wide, but in a rather restricted sense? Would the final extinction of the Temporal Power, if permitted, involve, on the part of God, an obligation resulting from His fidelity to His promises, to extend permanently His intervention beyond the limits of what we call, as I have said, in a restricted sense, his present Providence or the present Order of Providence? I will not venture just now to answer in the negative; but I confess I do not see a clear obligation of answering in the affirmative. When I speak of *obligation* I allude to the statements on the subject, made by the present Pontiff and by so many Bishops, statements which I fully admit, do carry an obligation with them and which I would not for a moment contravene. That the Temporal Power is, in a true sense, *necessary*, there cannot be a rational doubt, and this necessity is such as to impose the duty of maintaining that Power, on Catholics in general, according to their respective conditions, and especially on Catholic Princes. But whether this necessity is to be considered strict and absolute in the present Providence is not so clear.

On this question, I may remark in the first place the guaranteed existence and inflexibility of the Church admits of a variety of degrees of prosperity and a large admixture of adversity. I know that a distinction is to be made between temporary storms and troubles and trials, and persevering infirmity; and no doubt there is an amount of depression which, consistently with the Divine promises, could be permitted for a while and could not be allowed to continue. But, on the other hand, there is an amount of prosperity not too great to

be permanent and yet not indispensable, even as the habitual condition of the Church. The eventual loss of the Temporal Power would be a great evil in the present Providence, an evil which we have every reason to hope will not be permitted; but it is hard to say that this evil would be destructive of the Church, or of the promised perfection of her state, and could not be permitted by the Almighty; and we are to remember that if thus destructive it could not be allowed; inasmuch that if we are to understand the Pope and Bishops as explicitly affirming a strict necessity, we must also understand them as implicitly denying the possibility of the extinction of the Temporal Power, at any rate in the present Providence. Further, we may reflect that the present Providence, taken even restrictedly, admits of various degrees of intervention and assistance. Although, then, the loss of the Temporal Power involved an absolute need of additional help, we could not at once infer its inconsistency with the present Providence.

Still less, of course, can we affirm that the Temporal Power is strictly necessary in the present Providence taken in a more extended sense, and with a latitude which would let in what might be called *another Providence*, or order of Providence, yet not so far different as to be out of the question or extraordinarily improbable.

I am not forgetting that the Temporal Power itself is an effect of God's Providence, as the Holy Father and the Bishops have explicitly declared. But in discussing the necessity of the Temporal Power, we are to consider, not its origin, but its bearing on the Church, taking into account the remainder, if we may say so, of the present order of Providence, and abstracting from the fact that the Temporal Power is part of that order.

Again I am not forgetting that the Church existed for a considerable period before the Vicar of Christ was a secular sovereign; whence it would seem to follow that the Temporal Power could not be strictly necessary to the Church, and therefore that it is irrational to hesitate on that point, as I have done. Most assuredly the Temporal Power is not *essential* to the Church, nor did any one that I know of ever say it was. But without being essential, it might be strictly required for that perfection which Christ is conceived to have promised to His Church as arrived at her maturity. Thus, for instance, there may be a degree of actual Catholicity, or universality which, after she had once acquired, the Church could not fall from, consistently with the promises of our Lord, though the Church as truly *existed* before the attainment of that degree as it does now; and further, this amount of Catholicity approaches nearer to being essential than the Temporal Power ever seems to do.

To proceed now with our inquiry. If the Temporal Power be not strictly and indispensably necessary to the Church, in what sense is it still *truly* necessary? I answer: The Temporal Power is, in the present order of Providence, decidedly necessary for the *well-being* of the Church, not a superlative well-being, not an extreme prosperity, but a simply congruous condition not more than satisfactory, so that to fall from it would involve a state of some degree of want and distress, though not dissolution or ruin. We say of a man considered with relation to his position in life, whatever it may be, that he has a *competence*, meaning that if he had less he would be straightened, though perhaps he would retain his position. So we may say, the Temporal Power belongs to the *competence* of the Church. Without the Temporal Power the Church would not be satisfactorily provided for. She would be unduly straightened.

The Papal and Episcopal declarations which I have cited, establish not only the expediency, but the *necessity* of the Pope's Temporal Power, its necessity at least for the well-being of the Church, and that a well-being not of supererogation, but such as is due to the Church and ought to be possessed by the Church. What is then to be thought of those professing Catholics who pretend that the extinction of that Power would be *beneficial* to the Church? Taking into account these declarations, and, at the same time, the action of the Pope and the sense of the Church manifested in many ways for ages, I cannot bring myself to believe that such a view falls short of heresy, at least of constructive heresy. I do not mean to imply that it is contradictorily opposed to a dogmatic definition* on the utility of the Temporal Power, but that it obviously charges the Church with a very serious error, doctrinal and practical; for if that view be right the Church is grievously and mischievously mistaken concerning its own condition, and has been so for ages and such an imputation cannot be cleared of heresy. The denial of the necessity of the Temporal Power in that mitigated sense of necessity I have endeavored to explain, though not liable to the same charge, is undoubtedly unsound and un-Catholic. Such views on the part of Catholics may be variously accounted for. In some they may be the effect of culpable deception coming from others or from

themselves. This as well as other causes is often helped by a certain obliquity of mind akin to partial derangement. Then there is in many a reckless presumption, which makes them adopt, on the most sacred subjects, opinions which strike them as reasonable, without any proportionate examination, and especially without consulting authority. Of course if the Church speaks clearly enough *for them*, being Catholics, they will not hold out; but they easily forget to inquire what the Church has to say, and persuade themselves too at times that the Church *cannot have said* anything that will interfere with their ideas. Vanity, likewise, frequently enters. There is something high-minded and independent in rising above prevalent doctrines. A certain spurious liberality, too, has its share in the work. It is pleasant to tell a Protestant that you are no more a friend of that antiquated institution—the Temporal Power—than he is. Though, by the way, there are sensible Protestants who, while they object to our religion, think those who profess it are right in maintaining the Roman Pontiff's secular authority. Another element of opposition to this authority is a feeling of jealousy towards the Church, as if she had no business meddling with worldly things. Let the Pope and Bishops and Priests look after the Sacraments and the preaching of the Gospel. That is their sphere. What have they to do with government? This is an affair of nature and the natural man. Even Ecclesiastics are not always strangers to this jealousy. *Their* nature retains its original tendencies, and resents what it views as a sort of intrusion.

But all these adversaries of the necessity of the Temporal Power should remember, among other things, that the Pope too is a man and that his priesthood does not disqualify him from understanding and doing the work a layman could perform. On the contrary, the special studies of an Ecclesiastic are largely concerned about those principles of morality which ought to be the basis of secular government. I fully admit that Temporal sway is not, as a general rule, the business of the Ministers of Christ, and it is very undesirable that they should be extensively engaged in affairs of this nature. But in a particular—a singular*—instance, where there are special reasons recognized by a long series of Popes, and, I may say, by all the present Bishops and the immense majority of Catholics generally, where there are, I say, spe-

* The assertion that the abolition of the Temporal Power would be beneficial to the Church has been condemned by Pius IX among those contained in the Syllabus, though, as with the rest of the propositions there set down, no special note—for instance of *heresy*, etc.—is expressed. The proposition I allude to is the 76th and is in these terms: "The abrogation of the civil power which the Apostolic See enjoys would conduce exceedingly to the liberty and happiness of the Church."

* I do not mean to question the legitimacy or advantage of the possession of Temporal Power by some of the other Bishops of the Church. Bellarmine (De Rom. Pont. lib. v. cap. ix.) remarks that, were it not for their temporal jurisdiction, the German Bishops could not have maintained their Sees. But assuredly the Pope's case is widely different and calls more imperatively for such a provision.

cial reasons, the temporal government of a small state by a Bishop who is supposed to be an intelligent man, and who if not an Ecclesiastic would probably be considered better qualified than many lay sovereigns, is certainly not a subject of rational complaint. Let those Catholics who are, on examination, conscious to themselves of being influenced by such a feeling as I have here adverted to, reflect further and see whether there may not be in their minds a latent notion—God grant that it be but latent—that the principles of our Divine religion are not quite consistent with good civil government, and whether the Almighty Himself is not, to a certain extent, the intruder whom they fear.

In assigning some of the sources of false views occasionally entertained by Catholics concerning the Temporal Power, I have gone beyond the case of those who reject its *necessity*, with which case my context chiefly brought me to deal, and have included that of those who would positively favor its extinction. The latter class, it is to be hoped, do not see the enormity of their error. The former too may be influenced, in a different degree, by the same motives without clearly perceiving whether these motives tend, and without understanding the principles which are working in their own minds. Certainly the two degrees of unsoundness are closely connected, and it is easy to pass from one to the other.

I have not, so far, alluded to a cause which no doubt operates in the mind of some, who are unfriendly to the Pope's Temporal Power, namely the spirit of political progress, or as some would, not with out reason, call it, *the spirit of revolution*. There are those who think that the Roman States ought to be governed in a way different from that in which the Pope governs them, or perhaps could govern them, and that the people of those States have a consequent right to cast off the Pontiff's sway and manage their own affairs in their own way. Of this I will speak under the third of the heads into which I have divided my subject.

A conjecture is sometimes expressed that it may be in the designs of Divine Providence, that from some given period—say from the present—the Roman Pontiff should be permanently devoid of Temporal Power, and that, under this respect, the Church should enter on a new phase. What is to be thought of such a conjecture? I reply that, first of all, it appears to me ill founded; and my own opinion is that this Temporal Power, though interrupted, as it is at the present moment, and has been before, and may be occasionally again, will habitually persevere to the end of the world, with perhaps a variable amount of Territory. I have often been surprised and pained at the facility

with which, in this and other matters appertaining to human helps towards religious ends, good men give up as lost or impossible of attainment what is obstructed by obstacles not at all certainly insuperable. This does harm by preventing efforts which would have a good chance of success. But what is to be said of the *soundness*—the *orthodoxy* of this conjecture about the intentions of God regarding the Temporal Power? If the meaning be that God will *permit* its final loss, I see nothing clearly deserving of censure. It is by no means certain that the Temporal Power is strictly necessary to that well being which has been *promised* to the Church, and which God is *bound* to maintain. Still less could the conjecture be condemned, if a somewhat different Order of Providence were looked forward to, to supply the deficiency. Of course the Almighty *could* make the Church prosper more without the Temporal Power than it has prospered hitherto with that Power, and in such a supposition God might positively will the Pontiff to cease to be a Secular Sovereign. But it is the merest divining to imagine this as a future fact. If, on the other hand, it be meant to insinuate that God may *will* and *approve* the Pope's permanent loss of his States in the present condition of things, the notion is quite inadmissible, and not to be listened to for a moment. God may and does permit robberies and murders and sacrileges, but He does not wish them nor sanction them. He permits Sovereigns to be unjustly despoiled of their Kingdoms, and private individuals to be robbed of their properties, but He is not an assenting party to these outrages. He does not desire His Church to be hampered and straightened, though He may tolerate it for a longer or shorter time. The conjecture understood in the last sense assigned implies that the change contemplated would be good and beneficial, and thus becomes really, though perhaps not so intended, a mask for an intolerable error.

Of course, if Almighty God were even to *permit* the final cessation of the Temporal Power, we should suppose some end or motive of the *permission*, some end worthy of the Divine Wisdom, though we might not be able to ascertain definitely what that end was. But assuredly it could not be the well-being of the Church as such. We know, for instance, that God allows vice and even heresy to dominate extensively in some countries, that in others He lets idolatry prevail, and all this for wise ends, among which, however, is not the welfare of those countries. Whilst the wickedness of these people is allowed to go on, God calls them by His grace to change their ways, and inspires His ministers to labor for their conversion. So, if He permitted the States of the Church to pass

permanently into other hands, He would undoubtedly will, though inefficaciously, the restoration of the Pontiff's Sovereignty. It would still continue to be a good, virtuous, pious act to endow the Church with Temporal Power. For if it was so before, it would still be so, the circumstances being substantially the same. That they *are now* substantially the same is the teaching of the Church, that they would continue substantially the same as they are now is the supposition I make; for if God were to bring about a different state of things, the case, as I have sufficiently explained, would not be the one we are speaking of. It is no doubt hard for us to fathom the designs of God, nor is it indeed possible to know them fully. But if we take these two propositions; the 1st, The Temporal Power has been and still is not only beneficial but in a true sense necessary for the Church; the 2d, It may be the intention of God to deprive the Church of this Temporal Power held by the Pope, other circumstances remaining the same, and that for the benefit of the Church: if, I say, we take these two propositions and compare them, we shall see at a glance that they are irreconcilable; and, be it observed, those who fancy such a change wish it to be understood that it would be for the benefit of the Church. But even leaving out that clause of the second proposition—"for the benefit of the Church"—the proposition cannot stand with that previous one, namely that the Temporal Power is beneficial and in a true sense necessary: for it is quite inconceivable that the Almighty should *will* the depression and deterioration of His Church—that most holy Institution which He has so wonderfully erected, cherished, glorified and which is the great object of His love on this earth. Is it tolerable to imagine that Christ would in a manner persecute His own Spouse? I have dwelt, as it may seem, disproportionately long on what is after all a vague conjecture. But its very shadowyness is an obstacle to its being grasped, exposed and rejected while a certain plausibility and half semblance of piety make it dangerous.

Before passing to the second of those heads into which I have divided my subject, we may as well very briefly view the result of our discussion of the first, namely "*What is meant by the necessity of the Pope's Temporal Power?*" The answer to this question is to the following effect. In the present Order of Providence taken restrictedly, that is to say, so as to exclude any very great difference in the degree of habitual Divine intervention in the protection and government of the Church, the Pope's Temporal Power is necessary for that moderate well-being which befits the Church, though perhaps not for that minimum of well-being which is rigidly due in virtue of the

Divine Promises. So much is but sound doctrine, which as Catholics we cannot legitimately reject. It is not a matter of mere opinion, though it is not a dogma of faith. That the Temporal Power is *beneficial* to the Church cannot be denied, as it seems, without constructive heresy, because this denial would imply an imputation on the Church, of theoretical and practical error inconsistent with her Truth and Sanctity. What would be the case in another Order of Providence we are not called on to pronounce. We may, however, safely say that God *could* so superabundantly supply for the absence of the Temporal Power, that the Church would be as well or better off without it than she has hitherto been with it. But there is no foundation for expecting that this will be the case. Supposing that the present Order of Providence will under other respects continue, it is not clearly impossible that God may *permit* the final extinction of the Temporal Power, though this seems exceedingly improbable. It is quite certain—in the same supposition as to the present Order of Providence—that the Almighty will not take away the Temporal Power permanently *for the good of the Church*, nor at all, in the sense of positively willing and preferring the absence of the Temporal Power to its continuance. Incidentally it appears clearly enough that the Temporal Power is not *Juris divini*. It is an effect of God's Special Providence, but not of any Divine law or institution.

To the Memory of Sister Mary Wilfred.

BY A SISTER OF MERCY.

Within our quiet convent home, deep studying heavenly lore—
Of earth's her youthful mind had made a rich and varied store—
Our Sister dear, with footsteps true, the narrow pathway trod;
Still foremost in the fervent band whose hearts were given to God.

But soon, too soon! she's passed away from out the faithful band,
Nor prayers, nor tears could bid her stay in this our exile land;
Out from her bright, immortal home the summons had gone forth,
That bid her leave all kindred ties, with friends and homes of earth.

The summons came, and death's sure hand the signet on her brow
Laid gently, yet we knew not to the fiat we must bow,
We hoped that in another clime returning health would come,
And bring our Sister Wilfred back to her loved convent home.

A fond, devoted father's and a mother's tender care
Bore their gentle child, reluctant, to the Prairie's bracing
air.

We wept the sad departure, doubly grieving she must go
Far from us and *Aer* whose sister-bond a twofold claim did
know.

Days, weeks, and months passed onward, but our Sister
did not come;

In suffering she languished in her far-off Western home.
But from suffering grew a holy strength—none heard nor
plaint nor sigh;

Like her of Italy she prayed, "To suffer or to die."

She longed—God knows how fondly—and her loving parent's
knew,

Back to her convent home to come, her duties to pursue;
To tend, to teach the sick and poor—a Sister's holy task—
And all for God, But *one* more joy—one *higher* did she ask.

That higher joy her Lord prepared for her His chosen
spouse,

The seal upon her heart to set—to vow her holy vows.

The solemn action done, her heart in meek submission
waits,

Though suffering death's fierce throes, her spirit rests at
heaven's gate.

'Tis past! Her spirit, purified from every earthly taint
Goes forth. Oh! let us humbly trust, a sinless happy
saint,

To see, to hear, to feel the bliss, no mortal e'er hath known,[†]
For those she loved and loved so well, to plead before the
Throne.

Her parents, brothers, sisters, so loving and beloved,
With grieving hearts, yet grateful their truest love have
proved.

They weep the double sacrifice. Yet what to God they've
given

Submissive in His hands they leave with hearts upraised to
heaven.

And even the precious relics of their consecrated child,
On whom from reason's birth her parents' fond approval
smiled,

To her latest wish obedient they from Minnesota come,
To bear to old Westmoreland as her final resting home.

With grief and joy commingled, we, her loving Sisterhood,
Our departed Sister follow o'er the plain and thro' the wood;
While priest and cowed monks from St. Vincent's Abbey
pile,

In solemn notes Gregorian chant her requiem the while.

But ah! 'twas not, sweet Sister, *thus* we prayed for thy re-
turn,

Nor for this we bade the tapers on our Mother's altar burn;
But we know our prayers were heard, and we've laid thee to
thy rest

In the earnest trust thou'rt dwelling in the mansion of the
blest.

Where dark verdure ever circles and the angels vigil keep,
Amongst our loved departed ones thou sleep'st thy hal-
lowed sleep;

* St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzio.

† Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it en-
tered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath pre-
pared for those who love Him.

There o'er the cross that marks each mound, the wreath of
fadeless green,

Emblema that by blessed suffering won of bright, un-
changing sheen.

And oft to that dear cemet'ry at eve we wend our way,
And at each holy resting place in loving hope we pray
For these beloved ones passed away—who sleep beneath
the sod,

And that we may with them enjoy the vision blest of God.

ST. XAVIER'S CONVENT.

Feast of the Transfiguration, 1871.

Obituary.

Died, at Notre Dame, Indiana, Sept. 11, 1871, Mr.
JEAN BAPTISTE VAGNIER, aged nearly seventy-five
years.

Jean Baptiste Vagnier was born at Foug, in the
Commune of Foug, Arrondissement of Toul, De-
partment of Meurthe, on the 5th of January, 1797,
or, according to the civil record of those revolu-
tionary times, on the 16th Nivôse of the 5th year
of the Republic. His boyhood and youth were
passed in his native place, but owing to the turbu-
lence of the times, those years of his life were not
the most quiet. He witnessed the invasion of the
allies, and the horrible depredations of the Cos-
sacks, and, in common with many of his fellow-cit-
izens, suffered severely from the terrible disasters
which resulted to France from these disturbances
of peace and industry.

In 1821 he married and settled in his native
place, where he continued to reside till 1832.
During that time three children blessed his happy
marriage; two of them, however, died young,
bringing sorrow to his home at that early period
of his life.

In 1832 Mr. Vagnier emigrated to the United
States. After a short stay at Buffalo, N. Y., he re-
moved to Indiana, and purchasing a farm in the
vicinity of Fort Wayne, set vigorously to work to
make a home for himself and family in the then
far West. Here Heaven bestowed upon him two
other children, a son and daughter, to fill the
places of those who had gone to a better world.
But soon a new anxiety came to trouble his mind.
His little family were growing up, and, at that
time, there were no educational facilities in that
part of the country, and scarcely an opportunity
for the practice of his religion. He knew the im-
portance of both these to his rising family, and he
began to think seriously of the means of meeting
the difficulty.

About this time he heard of the religious institu-
tion just founded at Notre Dame, by Father Sorin,
and after eleven or twelve years of energetic labor,
in clearing and cultivating his farm, he resolved to

move to this place, with the double object of giving his children a solid Catholic education, and of securing for himself the advantages of religion, while laboring for the benefit of the Community which received him, and into whose hands he resigned his farm and other property.

This arrangement was made in 1844, and the remaining twenty-seven years of his life he spent here, unobtrusively, laboring as constantly and faithfully as if his livelihood depended upon his daily work, until he was prostrated by the disease which finally terminated his life. His favorite occupation was the cultivation of the vine.

Mr. Vagnier was a man of deep religious convictions, and sincere, unostentatious piety. He never began his days work without having first assisted at the Holy Sacrifice, and offered to God the homage of gratitude and love, and the sincerity of his piety was evident in the quiet, unassuming cheerfulness which always characterized him, even in the midst of his infirmities.

But it was during the last days of his life that his solid faith and piety shone most brilliantly. His sufferings were at times intense; but he bore them with a patience which edified all who were in attendance upon him, and his resignation to the will of God was complete and unreserved. A day before he died, his son, Rev. Father Vagnier, told him he would say Mass for him on the following morning; he thanked him, but said he did not wish him to pray for his recovery—he had lived long enough, and wished now only to die and go to heaven. His wishes were granted, and at nine o'clock on Monday evening, the 11th inst., after a week of great suffering, he calmly passed from this life to the life which shall never end, and for which he had waited so long. May he rest in peace!

A New Revolution Society in Rome.

An association having for its object the destruction of Catholicism has just been formed in Rome by the Italian Revolutionists under the name of *Societe Alfieri*. The following are some of its abominable rules:

Rule 3.—To have as the basis of its political principles Italian unity, and of its religious principles free thought, in order by belonging to some schism or other to attack Catholicism.

Rule 4.—In politics to support and propagate the duty of an alliance between Germany and Italy; in religious matters everywhere to attack Catholicism by supporting Protestantism.

Rule 5.—To aim at the abolition of the Papacy and the expulsion of the Pope from Rome, and at the suppression of the civil rights of priests.

Rule.—In case of a foreign war, the Society ought

to take active steps even before hostilities have been formally declared. 1. By burning as many churches as possible, especially the Vatican. 2. By expelling all the priests and all those whose principles are manifestly hostile to the nation. 3. By exciting the masses with the historic traditions of the Sicilian Vespers.

Rule. 10.—Every member before being admitted, must swear upon his honor to observe strictly the present Rules, and insert a copy thereof, which will be preserved by the archives of the society.

A SHORT time since there was a pilgrimage at Brussels to our Lady of Peace for the triumph of the Holy See. The grand procession for the six hundredth anniversary of the institution of the Rosary, has been transferred to the octave day, the eighth of October. The first being the feast of Saint Bavon, Patron of the diocese, the Lord Bishop is obliged to officiate at the cathedral. Last year he was prevented so doing by the Council. The Dominican Fathers are working hard to make this procession something hitherto unsurpassed. The General is still here, and more than fifty Fathers. It is very grand to see all these devoted men in their simple white habit reciting in their church the *Salve* to Mary their Queen. You see men just entering manhood and others tottering to the grave, all bowing low in honor of Mary and her Infant Son. How can men be found so intensely silly as to doubt the power of her to whom so much has been given, when we see men of all ages and of surpassing talent and superior instruction humbling themselves before her throne?

REVEREND FATHER:—A lady, a life subscriber to the AVE MARIA, a convert who sent the names of her children and grand-children to be recommended to the prayers of the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, wishes now to have published for the honor of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, that one of her sons has returned to the Church, and another given also much hope. Begging, also, Rev. Father, a brother of mine, who is in a very sad state in regard to his religion, to be prayed for, I remain, Rev. Father, with great respect,

Your humble servant, —.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.—To make home truly happy there should be no concealments; for they are the canker-worms. Let a woman tell her troubles and follies freely to her husband, and he will assist her out of them. He is her other self, not her judge and master. If a man confide in his wife, her penetration and quick wit will often see things that escaped him. We are in the world all day; our minds occupied by many details; but she sits at home often alone, or with but an infant companion. She thinks over what her husband has

told her, and sees it in many lights; and has had the time which he wanted. The discovery that there has been a secret excites jealousy, and loosens the ties of affection on either side. Without perfect and entire confidence, married happiness is seldom lasting.

The Passion Play at Ammergau.

The following graphic and detailed account by Lady Herbert of her recent visit to Ammergau will be read with interest:

So much has been written and said about the Passion Play now being represented at Ammergau, that at first sight it would seem superfluous for anyone to attempt a fresh description. Yet, as no two persons read a book or pass through any event in life with precisely the same feelings, I am going to write down simply my own impressions, and shall be content should they induce in but one person more to go and witness a scene which must make a life-long impression on all beholders.

I should preface the account by stating the origin of the play. In the year 1633, a contagious sickness spread itself over the valley of the Ammer, especially at Partenkirch and Eschenlohe. The number of victims was frightful. Although every precaution had been taken at Ammergau, a workman from Eschenlohe returned one day to celebrate the feast of the dedication of the parish church. He brought with him the seeds of the fatal disease, and in two days was a corpse. In three weeks more, the infection having spread, 84 persons had died, and many more were sickening. Under these circumstances, the villagers held a meeting, and made a vow to celebrate publicly and solemnly the Passion of Our Lord, so as to obtain a cessation of this terrible plague: and to repeat it every ten years. No sooner had they done this, than their prayer was granted, and the sickness disappeared. Ever since that time, this Passion Play had been regularly performed, and is looked upon by the people as a religious obligation.

The journey from England is of the easiest and simplest kind. The four o'clock express lands you at Dover at seven. At half past nine, a boat leaves daily for Ostend, where, on arrival, a train is waiting to convey the passengers to Brussels. At Brussels you stop an hour and a half, and have time for Mass at a church in the Rue Neuve, close to the station. From Brussels, the express takes you to Cologne, which you reach at half past four o'clock, where you can see the Cathedral and go to Benediction and night prayers after your *table d'hôte* dinner. I am supposing that the journey to Ammergau is made as a *pilgrimage*; and that such as go in that spirit would be desirous of whatever help they can obtain through church service on the road. You sleep at Cologne, have Mass the next morning at five (the Cathedral is close to the station), and then take a through ticket to Munich, which is reached at half past nine o'clock in the evening. Sleeping there, you start the next morning by six o'clock train for Wil-

helm, a little town, about two hours' distance from Munich by rail; and there a multitude of carriages are in readiness to convey the visitors to Ober-Ammergau. It is prudent, however, to telegraph beforehand to Wilhelm to secure a conveyance. It takes six hours to go from Wilhelm to Ammergau, halting half-way at a quiet little way-side village, where there is a very tidy church, as usual full of worshippers, and a pretty picture of the Holy Family at a side-altar. But from the first moment you leave the rail to begin the drive the character of the people strikes you. The scenery is beautiful; through park-like glades, interspersed with lovely wooded knolls, till you come to an ascent, the steepness of which exceeds any ordinary Alpine pass. But it is not that which strikes the Catholic traveller most. It is the living piety which breathes in every wayside Cross, and every little picture so touchingly painted over the doorway, placing each house, as it were, under holy keeping.

Passing by the large but now deserted Benedictine Abbey of Ebbal, with its miraculous image of Our Lady, we arrived at about four o'clock at Ober-Ammergau, and found a charming little room, excellent coffee, and temptingly clean beds ready for us at the house of Mme. Lang, the keeper, not only of the Post-office, but of the village shop, which supplies all the simple wants of the inhabitants. Having inspected the theatre, and ascertained where our place would be on the following day, a joyous peal of bells summoned us to the church, which we found crowded with peasants and visitors. A beautiful service, followed with fine singing, joined in by all the congregation, and closed by Benediction, the better to prepare us for the coming solemnity. On our return to Mme. Lang's, we inspected the wood carving and photographs for sale in her little shop below, and were struck by the great purity and delicacy of expression shown in most of the figures.

The next morning we were roused between three and four o'clock by the firing of cannon and ringing of bells. Hastening to the church, we found five Masses going on at each altar, succeeding one another without intermission until seven o'clock, owing to the immense number of foreign priests. It was impossible to get a seat at first, so great was the crowd; so that the majority knelt on the floor; and the number of communicants was equally remarkable, including the whole of the actors in the play. At seven, every one returned to breakfast; and at a quarter to eight a steady file moved down to the little theatre beyond the village. There was no confusion, for every one's seats were numbered, and different staircases appointed for each wing of the building. Eight o'clock struck, three cannon were fired, and the orchestral music began. We had taken the precaution to provide ourselves with little books giving the explanation of the different scenes and the words sung by the choir. The best of these is by Franz Schoeberl, Pastor at Laibstadt, illustrated with Albert Durer's etchings, and translated into English by Catherine Thompson. It is wise to have the German edition as well, so as to be able to follow the exact words sung or spoken. As soon as the music ceased, the choir, twenty in number (ten men and ten women), came forward gravely, half from each

side of the stage in front of the little theatre. They advanced slowly till the two leaders met, and then turned round and faced the audience who were motionless and expectant. They were all beautifully dressed in long robes of various colors, red, green and blue, reaching to their feet, white cottas, edged with lace, and gold diadems raised in front. A handsome man, with a fine voice and dark beard, by name Johann Dimmer, led the choir, and, as it were, opened the proceedings. My readers must understand that the choir takes no part whatever in the action itself; but only explains what is to follow. Nothing can be more dignified and restrained than their movements, or more solemn than their music. The men's voices are decidedly superior to the women's, who sometimes sing shrilly and out of tune, but this we were told was an accident, from the "*prima donna*" being ill and away. The leader having gravely explained the tableaux we were about to see, two verses were sung of the Prologue; and then the choir dropped back, right and left, and the curtain or drop-scene (which was, by-the-by, a very accurate and carefully painted view of Jerusalem from the Mount Scopus) slowly rose. The first living tableaux was the Expulsion of our First Parents from Paradise; the second, Abraham's Sacrifice on Mount Moriah. The marvel in them all was the immobility of the actors. It was difficult to realize that you were looking at living, breathing, human beings, and not at a mere picture. Whilst the curtain was thus raised the choir sang another stanza, explanatory of what we were looking at. And this description will serve for the whole of the tableaux. The chorus had only three motions of the hands, which were simultaneous, and which greatly added to the dignity and effect of their movements. Then the curtain fell, and in a few seconds rose again and displayed a plain black cross, with figures kneeling before it, while four beautiful boys' voices from the hidden back-ground of the stage, explained the type that as Death came from a tree, from the tree also must Life arise—and so the drama was introduced.

A little pamphlet, written by "An Oxonian," on the Passion-Play, which I read on my way to Ammergau, speaks of one of the most remarkable features in the whole representation—and that is, *its purely Biblical character*. Scripture facts, Scripture history, and Scripture words are alone reproduced; tradition is almost entirely set aside. "So it is here," he writes, "among the remote Catholic peasantry, that is discovered a close and delicate appreciation of the Bible's simple tale, such as no Protestant villager that I ever heard of could approach, nor the most educated and refined Protestant surpass." Each act of the Passion is preceded by these mute though living tableaux—the type in each case of what is about to follow.

The first representation consists of the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem riding on an ass. Upwards of three hundred people take part in this triumphal procession; and then Our Lord, dismounting and speaking a few words to the people and to His disciples, goes into the Temple where the buyers and sellers were carrying on their unlawful traffic, and "overthrows the tables of the money-changers and the seats of those that sold

doves," to the wrath of the Scribes and Pharisees, and the still greater fury of the dealers, from the effect of whose combined passions the fatal struggle is to arise. I was anxiously longing and yet dreading for the appearance of Joseph Mair, who was to act the awful part of Our Lord. In dignity, calmness, simplicity, sweetness, and yet in a certain gentle melancholy, he greatly exceeded my expectations. The longer I watched him, the more his appearance and manner struck me. His face is of the type painted by Leonardo da Vinci. There is the same calm majesty, the same winning love, in both face and figure. Towards the end of the play I was conscious of *no one else*, so entirely did he absorb my attention. His voice is beautiful,—so clear that you can hear and follow every word, while it is impossible to express the simplicity and dignity of his manner. Afterwards I saw him in his simple peasant home, and he made precisely the same impression upon me. His whole life is a study of the Passion, and his work is to carve crucifixes. He is a man of few words, a daily communicant, and one who looks upon the whole thing as a species of Apostolate whereby he and his companions hope to draw souls nearer to Our Lord and to a keener realization of the price paid for our redemption.

The second representation is that of the Council of the High Priest assembled to deliberate as to the best way of wreaking their vengeance on the Sinless One. It is preceded by the Old Testament tableau of Joseph thrown into a pit by his brethren. The dresses of Annas and Caiaphas and the rest; and the subtle arguments by which they endeavor to cloak their real purpose, are admirable. The third scene is of all, perhaps, the most touching, and is typified by the parting of young Tobias from his parents. Christ appears in the streets of Bethany (which, again, is faithfully drawn,) and goes with His disciples into the house of Simon.

Then follows the touching scene of the Magdalene, who steals noiselessly behind him with the costly ointment. The contrast between the generous love and devotion of this great penitent, and the avarice and selfishness of Judas (who kept the bag) are represented in the most masterly manner. The words of Simon and of our Lord, are, of course, here, as throughout the play, the very Scripture words which childhood has made so familiar to us. But in this scene, as in all others, one did not feel one was looking at a particular picture or hearing particular words; but that one was actually *taking part oneself* in these last few days of Our Lord's life; and this I felt still more strongly as the Passion continued. It is impossible to give in writing an idea of the intense *reality* thrown into each part. The leave-taking at Bethany from His Mother, and Mary, and Martha, despite their entreaties and dissuasions, and those of His disciples; and inimitable tenderness of Our Lord's manner and voice when He told them that "His hour was now come," touched the whole audience so sensibly that tears ran down every cheek; an old-fashioned Protestant English country squire near me, and a fat, unsympathetic looking German, sobbed as if their hearts would break!

The fourth representation, ushered in by a tableau of King Ahasuerus putting away the proud Queen Vashti

for Esther, and typifying thereby the rejection of the Old Jerusalem for the New, gives us the weeping of Our Lord over Jerusalem, the directions to Peter and John to go and find the "upper room furnished" (which command they fulfill exactly according to the Bible story), and the struggle of mind of Judas. I think the character of this traitor wonderfully drawn; for he does not at once yield to the temptation or even to the offer of money: his better nature continually shows itself. You feel all the time how true a picture his fall is of ourselves, and of the way we are unconsciously led on into sin by yielding to our own inclinations. This conception of Judas's character was new to me, and yet one felt how true it was, and how impossible it would have been for him to have followed Our Lord for three whole years, through such toil and suffering, with the intention all the while of betraying Him at last! Rather was it an irresistible temptation to which he yielded; and then found "no place for repentance."

The fifth representation is that of the Last Supper, preceded by the tableau of the fall of the Manna in the Wilderness, which I thought by far the best of the whole. Even children of three years' old seemed "to be turned into stone," as the guide-book says, so immovable were the figures! The washing of the feet; the whole conversation of the last supper, the zeal of St. Peter, the love of St. John, above all, the exalted yet simple dignity of Our Lord's actions and words throughout this scene, exceeded all we had before witnessed. Then Christ gives the sop to Judas, and warns him of His knowledge of his purpose. But he goes out and "It is night."

The tableau which follows and precedes the sixth scene is the selling of Joseph by his brethren for twenty pieces of silver, which naturally brings us to Judas. We are again in the Sanhedrim in presence of the High Priest. There is a long and angry discussion and haggling; at last, the betrayal is agreed upon, and the wretched Judas eagerly receives and counts out the "price of blood." Only Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus protest, and leave the hall. All the rest cry: "*Er sterbe! Er sterbe!*"

The next and seventh representation of the "Agony in the Garden," is ushered in by three Old Testament tableaux, Adam and Eve tolling with their children, eating bread in the "sweat of their brow;" Joab greeting Amasa with a kiss, and secretly killing him at the same time with a thrust of his sword; and Samson betrayed by Dalila to the Philistines.

Our Lord having spoken those exquisitely beautiful words contained in the 17th chapter of St. John, wanders through the garden with His disciples, chooses out the three chosen ones to "watch," and then throwing himself on the ground at a little distance off, utters three separate times His agonizing prayer for help. Mal's face on one of those occasions appears positively divine. Then comes the scene of the Betrayal—one feels that of *his own free will* he gives himself up to his enemies. His arms are bound behind his back, his disciples forsake him and fly, and he is led off by the troops amidst scorn and insults towards the city.

At this stage of the proceedings there is a break for an hour, and the closely-packed audience left the thea-

tre to go to breakfast. On the face of each one might be traced the overpowering emotions of the previous four hours, and the meal at Mme. Lang's was a perfectly silent one.

In about half an hour we all resumed our places in the theatre, and again there was the same intense silence. If broken for an instant by a tardy arrival, a low hiss from the peasants on the right and left of the principal places showed how they resented the interruption.

The eighth representation, preceded by the tableau of Micah's, the prophet, smitten on the face because he has told the truth to king Achab, shows us the calm and dignified form of our Lord before Annas, the high priest, who stands in a balcony, with the Christ bound beside him. Beneath is the angry, raging, accusing mob, on whom Jesus looks down with loving compassion, while Annas, unable to find any cause of offence in Him, sends Him on to Caiaphas. This scene, which forms the ninth representation, is most painful; and ushered in by tableaux of the Death of Naboth, and the sufferings of Job. Every kind of indignity is offered to our Lord, whose angelic patience and gentleness triumph nevertheless over all the roughness and cruelty of the soldiery. St. Peter's denial, with all its attending circumstances, is minutely described, as also his bitter despair when "the cock crew." I have not spoken of St. Peter, but Jacob Hett, who acts the part, is, next to our Lord, the most admirable in his thorough appreciation of the character he represents.

The despair of Judas forms the subject of the tenth scene, and is, by some, considered the finest bit of acting of the whole. It is fitly represented by the tableaux of the murder of Abel and the despair of Cain. Judas' vain attempt at restitution, and his never-dying remorse, ending in suicide, was certainly most forcibly rendered.

Then we come to the eleventh representation, "Jesus before Pilate," preceded by the tableau of Daniel thrown into the den of lions. The excited band of Scribes and Pharisees, headed by Caiaphas and Annas, violently question and accuse our Lord, who stands patiently, first below and then above in the balcony, where Pilate appears as judge. The innocence of Jesus is clearly proved; but Pilate's endeavors to release Him are fruitless. Then He is dragged before Herod, as "a Galilean;" but even Herod can find "no cause of death in Him," though he and his men of war "set Him at nought," and dress Him as a mock king before they send Him back to Pilate. The Pharisees pour down the street with the rabble, whom they have gathered round them; and then comes the thirteenth scene, preceded by the tableaux of the brothers of Joseph showing their father his coat of many colors dabbled in blood; and Abraham offering up his son Isaac on Mount Moriah.

This representation includes the scourging at the pillar and the crowning with thorns, and is too painful for description. The character of Pilate is drawn with wonderful care. Throughout, one sees the struggle between his wish to save the innocent and his fear of personal consequences. Quoting again from the Oxonian's pamphlet, I felt with him that the "length of

the trial was what the acting brought before me more than any reading ever did. It seemed endless; so that the Crucifixion, with all its terrors, was almost a relief." Yet, throughout, the dignity of the divine Sufferer was maintained in a perfectly marvellous manner. "Through all these long, wearying scenes, dragged from house to house, court to palace, palace to court, court to guard-room, guard-room to Calvary, that pale, mute figure passed almost without a word: never moving a muscle; His face set as a flint. Round him raged and stormed a wild sea of hatred, malice and insult; but it battered at that humility in vain. He stood unmoved; no angry light ever flashed from His eyes; no syllable of retort passed His lips. This strength of inward repression was wonderfully rendered. A mysterious grandeur appeared to drape Him from head to foot. Mair appeared possessed and enthralled by the sole idea of Christ as the lamb led to the slaughter, the sheep dumb before its shearers. The intensity of this though could only be exhibited in his walk and attitude, for he went through scene after scene almost without opening his lips (save in the few Bible words) and with his hands bound behind his back; yet I can never forget the impression."

The fourteenth scene represents the condemnation of our Lord, preceded by the tableau of Moses and the scape-goat. The tumult increases. Pilate protests, but yields to the threat, "If thou lettest this man go, thou art not the friend of Caesar." He makes one more effort to save Him by bringing forth Barabbas. But it is vain; and the curtain drops with the awful cry of the people: "His blood be upon us and our children!"

The fifteenth representation is that of the *Via Crucis*, less striking perhaps than the others only from the fact that we are more used to it as a devotion. It was preceded by two tableaux, of Isaac bearing the wood for his own sacrifice, and Moses pointing to the Brazen Serpent. The meeting of our Lord with His Mother and the women of Jerusalem is very touching. But throughout the acting of the women is inferior to that of the men; and the Virgin, though modest and pretty, is not, to my thinking, equal to her part.

Before the sixteenth scene, representing Jesus on the Cross, the choir for the first time change their dresses for mourning garments, and half chant, half sing, a mournful and beautiful lament, which is completely in unison with the feelings of the hour. How this Crucifixion is managed it is impossible for the spectators to understand. The arms and legs of the thieves are bound with cords. But with our Lord it is not so. Blood flows from the (apparently) pierced hands and feet, and still more from the side when the lance thrust proves that all is over. For twenty minutes He hangs on the Cross. One by one fall those touching and beautiful sentences engraven on every Christian's heart. The time seems intolerably long; yet it is but a *ninth part* of the terrible reality enacted eighteen hundred and seventy-one years ago. His dereliction seemed almost more terrible than the physical agony. He appeared for the time as if indeed "emptied of His Godhead." Again I quote the "Oxonian's" words:

"He was left alone, we must suppose, with the bit-

terness of the body drinking the dregs of humanity. For the central fact of Christianity is not the Divinity of a man, but the humanity of God; not life out of life so much as life out of death; and its power to salvation must be sought after, not only in the light unquenchable, but in the dark desolation of the body broken and the blood shed."

And then comes the death scene—the last shudder through the frame—the last writhing of the agonized limbs—the last sinking of the head. "*It is finished!*" The thunder rolls, the sun is darkened—a man rushes in to say that the veil of the temple is rent. The priests and Pharisees, conscience-stricken and terrified, disappear. The soldiers break the legs of the thieves with unfeeling barbarity, but when they come to our Lord to do the same, the Magdalene rushes forward and defends the sacred body. The centurion contents himself with piercing the side: and then all leave the scene, save the Virgin, the Magdalene and St. John. Now follows the taking down from the Cross, precisely as represented in the pictures of the old masters. Tenderly and reverently does Nicodemus wind the white linen around the body of Christ, and gently lowering it, with the help of St. John and Joseph of Arimathea, place it in the lap of the Virgin. And then it is laid stark and rigid, and apparently *quite dead* in the tomb, with the Mother at its head and the Magdalene at its feet—and so the curtain falls.

How Mair goes through this sixteenth representation is to me a perfect marvel. The physical exhaustion must be something terrible; even without taking into consideration the feelings such an act must call forth.

Yet, is there no sign of all this when the curtain again rises for the 17th act, of the glorious Resurrection. The choir ushers it in with a joyous and exultant song of praise. The tableau represents the escape of Jonah, and the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea. By the grave the soldiers are watching, and after a time begin to talk of the strangeness of this man's death and the rumors of his probable resurrection, when, all of a sudden, with a clap of thunder, an angel appears, the stone is rolled away and Christ, robed in dazzling silver, with a glory all around Him, and the banner of victory in His hand, bursts forth before the affrighted watchers, who, dazzled by the sea of light, fall staggering back, while He passes by them in solemn majesty. After a time the Pharisees arrive and hear the tale and try to persuade the soldiers to palm off a lie on the people, which they refuse. And then come the pious women to embalm the body. And to them an angel appears and tells the tale. And then follow St. John and St. Peter and, last of all, the Magdalene.

That most exquisite and touching of Scripture narratives where the one word "Mary" reveals to that loving heart the "Master" whom she has been seeking in vain, is beautifully rendered.

Then comes the eighteenth and last act, which is purely jubilant. A grand alleluia chorus is sung, and Christ, as victor, appears in glory surrounded by His saints, and having put all enemies under His feet. Thus "it behooved Christ to suffer and so to enter into His glory." And how does this wonderful play affect

the self-sufficient and independent sons of this nineteenth century? The people, whose highest thoughts and feelings it represents, has kept its faith pure and undivided. Catholics throughout the world sympathize with the belief and the emotions of the people. But what of Protestants? My "Oxonian" again must speak for himself: "All through the play, I kept repeating to myself: 'This is a primitive, mediæval, half-civilized peasantry, still sunk in the trammels of priestcraft; it has never known what it is to have an open Bible and a free press. It is deprived of the blessings of the electric telegraph, and is about three hundred years behind the present age.' But it would not do. I could not but confess that I was witnessing not only a beautiful, but a most subtle, and delicate, and thoughtful rendering of the Gospel history; a rendering in which the truth was gathered up into a whole with a power and a grasp that put to shame the loose and casual apprehension of this or that interesting trait or striking light which is sufficient fodder for the weak stamina of the modern 'religious view.' As for general intelligence, refinement and dignity, who would not give all he had to see a spark of it in the average English rustic or London rough? The charm of the people is indeed worth going miles to see and feel; it lights up the lovely valleys of the Bavarian and Tyrolean Alps with the magic spell of a courtesy that is never servile, and a simplicity that is never coarse. . . . Progress, of course, there is in civilization: but it requires, I felt, something deeper than the *Daily Telegraph*, more profound even than the *Times*, to explain in what it consists. It was impossible to talk grandly and vaguely about 'liberty of thought' in the presence of such a character of life as I saw around me, and as the Passion Play revealed. As for 'the happiness of the greatest number,' the words withered on my tongue! It takes a greater and a grander principle than can be thrown off in a newspaper article, or than can be touched on at the tag-end of this paper, to show how the quickened life of the few, in this troubled century, can be worth the awful price paid for it in the degradation of the many. . . . As to the effect on the actors themselves of entering into solemn and awful subjects with such dangerous intimacy, I must observe that it is remarkable that this sensitive hesitation never enters the heads of those whose reverence is the most unshaken and unswerving. Is it not the old story—the prayers of the monks sounding like blasphemy and impiety to the scepticism of the historian?"

And now the task I proposed to myself is well nigh done. In silence and gravity we walked away from that solemn Representation, and sought the church where one could best think of what we had so lately seen, and pray that its effect might never pass away from our minds and hearts. And then we sought the house of Joseph Mair, whose appearance and manner, as I have before said, entirely corresponded with his acting. He was not the least embarrassed or self-conscious but received us with simple dignity; and when I ventured to say something of the effect he had produced upon us, he only bowed gravely, as if the compliment were not addressed to himself. He looked

very tired, but not so exhausted as one should have expected. I felt that what he had just been doing was part of his daily life—that he had not cast it off with his purple robe—but that in simple, child-like faith he so lived and acted as in the continual presence of his Lord. My guide asked him to show us the ring which the Prince of Wales had given him, and he laid it on the table with the same utter absence of, what we might perhaps call "natural," pride in the gift, or the praise it implied. I asked to buy one of his Crucifixes, which are wonderfully carved, but they were all sold. And then feeling I had no excuse for a longer intrusion upon him, I went away, only asking, as I shook hands with him, for a share in his prayers. And then we slept once more in our little Ammergau room, once more received the bread of life at the Ammergau Altar, and then returned home as we came, hoping henceforth to fight life's battle with fresh courage, that the wish of the actors might be fulfilled and the concluding words of their chorus be realized:

"All its deep places and its heights unfolding,
The Life of lives before thee we unroll,
That thou, the mightiest scene of earth beholding,
May'st gain new riches for thy inmost soul."

ELIZABETH MARY HERBERT.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MISS NAGLE, FOUNDESS OF THE PRESENTATION ORDER.

The death of their foundress was a severe affliction to the sisters of the Presentation Order. Her example and advice would have been of great service to the young community, if God had spared her life for some years longer. But such was the judicious system on which it was established, and the high religious spirit which she infused into it, that the great work of charity was continued with undiminished zeal. Her body was in the grave, but her spirit survived and continued to animate her children. So beneficial were the results of their labors, that the bishops of the neighboring dioceses were anxious to share in the blessings enjoyed by the people of Cork, and it was anxiously wished that the institute were extended to other places.

It was as yet only a simple society of individuals, aggregated together by mere episcopal authority, and it was deemed advisable to have it approved by the Holy See. Accordingly a request to that effect was forwarded to Rome, and laid before His Holiness, Pope Pius VI, who then occupied the Chair of Peter.

The storm was already gathering which soon after burst with such dread results on the Church and on society; its first murmurings were already heard—the struggle had commenced in France. The efforts of a infidel press, and the intrigues of powerful and unprincipled men, had

succeeded in embittering the courts of Europe against the religious orders, and, in some instances, against religion itself. Scarce a day passed without some new and indignant remonstrance being presented at the Vatican from those governments that had hitherto been their most zealous supporters. The Jesuits, powerful and influential as they were, had been sacrificed to their hostility; and if the doom of others was delayed, it seemed certainly and speedily at hand.

It was at this critical and eventful period that the petition on behalf of the ladies of the Presentation was laid before His Holiness, praying that they be raised to the dignity of a religious institute. It was a balm to the afflicted heart of the Pontiff; it was a harbinger of other and better times; it was a sure indication that the religious spirit was not dead in christendom. Though the cauldron was seething with the ingredients of discord and disaster, and the burning waters threatened to inundate the altar and the throne, there was one spot at least on God's earth which was yet wet with the dew of heaven, and where His grace was producing fruit like that which it produced of old, when the hills were peopled with anchorets, and the valleys were studded with the abodes of learning and religion.

The following is the Apostolic Brief, addressed to the Rt. Rev. Francis Moylan, approving of its existence, and authorizing its extension to the other towns in Ireland. It is dated the 3d day of September, 1791, and was wet with the tears of joy which the Pontiff shed upon its page:

"VENERABLE BROTHER, health and apostolical benediction.

"In our solicitude for all the churches nothing can give us more pleasure than that such opportunities should occur as may enable us to contribute to the spiritual welfare of Christ's faithful servants, and to impart to them, and more particularly, to those who live among persons not professing the Catholic faith, the graces and favors of the Holy See, and to direct our whole study, care and diligence, to instruct and preserve them in the practice of piety and good morals.

"Hence, Venerable Brother, you will easily conceive the sentiments with which We received your postulation of the following tenor, presented to us by Our sacred congregation—*de propagande fide*, to which you had addressed it:

"*Miss Hanora Nagle*, of respectable memory, had determined to employ the ample fortune she possessed, in founding houses, or communities, for the admission of pious virgins, whose principal duty should be to instruct little girls in the rudiments and precepts of the Catholic faith; to teach them to work; to visit the sick women in the public infirmaries, and administer to their spiritual assistance, etc."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[Translated from the French for AVE MARIA.]

Legend of Saint Galonnek.

[CONCLUDED.]

Now, in those days the inhabitants still exercised the right of wrecking, or, in other words, reserved to themselves the privilege of plundering any unfortunate vessels thrown upon their coasts. They spoke of the sea as the cow given to their ancestors by God, that brought forth every winter for their benefit. Thus they looked upon shipwrecks as a positive blessing.

One night, during a heavy storm, as Galonnek was returning to his forest from the sick bed of a poor man, he saw the dwellers on the coast leading a bull along the rocks. The bull's head was bound down towards his fore legs, and a beacon-light was fastened to his horns. The crippled gait of the animal gave an oscillating motion to the light, which might well be mistaken for the lantern of a ship pitching out at sea, and thus deceive bewildered vessels, during a tempest, of yet being far from shore. Already one thus treacherously beguiled was on its way to ruin, and might be seen close upon the rocks, its full white sails gleaming through the night. Another moment and it would have been aground among the breakers. Galonnek rushed amidst the peasants, extinguished the false beacon, and reproached them for their treachery. But they would not listen to him, and prepared to rekindle the light. Then the saint cried:

"By all your hopes of this world and the next, have done! for it is your own brethren and children you are drawing to destruction."

Whilst they stood uncertain, God kindled up the sky with flashing lightning; and beholding the vessel as if it had been noonday, they saw it was indeed one of their own ships. Terrified at the dangers to which they had exposed themselves, they all fell down at the saint's feet; the women kissed the hem of his garment with floods of tears, as if his hands had rescued their sons from the depths of the sea, and all with one voice exclaimed:

"But for him we should have become the murderers of our friends and neighbors."

"Alas! those whom you have already lured to death were equally your neighbors and your friends," replied St. Galonnek; for we are all descended from Adam, and have been ransomed by the blood of the same God."

The peasants, deeply moved, perceived their guilt, and promised to renounce this custom of

their fathers. Much about the same time, the country of Phiguffant was ravaged by a dragon, which devoured whole flocks with their shepherds and dogs. In vain had the most courageous men banded themselves together to destroy it; the ferocious monster had put them all to flight, and now nobody dared to stir out of doors to lead his cattle to water, or to go and work in the fields. As soon as Galonnek knew this sad state of things, he set out for the court of the count, and asked there which knight was the most valiant before God and man. Every voice declared him to be Tanguy de Carfor, who had made a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and killed more than a thousand Saracens with his own hand. Galonnek desired him to gird on his sword and armor, and come and fight the dragon which God had given him a mission to destroy. Carfor instantly armed himself, and accompanied the saint to the monster's den, from which he came out howling frightfully at their approach. Carfor hesitated in spite of himself at so unwonted an appearance; but Galonnek said to him:

"For your soul's sake, have confidence in God and you shall kill this monster as easily as a gad fly."

Thus encouraged, the knight advanced to the attack, with scarce an effort pierced the dragon through three times with his sword, whilst the saint called upon the three persons of the most Holy Trinity.

St. Galonnek also freed the country of many other scourges, such as wolves, reptiles, and musquitoes with fiery stings; and being now old enough to receive Holy Orders, he was ordained by St. Pol; he then built a little chapel beside his oratory, where he every day celebrated Mass. Meanwhile, the leafy cells around multiplied so fast that at last they were united in a monastery, called by St. Galonnek Youlmad, or the house of good desires. He was engaged in drawing a rule for this monastery, when he was interrupted by a disturbing rumor which arose in the neighborhood. It was said that a woman clothed in red, and with a ghastly countenance, had taken passage in a fishing boat from Crozon. She landed, and when questioned as to her name, replied that she was called the Lady of Pestilence. And, in fact, it came to pass, that within a very few days both men and animals were smitten with a contagious disease, which carried them off after a few hours' illness. So great was the mortality that they could not find sufficient wood to supply coffins; and for want of grave-diggers, the corpses were laid to rest in furrows hollowed by the plow. Those who were well off gathered all their effects together in wagons, and harnessing all the horses they possessed, drove away at full speed to the mountains which the

palid woman had not passed. But the poorer people who had no means of conveyance, and were unwilling to leave their little all, awaited their doom at home, like sheep lying down to rest at the butcher's door.

In this extremity, however, they were not abandoned by Galonnek. He went from hut to hut carrying aid and consolation. Linen for shrouds, and wood for coffins might indeed be wanting, but he swathed the fever-spotted dead in leafy twigs, and bore them in his own arms to consecrated earth, laying them down as tenderly as sleeping infants in their cradle bed. Then planting a branch of yew, and another of blossoming broom, he entwined them in the form of a cross, and set them as an emblem on their grave—the yew symbolizing the sorrows which underlie the whole course of life, and the blossoming broom the transitory joys which gleam across it. And it is said that when at last the pestilence was stayed, these holy crosses covered a space of three days' journey.

So many generous and pious acts had spread the fame of Galonnek both far and wide, and all the country round was inflamed with devotion. Persons came from all parts to the convent of Good Desires to listen to his teaching, to ask his prayers and to offer him gifts; but these the saint only accepted for the purposes of charity.

"The priest," he used to say, "is only as a canal which serves to carry water from overflowing streams to arid, barren plains." Another of his sayings was:

"God has given us two hands, the one to receive his treasures, the other to administer the same to those who need them."

And thus, although the neighboring nobles had loaded him with presents, his monastery and church were radiant only with his good actions. He was accustomed to sleep on an ozier hurdle, and wore nothing better than a gown of faded serge. But all this external poverty threw out with stronger lustre the brightness of his hidden worth; and Galonnek was like one of those caskets made of earth or bark, in which are treasured rubies and carbuncles.

The bishopric of this place becoming vacant, Galonnek was summoned to fill it. He was anxious to refuse; but St. Pol himself came to find him out, and said to him that God's stars had no right to conceal themselves in the grass, but must take their places in the firmament. Then St. Galonnek resigned himself; but when the moment came for leaving the sylvan oratory, where he had spent the best part of his life, his heart became so heavy that he burst into tears, and cried aloud:

"Alas! how shall I become worthy of the new office which my brethren impose upon me!"

Then falling on his knees he prayed most fervently until God put strength into his heart. When he arose he took the humble chalice he had been accustomed to use—his sole possession save the memory of his good deeds—and went on foot to the capital, where he was consecrated bishop.

Here began for St. Galonnek a new life of courage and self-denial. He had to fight for the poor against the rich—for the weak against the mighty. When his friends and disciples beheld him engage, all unprotected, in these dangerous struggles, even the most courageous were at times dismayed; but Galonnek would say, with a smile:

"Fear not, my friends; their weapons cannot touch me. God himself has forged for me a breast-plate with the tears of the sorrowful, the miseries of the poor, and the despair of the oppressed. Behind this armor I can feel no hurt. Blows can only do us mischief by glancing across us at those who have taken up our cause; but from our very heart distils a balsam that can heal as they come all the wounds inflicted from without."

Moved by the sight of so much virtue, many powerful noblemen who had hitherto persisted in idolatry, came to ask of Galonnek instruction and the grace of baptism; but he would only grant this favor in reward for some good work. If any one had sinned, and came to seek for absolution, Galonnek would give them for a penance some virtuous action to perform—some charitable service to his fellow-men. He taught them to regard God as the surety for recompenses merited but not received; to invest their lives in paradise; to break every tie which holds the soul in bondage, that it may spring forward with unfettered flight in the love of God and man.

About this time the count died, and was succeeded by his son, Tagduval. He was a conceited, vain-glorious youth, who could not endure the least contradiction, and had not yet lived long enough to learn that life is an instrument on which the first chords we strike are invariably false. So unjust had he shown himself in many instances to the townspeople and gentry, that they banded together and drove him from the city. But Tagduval asked assistance from the Count of Vannes, and soon returned with an army to which the rebels could make no resistance. Multitudes were slain in battle, and the survivors taking refuge in the city were besieged there by the Count. He rode round the city walls, like a hungry wolf parading about a sheepfold, swearing never to forgive one of the rebels, or those who had given them shelter. Battering rams were brought and raised against the walls; and when once the passage was forced, he mounted his war horse, and ordering every soldier to take a naked sword in one hand, and a

lighted torch in the other, he rushed at their head into the affrighted city.

But Galonnek had seen the terror of the conquered people, who only looked for fire and sword. Coming out of the cathedral, with all his priests in procession, bearing crosses and all the sacred relics, he came the first to meet Tagduval, his venerable head uncovered and his chalice in his hand. The young count, astonished, checked his horse; but went straight up to his saddle bow, there paused, Galonnek and said, in a gentle voice:

"If any one will devour the flock, he must begin by slaying the shepherd. I am here at your mercy, and am ready to purchase with my blood forgiveness for the rest."

At the sight of this holy old man whom he had been early taught to reverence, and at that voice which had always sounded like a benediction, Tagduval felt his rage dissolve away; and letting fall his sword, he bent over his horse's neck and kissed devoutly the chalice carried by St. Galonnek. At that instant all the soldiers, as if touched by the same emotion, put out their torches and turned their sword points to the ground, crying as with one voice, "Quarter! quarter for all!"

The young count waited not a repetition of this prayer. Dismounting hastily, he followed the bishop to the cathedral where the conquered and the conquerors joined in songs of thanksgiving to God.

This was the last great act of St. Galonnek's life. A very few months after, he felt his strength decay, and knew that his end was near. He did not, however, on that account relax in his good works. Returning one day from a visit to a poor widow, bereaved of her last son, he suddenly found himself unable to proceed, and sat down to rest on a stone by the roadside. There a pedlar from the mountain found him some time after, sitting motionless; thinking that he slept, the man approached him, when he saw that he was dead. Judging from the poverty of his apparel, the pedlar took him for a hermit of the neighborhood, and out of Christian charity wrapped the body in his mantle for a funeral shroud. A shoemaker's wife, who lived a few steps off, contributed an old chest to serve as a coffin, so that Bishop Galonnek came to his grave like a beggar. But the truth was soon discovered by the miracles which were wrought at his tomb; and the body being taken from the earth, was carried in great state to the city, and buried at the foot of the high altar in the cathedral.

St. Pol was requested to write an epitaph upon him; but the apostle of Leon replied that none but an archangel could compose one; so they merely covered the grave with a plain granite slab, on which was carved the name of Galonnek.

Ages have passed away and yet this stone still remains; and thither mothers come to lay their new-born babes one instant on its consecrated bosom, whilst they repeat the usual form of prayer:

"St. Galonnek bestow upon my child two hearts. Give him the heart of a lion that he may be strong in well-doing; and give him the heart of a turtle-dove that he may be full of brotherly love."

The feast of St. Galonnek is celebrated on the first of April, when the hedge-rows are bursting into leaf, and "the time of the singing birds has come."

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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No. 44.

THE FIRE IN CHICAGO.

When the Apostles asked concerning the blind man, whether it was the man himself or his parents that had sinned, they expressed the natural feelings of us all when we see a calamity befall a person or a place.

The great fire that has destroyed the two-thirds of the city of Chicago calls forth comments from all; and while some maintain that it was a just punishment of God on the wickedness of the city, others stoutly aver that it was merely because the houses were mere flimsy shells—not only the frame buildings, but even the splendid marble fronts that looked so imposing to the eye.

We for a time inclined to the latter opinion, and though we fully admitted that there was enough wickedness in Chicago to call down the fire from heaven, yet we thought that Chicago was no worse than other cities.

At that time, however, we had not heard of one indication of the deep-seated immorality of the place, and of the utter abandonment on the part of some of the citizens, of all decency in regard to God and holy things.

Our opinion now is that Chicago has been punished for the insults offered to the Blessed Mother of God.

Any son who would stand by unmoved and see his mother insulted, would be branded as a mean, cowardly, despicable fellow.

Jesus Christ, now reigning in heaven, is no less the Son of Mary now than He was when nursed by her in Bethlehem, or when reposing, an infant, in her arms when the Holy Family fled to Egypt.

And do you think He cares less for the honor of His mother now than would a true hearted son for his earthly mother?

Our Blessed Lord is most merciful. He pardons again and again offences against Himself; but if you attempt to tarnish the honor of His Mother He cannot, as a true Son, but visit the offender with signal vengeance.

The mark of utter corruption of some in the

city, to which we referred, was a most shameful insult to the Blessed Virgin.

This is what we were told by one perfectly trustworthy. We did not see it in the paper; but doubtless some of our readers have seen it.

We wish it were not so.

Some time ago, in one of the Sunday papers, there appeared (no doubt without the knowledge of the editors,) some verses addressed "To the Virgin," and signed "*Catholicus*," giving the readers to suppose that the verses had been written by a Catholic in honor of the Mother of God. It was an acrostic, and the initial letters of the lines formed a most shameful sentence,—one that is not only wholly inadmissible in a decent paper, but which even the most degraded blackguard would not make use of unless surrounded by other blackguards fallen as low as himself.

Copies of these verses were printed on separate sheets, and were posted up in conspicuous places, that men lost to all decency might pass their ribald remarks on them, and connect the indecent sentence of the acrostic with the pure and Immaculate Mother of the Saviour.

Let it not be said that we are assigning too feeble a cause for so great an effect: that a ribald sentence, made to be connected with the Blessed Virgin, is scarcely cause enough to lay half of a large city in ashes. Say not so. For aside from the profound corruption of hearts manifested by this fact, and the complete forgetfulness of, or indifference to, God, that is shown by such an outrage taking place, the sole fact of the insult itself is sufficient to cause the all-powerful and most loving Son of Mary to punish, with all the wrath of an outraged son, the guilty assailers of His Mother's honor.

Let it be well understood that no insult to the Blessed Virgin can pass unpunished. Some Catholics, even, are not fully enough convinced of this. They do not sufficiently comprehend that it would be an injury to her Son to suppose that He could allow an insult to His Mother to pass unpunished. All history shows what reason tells us must be true, that as the Redeemer of the world is merciful to those who honor His Mother, so He chastises those who insult her.

The Repose in the Desert.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

The silver sands around them spread,
A palm-tree drooping overhead—
The long, fair twilight melting grey
Into the night; and far away,
'Mid faint pink clouds where sank the sun,
The stars outshining, one by one.

It is not safe to rest too near
This well of water sparkling clear,
(Whose sides of ancient desert stone
With creeping plants are overgrown,
For when at night the beasts come down
From desert jungles, dank and brown,
With many a roar and plaintive scream,
Like troubled phantoms in a dream,—
They haunt the cisterns, cool and fair,
And while they slake their fever there
Let him who slumbers near *beware!*

So Joseph to the water's brink
Leads down the tired ass to drink;
While Mary, on the upper mound,
Sinks lightly on the tawny ground,
And loosening the classic folds
Of her long cloak, adoring holds
The Holy Infant to her breast.
Sweet wild-Bird! from that sacred nest
It looks up to the heaven of love
In Mary's face, and like a dove
It coos and coos; the while her hands
Loosen its heavy swaddling-bands,
And o'er its rosy limbs let flow
Pure waters from the well below;
And when, refreshed, it sleeps, she lays
It on the sand, and kneels and prays.

Mysterious vision! clear and high
The stars like jewels stud the sky;
The slender, crescent moon sails up
Inverted, like a silver cup;
And not a sound the silence breaks,
Save when the giant palm-tree shakes
Its ripe fruit down.

Oh, sight sublime!
Lord of Eternity and Time—
The Infinite, the Ever-Wise,
Here on the sands a baby lies;
And the unsleeping God-head seems
An Infant wrapt in deepest dreams!

Sleep, Blessed Mary! On the grass
St. Joseph slumbers near the ass;
And white with splendors, glory-given,
The air with angels' wings is riven—
For God is here and *this* is heaven!

He cannot speak well that cannot hold his tongue.

STARS OF OUR LADY; Or, Glances Through the Calendar.

OCTOBER.

Not often to a kingly brow
The sacred boon is given
To wreath around its earthly crown
The aureole of heaven.
Yet haply in the days of faith
Such wondrous men were found,
Who moved amid the snares of courts
As if on holy ground.
Thus Edward the Confessor wore
Britannia's sparkling crown,
And made heroic sanctity
The bulwark of his throne.

St. Edward, flower of royalty!
All spotless is thy fame;
A grateful people's blessings cast
A halo round thy name.
But it hath still a grander dower,—
The *Sineta* with it woven,
That marks thee as a king for aye,
Servant of God, well proven.
And nations, strangers to thy tongue,
And lands, to thine unknown,
Give willing homage to thy name,
Thou gem of England's throne!

St. Edward the Confessor was crowned king of England on the great festival of Easter, in the year 1042; he was then forty years old. He died on the fifth of January, 1066, at the age of sixty-four.

A great genius has remarked of our saint that "there is little that can call his title to sanctity in question, though he can never be reckoned among the great kings." Great, in the sense of the title as applied to a Cæsar, a Bonaparte, or any of those restless spirits who have founded their claims to popular admiration in bloodshed and rapine, St. Edward certainly was not. "He did not wade through slaughter to a throne," nor earn his fame by the downfall of neighboring nations and the impoverishment of his own. Yet it cannot be said of him, as has been said of another holy monarch of England, that "he would have adorned a cloister, though he disgraced a crown." The very different reigns of Edward the Confessor and Henry VI show the difference between sanctity and mere piety. Judged by the test now in vogue—*success*—St. Edward could certainly claim the title of great. Indeed, his administration was, in most respects, what the taste of our day would approve. Called to reign over a mixed population of Angles, Saxons and Danes, his wise measures fused the discordant elements into a homogeneous nation, peaceful and prosperous. Danish oppression and Saxon sub-

serviency became things of the past. He laid the foundation of the boasted "common law of England," collating, amending and abridging into one compact code the heterogeneous laws and customs of former kings, and showing in this work how thoroughly he was imbued with the maxim of the Church—*Salus populi suprema lex*. "The good of the people" was truly "the supreme law" in Edward the Confessor's code. How different from the penal laws of "gospel times," and the Draconian code which, almost up to our own time, made the larceny of a piece of ribbon a capital crime. If he did not make wars of conquest, neither did he allow the sacred soil of England to be invaded. At the first threat of Norman invasion, Edward's kingdom was put in a condition to repulse the presuming foe; and Danish piracy, which, for more than two hundred years, had considered England its holiday hunting-ground, was obliged to seek less dangerous quarters. One foreign war he did engage in, at the call of justice and friendship. Malcolm III, of Scotland, being married to St. Margaret, great niece of the Confessor, claimed his help against the usurper, Macbeth, and Edward's favorite General, Siward of Northumberland, led a conquering army thither and re-established Malcolm on his throne. So it appears that the saint, though "educated in a monastery," was not devoid of heroic instincts.

He knew how to defend his own rights, also, this holy king. His father-in-law, Earl Godwin, presuming on his meekness, thought to dictate the policy that should be pursued, and finding his arrogant demands unheeded, raised troops to overawe the king; but was obliged to submit, with the loss of his titles and estates, which Edward, however, magnanimously restored to him.

Such was Edward in his public life, but it was in his more personal history his sanctity shone pre-eminent. Having spent the longest, perchance the happiest, portion of his life in a sort of honorable exile in Normandy, while his native land was convulsed with the struggles of rival aspirants to the throne, he had laid deep and strong, during those uneventful years, the foundation of his ultimate proficiency in the science of saints. Hence, when the power and rank, which so many sought, came to him unsolicited, undesired, change of station made no change in his principles or conduct. In imitation of St. Joseph, he had made a vow of perpetual chastity. This seemed likely to cause some trouble when he became king, but Heaven watches over its own. The saint found a fitting consort in the daughter of the ambitious and arrogant Earl of Kent. The Lady Edgitha was a dove reared in a falcon's nest. While her surpassing beauty, talents and accomplishments made her the

idol of courtly circles, she found her greatest delight in prayer and study, and was worthy to be the virgin spouse of Edward the Confessor. Like him, she was remarkable for her goodness to all ranks; her gracious demeanor and agreeable conversation, and happiness as well as virtue had a constant home in their palace.

Compassion for the poor and zeal for religion, those twin virtues that characterize true holiness, shone brilliantly in the life of St. Edward. The personal expenses of a saint being next to nothing, his own patrimony enabled him to give profusely to every purpose of charity and to found and endow churches and monasteries, where the praise of God would be sung through succeeding ages. At the same time so far was he from adding to the burden of his subjects even for these religious purposes, that he remitted the onerous tax of the Danegelt and ordered a large sum of money which had been raised as a Christmas gift for him to be returned to the contributors, even to the last farthing—so intense was his dislike of what he called pillaging the poor. Westminster Abbey was one of these noble legacies to his people. During his exile in Normandy, he had vowed, if God should be pleased to deliver his family from their trials, to make a pilgrimage in thanksgiving to St. Peter's tomb. Scarcely had he ascended the throne when he began to make preparations for fulfilling his vow; but as his absence would endanger the peace of the kingdom, Pope Leo IX directed that he should instead give as alms to the poor the sum his journey to Rome would have cost, and build or repair a monastery in honor of St. Peter. The small, ancient monastery of Thornez, repaired and endowed with regal munificence by the holy monarch, was the result of this decision, and the noble structure of Westminster, after many changes, still remains the most noted "show place" in England. The church was dedicated with all fitting pomp and ceremony, in 1065, on the feast of St. John the Evangelist, to whom, next to St. Peter, the royal founder had a special devotion. It was his last appearance among his people. He was taken ill before the close of the ceremonies, and nine days afterward passed to a better kingdom. It was known that he had received an intimation of his approaching death from the beloved disciple, in recompense of his devotion in never refusing an alms or any just favor that was asked in the name of St. John. The following legend or tradition of this favor is from records of Waltham Abbey, written by one of the secular capons there, in the twelfth century:

As he (the king) sat at the tribunal in the Royal Hall, at Winchester, on the feast day, waiting for the procession, and the presence of the bishops

who were to place the crown of the realm on his royal head, twelve citizens of the four cities of England, which we consider as the chief ones—London, York, Winchester, and Lincoln—happened to enter unexpectedly into the Royal Hall, having long hair and beards after the fashion of pilgrims, decently dressed and of grave deportment, and with a calm but modest countenance.

They proceeded to the step before the king's throne, and, bending the knee, did homage. One of them then spoke thus:

"Lord king, in whose jurisdiction the state of the present realm and its princes stands as a solid fastness and an inviolable virtue, we thy servants, desiring to visit the Holy Places and to implore the suffrages of the saints for our souls' remedy (according to the voice of the prophet, saying: 'in the days of the saints you shall afflict your souls, because fasts and watchings and holy afflictions macerate humbled bodies, and purify stained hearts'), we chose by the divine mercy to go forth to Jerusalem, to adore, with as much heart and sincere devotion as we could, the vestiges of the holy Nativity, Passion, Resurrection and Ascension, and Mission of the Holy Ghost in the Apostles; and to implore the firm continuance of thy safety, length of life and prosperity of reign, and our souls' salvation. There, when on a certain day, after visiting the sacred place in the city, we wished to ascend the Mount of Olive, where our Lord ascended from our humble state to the highest pinnacle of the heavens, we met coming down the hill a procession marching in due order, as on solemn days, preceded by the cross, censor, candle bearers, subdeacon and deacon, followed by a most comely assembly, with a priest coming last: As we beheld them by a clear light, about the third hour of the day, advancing thus to our wonder, this last priest, who was clad in vestments more distinguished than the rest, said to us:

"Whence are you? Whither are you going? What land gave you birth, and what have you in mind to do in this rocky realm, noted for its ruggedness?"

"Although not the most prominent of my companions, I answered to this:

"We are indeed Englishmen, servants of your Holiness, desirous of visiting the Holy Places. Beyond this we do not purpose to proceed; we desire to return, with God's will, whither we came from; and we suppliantly petition this to be brought about by the benefit of your prayers."

"But the holy man, answering, rejoined:

"Truly English indeed, bright as angels. God bless you and multiply in you the gifts of His grace. But have you not a king, and by what name is he known?"

"We answered to this:

"We have a king named Edward,—a man of approved life and immense sanctity, strenuous in the governing of his land,—a just and prudent man, and prominent above other kings for every kind of management of the realm."

"On hearing your name this holy man rejoined:

"God proves him such as you say, and because the Lord has been well pleased in Him He will prove this anew by a trial. I beseech you, by God's mercy, after that to obtain which you have come thus far with much labor and fatigue [is gained], that you impart to him from his beloved John the Evangelist, that he should prepare himself to join this college, as God has prepared it so to take place for His beloved within the present year; for day and night we have been appointed by the Lord to minister to the Blessed Virgin's service, and as addicted servants of her sepulchre in the vale of Josaphat, we dwell forever with this Virgin's immaculate Son, our Lord, in the heavenly kingdom, where inestimable enjoyment, unutterable peace and delight, inward refreshment and joy are to last without end. Edward is called to be partner of this delight by Christ his salvation, because chosen by the Lord as a virgin, he will remain for eternity to be placed as a virgin in this fellowship. Should he, however, not have faith in words, let him at least believe these countersigns. Now, at the dedication of the church of Claverings in my honor, while an alms-collector stood importuning him, and he had not wherewith to give him anything; when the former unremittently insisted that he should relieve him for the sake of God and St. John the Evangelist, on hearing the name of John, as he had nothing else at that moment to give, he gave me instantly the ring he had, which was beautiful beyond measure; and thus I vanished from his eyes and those of all men, to this day. Now, by bearing to him this ring, as a sign of our faith, let him believe such a token even though he does not mere words."

"Such is the mandate which we have received from the mouth of John the Evangelist to bear to you, my lord king; such is the warning we have heard from him, and we bring the ring, the token of faith between you."

When he had seen it in the bearer's hand, and thus knew it to be so by a true token, he prostrated himself on the ground, and returned thanks to God and His servant John, whom he still served for three months; after which at a good old age, he was removed to his fathers, and slept in the Lord.

Thus far the old chronicle. The church alluded to was built by the king near a favorite hunting-seat he had in Essex, between Rumford and Horn-

church. It was afterwards called Haverling, from having this ring as a relic of the saint, and Haverling Well was a noted place of pilgrimage where, until faith was lost to England, innumerable cures of falling sickness were wrought by the application of the ring. Westminster Abbey was also favored for a time by the possession of St. Edward's ring, which was given to the Abbot by the dying Confessor. There also it was applied for the relief of the same distemper; so as the holy king was the first whose touch cured the scrofula or king's evil, while living, his ring, after his death, performed the same charitable office in regard to a disease almost as much dreaded.

They're passed away, those simple times, when kindly monarchs held

The gift to heal their subjects' ills with powers unparalleled;

Nor doctor's lore, nor quack's pretence, to suffering flesh may bear

The magic of that speedy cure that came from faith and prayer.

Nay, kings are more enlightened now, they live for power and pelf,

And well the age has laid to heart: "Let each take care of self!"

The worldly wise, in church or state, way vainly seek to gain

The higher gifts that little ones with childlike trust obtain.

But never from the Church has passed that sweet, consoling power—

Alike to ages dark and bright she brings Raphael's dower;

Her mother-touch, to soothe and heal, full well her children know,

And faith has ever marvellous cures to loving ones to show.

And when the braggart, Science, learns its limits, fixed by God,

And treads with humble nobleness in its appointed road,

Then hand in hand with Faith 'twill go, to work for human good,

And philanthropic dreams be lost in Christian brotherhood.

MARY.

Ireland's Hymn to the Virgin.

Mary! spotless Virgin Mary!

Irish hearts would pray to thee;

Teach us more to love each other,

Teach us like thyself to be.

Calm our passions' angry raging,

Every bitter thought control,

And, where war and strife are waging,

Shed thy influence o'er each soul.

Blessed Mary! grant us patience

Man's injustice to endure,

Till at last amongst the nations

Ireland stands, free and pure.

—Monitor.

The State of the Question as to the Pope's Temporal Power.

[CONTINUED.]

§ II.—WHAT IS THE NATURE OR REASON OF THIS NECESSITY?

The second question I have proposed to consider is concerning the *nature* or *reason* of the necessity of the Temporal Power. *Why* is it said to be necessary that the Pope should possess a civil Sovereignty?

The fundamental reason is that the Pope is Head of the Church. The Church is a vast organized Society comprising at present about one hundred and eighty millions of members. This Society is spread over numerous countries in the four quarters of the globe. In those countries there are different districts presided over by Bishops and, subordinately to them, by the clergy of the second order, that is by priests. The Society was instituted by Christ Himself and has its organization substantially from Him. It is what is called a *perfect Community* (or a *perfect Society* as the Pope calls it in the Apostolic Letters of March 16, 1860), that is to say a moral body complete within itself, and possessing within itself all that is required for its own government in its own order, not a mere part or portion of any other community, nor dependent on any authority on earth outside of its own organization; I say *outside of its own organization* not merely *outside of itself*; because Catholic Kings and Princes are within the pale of the Church, but have, as such, no authority over the Church or over any part of it. No doubt the private individuals who are members of the Church or even prelates of the Church are, at the same time, members of their respective civil states and subjects of the sovereigns of those states in the civil order. The whole Church is a spiritual Kingdom as adequately constituted and as independent as any temporal nation, such as France or Spain or Russia or our own British empire. It is a visible, external, well defined Kingdom with an external polity, with laws and magistrates and judges and tribunals. The word *Church* as applied to that one moral Institution which Christ has established is taken in two senses, namely for the *whole body of the Faithful*, governing and governed, and for the *Pastors alone*, mainly the Bishops. Thus when we say, the Church teaches, the Church

commands, we mean to speak of those whom God has placed as Rulers over the rest. This is well understood. Still, for the sake of greater accuracy, it is well to remark that whenever I mention *the authority of the Church*, I take the word Church in this restricted sense. This authority of the Church is not, as some have fantastically pretended, confined to the souls of men as its subjects. The whole man is amenable to it, as he is simultaneously to the secular dominion of the temporal government of his country. Each governs the whole man, but each in its own order, in those things which fall under its jurisdiction. The laws which the Church administers are partly Divine, partly human enacted by the Church and hence called *Ecclesiastical*. Although the Church is a perfect community and, like a nation, sufficient for itself in its own order, it differs from a nation in this particular, that it cannot subsist without natural and material goods and appliances, while the civil State can subsist without supernatural and spiritual good and appliances. The Church does not by virtue of its institution actually possess what is called property and yet it cannot go on, much less flourish, unless with the help of property. Its ministers must be supported and enabled to do work which cannot be done without worldly means. To meet this requirement there are two rights conferred on the Church by its Divine Founder, and which may be with all propriety called *divine rights*. One is that of *holding* and administering property otherwise legitimately bestowed on the Church by the generosity of her members, who in their natural and civil capacity have such goods to bestow. The other is that of *being entitled* to a competent amount of temporal support from her members, and even of exacting that support as the fulfilment of a conscientious obligation.

These two rights are really distinct one from the other. Many of the faithful endow the prelates and ministers of the Church and ecclesiastical establishments of various kinds with property which the donors might lawfully dispose of otherwise, so that, antecedently to these endowments, the Church was not entitled to demand them. But once given they are held by a title at least as strong as that whereby laymen hold whatever is justly theirs. By the *divine right* of which I have spoken above I do not mean a directly Divine title to the goods possessed, even when they have been acquired, but a divinely derived qualification to be the owner of the goods, so that, in the first place, the moral personality of the Church or of an ecclesiastical body or of a prelate or minister of the Church as such, is sufficient to sustain a real ownership in conscience without dependence on

any recognition, by the State, of this moral personality, and that in the next place the State cannot justly deprive the moral person of the property so held any more than it can deprive a physical person, that is a private individual, of what belongs to him. Further, the State cannot justly or validly—as far as conscience is concerned—interfere with the subordination of any such moral person to a higher ecclesiastical authority with regard to the administration of that property. Suppose for instance that a certain fund is bestowed on a parish priest to be employed by him and his successors for parochial purposes, the State cannot validly—in conscience—authorize the transmission of the fund to the present priest's relatives, nor interfere with the canonical intervention of the Bishop as regards the disposal of such fund. Still more evident, if possible, is it that the State cannot treat the property of the Church as *public property*, which the State may administer.

Besides this right to possess goods freely bestowed, the Church is *entitled* to receive sufficient support from the faithful. The duty of affording this is imposed on them by Divine law—in truth by natural law, that is to say by what is called *hypothetical* natural law, the meaning of which—in the present matter—is that, supposing the establishment of the Church, the supernatural as it is in itself, the faithful come from the nature of things to be bound to give that material pecuniary help which is required for its maintenance. This obligation is also a matter of Divine positive law sufficiently indicated in the Scripture and taught at all times in the Church. The Church too has a right to *exact* competent contributions from the faithful. Even when what is called the *voluntary system* is followed, either wholly or partially, the obligation of contributing to the support of the pastors of the Church continues.

I have not proposed to myself any thing like a full development of the Church's rights in relation to property. This would be beside my scope. I have touched upon them, mainly in order to complete the description of the Church as a perfect community, and explain her position in this world. The Church of Christ, then, is a vast organized independent Society, instituted for Spiritual and Religious ends, with laws and a legislative power of its own, with authorized magistrates and officers and tribunals, having too from God temporal rights as to the possession and acquisition of worldly goods, and possessing actually temporal goods necessary or useful for its maintenance and administration. This Society is spread over the earth and divided into many sections, partly, though not necessarily, corresponding with the natural and with the civil divisions of countries, but still one

Society. Of this entire Society the Roman Pontiff is the supreme Head on earth, having and exercising jurisdiction over all parts of the Church. His power is of divine institution. He is in the strictest sense *by Divine right* Ruler of the Church. All Catholics recognize his sovereign authority in Faith, Morals and Discipline. He can and does make laws for the whole body; he enacts, repeals and modifies Ecclesiastical Statutes, whether general or local; he grants dispensations even where no one else can; he confers, withdraws, restricts Spiritual Jurisdiction throughout the world. He is the Supreme Judge not only of controversies concerning Faith and Morals, but also of Ecclesiastical Causes, which come before him either in the first instance or by way of appeal. The whole of this intervention is based on Divine right, and is at the same time actual and practical in the highest degree. Now, in the exercise of the Pope's duties we have to consider several circumstances which will be found to have a bearing on the main question before us.

1. The Pope has to keep up a constant intercourse with all parts of the Church by letters and documents.

2. The Pope has to keep up a constant or very frequent intercourse with all parts of the Church by means of persons, either sent by him to various places, or summoned by him to his place of residence, or coming to him to treat of causes or other affairs which cannot be otherwise satisfactorily arranged. The place in which the Pope resides permanently is, in a very true and practical and necessary sense, the Capital of the Christian World. This is and has been the case with regard to Rome, not merely because the Pope is Bishop of Rome; but because the Pope has usually resided at Rome. During the comparatively short period when the Popes resided at Avignon, though still Bishops of Rome and retaining the temporal dominion of Rome, and for part of the time of Avignon also, we may say that the capital was in a certain sense divided.

3. The business to be done in the government of the whole Church cannot be done without a variety of public offices and officials, tribunals and judges, commissions etc., in a word without a large staff and large accommodation for the various departments. The Pontiff too must have a permanent council to advise him on the dogmatic and moral questions on which it is his duty to pronounce.

4. The fulfilment of his office necessarily entails on the Pope very considerable expenses. Abstracting even from state and pomp and from the exercises of hospitality, so obviously congruous in his position, the machinery, so to speak, of central

ecclesiastical government necessarily involves a large outlay.

5. The Pope's action extends itself to every country, and this action is by no means unimportant or little felt. He necessarily has to treat with sovereign princes, for the sake of themselves and of their people, and he has to treat with the people too, who are their subjects. The questions to be settled and the arrangements to be made are often of great moment in the eyes of the various States concerned. In such transactions it is necessary that the Pontiff should be a free agent, and that he should be believed and known to be a free agent. Even when the Pope is independent, as he has habitually been for many centuries, there are jealousies enough to be dealt with. How much more so if he were not!

These few circumstances which I have stated contain pretty obvious and strong reasons why the Pope should be a temporal sovereign. He must be either a sovereign or a subject of some secular prince. Suppose Rome actually ruled over by King Victor Emmanuel II, as unfortunately it is at this moment. Set aside the violent state of things which prevails there just now; set aside the insufficiency and baselessness of the pretended guarantees which are spoken of; set aside the absurd phantom of independence which the Pope is asserted to possess, whilst he is in reality a prisoner in a palace which whatever may be said to the contrary, is not recognized by the Piedmontese authorities as his. Suppose the Pope legitimately a subject of the so-called Italian monarch. Suppose him treated as such, treated honestly, treated kindly. He is then a subject civilly of Victor Emmanuel. He is at the same time Head of the Church. Before going further, there seems to be an incongruity in this combination. The condition of a subject of one King does not go well with that of Spiritual Ruler of the vast body of Christians who are subjects of the Pontiff, and with whom he has to deal as such. Then, he has to hold communication at least by letter with the Sovereigns and Bishops and people of the various countries, whatever be their political relations towards the Italian King. He may, besides, get into differences with the Italian King on Ecclesiastical matters, as he may with any other, and these differences will easily be of more moment in themselves than what might occur between the King and a Bishop, and independently of this greater importance, if they lead to a persecution of the Pope, it will be an infinitely worse matter both for that particular kingdom and for the Church than if another Bishop were maltreated.

The second circumstance among those I enumerated was the personal intercourse of the Pope

with men of all nations, with Bishops, Priests, Laymen and even Sovereigns or their representatives. No doubt an Italian or English nobleman may receive occasional visits from foreigners whose admission into the country is not objected to by the government; but if he held a position not given him by government, not dependent on government, and in virtue of which, as a matter of right he could insist on receiving at pleasure men of whatever rank and from whatever country, it would be a very strange state of things and often not a little embarrassing.

The third circumstance of those enumerated was the staff of official persons necessary for the Pontiff's spiritual government, with their offices and tribunals. The Pope must have chief ministers and subordinate ministers and judges, in a word, all the machinery required for the exercise of an extensive, Supreme, and complicated rule. A simple subject of the Italian King must have surroundings of this nature; he must have a large governmental system at full work in the capital city of the kingdom, or in a city of the kingdom whether it be the civil capital or not. This is undoubtedly a very peculiar combination, rather an anomalous condition of affairs both for Pope and King.

The fourth circumstance of those enumerated was the necessary revenue of the Pontiff. Where is it to come from? Is the Pope with his *Curia* to be maintained by the secular government of that one country? Such an expense would be a serious item in the budget, for the support of a central authority with which that government has no more to do than any other. However, if the government were able and willing and perpetually able and willing to afford such a subsidy on a generous scale, well and good. But some of these *ifs* will have to be looked into presently. Supposing that the Italian government did not come down so handsomely, where else is the Head of the Church to look for his support and that of his administration? Is it to the contributions of the faithful throughout the world? This might do for a short time. But it would not answer for the Pope to be, as a rule, maintained by subscriptions. Contributions of this kind are by their nature uncertain, especially when coming from great distances and not capable of being satisfactorily enforced. Even Bishops and Priests have generally fixed beneficiary revenues, and so far as they depend on offerings, the persons with whom they have to deal are those to whom they personally minister. The offerings, too, are for the most part made on occasion of particular acts of the ministry. If the Pontiff's revenue were to be derived from the payments of Catholics through the world, there might

easily be shortcomings and there might be, too, obstacles thrown in the way of the fulfilment of this duty. It would be very well there should be money often sent to the Pope from all parts of christendom, but not so as to constitute his necessary revenue. He will always find useful objects to which to apply any amount he may receive.

The last circumstance which I have set down is the necessity of the Pope's being independent and being known to be so. If any office demands liberty of action it is that of Head of the Church. From the the nature of the interests involved and the position the Pontiff holds in reference to those interests, his perfect freedom is of vital moment. It is also necessary that all the princes and people with whom he reats should believe him to be free. Otherwise their confidence in him and their very respect for his acts will be imperilled. Now, so long as the Pope is a subject of the King of Piedmont or any other King, his independence is not permanently assured, and is not in fact complete for any given time. It is quite possible to conceive the Pope as a subject placed for a while in an apparently and, to a certain extent, really favorable position. In representing this position, I must abstract from the previous existence of the Pope's Temporal Power and from the unjust spoliation which renders illegitimate any other temporal authority exercised in Rome and in what *vere de facto* and *are de jure* the Papal States. I suppose, then, the Italian government lawfully established there. I suppose that government truly Catholic, just, and itself thoroughly independent, not trammelled by an anarchical party worse than its present self. I suppose the Pope a subject, but thoroughly and heartily recognized by that government as Head of the true Church of Christ, provided with a becoming residence and with other buildings amply sufficient for all official purposes, provided likewise by the State with a competent revenue on at least a moderately liberal scale, with perfect practical liberty of appointing and dismissing the men employed about his person, and likewise those employed in the business of the Church, with perfect practical liberty of intercourse both personal and by letter with all the world, and without any attempt directly or indirectly to control him, or deter him from exercising his authority as he thinks fit. I suppose this state of things to continue for years. Viewing the Pope so circumstanced some would perhaps be inclined to say: "This is as it should be. At least there is no reason to complain. The Vicar of Christ is in a position to exercise his office satisfactorily. There is no act which he can have occasion to perform, which he may not do. What more could be desired, at least as any way necessary?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In Memoriam.

Died, Thursday, 28th ultimo, Miss MOLLIE, daughter of John W. and Sophronia Morgan, in the eleventh year of her age.

Sincerely do we sympathize with the bereaved parents of the truly amiable being whose death my pen records. Blessed with a disposition which combined all that the most devoted parent could desire, her decease has filled the hearts of her family with sorrow, and left a void in the domestic circle which earth can never fill. Heaven alone can console them in their bitter trial, and infuse into their souls that perfect resignation to its ever-blessed mandates which will prepare them for an eternal reunion in the bosom of their God.

Weep not, sorrowing parents, weep not,
Grieve not that her path is trod,
Mollie is not dead, but sleepeth—
Sleepeth on the breast of God.

In His mercy He has called her
To His glorious sphere on high ;
Earth was not the place for Mollie,
Flowers here must fade and die.

Happy Mollie ! thou hast conquered ;
Earth no more can claim thee now ;
Angel bands have loosed thy fetters,
Bathed in light thy youthful brow ;

Angel bands have wreathed thy circlet ;
Angel bands have reared thy throne ;
Angel bands have borne thee upward,
Radiant to thy heavenly home.

T.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MISS NAGLE,

FOUNDESS OF THE PRESENTATION ORDER.

[CONTINUED.]

"And, whereas, there is now, as is represented, a house prepared and fitted for such an establishment in the city of Cork, wherein some have already joined this pious institution, and others are disposed to enter the same, should it receive the approbation of the Apostolic See, in consequence of which, you yourselves, Venerable Brother, sensible of the advantages of so pious an institution, have supplicated us, through the same congregation, to confirm it. More grateful, indeed, or more seasonable intelligence we could not receive, especially at the present time, when the designs and schemes of wicked men tend to nothing less than the ruin and destruction, were such a thing possible, of the Church of Christ, founded and formed by His precious blood. We feel and acknowledge it, an effort of the boundless Providence of the Almighty God, that, while elsewhere, the institutions and convents of the religious of both sexes are sacrilegiously plundered and destroyed, houses are, by the increase of piety in your diocese, erected and endowed for the reception of

pious virgins, whereby the Christian education of young girls is happily secured. Having, therefore, first of all, offered due thanks to the Divine Mercy, and next, highly approving in the Lord the aforesaid *Honora Nagle's* intentions ; sincerely, also, and earnestly inclined in favor of your petition, with the advice of Our Venerable Brethren, the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, charged with the affairs *de propaganda fide*, for the greater glory of God, and the promotion of religion, We give you, Venerable Brother, in virtue of our apostolical authority, and by these Our present letters in form of brief, power to erect and to form, not only in the city of Cork, but also in other cities, towns and places of Ireland, (taking care, however, always to procure the consent of the ordinary, when there is question of another diocese,) one or more houses for the reception of pious virgins, whose duty it shall be to instruct little girls in the rudiments of the Catholic faith, and good morals ; to teach them different works appropriate to their sex ; to visit sick females in public infirmaries, and to help them in their necessities.

"But, in order that the aforesaid virgins may perform these works of piety with the greater fruit for the salvation of souls, We will and command them to observe the rules and constitutions to be made and appointed by you, approaching as near as possible to the Institute of St. Ursula, and conformable to the instructions to be transmitted to you by the said congregation ; and also, that, having completed the time of probation, they shall make simple vows, that is, the vows of obedience, chastity and poverty, and that of persevering in the said holy purpose ; from which vows they cannot be released, or absolved, by any person but by you and your successors in your diocese, and by the other ordinaries in their own, (to whose jurisdiction the aforementioned virgins, wherever established, must be subject,) and this only for just and reasonable motives, approved of by you or by them.

"And that no spiritual help towards the more cheerful and zealous performance of their duties be wanting to the aforesaid virgins, We give and grant unto them, through Our apostolical sovereignty, all the same indulgences and spiritual graces hitherto granted by Us, and Our predecessors, to the religious of St. Ursula, to their convents and to their churches.

"We beseech our great and good God, to give success and increase to this new undertaking, and, in order to obtain in its favor His heavenly blessing, We bestow on it Our apostolical benediction, which We most affectionately impart to you also, Venerable Brother, with the most profound sentiments of benevolence and esteem.

"Given at Rome, at St. Mary Major's, under the Fisherman's Ring, the 3rd day of September, 1791, and the seventeenth of our pontificate.

"Signed, BENEDICT STAY."

Having received the Apostolic approval and benediction, it was extended in a few years to several other cities and towns in Ireland, and before the end of the year 1805 there were large and flourishing establishments in Killarney, Waterford Kill-

kenny and Dublin. There had been, until then, no deviation from the original nature and purpose of the institution. They not only educated the poor, but they visited the sick in the public hospitals, and in their own homes. In that year some influential friends thought it would be more advisable to omit the latter, and by confining the religious to the enclosure of their convents, to limit their usefulness to the work of education alone.

Notwithstanding the opposition of some who wished well to the young community, and the evidence of their utility which the experience of each day afforded, the ardent aspirations of the pious sisterhood and of their ecclesiastical superiors of raising the institute to the dignity of a religious order, and, thereby, enabling the members to make solemn religious vows, was persevered in, and diligently pursued. A code of rules and constitutions, as they are called, was drawn up at the request of Dr. Moylan, by the Rev. Laurence Callanan, a Franciscan Friar, then resident in Cork. They were taken principally from those of the Ursulines, the only differences being those required by the different objects of each institute. These were accordingly laid before His Holiness, Pope Pius VII, in the year 1805; and on the 9th of April in that year he approved of the same, and complied with the object of the petition in the following brief, addressed, as was the other, to his venerable brother, Francis, Bishop of Cork:

"VENERABLE BROTHER, health and apostolic benediction.

"The care of the pastoral affairs committed to Us from above, which extends to the entire flock of our Lord, requires most particularly of Us sedulously to listen to the voice of the pastors who implore the assistance of the Apostolic See in order to revive and promote Christian piety in their flocks, and efficiently to unite Our exertions with their zeal. It having been represented to Us, in your name, that Honora Nagle, an opulent and noble Catholic lady, of the Kingdom of Ireland, did employ her fortune in founding houses for the purpose of receiving pious virgins, who are desirous of devoting themselves to the laborious duty of instructing young girls, especially the poor, in the rudiments of the Catholic faith, and in different works suitable to their station, and likewise of visiting sick females in the public infirmaries, and administering to their spiritual and temporal relief; and whereas, some have already joined this charitable institution, and many more have shown an earnest desire of embracing the same if it should be approved of by the Apostolic See; and whereas, Our late predecessor, Pius VI, granted to you by his Apostolic Letter, etc., the faculty of erecting, not only in the city of Cork, but also in the other towns of Ireland, houses for the reception of those who are desirous of employing themselves in the aforesaid work of charity, and who, after completing the time of

their probation, are to make simple vows of obedience, poverty, and chastity, wonderful, indeed, does the rapid and successful increase of that institution appear after receiving the Apostolic approbation; and not less so the multiplied and abundant fruit it has produced wherever established, since it flourishes now not only in the city of Cork, but has extended itself also to the counties of Dublin, Waterford, Kilkenny, and the town of Kiltarney.

"But what is of still greater consequence, not only young girls, but also the adult, and even married women, frequent these communities to learn what they are generally ignorant of—the principles of faith and morals, inasmuch as the pious virgins already professing that Institute have rejoiced at the visible increase of religion; and being more anxiously desirous of its further progress, unanimously and earnestly have solicited to be converted into *real religious*, and to be consecrated by *solemn vows*, for the education and instruction of young females, particularly the poor, which consideration it appears to you would tend considerably to the stability and perfection of this institution, and contribute also to fix therein, with greater attachment, those virgins so animated with zeal for the glory of God.

"Whereas, the aforesaid Pius, Our predecessor, in order that these virgins might with greater alacrity of spirit embrace their duties, did most abundantly impart to them all the indulgences and spiritual favors already granted to the religious of the order of St. Ursula, and did impose on you the obligation of composing for them rules similar to those of the institute of St. Ursula, which being now completed by you with the utmost care, and strengthened by the weighty suffrages of other ordinaries of the kingdom, and after being, with the most mature deliberation, examined by the Cardinals, have lately been laid before us in the following tenor.

[Here follow the rules at full length.]

"Whereupon, you have humbly prayed Us to approve of those rules, and to grant, through our Apostolic benignity, to the said virgins, the favor of being transferred from the state of members of a *simple congregation* to that of *real religious*, under the title and invocation of the 'Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.' We, therefore, desirous of seconding your zeal, and the wishes of the aforesaid virgins, in a matter that so nearly concerns the glory of God, and the increase of religion; willing also to confer on you and them Our special favors and graces, We approve of these rules and constitutions, with all and everything contained in them; We consider and declare them ratified and valid, and superadd to them the force of *perpetual and inviolable stability*. We consent and grant to the now existing virgins, and to all future ones, that they may and can, on the expiration of the time of probation, having observed all that is otherwise to be observed, be admitted to the *solemn profession of religious vows*, with the addition of a *fourth*, namely that of educating and instructing young girls, especially the poor, in the precepts and rudiments of the Catholic faith, in such ways, nevertheless, as that they be obliged in future to live under these rules, to be subject to the jurisdiction

of the ordinary, to observe the laws of enclosure, and, therefore, never by any means to pass the limits of the monastery, unless for the reason sanctioned by the canon law; for which reason, as far as it may be necessary, We expressly dispense with the obligation before mentioned, of visiting sick women in the infirmaries, and in *this point* We derogate from the letters of Our predecessors. Moreover, we confirm all the indulgences and spiritual favors granted by them to this institution.

"Given at Rome, in the sixth year of Our Pontificate.

"Signed, G. BERNI.

"Deputy for Cardinal BRASCHI ONESTI."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Zoe's Daughter.

Our readers have no doubt regretted the interruption of the highly interesting and edifying story of "Zoe's Daughter," and they will regret it still more, when we inform them that the cause of this interruption has been the severe illness of the accomplished author, who, for some time, has been suffering from malarial fever. A letter from her daughter apprises us that there is every hope that Mrs. Dorsey will be able to furnish the rest of the story, so that next week "Zoe's Daughter" will take her accustomed place, and instruct and edify the readers of AVE MARIA.

On the conclusion of this story, another story will be commenced, one descriptive of the state of Spain in the time of faith and zeal, in which appear the historical characters of Isabella, Ferdinand, Ximenes and Columbus.

Our travelling agent, Brother Eusebius, has just returned from his canvassing tour in Michigan. We return our sincere thanks to the excellent Catholics who gave him so much encouragement, and also to the Rev. Clergy, whose kind recommendations, prompted by their love for the Blessed Virgin, made his labors eminently successful.

We have been much encouraged by the success of our travelling agents: and this success proves what we have always thought, that the only thing required to obtain for the AVE MARIA a large circulation, is to make it known to Catholics. There are now, thank God, thousands who look for the AVE MARIA every week, and if, through some accident, it fails to reach its destination now and then, the disappointment caused by the non arrival is very great.

We earnestly request our readers to inform us at once of any irregularity in the delivery of the paper, and we will immediately see to its rectification. We do not pretend to say that no mistakes take place in our office, but we know that many of the irregularities sometimes brought to our notice by subscribers are attributable to the carelessness or bigotry of clerks or postmasters in the delivery office; and sometimes to the fact that subscribers do not demand a strict account from the postmasters.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"JIM."

BY MARIE S. LILLON.

Poor Jim,—poor little Jim, living in a Christian land, and yet as much a heathen as if he had been born in Central Africa. There are men and women who seek out such as him and feed and clothe them, body and soul, for the dear sake of the blessed Lord Jesus; but the great city has so many children of want and pain and sin, small wonder if Jim was missed.

And he was not a child to love and pity, unless you loved and pitied him for God's sake alone. If you find a plant that has only been hidden from the sunshine for a time, it will have a promise of what it might be in its strong growth and the faded hues that keep still a hint of possible beauty, and you say: "I will give it air and sunshine and clear water; it is perfect, branch and leaf and drooping flower; it has only faded in the dark, and will well repay my care." But if you find another that has never seen the light, with long weak stem and straggling branches, you just throw it away—not all your tending could make it fair. And Jim had never known the sunshine of life, the loving care that can smooth the way so wonderfully for feeble feet, the sweet patience that never wearies of all the strange questions of the little ones, the tender pity in voice and look that can charm away every childish sorrow, and soothe every childish pain.

Jim did not know his father,—he did not know if he had a father, or where he was, and he did not care. Why should he? Other children had fathers, and they came home drunk and beat them. Surely it was well for him if his father never came. His mother was like the women that scolded at their noisy, ragged broods in all the swarming rooms below—like and yet different. She would have felt anyway something of the wonderful mother love that even the beast feels, but when he troubled her she would have driven him out with angry words and blows if he could have thrown back her curses, and fought against the blows with tooth and nail and foot. But Jim, with his misshapen body and crooked limbs, who must miss all the rude wild pleasures of the rest—the shouts, the races and the half savage life of the streets—she grew, not tender perhaps, but at least not unkind; half ashamed of it too. The frosts had nipped the garden of her heart so soon, and left it dry and brown, that she had never known the beauty and sweetness of

green leaves and lovely blossoms, and so was ashamed of this pitiful, poor flower of kindness she cherished to brighten her boy's life.

How often she wished he was like the rest—the lawless crowd that ran laughing, yelling and fighting, up and down the long, ill-smelling halls, or packed the small close rooms at night. She never dreamed, poor woman, how much more Jim was to her than if he had been well and strong. If she did not drink, it was only that she could not hear him call in her stupid sleep, or feared she might strike him if he woke her; if she toiled all day at such coarse work as her untrained hands could do, it was that he might be sure of a crust at night; if she weeded the curses from her speech and softened her rough voice to a tone of rude, good nature, it was because he shrank from her in her fits of anger with a shuddering fear. Poor Jim,—poor little neglected Jim; he knew no good, and yet he drew his mother toward the right.

Their room was high up, in the very attic. Jim could hear the rain pattering on the roof in the summer, and sometimes in the winter the flakes sifted through. He wondered vaguely where they came from; who made them? And the blue sky he saw from their one western window, who built it over them?—the beautiful blue sky that roofed in the out-door world, who set the clouds floating over it? who painted it with such glorious colors at sunset? who drew the curtain of twilight over it and set the stars twinkling in it? And the beautiful moon, who kept it shining while others slept, and the lamps they had lighted went out uncared for?

As the weather grew warm his mother carried him down stairs in the morning to sit at the door in the sunshine. He watched the one stunted tree in front of the house cared for by no one and yet living year after year, putting forth little shining leaves in the spring; pining and drooping, gray with dust, in the close air during the long summer; taking on in autumn something of the glory of the trees that brightened the plains and hill-sides in the country; and in winter standing bleak and leafless, or bearing for a few hours on its twisted branches and crooked twigs the white splendor of the snow. Then the grass grew bright and green between the chinks of stone in the pavement, and weeds sprang up on the heaps of garbage—all a wonder to Jim. He had seen men at work with bricks and mortar, patching up the tumble-down old houses, but no one worked at the leaves and grass, and yet they grew day after day, and they were so beautiful to him. He wished he knew who made them.

Strange questionings for such a child; but all the long day he had nothing to do. If he had had

the prettiest toys he would soon have tired of them and dropped them from his feeble hand; it wearied him even to look at the boisterous play of the children. He was glad when they all ran shouting away, and left him alone to watch the wonderful work that went on so silently and slowly in the midst of all the city noise and bustle and hurry, so silently and yet so surely—the wonderful work wrought by unseen hands that never rested from their labor.

One night, sitting on the floor by the window, he watched the stars until his mother put away her work.

"Been't they bright?" he asked; "who made 'em?"

"Dunno, Jim," she answered.

"But some un made 'em, didn't they? Some un made everythin'?"

"Why yes,—I s'pose so; couldn't a made their-selves, as I know on. I never heard of anything a makin' on itself. That 'ere jacket you got on couldn't a made itself, I know;" and she looked complacently at Jim's jacket, made from an old coat, dingy and worn, and fitted awkwardly to him, but still her work for him, and she was proud of it.

Jim pulled absently at his jacket sleeve, and looked from the sky to his mother's face and back again, with a new thought in his heart. Then he crept to her side, and laid his cheek on her hand as he asked:

"Say, you made this 'ere jacket nights, while I was sleepin', didn't you?"

"Yes, Jim."

"An' you worked hard, an' got tired, an' pricked yer fingers, an' yer head ached, didn't it?"

"Yes, Jim. But law! I didn't mind."

"Why didn't you mind?"

"Oh, I dunno. I don't like work, most times, but you're mine, you know—my own Jim. I'm yer mother."

"Yes, but so's Joe *his* mother's, and she don't give him no new coats. An' Joe aint like me either; he's strong and well, Joe is, most as strong as a man."

How her hard, rough hand trembled. How gentle it was with mother love and mother pity, as it smoothed the thin, tangled hair, the pinched cheeks, the peaked chin, the wasted hands, with soft, lingering touches, while a sudden fear chilled her.

"Joe brought a loaf to his mother last night, and she told him to 'git out for a lazy brat,' because he hadn't got two. Say, what did you do it for? Was it because you loved me?" The weak, hoarse voice sank almost to a whisper, and the dim eyes looked at her with a strange, wild eagerness.

"Law, Jim, how queer you are to-night!" she said, with a half silly laugh, moving uneasily a little away from him—looking, not at him, but at the dim light of the candle, flickering fitfully, threatening to go out, for it had burned low—feeling, seeing, though she tried not to, Jim's hand holding by her sleeve. Surely his hand was thinner, his grasp weaker, than it had been. Colder grew the chill fear until she shivered under it in the hot air of the sultry night. The flame of the candle sank lower, filling the room with strange flitting shadows, flared up brightly for a moment, then went quite out. Oh, if the one light that brightened her life, her one poor lamp of love, went out and left her in the dark! She caught Jim up in her arms, and held him as she had never held him before,—rocking him to and fro on her breast—kissing him—moaning over him.

"Oh, Jim,—my own Jim, I do love you! I do, I do. You're all I've got to love. I'd work my fingers to the bone for you, an' never feel it, nor care if I did!"

Jim sat quietly, his head on her shoulder, his eyes fixed on the stars.

"Say," he said at last, "some un made 'em, you say, an' put 'em up there, an' keeps 'em bright—it must be a power of work; an' all that red an' yaller when the sun goes down; an' the blue sky an' the clouds, an' the tree down below, an' the grass—He must make 'em, mustn't He? nobody else could. You couldn't, nor I couldn't, nor Joe, nor his mother, or father. He must do it, mustn't He? the same one that made all them stars?"

"Like enough, Jim. I dunno who else did."

"An'," Jim's voice trembled—almost failed, "He loves us, don't He? He wouldn't work so for us if He didn't love us."

"Why, yes, Jim; maybe so. I never thought of it before. But if He loves us so, why don't He come an' see us? We've got need enough on Him, I'm sure."

"Maybe we've got lost away from Him," said Jim, as if talking to himself; "an' He may be a lookin' for us. You'd look for me if I got lost, an' never stop until you found me. You'd go up an' down all day, an' set a light in the winder nights."

In the dim starlight he saw her nod an answer, and felt her arms tightening their clasp. He went on, still as if talking to himself, looking through the open window at the stars:

"An' if you thought that I was lovin' you all the time, an' needin' you, an' cryin' arter you, you'd look all the more, wouldn't you? well, maybe He will, too."

"Yes; but law, Jim! how's He goin' to know it, hey?"

"Oh, I dunno! I'll just love Him all the same, an' when He finds us, I'll tell Him."

Then they were silent, but the unwonted happy thoughts thronged on in Jim's heart until his eyes closed in sleep. Still his mother rocked him in her arms. She watched the moonlight stealing over the roofs, until the moon looked in fair, and round, flooding the bare room with silvery light; then she looked at the face lying on her bosom, the poor wan face in its scanty fringe of dull light hair. It could never have been a pretty face, not even if it had been rounded and dimpled and flushed with childish health and happiness; and now it was so thin, so pale, so sharpened and drawn with long suffering,—but to his mother it was the fairest face in all the world. She looked at him for a long time, then she carried him, moving softly, to the bundle of rags and straw she called a bed, and, still holding him in her arms, fell asleep at last.

She watched Jim closely afterwards. Love made her quick; and when—as soon happened—he no longer cared to be taken down the long flights of stairs to sit in the sunshine at the door, she contrived a place for him at the window, where he could sit or lie all day, and all night, too, if he liked. She worked harder, rose earlier, sat up later, that he might have better food,—coarse enough still for more tenderly nurtured ones to turn from with loathing, but better than he had ever known before.

Once she broke from the stunted tree a branch that kept still, as trees will, something of the sweet, fresh, country green in its look, something of the sweet country smell in its leaves, something of the sweet country whispers in their rustling touch one against another. Jim smiled when he saw the leaves; he touched them and smoothed them, and fluttered the branch in his hand, until the room was as full of the pleasant sound as some valley in the forest, or held it up between his eyes and the light, as happy as children who lie on soft mosses and look up through swaying boughs at the sky. But when the leaves drooped and withered he grew sad.

"Don't bring any more, mother," he said; "He must have put 'em there for all on 'em to see; an' He mightn't like it, bringin' of 'em up here for just us. Maybe that is why they turn all dry and brown."

So she brought him no more leaves; but, taking one of her cracked bowls, filled it with earth from the damp, dark back yard, and dug up carefully little clumps of grass here and there, until it was filled with pretty green spires.

"That ain't no hurt," she said, as she set the bowl in the window by Jim's side; "it'll all grow

agin down there, so He won't mind. It's wonder-ful how it grows. It just springs up so pretty an' bright an' green wherever there's a bit of dirt amongst the stones, an' a patch of sunshine to warm it."

The grass grew, and Jim would lie all day watching the changing lights on the long, lovely, green blades, as they trembled with every stir in the heated, languid air; or when the wind freshened he would hold his thin hand where the delicate interlacing shadows of the bending, fluttering leaves would quiver over it. He never wearied of them, and he wondered over them with the old strange questionings—a little changed though, for since the night the thought first came to him, he had never doubted that One, better than all he knew or could think, made them for him. All that was sweet and fair in his life, from the first sunbeam in the morning, to the cool evening breeze, was the gift of the dear good Friend who loved him so, and whom he loved—the good Friend who was looking all the time for poor lost little Jim.

"If I was only well an' strong," he would whisper to himself, when his mother left him to carry home her work, "I'd look too. Mother an' I'd just go up an' down an' all around. We'd never stop till we'd find Him. He's allers a doin' somethin' for me—He don't never git tired of it. I wish I could do somethin' for Him—He's allers good to me—allers. Maybe if I'm good's I can be to everybody else, that'll be somethin'."

So Jim hushed back the moans of pain and weary sighs, and trained his pale lips to smile when his mother looked at him, because it pleased her. He broke the thread and passed it through the eye of her needle, and found many little ways in which he could help her.

"'Pears to me, Jim," his mother would say, "you're gittin' better every day; you'll be wantin' to go down stairs soon."

But Jim always shook his head.

"I'd rather stay here; they all git mad an' jaw an' fight so, it makes me tired, an' I don't believe He likes it."

"Yes, but law, Jim, you can hear 'em up here just as plain now—all the windows are open. It would kinder rest you, changin' around, an' I should think you'd want to see the tree."

But Jim still shook his head. "I don't mind it so much up here; I just look at the sky an' the clouds an' my grass, an' don't think of it more'n I can help.—only nights, then it looks so still up there in the sky; all that noise an' racket sounds worse. I know just how the tree looks, I've seen it so much—I'd rather stay here with you."

As the summer wore away, Jim grew so weak

that his mother went to the physician who had charge of the poor in that ward. It was but little he could do then, or could have done at any time, only to deaden the pain, of the few days left to the deformed boy; to smoothe a little his way to the grave; it would not be an easy way at the best.

He called her to the door, one evening. "The child will not need me again," he said; "he will will be gone before morning. It will be better so, poor boy, he would always suffer if he lived. Shall I send some of the women from below to you?"

She shook her head, and stood looking after him as he hurried down the stairs, smiling as he thought of his own merry boy, looking from the window for him, waiting to give him a noisy greeting, while the baby crowed a welcome from her mother's arms. He was a kindly man, but he saw so much misery every day he grew to think little of it.

Still she stood at the half-open door, fearing to lose one last look or word of her boy, poor Jim who would be gone in the morning, yet dreading to go back to him. She knew, in a dumb, blind way, something of death. Men and women and little children had died in the rooms below, but she had kept as far from it as possible. The doctor said it would be better; perhaps—she did not know; but what should she do when he was gone, and where would he go, and who would come for him, and what should she say to him when she went back?

"Did he say I was goin' away an' would be better off?" asked Jim, his face as eager as when he asked his mother if she loved him. "Then He must be comin' for me at last. Nobody else loves me but you, an' I've loved Him all the time. I wish I could do somethin' for Him before He comes. I'd do anythin' He wanted me to, if I only knew it. I don't care what."

His mother sat tearless, despairing, watching him in the gathering twilight until the last, faint, lovely sunset-tints faded from the sky, and the first star twinkled through the dusk. He just smiled to greet it, then the smile died from his face, and the gray shadows, that come but once, crept over it.

And the poor woman moaned over the one who was deaf to her calling and dumb to her pleading; who was blind to the wild sorrow in her face; and felt not in his cold silence the clasp of her arms; calling him by the old name; telling him over and over of her love; kissing his icy cheek; rocking him on her bosom, as she had done that other night, and yet feeling, with a shuddering terror, that he had gone from her love and care forever.

To die well, we must live well.

The Snow-Flake.

BY REV. J. P. DONELAN.

Mrs. B. was a very worthy, but extremely poor widow, who lived in St. Patrick's parish, in Washington, about twenty years ago. With great difficulty she managed to find support for herself and family of five children, by "taking in washing," as it is termed. Her children were all girls. Mary, the eldest, about fifteen years of age, had for two years been in wretched health. Katie, the next in age, was just able to assist her poor mother in taking care of her little sisters, and sometimes in helping about the housework. Martha and Ellen were just able to care for themselves, or try to amuse their poor little broken-backed sister, the youngest, the pet. How natural and how fortunate that the afflicted of the family should be the favorite. In this family, poor little Annie, the hump-back, was the pet of all, even, as she was in reality, the happiest of all. Ah! how many anxious nights must that poor mother have spent in thinking what would become of her orphan children! What must have been her fears for the future, as she would place before them the scanty meal her toilings had procured, when she thought of the possibility of her being taken away from them or the dangers that surrounded them.

"Mother," said Katie, one evening after they had all finished their little supper, "it is sister Mary's turn to sleep with you and Annie to-night, and I will sleep in the oven."

It was mid-winter. The night winds were whistling through the crevices of the house. They had tried to stop the cracks and openings with paper, old rags, etc., as best they might, but still the poor, miserable room was cold and cheerless. There was but one room in the old log house. Decay had already caused one side to settle, so that the cabin leaned threateningly. The roof no longer prevented the elements from entering, so that at that very moment the falling snow began to gather on the floor in one part of the room. There was an old-fashioned oven built on one side of the fire-place, which was yet in tolerable repair. In this oven, in the absence of a more comfortable place, it was the custom for at least one of the children to sleep at night. Those who took the floor would not unfrequently be aroused at night by the rain or snow. This night Martha and Ellen were to try the floor, little Annie and poor, sickly Mary were to sleep with mother on her bed of straw, and Katie was to take the oven. Poor children! Poor mother! Yet they were happy, for Mrs. B. was a fervent Christian. She knew that God rules all things,—she knew

that God permits suffering for wise purposes. If she sometimes thought how different it would have been had her husband not been taken from her, she would promptly resign herself and family to the care of the widows and the orphans' Father, and she carefully instructed her children to do the same. Mrs. B. had that day arranged with the writer to administer Holy Communion to Mary at home, for she was too feeble to venture out in bad weather, and it had been some months since the dear child had been able to approach the Holy Table. After the usual light prayer, their mother's kiss, and a good night all-round, this little family went to sleep. Oh! how lovingly did angels watch around each slumberer. These poor were the poor in spirit, of whom 'tis written they are blessed. What though the world looked on them as poor, the Father of the poor was their comforter exceeding great, and the Angels that hovered over the trembling One of Bethlehem claimed them as companions. The morning came. Each little one was up bright and early, for Father James would soon be coming. The little table was prepared; upon the clean, white cloth was placed the blessed candle, holy water, and the small crucifix; Mary was at prayer, endeavoring to prepare her soul more and more for the worthy reception of the Bread of Angels, when the writer tapped gently at the door, and was admitted with many welcomes by the happy mother. Mary had received Holy Communion. Just as Father James was preparing to leave, a snow-flake fell directly upon his hand, and he involuntarily looked up to see whence it came. To his surprise he found the roof sadly broken immediately over his head. Upon inquiry he was told this had long been the case. One remark induced another, so that in a few moments he learned how destitute this family was.

"But how do you all all sleep in that one bed?" asked the writer.

"Oh! we get along the best we can," replied the mother; "some sleep with me, some on the floor—"

"And Katie thleeps in the oven," lisped poor little Annie, anxious to have something to say.

She did say something, dear little one, more than craftier tongue could tell. Her innocence had disclose what her mother's sorrows could never compel her to betray.

"How is this!" said the writer, "what does Annie say?"

And the whole truth as related was unfolded. On the spot it was determined that something should be done for this interesting family. They should not long continue in this tumbling down, leaky old house; these poor little children should

no longer take turns in sleeping in the oven. There was a pretty lot in the northern portion of Washington to be had. 'Twas bought. Mr. Jackson, a carpenter, was engaged, before night-fall, to build on it a neat little cottage containing three rooms. No one knew for whom the house was built, the good mother and her children getting on in the mean time the best they could. In a wonderfully short time the cottage was complete. A neat fence surrounded it. It was indeed a pretty little residence, enough to gladden the heart at least of him who was about to enjoy the happiness of giving it to this worthy family. But there must be some furniture first. So a nice stove, some bedding, chairs, a pretty, little cheap carpet on the front floor, some crockery, and in the yard a good-natured supply of wood already sawed and piled up. Now for the surprise. When all things were ready, it was a beautiful morning in January. The writer went to visit the good family. He found them, as usual, happy in their distress.

"Mrs. B——," said he, "I want you and all the children to come with me to look at a house a little way off."

Just then there was a great fluttering of clo'hes and fixing of hair, etc., for they were all going to be seen with the priest and to see a house. Perhaps he is going to rent a nice house for them, "or what can be the reason he wants us to go with him?" Well, we all went up the street together, and if ever Father James was a happy man he was just then, if ever the distance seemed long before it did appear as if it were twice as long this time, so anxious was he to enjoy the surprise.

"Oh, mother! what a nice new house this is," exclaimed poor little Annie, as at length they reached the door.

They turned the key and entered. The children scarcely ventured to tread on the clean carpet. They went from one room to another, the poor mother, the meanwhile, growing absolutely faint with suspense, for she had already begun to suspect what was coming.

"Well, children, how do you like this house?"

"Oh! it is so good," said poor Mary.

"And how would you like to live here, Mary?"

"Oh! Father James, I should be soon well if I only could live in this house."

"Well, Mary dear, you shall live in this house; come here, mother," said Father James, addressing their almost bewildered parent; "come here. This is your house; you shall no longer remain in that old cabin. Now, thank God, you have a home of your own."

To describe the scene that followed would be impossible. They could not believe their senses. The smaller children were already on the new

chairs, with their hands comically folded, and looking about the room in most ridiculous solemnity; some were handling the stove as if to see how much polish would come off. The poor, overwhelmed mother was wringing her hands, and could only repeat in her astonishment and tears:

"Well, well, Father James, Father James!"

Little Mary continued repeating:

"Oh, shall be well now!—shall be well now!"

How they spent the day we don't know, for Father James was happy enough, and went away home. This family was now provided for. Contentment was on every face. Whenever the priest came to visit them, all would gather around him, as it were, the father of the family, and there was kept a large chair for his exclusive use. And Mary did get well. From the hour she first entered the new home, she rapidly recovered. And the children all grew each day more interesting. Every little while, by economy and the earnings of the elder children, as they grew able to assist, some new comfort was added to the home, so that in a couple or three years it became one of the most agreeable places to visit. The young gentlemen came, too.

It was not long before Mr. Robert —, a successful mechanic, proposed to Mary, who, with her mother's approbation, accepted his offer. In due time the first wedding took place. It was a grand affair. Mary was well provided for, and hardly was the excitement of her marriage over when Mr. George B——, almost a namesake, asked for Katie, and bore off his prize. Two years from that day Martha was admitted among the noble, self-denying band of the Sisters of Charity, and twelve months later Ellen followed Martha to Emmetsburg. Little Annie remains with her mother at the cottage homestead, and all have agreed that when their mother dies the house shall go to the poor, little cripple sister. As yet, all parties are living, and, as far as I know, in the enjoyment of excellent health.

I TOLD YOU SO.—An old lady who was in the habit of declaring, after the occurrence of any event, that she had predicted it, was one day cleverly "sold" by her worthy spouse, who, like many others we wot of, had got tired of hearing her eternal "I told you so." Rushing into the house, breathless with excitement, he dropped into a chair, elevated his hands, and exclaimed—"Oh, my dear, what do you think? The old cow has gone and eaten up our grindstone!" The old lady was ready, and, hardly waiting to hear the last word, she screamed out at the top of her lungs—"I told you so! I told you so! You always would let it stand out o' doors."

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Vol. VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1871.

No. 45.

Indecent Publications.

We prefer to give to our readers the words of the Editor of the New Orleans *Picayune* on a subject that is of paramount importance to them. We do so because it might be thought by some that we are too scrupulous on the subject: but when they see the sentiments of a man, most likely not a Catholic, they must be convinced that the indecent literature of the country is a crying evil, and one to which their children are daily exposed. Let them look to it:

Parents take pains to keep the bodies of their children sound. A lameness, a defect, a weakness or a deformity is lamented. If they become ill, no time is lost in applying restoratives or calling medical aid. What parents can do by care, wholesome nurture, suitable shelter and clothing, and all other means of keeping and improving health, they seldom fail to do. The end is the happiness of their children, or, to use another form of expression, the end is to prevent them from suffering pain.

Then, too, parents, so far as their own means and intellects go, are very careful to watch over the growing minds of their children, to reform all obliquities, to supply all defects, to help them in their studies, to promote their mental discipline and to increase their power of usefulness. Hence parental interest in schools, teachers and school-books. Hence the justly important figure which school education cuts in civilized countries. Hence the pride and gratification of fathers and mothers at the scholastic success of their sons and daughters. The motive is the same as before—the desire (love inspired) of making children happy. They will not give their children poisonous food; they will not suffer them to be falsely taught.

There is a third kind of care which really good parents take of their children. Not satisfied with so nurturing their bodies and minds as to secure them, as far as possible, against pain, they try to give them good, wholesome, sound principles. They try to teach them as to their relations to their fellow-beings, and as to the duties which

grow out of such relations. They try to teach them their whole duty, and in order that they may know that duty, they try to cultivate and stimulate a high moral sense. They teach to them the difference between the vice (which hurts the one who has it and all who meet him) and the virtue which does good to the good man and to all who know him. They try to point out to him that path of duty (equally and always the path of honor) which is nearest in consonance with divine law, and therefore best calculated to promote rational happiness. As before, good fathers and good mothers do this for the happiness of their children. So, in a most harmonious system of physical culture, mental education and moral training, parental care and affection aim always at one thing—the happiness of children. Affection falling short of that aim is more animal than human.

Too long a preface for our purpose. There are published at this date a great number of corrupting and immoral papers, filled with disguised indecency in their reading columns and having illustrative engravings calculated to awaken improper, prurient and immoral feelings. Of course no details can be given here as to what these pictures represent. They are usually inartistic, very vulgar attempts to represent nude human forms, but in violation of all anatomy, symmetry and taste. But they are not intended for the eyes of the judicious, or for those of good sense and correct taste. They are to please the untaught vulgar, and the reading matter to which these pictures refer is levelled to the same grade of readers. Sometimes the pictures are given under the shallow pretense of describing some scene in a criminal transaction, where it is attempted to justify the description by denunciatory words. The tricks of the police gazettes are familiar to the publishers, whose purpose it is to cater to a perverted taste. Such publications, with their prints, have the double effect of defiling the imaginations of the young, and of feeding the already corrupted taste of the old. Parents acting from proper consideration for the moral health of their children, cannot take too much pains to keep this filthy trash out of their sight. The dealers who expose it for sale are not

worthy of the countenance and custom of the orderly and moral class of citizens.

Besides these weekly and monthly pictorials there is a mass of cheap and nasty literature, made captivating to the ignorant and vulgar by a class of engravings similar to those already referred to. To cultivated taste these novels are harmless, because disgusting. Prostituted talent of all kinds is employed in their production, but they are usually intended for those who can merely read without any faculty of discrimination. But the youthful fancy, unless well trained, has a thirst for what borders on obscenity or what suggests indelicacy. These cheap illustrated stories are disguised attempts to feed this bad appetite, easily cured if not fed, but easily fostered beyond all cure.

Legal prohibition and censorship are not practicable, for no officer of the law could well say where decency ends and where intolerable and pernicious indecency begins. There is much in the current and accepted literature of the age which is sanctioned only by the exalted talent or genius of the authors, and which, divested of the music of verse, the charm of prose, or the coloring of art, becomes almost obscene. But such are not the models for the authors of that flashy literature which shines only by its own phosphoric putrescence.

Ave Maria.

Ave Maria! Maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden's prayer;
Though canst't hear though from the wild,
Thou canst't save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though vanquished, outcast and reviled;
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share,
Shall seem with down of elder piled,
If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother hear a suppliant child;

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! stainless styled!

Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;
Hear for a maid—a maiden's prayer!
And for a father, hear a child.

SIR W. SCOTT'S "Marmion."

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

THE SHADOWS OF CLOUDS.

Frank Yellott met a gay party at "Maryhall," the spacious and hospitable country-seat of the Ogles, who were never happier than when it was crowded with guests. On this occasion the company was choice and brilliant: the beautiful Caton sisters, the fair Ridouts, the bright Howards, Miss Fairfay, graceful Nellie Lee, and other gay belles, who were noted, not only for their personal attractions, but for the more weighty charm of being possessors, in their own right, of broad acres and numerous slaves, were there, a galaxy of rare loveliness, which brought to "Maryhall" all the young bloods of South Maryland, and the Virginia neighborhood for miles around. There was a perpetual flow of merriment and gaiety kept up and enjoyed in the hearty fashion of the times by the light-hearted young people, and Frank Yellott found himself in the midst of congenial spirits, whose lead he had no scruple in following. It was a relief to him to get into such society, after the hum-drum quiet of "Haylands" of which he was heartily sick, and he yielded himself without reserve to its fascinations, more than charmed to find himself the object of the beautiful Betsy Caton's flirtations.

The routine of pleasure at "Maryhall" was innocent enough as the world goes; none of the people there pretended to be religious, and like butterflies lived only in the enjoyment of present sunshine; but we cannot say much for the orgies held at one or two bachelor establishments some eight or ten miles distant, where the gentlemen adjourned after saying "good night" at the Hall, spending the hours until sunrise in deep play, and hard drink, and such carousals as left them with blood-shot eyes, unsteady hands, aching heads, and burning thirst until noon-day, when, with the aid of copious draughts of soda and strong coffee, their energies were sufficiently restored for them to make their toilettes, mount their horses and gallop down to "Maryhall," to renew their homage to its fair inmates. It was a jolly life, Frank Yellott thought; he had never had so roystering a time, nor met a set of fellows so completely after his own heart; but he felt it incumbent on him to make a show of shortening a visit which had already extended—unexpectedly to himself—over several days. But his generous host and hostess would

not accept his adieu,—the ladies threatened never to speak to him again if he went, and the gentlemen of the party declared they would black-ball him. He scarcely needed all this opposition to induce him to remain, but he was glad of it, for it left him without excuse and he yielded gracefully to the pressure, and with skillful tact devoted himself more than ever to the beautiful Betsey Caton. Thinking of Lucia, in contrast to her, he got to feel himself an injured man, to be tied by the interests of his family to a woman so pious and spiritless that if he married her, she would be a constant, living rebuke to him, for he had not the remotest thought of altering his mode of life; he only wanted the means of indulgence, to carry out his peculiar ideas of enjoyment, and as he would have to marry a rich wife to secure those means, he didn't want one who'd be a perpetual bar and hindrance to him. Here was one, he thought within his reach, beautiful, spirited, full of dash and wit, and withal rich enough—in short, she was just the thing.

He wrote to his uncle saying that his new friends had made a series of engagements for him which he could not get out of without almost offending them, and wished his servants to bring him some changes of clothing which he ordered. He concluded with a message to Lucia, couched in the most delicate and friendly terms. Lucia was heartily glad to hear that he was enjoying himself, and more than glad that he was not at "Haylands just then, to interrupt her plans, about which she was very busy.

While Allan Brooke and Lucia were talking over their coffee about Frank, (he rather moodily) the following conversation took place in a nook of the drawing-room, at "Maryhall," between Frank Yellott and Miss Caton.

"I hear," she said, "that Miss D'Olivierez is very beautiful."

A bewitching smile was on her lips, and she flirted her large Spanish fan, which glittered with spangles, and jewels set cunningly into the ivory frame-work.

"She is not flauntingly beautiful; but she is—yes—she is exquisitely pretty."

"Only that, now, upon your honor?"

"Well, to be quite frank, I once thought Miss D'Olivierez peerlessly beautiful; since then, I have seen another, even more fair."

"How strange! How very wonderful the beauty of the other must be. Where may she be seen?"

"I am happy to be able to gratify you. I will show you her miniature," he said, drawing from his vest pocket a small oval mirror, set in mother-of-pearl and gold, and holding it before the proud, sparkling face.

"Has Miss D'Olivierez much expression?" she asked, blushing slightly, as she put away the mirror with her fan.

"No; Miss D'Olivierez lacks expression,—she is *devote*, and would make a beautiful St. Agnes, but her face is cold—but perhaps I cannot appreciate such perfection; it rebukes me, and makes me feel what a sinner I am."

"And have you the grace to cry '*mea culpa*'?" Miss D'Olivierez must be a rare being to exert such influence. Let us hope that she may in time convert you."

"Miss Caton, this is the age of reason; brighter lights are chasing away old musty superstitions," he answered, inspired by his evil genius. "Men will no longer submit to be priest-ridden."

"Mr. Yellott," said Miss Caton, rising in all the stateliness and grace of her rare beauty, "I may not listen to such sentiments. I am a devout believer in, and a member of the Catholic faith; and sincerely hope that you only affect the dangerous ideas you express."

"You judge rightly, Miss Caton," he replied, with quick, consummate tact, while he mentally ground his teeth over the blunder he had made, "I am but jesting; I am myself a Catholic."

"A Catholic!" she uttered, opening wide her great brown eyes, and looking at him as she might have looked at some transformation of magic, which changed a man into a reptile. "I cannot understand, Mr. Yellott, how a Catholic can so far forget his loyalty to his faith, as to assume for a single instant the guise of its most deadly enemies," she said, bending her proud head with stately courtesy, as she moved away. "I wish you most earnestly a better understanding of its obligations."

"You are severe, Miss Caton;" he said, also rising.

"You will excuse me if I leave you,—I have letters to write," was her only response, as she swept out of the room, leaving him to his own thoughts.

How he swore under his breath; how he cursed his stupidity which had baffled him so ignominiously at the outset of his new designs. How he cursed his blunder and himself, we cannot sully our pages by relating; we will only record the sad fact that his rage culminated in his cursing his faith with deep and bitter blasphemies.

Then he rushed from the house, and mounting his horse, which his groom had been walking up and down the gravelled drive for a half hour or more, he dug his spur rowel deep into the fine animal's sides, and galloped off in break-neck style. That night he spent at bachelor Siths, and drank so deeply that even the men around him, accustomed to that sort of thing, feared he would

peril his life, and to put a stop to it, drugged his brandy, and called in the servants to take him up bodily to bed, as soon as the brandy took effect.

Meanwhile, Lucia was getting on slowly with her plans. The old tobacco house was cleansed and whitewashed, and at last one bright morning, by Maum Chloe's energetic efforts, was filled with barefooted, almost naked children of the plantation, children of every hue, from ebony so intense that they looked like effigies of the ancient plague of darkness, up through every gradation of color to almost white. It was a day of inexpressible weariness and discouragement, which was not helped by Maum Chloe's sniffs and oft repeated "I told you so!" while an occasional shake or tweak of the ear attested her appreciation of the stupidity of the young aspirants foreknowledge. Lucia never dreamed of such moral darkness, such dense ignorance, as she discovered in her neophytes, and it sometimes touched so closely on the grotesque and ludicrous, that she could with difficulty command her countenance. Her first object was to find out how far they were enlightened, in a Christian sense, and with this view she ranged them in two large semi-circles in front of her table—the smaller children in front, and when the shuffling of their dirt-crust-ed feet upon the board floor was over, and they stood silent and expectant, she asked them: "Who made you?" when, to her horror, a shrill voice answered: "I growed on a cabbage bed!" while yet another cried out, "de cows fotch me;" and one announced in evident good faith that she "had grown outen a tadpole!" Then arose a clamor, all eager to show off; but Lucia, lifting her hand, commanded silence.

"Tell me, now, are there any here who can tell me who made them? Do not speak unless you know," she said, in distinct, impressive tones.

"Obi man."

"De big God up dar!" said one, shyly. This was a glimpse of daylight to Lucia, and she answered:

"Yes, my child, God made you."

"Is God a black man, Missis?" asked one.

"God formed us all, black and white. He is our Creator, our Father, who placed us here that we might love Him, and serve Him, and be saved forever. Now tell me who made you?"

"God!" was the simultaneous answer. This was something for them to know, the foundation stone on which to build a knowledge unto eternal life in the minds of these benighted ones. Then Lucia uncovered a large crucifix, upon her table, and, pointing to the sorrowful image thereon, told them, in simple and touching language, the wonderful story of the redemption. The deepest interest was expressed in every dusky countenance,

and tears glistened in many an eye: for they belonged to an emotional race, quickly moved and easily touched. Lucia marked these signs with thankfulness, thinking that the good seed had fallen on fallow ground; her courage was renewed, and she allowed them to throng around the table to get a nearer view of the image of Him who died for them. But she had not yet gauged the depths of their ignorance.

"Poor our Saviour!" said one, in low, pitying accents, whose skin was like ebony and her head crowned with a crop of wool so closely crinkled that it looked like charred wood. "Poor fellah!"*

Lucia lost breath; her first impulse was to drive the young Arab out of her sight, but when she saw the genuine pity of her countenance and the tears as precious in the sight of Him, for whose bitter sufferings they were shed, as were the Magdalen's, her heart was nerved with a great pity towards the untutored being, and she thought: "Here is a soul who will love Him when she learns to know Him, and such love will be better than offerings of gold, frankincense or myrrh."

"Was you dar, Missis, when de Jewses nailed Him to de tree?" she asked.

"No," speaking gently, "I was not there. It happened hundreds of years ago; but we must remember that when we do wrong, we, too, nail Him to the tree."

"Missis, was dem Jewses buckra folks?" asked one, with a bright, intelligent face.

"I'd a—I'd—I'd a throwed rocks at dem ar Jewses ef I had ben dar!" stuttered another, in the same spirit that impelled St. Peter to cut off the ear of the high priest's servant.

"I am now going," said Lucia, covering the crucifix, "to give each of you an apron, a pretty flowered calico apron, which Maum Chloe will teach you how to make, and if you make the aprons nicely, then I will give you dresses, and she will cut them out and show you how to put them together."

There was great delight as Maum Chloe handed out the aprons, cut out and the hems turned down, a needle and thread and a bright, new brass thimble for each of them. There were but few of them who had ever had a needle in their fingers before, all of them being the children of "field hands," and beyond the civilizing influences of the "gre't house," they did not know whether head or point went in first. Some of them put their thimbles on their thumbs, and, altogether, it was uphill work,—a stumbling-block to Lucia, and to Maum Chloe worse than foolishness. But presently a few of them began to learn how to make a

* All Lucia's experience that day are facts.

stitch; and others comprehended that the needle was not to be put in the same place every time; and some, who had been making wild basting-thread patterns all over their work, were brought to their senses by a resounding crack of Maum Chloë's knuckles upon their heads.

But now, just when the crooked places showed some sign of being made straight, shrill shouts were heard which drew nearer and nearer to the old tobacco house from the direction of the "quarters," and more than one angry-visaged mother appeared at the door, ordering their wild broods to "come home and 'tend to dar bisness 'stead of idlin' away dar tme here doin' nuffin!" "De pigs was all out rummagin' an' rootin' up de bean patch!" complained one; "de hawk had done come an' carried de best young chicken, an' nobody dar to skeer him off!" said another; while a third still more angrily declared that "not a weed had ben hoed up, and de hens had done gone and laid in de brush!"

"They must remain a half hour longer," said Lucia, facing them with calm resolve; "and they are to come here every day at the same hour."

"I tell you what, Missis, you's jest gwine to ruin dem niggers; dey won't be wuth shucks," said one of the women, scowling, and tossing her head.

"Dey can't be sparred, Missis, no how. We has to go to de fields to our tasks and dars nobody home to take keer of nuffin," said another, surlily. "Our chil'un's no better'n we 'uns, and 'll have to get 'long like we 'uns, and it's no use to try and larn 'em nuffin,—dey's only niggers."

"But they must come here for a few hours every day; the master has ordered it so. They will have plenty of time left to attend to the chickens and pigs and weeding our your gardens. Here take this and make a pretty dress for your baby; and here's a string of beads like gold for yours; and here's a beautiful head-handkerchief for you," said this artful missionary, handing out her gifts with a gracious and royal air. The women were won; they showed their white even teeth as they took their presents, and went their ways, half in doubt and wholly pleased, yet not comprehending the new order of things.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEATH OF A LIFE SUBSCRIBER.—BERNARD F. SHERIDAN, a life subscriber to the AVE MARIA, departed this life in New York, Sept. 26th, fortified by all the rites of the Church. During life, Mr. Sheridan showed a praiseworthy zeal in advancing the interests of the little journal of our Blessed Mother.

May he rest in peace.

A Christ-Cross Rhyme.

Christ His Cross shall be my speed,
Teach me Father John to read:
That in Church on holy-day,
I may chant the psalm and pray.

Let me learn, that I may know
What the shining windows show:
Where the lovely lady stands
With that bright Child in her hands.

Teach me letters, A B C,
Till that I shall able be,
Signs to know, and words to frame,
And to spell sweet Jesu's name.

Then, dear Father, will I look,
Day and night in that fair book,
Where the tales of saints are told,
With their pictures, all in gold.

Teach me, Father John, to say,
Vesper-verse and matin-lay:
So when I to God shall plead,
Christ his Cross shall be my speed.

—Lamp.

CORNISH BALLADS.

STARS OF OUR LADY; Or, Glances Through the Calendar.

NOVEMBER.

"Daughter, because thou offerest devout praises to all My saluts, I will cause them to obtain for thee the virtue peculiar to each. The Seraphs shall impart to thee the ardor of charity; the Prophets, the discernment of secrets; the Apostles, lively faith; the Martyrs, fortitude in suffering."

Such was the munificent reward promised by our Lord to St. Margaret of Cortona for her fervent devotion to the saints. Indeed there are few things more striking in the visions recorded of various saints, than the desire shown by this most loving Master to procure honor on earth for those whom He honors in His eternal kingdom, and to promote that "communion of Saints" which is one of the most beautiful and touching doctrines of the Church. We have seen a Protestant (and unfortunately one of intense bigotry) affected to tears on reading that sweet verse in one of Father Donelan's hymns:

"When friendless and lone in that strange, distant land,
My spirit in judgment with trembling shall stand,
I know that my Mother will meet her child there,
I know that fond Mother will hear her child's prayer."

Our Mother, our elder brothers and sisters in the faith—oh, how precious to the heart is that glorious relationship!

In a rapture with which St. Gertrude was fa-

voiced on the Feast of All Saints, "the King of Glory appeared to her as the father of a great family, who was entertaining all his neighbors, the princes and powers; so that the Church militant and the Church triumphant appeared to mingle together, and each took his place according to his merit.

"As Gertrude prayed for the soul of a lay-brother, lately deceased, she inquired what his state was, and our Lord replied: 'He is now present, and I have granted him this favor in return for the earnest prayers which have been made for him, —I have invited him to assist at this feast.' Then she saw our Lord, as the father of a family, seated at a table, on which were placed all the prayers, oblations, desires, etc., which had been offered for this brother. The soul stood sad and dejected at one end of the table, for he was not yet sufficiently purified to behold the loving countenance of our Lord; but he soon appeared exceedingly refreshed and comforted by what he beheld before him. . . . The Blessed Virgin sat as a Queen beside her divine Son, and appeared to place some gifts on the table as a reward for the particular devotion which this soul had for her while on earth. The saints to whom he had been devout also made offerings for him; and by these things, and the earnest love with which they were presented before God, the countenance of the brother became hourly more serene and joyful, and he slowly raised his eyes to gaze upon that blessed Light which, when it is once beheld, imparts eternal joy, and causes all former sorrow to be forgotten.

"On another occasion, as she read the Psalms and kept vigil, she asked our Lord what remedy could be applied to this soul. He replied: 'Although the souls of the departed are much benefited by these vigils and other prayers, nevertheless a few words said with affection and devotion are of far more value to them. . . . I take particular pleasure in prayers for the dead, when they are addressed to Me from natural compassion, united with a good will; thus a good work becomes perfected.'"

"A certain religious died who had always been accustomed to pray very fervently for the souls of the faithful departed; but she had failed in the perfection of obedience, preferring her own will to that of her superior in her fasts and vigils. After her decease she appeared adorned with rich ornaments, but so weighed down by a heavy burden which she was obliged to carry, that she could not approach to God, though many persons were endeavoring to lead her to Him. As Gertrude marvelled at this vision, she was taught that the persons who endeavored to conduct the soul to God were those whom she had released by her prayers;

but this heavy burden indicated the faults she had committed against obedience. Then our Lord said: 'Behold how these grateful souls endeavor to free her from the requirements of My justice and show these ornaments.'"

How beautifully all this illustrates the faith and practice of the Church, and encourages all to strive to enter into her spirit, particularly during this month.

The following devotions are compiled from authorized prayers:

I.—OFFERINGS TO OUR LORD ON BEHALF OF THE SUFFERING SOULS.

1. O most sweet Lord Jesus, I praise and bless Thee for Thy love in becoming man for our redemption. I offer Thee my petitions for the souls in purgatory, (or for the souls of —), in union with the love with which Thou didst bear the griefs and labors of Thy mortal life, beseeching Thee by the merit of these to repair all the negligences in prayer and good works of those for whom I pray. *Pater. Ave. De Profundis.*

2. O most sweet Lord Jesus, I praise and bless Thee for Thy love in redeeming us by Thy cruel sufferings. I offer Thee my petitions in union with the love with which Thou didst bear the pains and outrages of Thy most holy passion and death, beseeching Thee by the merit of these to pardon the souls for whom I pray, all their sins of thought, word and deed. *Pater Ave. De Profundis.*

3. O most sweet Lord Jesus, I praise and bless Thee for thy love in elevating our nature in Thy own most sacred Person to the right hand of God the Father, after raising it up victoriously from the tomb. I offer Thee my petitions in union with this triumphant love, beseeching Thee through its merit, to grant the souls for whom I pray, a participation in Thy glory. *Pater. Ave. De Profundis.*

II.—CHAPLET FOR THE HOLY SOULS.

[To be said on the ordinary beads, by reciting the *De Profundis* at the cross, the *Pater* at the larger beads, and at the smaller the following invocation:]

O good Jesus, have mercy on the souls in purgatory, (or the souls of —), and grant to them eternal rest.

Conclude with this prayer of St. Gertrude:

"O most compassionate Jesus, have mercy on the souls detained in purgatory, for whose redemption Thou didst take upon Thee our nature and endure a bitter death. Mercifully hear their groanings,—look with pity on the tears which they now shed before Thee, and by the virtue of Thy passion release them from the pains due unto their sins. O most pitiful Jesus, let Thy precious

Blood reach down into purgatory, and refresh and revive the captive souls that suffer there; stretch forth unto them Thy strong right hand, and bring them forth into the place of refreshment, light and peace. *Amen.*"

[When the chaplet is addressed to our Lady, the *Silve Regina* is said at the cross, the *Ave Maria* at the larger beads, and at the smaller the following invocation:]

Sweet Mary, Mother of Grace, Mother of Mercy, pray for the souls of —, and obtain for them eternal rest.

Conclude with this prayer of the Church:

"To thee, O most holy Virgin Mary, our Mother, we turn in supplication, and through that sword which pierced thy heart when thou didst behold thy beloved Son bow down His head and give up the ghost, we pray and implore thee, with the greatest confidence, to succor the poor souls in purgatory, and particularly those of whom an especial commemoration has been made. O Mother of Sorrows! O Queen of Martyrs! for the love of Jesus who died for us upon the Cross, do thou with thy powerful prayers give succor also unto us, who are in danger not only of falling into purgatory, but even of losing ourselves forever. Mary, our dear Mother, pray for us!"

III.—CROWN OF ALL SAINTS.

[This is a private devotion intended to glorify the Church Triumphant, and invoke its aid for the Church Militant and Suffering. It consists of a prayer to each one of the nine angelic choirs, as follows:]

"We salute you, O Princes and Saints of the (first) celestial choir, and offer to the Blessed Trinity the merits of the Sacred Heart for the increase of your beatitude and glory. Vouchsafe to intercede for all those souls who are predestined to join your glorious ranks to praise, through endless ages, the one true and living God. *Amen.*"

After the nine salutations, a concluding prayer to the Holy Virgin:

"We salute thee, O glorious Lady, Queen of Angels and of Saints, rejoicing with all our hearts in thy sublime dignity. Ah! be our Queen, our Advocate, our Mother. Enable us to fulfil the end of our creation; kindle in our souls that sacred fire which makes saints; let us live henceforth only for God under thy protecting shield. O gentle and gracious Lady, Queen of the Sacred Heart, exert thy influence with Jesus on behalf of His children and thine who languish in purgatory. Hasten the day of their deliverance, and put them in possession of the bliss He so dearly-purchased for them. *Amen.*"

MARY.

The State of the Question as to the Pope's Temporal Power.

§ II.—WHAT IS THE NATURE OR REASON OF THIS NECESSITY?—(Continued.)

In reply to all these expressions of contentment, I observe that the case might be tolerable enough, if we could be sure that the supposed present condition of the Pontiff would last and if this security were recognized generally throughout the world. But it is not so; humanly speaking it could not be so, and there is no Divine promise on the subject. The imagined happy state of things I have been speaking of depends on the virtue and religion of the King and his ministers, of the King's successors and those of his ministers, and not only their virtue and religion but their correct views. Sincere Catholics and fairly good men are often carried away by zeal for certain objects or systems, which they consequently do their best to promote and would go very far in promoting. Suppose, then, a collision between the government and the Pope on some of these hobbies of a King or a ministry. This, after all, by itself, is about the least of the evils to be apprehended. If with this, or without it, irreligion enter, and the government come to be on bad terms with the Pontiff, who can tell what will be the result? There may be, especially at the beginning, a certain respect real or pretended for the Pope himself and for existing compacts; but even at this stage, without an open rupture, how much embarrassment, how much vexatious interference are in the power of a government towards one living within its territory! There will very soon be an end to independent action, and still more to the belief in other countries that it exists. Nay, when harmony does subsist between the Pope and the King, when the Pope is in all good faith left free, will other governments and peoples be assured that such is the case? Will the Pope himself be without anxiety regarding what may happen, will he have a thorough sense of independence? Let us look at governments such as they are and such as they have been. I have no hesitation in saying, and I have no fear of being contradicted by any thorough and at the same time well-informed Catholic, when I say, that no secular government of modern times and, I will add, of any times, has ever long continued to be such that the Pope could be reasonably content to live under it, or the Faithful throughout the world could be reasonably content to see him its subject.

I know that history informs us how, in the commencement of the Church, for no inconsiderable period, the Pontiffs were the subjects and the persecuted subjects of the Pagan Emperors, and

how later they were subjects of Christian Emperors, not without occasional persecution, generally of a somewhat different kind from that which had preceded, and how those Popes did great things and that the Church of those times made glorious advances and achieved glorious victories. But, in the first place, no one will, I presume, pretend that up to the fourth century the Church was in its normal state—the state intended for it. Of the character of this normal state I shall have to speak briefly further on. Next, as regards the interval between that time and the 8th century, I maintain first that even then the Holy See was not thoroughly constituted in its proper position but only on the way to it. Up to the time of Constantine, the Pope had not *begun* to hold before the world that externally high place due to his office. The Christian religion was habitually till then proscribed throughout the Roman Empire. It was till then the Church of the catacombs. Very soon afterwards, the Popes, though subject, came to possess considerable outward dignity and power, extending itself to the exercise of civil dominion. The state of things was one of transition both for the Popes and for Rome, and both often suffered much, till Rome, abandoned by the Emperors and lost to them, came into the hands of the Pontiffs with a territory but little differing in extent and boundaries from that held by Pius IX at the time of his accession. I repeat that neither the Church nor its Head were in a normal state up to the fourth century; the same may be said in a minor degree and especially with regard to the Pope till the eighth century. The latter interval was one of perturbation and struggle, during which the Empire of the West languished and ultimately was extinguished, during which, too, the freshness of Christianity as an acknowledged Religion contributed to the reverence in which the Pontiff was held, in conjunction with the great personal qualities of several Popes, and their earnest efforts to promote the temporal welfare of the Roman people on the one hand, and to support the authority of the Emperors on the other, not without much suffering both from these latter and from barbarian and semi-barbarian Princes. The Providence of God entered also, in a manner proportioned to the need, to sustain both the Church and its Head. That Providence was preparing the way for the temporal dominion of the Popes, which, once acquired, has been maintained by the same Providence, with but little interruption, for eleven centuries.

I have spoken more than once of the *normal* state of the Church. The phrase, as I have employed it, conveys an idea which almost necessarily enters into the question of the Temporal Power, and

affords great help towards solving that question. By the normal state of the Church, I mean that state which its Divine Founder intended should be its permanent condition, not however to be reached all at once, but to be retained when acquired. It is well to call to mind here, that according to our Catholic doctrine—for I am addressing Catholics—the *Christianity* which Christ established was *Catholicity*. He did not establish *Christianity in general*, or what is called *Common Christianity*, but Christianity as identified with Catholicity. His intentions for the future concerning the Religion which He founded had reference to Catholicity. Christianity as existing imperfectly outside the Catholic Church, though coming in a certain sense from Christ, as a corruption of what He established was not within the purview of that great legislative act whereby the Religion of Christ was instituted. So far as Sectarian Christianity is a blessing, as preferable to Paganism or Judaism it is a blessing derived from Christ, but it is not His Religion. I now come to the question, what Christ intended should be the position of Christianity in the world. Our Lord wished His Church to embrace all men, to be the Church of all nations—*Euntes docete omnes gentes*—to be commensurate with the human race, to enter into the constitution of human society. He wished that all human society should be Christian. He wished at the same time that the Church should be *one*, not only in Faith but in government, with one man at its head as His Vicar, and many subordinate rulers. If this Will of Christ and of God had been carried out to the full, all nations and all men of every nation would be in the Church. The Catholic religion would be that of every state, it would be the established religion of every country.

But, as we know, this Will was not *efficacious*; it has not been thoroughly fulfilled; but it has been fulfilled to a large extent. The Catholic religion is spread over the world, and has been so from an early period of the Christian era. The members of the Church are more numerous in some parts of the world than in others, and this has always been the case, although the distribution has varied much at different times. Many flourishing local churches—that is, local but united sections of the one Church—many flourishing local churches, I say, of ancient date have passed away, while others have arisen elsewhere. Europe is and very long has been the chief seat and centre of civilization. The so called Reformation of the sixteenth century found all Europe Catholic and, even since, Catholicity has been the dominant Religion. The Catholic Church, too, has been the great source of civilization in the world. What is called Christian civilization is mainly the work of the Catholic

Church, secondarily and subordinately carried on by that imperfect Christianity which came out of the Church, and has from this origin whatever vitality it possesses. All professing Christians will admit that the introduction of Christianity was the greatest moral revolution the world ever saw, and a stupendously beneficial revolution, entering into the very heart and extensively and permanently changing the character of human Society. We Catholics know that this introduction of Christianity was not merely a manifestation of truth, a publication of Divine and salutary doctrines, but also the foundation of that great Society which we call the Church and which was to be the depository of revelation, with an organized system of government and of action coming too from God; that this Church was intended by its Founder to effect all and a great deal more than all it has effected; that any deficiency there has been in the results as compared with what our Lord proposed has proceeded from the malice of men, which He permits partially to mar this as well as other designs of His goodness, not however so as to destroy the substance of His purpose—that minimum, still vast in itself, which He is *absolutely* resolved to effect; not so either as to frustrate the fulfilment of His promises.

Looking now at the object which the Providence of God had in view in the foundation of His Church looking at that object with the light of Divine revelation and Divine promises, and, at the same time, with the light afforded by the event, what shall we say was the position—the *status*—which the Almighty assigned to the Church on earth? Without doubt a position not only respectable—if we may introduce so small an idea—but prominent, majestic powerful. Then, what was intended to be the *status* of its Head, the Vicerent of Christ—of Christ no longer suffering and despised, but glorious and triumphant in heaven? Not that the Popes were to be free from afflictions and persecutions wherein to imitate their Master, nor that they were to neglect the cultivation of that personal humility, which was among the chief objects of His teaching. But the Popes were to be, in succession, visible Monarchs of a mighty Kingdom—spiritual no doubt but not less real—externally obeyed over the whole earth. Is it in keeping with such an office, that the man who holds it should be in a lowly, or obscure or, above all, in a dependent position? Both the dignity of the Church and the Office of its Head demand that he should hold an exalted place and be permanently free from that restraint or liability to restraint that is incident to the condition of a subject of any temporal Sovereign; and such no doubt is the *status* intended for him by Christ and for so many cen-

turies now habitually secured to him by Divine Providence. I have alluded to the virtues which Popes ought to practise. Many of them have been holy men, men, as far as we can judge, free from ambition before and after their elevation; and yet all of them looked on the Temporal Power as a thing to be maintained, as a thing good for the Church, and they did preserve and defend it as a matter of duty. The judgment and conduct of such men ought to be of no small weight on this subject.

Some would say that though the Pope ought to be independent, he need not have any notable extent of territory. The city of Rome alone or with a narrow border around the city would suffice. Let him be supreme temporal ruler within these limits. He will then be the subject of no King and can have about him all the appliances he needs for his government of the Church. There are, I conceive, obvious reasons to prove the insufficiency of such a provision.

First: the Sovereignty of a miniature State, such as that suggested, is both too exceptional and too contemptible to be consistent with the Pontiff's position. The boundaries apparently signified by the terms used would not leave room to the Pope for a fairly long drive within his dominions, nor to him or his wealthier subjects for villas, nor to his people for the growth of crops and the feeding of cattle for the support of the inhabitants of the city. The very markets would be supplied from some other Kingdom, and so on. Let it not be said that I am raising up a fictitious difficulty for the pleasure of overturning it, namely imagining a restriction of territory that is not dreamed of. No such thing. We all know there are those who would leave the Pope a nominal Sovereignty and give him less ground than I have specified in my hypothesis which is in truth liberal compared with what has been proposed even by those who are more generous than the Piedmontese government, which has seriously talked of independence and sovereignty within almost microscopic limits. But supposing the Pope had to himself a small Province, such a realm would not be befitting his dignity. If the Pope is a Sovereign he ought to have a real Kingdom, small it may be but large enough to hold its place among independent states.

Secondly: in order that the Pontiff should be satisfactorily placed under this respect of territory, in order that he should be congruously independent, his capital must not be hemmed in by foreign powers; he must not have strangers settled at his gates, as would morally speaking be the case if his territory were very much restricted. He must be free from the danger of sudden petty inroads and vexations. I use these terms, because an invasion

on a large scale by an unprincipled government availing itself of circumstances favourable for the purpose, cannot be efficaciously guarded against by a weak power, as the present Pope's was before he was despoiled. But such events are fortunately rare. The Pope needs a small army for small emergencies, and his territory ought, besides, to be such as to afford scope for the action of a larger army when required, whether that army be raised by the Pope or introduced at his invitation by some ally. It is not necessary that the Head of the Church should be the ruler of a mighty nation, nor that he should ordinarily keep up a large military force. He, above all other Princes, ought to do his best to abstain from war and never to engage in it except where unavoidable. This peaceful attitude on his part joined with reverence for his sacred character and the interest which Catholic Sovereigns and peoples and even Protestant Sovereigns of Catholic populations take in his security and independence, will generally exempt his territory from invasion.

Thirdly: the Pope's temporal dominions ought to be sufficiently extensive to supply a competent revenue for his expenses without any excess of taxation. These expenses must be considerable, though taking all things into account they have been in fact moderate, while the burdens of the people were easy to bear, and very far lighter than those placed on them at this moment. In order that the Pope may be congruously supported in his dignity and may be able to defray the charge of his civil and ecclesiastical departments, he requires a revenue that cannot be derived from a very small State. As I have already said, the habitual dimensions of the Papal territory have varied comparatively little since the eighth century, so that it would seem their measure had been pretty nearly determined by the same special Providence to which the Sovereignty itself is to be attributed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WE request the readers of AVE MARIA to pray for the repose of the soul of Mr. J. W. GIBSON, who died, Oct. 15th, in Blairsville, Pa. He was a member of the society of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and subscriber to the AVE MARIA; he was an exemplary convert and died an edifying death.

DON'T lose hope, however grievous your sins may be. Hope in God and pray earnestly to Him and feel secure that with His gracious assistance He will obtain your eternal salvation.

DR. JOHNSON says, "The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken."

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MISS NAGLE,

FOUNDESS OF THE PRESENTATION ORDER.

[CONCLUDED.]

The words of this brief have been, in some passages, condensed from the legal prolixity of the original. The sense has, however, been scrupulously preserved. The constitutions are everywhere replete with maxims of the highest religious perfection. The purest spirit of the monastic life pervades them in every line, and their observance will sanctify not only the cloistered inmates, but those who have the good fortune of being entrusted to their care. The greater part of them relate to the sacred duties, the internal economy and government of the religious themselves. The following paragraphs, from the first and second chapters, contain all that is most immediately interesting to the public:

1. "Besides their own perfection and sanctification, which is the great end of all religious orders, the sisters admitted into this congregation must also, and especially, have in view the instruction of poor female children in the principles of religion and piety. In this arduous and meritorious undertaking, they shall encourage themselves, and animate their zeal and fervor, by the example of their divine Master, who always testified the tenderest love for little children, expressed the greatest pleasure in their approaching Him, and declares, that whosoever receiveth those little ones in His name, receiveth Him. They shall also consider that, in cultivating the tender minds of young children, by infusing into them a horror of vice and a love of virtue, and by instructing them in the duties of religion, they are associated to the functions of those heavenly spirits, whom God has appointed guardian angels to watch over and direct them in the ways of eternal salvation.

2. "They shall teach the children the catechism, daily, explaining it to them briefly, and simply, in language adapted to their age and capacity; they shall not propose anything abstruse, that might embarrass either the children or themselves; they shall accustom them to think and speak with reverence of God and holy things, and not to be over-curious in their questions, but constantly exhort them to captivate their understanding in obedience to faith, keeping their minds always disposed to receive instruction from those whom Christ has appointed to rule the Church of God, which He purchased with His blood.

3. "They shall teach the children to offer themselves up to God, from the first use of reason, and, when they awake in the morning, to raise their hearts to Him, to adore His sovereign Majesty, return Him thanks for all His favors, and arm themselves with the sign of the cross. They shall instruct them how they are to offer up all their thoughts, words and actions, to God's glory, implore His grace to know and love Him, and to fulfill His commandments, and how they are to exam-

line their consciences every night, and honor and respect their parents.

4. "They shall teach them how to prepare for Confession, and how to confess their sins with all sincerity and contrition. They shall be ever attentive to prepare them for the Sacrament of Confirmation, and also for their First Communion.

5. "As the poor are the *main object* and *particular end* of this pious Institute, it is hereby enacted, as a statute inviolably to be observed, that the sisters shall admit none into their schools but poor children, nor can they receive money or any other temporal emolument for instruction, contenting themselves with the glorious retribution promised to those 'Who instruct many to justice.'

6. "The sisters, appointed by the Mother-Superior to attend the schools, shall, with all zeal, charity and humility, purity of intention, and confidence in God, undertake the charge, and cheerfully submit to every labor and fatigue annexed thereto, mindful of their vocation and of the glorious recompense attached to the faithful discharge of their duty.

7. "When the mistresses enter the school, they shall raise up their hearts to God and to the Queen of Heaven, and then salute, with all reverence, interiorly, the guardian angels of the children, recommending themselves and the dear little ones to their care and protection. They shall endeavor to inspire the children with a sincere devotion to the Passion of Jesus Christ, to His real presence in the Most Holy Sacrament, to the Immaculate Mother of God, and to their guardian angels.

8. "The scholars in each school shall be divided into classes of ten or twelve, according to their total number, and, in every class, the mistress shall appoint one of the most advanced and most regular scholars, as a superintendent, to watch over the others and to keep them in order, make them give an account of their lessons and catechism, inform her of the absentees, and acquaint her of any impropriety they may be guilty of, either in or out of school.

9. "In each school there shall be a register of the names and ages of the children, at the time of entrance, the names and occupations of their parents, their place of abode, and the date of the children's being received into the school.

10. "They shall be taught reading, writing, needlework, spinning, &c. The hours of school shall be in the morning from nine to twelve and a quarter, and in the evening from one to half-past three. At a quarter before twelve, silence shall be observed, to accustom the children to recollect themselves in the presence of God, and to afford the sisters the opportunity of making their particular examen.

"Then the *Angelus Domini*, with the acts of contrition, Faith, Hope and Charity, shall be said. Half an hour before school breaks up in the evening, a spiritual lecture shall be delivered to the children out of some instructive book suited to their capacity, or a meditation not above their understanding, in order thus to forward and direct them in true and solid piety. The books chosen for this purpose shall be approved of by the ordinary.

"After this they shall pray for the benefactors of the Institute, and say the Rosary, or Litany of the Blessed Virgin, to recommend themselves to her holy protection. On the days of vacation, and whenever the sisters are disengaged from the schools, they shall be always ready to instruct in their prayers and the mysteries of religion, such poor ignorant women as may be recommended to them by the parochial clergy."

There can be but one opinion on the important influence which such an Institute is likely to exercise on the people of a country. The Christian spirit which breathes through every page of their rules and constitutions, and the minute accuracy with which the details of the various duties are prescribed, have produced the best results. Their educational labors have been most successful. The zeal of the teachers is not kept alive by any selfish and mercenary motive, for they are led to the performance of their duties by the high motive of charity alone. What they do they do for God. In each of the upturned little faces that looks to them for instruction, they see an immortal soul intrusted to their care, and for whose salvation they are to be responsible. The voice of religion tells them that angels are ever hovering round them, noting every exertion for their improvement, and taking deep interest in the progress of those who have been assigned to their special guardianship. Hence arises a certainty of their interests being attended to, greater than any earthly guarantee could afford, and by a class and description of teachers which in any other circumstances they could never have, and whose manners and acquirements are eminently calculated to improve them. The tie which binds the religious to her pupils, is of no common order. It partakes more of the parent than the mistress. She becomes the depository of their little wants, cares and domestic trials. The word of kindness when the child is good—of friendly caution when wayward and unruly—of substantial aid when in poverty and distress, bind them to a close and mutual attachment which endures for many a year after the school has been exchanged for the cares and duties of the world. In prosperity, it cheers with consciousness of her approval; in misfortune with the hope of sympathy. Even in those darker vicissitudes of sin and shame, which often are the lot of the poor man's daughter, however well-instructed she may have previously been, it has on more than one occasion been the means by which they have been brought back to religion and to God. The heart that was first giving way to despair, becomes softened once more with salutary sentiments of compunction, when she is led by some kind and charitable friend to see her former mistress. The words

of her who in her young days was wont to speak kindly to her and to teach her her catechism and her prayers—prayers which she has not, alas! said for many a year—and who was wont to tell her what she should do, when she encountered the dangers of the world, the words of her whom in spite of all her errors and crimes, she still finds kind, and charitable, and forgiving, as ever, have often effected in the reformation of character what few other means could do.

It was the spirit of God that suggested its establishment in the beginning, and that spirit has since guided its progress, and blessed its labors. Its extension is a remarkable proof that the Catholic faith is a living faith, capable of great and wondrous things, even in the most unfavorable circumstances. The progress of the Presentation Order is but a showing forth of that living and enduring energy which was imparted to Catholicity by Him who was Himself the truth and the life. The spreading vine, and the grain of mustard seed of the Gospel, were but its types. Its fruits may be seen in the martyr, and the apostle of every age in the religious orders, and charitable foundations of every age and clime, and is still in active operation in the pervading and benevolent spirit of modern Catholicism. It may be checked or modified, or for a time suppressed by human power, or wickedness, but it can never be utterly destroyed; for like Him from whom it emanated, it is immortal and indestructible.

The Presentation institute was not supported by missionary societies, nor brought into public notice by the agency of the public press, nor placed beyond the reach of want and failure by royal or parliamentary munificence. It had to work its way unnoticed and unknown, shunning as far as possible the observation of the world, and seen and noticed but by those who felt its fostering and protecting care, and who by its holy agency were instructed into justice.

It was a living and healthy branch of that true vine, whose roots were fixed deep in the everlasting hills, and which has, ere now, withstood the storms of persecution, and been moistened with many a martyr's blood. The portion of God's vineyard in which it flourished seemed, in the inscrutable ways of Providence, to have been abandoned to desolation for a time. The wild beasts of the forest were permitted to lay it waste and ravage it for a season. Stormy and troubled days they were in which it appeared; but it put forth its leaves, and blossomed, and bore fruit an hundred-fold, for it was one which the right hand of the Lord had planted.

How little fruit has Protestantism produced, although it has had kings for its nursing fathers, and queens for its nursing mothers. Has a voice

ever issued from deanery or vicarage, from collegiate walls, or episcopal palace, to call together the children of the poor, and, in the power of a common Christian brotherhood, to lead them by word and example and winning encouragement, to their Father who is in heaven? Have the towns of Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Leeds or London, heard the voice of wisdom crying aloud in the streets, and, with a mother's love, calling the neglected children of the poor from lane and factory to taste the sweets of religion and knowledge? If the mother's love be known by her instinctive love and tenderness and solicitude which has proved herself to be the mother of the poor? Few greater blessings can be conferred on such large towns than the establishment in them of a Presentation nunnery, or any nunnery having the education of the poor for its special object. How favorably does the Presentation institute contrast with the charter schools of Ireland, which at the very time Miss Nagle was engaged in her own sphere of usefulness, received so much of royal favor and legislative endowment! How different has been the fruit! how different the result of the two! The history of charter schools has been one tissue of fraud, peculation and mismanagement; and, to use the words of the official report presented to government, its fruits have been, in great measure, "prostitutes and orangemen." Vast sums of money were expended upon them; they were under the especial care of the established Church of Ireland, yet, in comparatively few years, they became such nuisances in the land that the very power which founded them was compelled to remove them from the country for ever. The Presentation institute, on the other hand, goes on increasing in public usefulness and favor, winning for itself and its works golden opinions from all men and from all parties, producing results such as, with far greater means, Protestantism has not produced for three hundred years. Yet this was the work of one lady in one of the most badly governed countries of the earth, and with many social, legal and political obstacles to encounter. If Protestant England has nothing like it now to show, it was not so in the Catholic times of old when she was connected with the centre of unity, from which alone the living principle can emanate. Rich and abundant were the fruits which then it bore. Their remains are still to be seen throughout the land, the mere husks and rinds of what they once were. The rich luxuriance is there no longer, because the branch has been severed, by heresy and schism, from its parent stem; the principle of life is dried up within it; it bears the curse of sterility, and until it be engrafted in the true Vine, which is Christ Jesus, it will never bloom, nor bud forth again.

[Correspondence Westminster Gazette.]

ROME.

ROME, September 21.

I was not well enough to send you a letter last week, nor can I write a very long one to-day. The present is a period of expectation rather than of action, so that there is the less to record. Had I written last week my chief work would have been to reply to various amusingly erroneous statements with which an "Occasional Correspondent of the *Times*" seemed to be trying to the utmost the gullibility of its readers, and to a still more exaggerated leader founded on it the next day. But so glaringly is the case overstated, as to serve to refute itself for those who care to sincerely consider the matter, while for those who "love to have it so," refutations are thrown away. The writer, painfully conscious that he is overdoing his part, begs the reader not to suppose he was "writing under an access of delirium"—but he must be guilty of such sad bad faith if he was not, that the most charitable course is to suppose that this really was the case. It can certainly only be the fervid workings of a disordered brain which can see the streets of Rome full and busy during the hot hours of the day. I have a peculiar fancy of my own which my Roman friends always consider extravagant, that one feels the heat less walking or driving in the open air, than between the walls of one's home, consequently I am a good deal out at these hours and can tell you something about them. Not only is the Corso so deserted as to be almost unrecognizable, used as one has been for years and years to see it so inconveniently thronged, but numbers of the very shops are closed; some altogether closed, and the outer door fastened up, and the others with the windows so beshuttered, that it is useless to attempt making purchases in them; indeed the very difficulty of getting through with anything when one does go out at that time very much interferes carrying out my said fancy. One quotation, however, will suffice to show the absurdity of his deductions, and the perversity of his insinuations as epitomized in the leader upon them. After the most extravagant rhapsodies about the alleged improvements in Rome, he winds up, "no one seems to know what has become of the heat and drought and fever-breeding air, which at this time year made a pesthouse of every open space within and without the ancient walls; the curse of ages has been removed from the old Papal residence; the dead weight of priestly rule has been removed from the long-suffering people." Can anything be more silly and childish? could there be any possible connection between the two facts thus put together? The dirt and absence of decency now prevalent in the streets, is a crying and increasing evil—there has not been anything like it before in Rome for years; certainly not as long as I can remember it, and that is a good while. But what is more than my testimony, you can scarcely take up one of the legion of Liberal papers printed here, not only the Radical prints, but the *Libertà* itself, the quasi organ of the Government, without meeting with the most woeful laments over the incapacity of the Municipality in dealing with these matters, laments them-

selves worded so little in accordance with our notion of decency, that it would be impossible to quote them in an English paper. And as a year's experience has now shown that little improvement is to be hoped in these or other matters under its direction by any further shifting of names, an experiment already so often tried, that it is seriously proposed to supersede the whole machinery by a Government Commission.

It happened rather amusingly, that just after reading this complacent settlement of the health of Rome on the part of two Englishmen, I happened to fall in with two Roman friends, each of whom, independently of the other, after lamenting the unusual number of cases of illness about, subjoined, "Really, we might almost say the *buzzurri* have brought us a spell of ill health." Of course I could not hear the Roman version of the case without quoting the English one, which was received with a contemptuous hilarity better imagined than described.

Then as for the pretence of increased security for property, not only does the daily catalogue of violence and theft testify to the contrary, and the introduction of such crimes as infanticide, suicide, luring children up dark passages and robbing them, which were scarcely known here before; but still more does the proposal of the provoked citizens to form themselves into a night-guard, to supplement the inadequate services of the police and military.

But really the account is not serious enough to be worth going through in detail; it is sufficient to observe in general that *all* the improvements, of which so much boast is made, date from the time Pius IX was reigning. The band used to play in Piazza Colonna, as now; that of Piazza Navona (which it was abortively attempted to re-name Piazza Principe Umberto) was only not commenced because the clearing out and repaving of its central space was not as yet complete; but all this was projected and commenced under Pius IX. All the building now going on in any part of Rome, (with the exception of the works for the transfer of the Capital, which are a disfigurement and not an improvement) the same; the repristination of the port of Ostia, the same. And for the whitewashing, is it possible any one but the bricklayers can have anything to say in favor of that! Here again even the Liberal papers of Rome show more taste and discernment than their English advocates; they are continually lamenting the barbarous orders of the municipality in such matters; and no less the crude and ill-judged plans of the works for the Capital; on this subject the *Journal de Rome* said only a few days ago, "It is impossible to deny that the Ministerial architects have well deserved all the reproach, satire and scorn, which the clerical papers pour out on them day by day. The Liberal papers find it impossible to defend them; they could not do it without themselves sinning in like manner with them, against the laws of good taste and good sense." *Frus-tino*, too, has a good hit on the same subject to-day; he says, he goes every morning to take a last affectionate look at the Trajan and Antonine columns, expecting each day that the order will go forth from the municipio to have them extinguished in whitewash.

But alongside of all this verbiage is a precious con-

fession, which is worthy all attention because it is true,—"In Italy and Rome, it is simply owing to the innate sense and the soundness and soberness of the people's judgment, if corrupting elements do not prevail to an alarming extent. In Milan, as in Turin, Florence, and Rome, the rant and fustian of a crowd of minor prints is perfectly prodigious; sedition and blasphemy, scandal and obscenity have their apostles among the multitude, and there is no lack of appeals to their worst passions, or of incitement to all political and social disorder; but the poison does not spread very deep, because there is a constitutional healthiness in the people, which refuses to assimilate the deadly substance with the system." Does it need any argument to show that if Italians and Romans are thus well regulated above all other peoples, it is to be attributed to the atmosphere of piety that surrounded them in other days and to the safe guard to public morals, which their former governments were at pains to keep up. Now that all this is removed, is it to be expected that they will retain this pre-eminence? And with the new generation which is being educated without any of them, is it not to be expected that "the sedition and blasphemy, the scandal and obscenity," which accompany the "regeneration" of Rome, and whose "apostles" have succeeded to the so-called government of priests, will in a few years more have found a permanent abiding place?

The "Occasional Correspondent's" letter winds up with an echo of the silly rumor in the *Tempo* and *Capitale*, about the Pope being ill, which I had occasion to deny in my last. His receptions, public and private, were daily so particularly numerous just at that period, that no moment could have been more ill-timed for bringing up the invention. I have had the favor of an audience myself since I last wrote, and then had very satisfactory demonstration that his health was particularly flourishing. I imagine it would be impossible in all the world to find a man of his age with a complexion so remarkably fresh and healthy.

Giacometti, the sculptor, has just executed a marble bust of His Holiness for presentation to the Chapter of Sta. Maria in Via Lata, where he at one time was Canon. I had an opportunity of viewing it side by side with him, and vigorous and almost youthful as it looks, it scarcely reaches the energetic and buoyant mien of the original.

The "*Osservatore*," on the occasion of the 20th of September supplies a very opportune summing up of the various changes that have taken place in Rome in the course of the past year, and as the utterance of a Roman writer in a Roman organ is more deserving of attention than the opinion of any foreigner whatever.

"On the 20th of September, 1870. . . Rome stood by with wonderment as she watched the entry of the vanguard of the victorious troops, thousands of shirtless ragamuffins, armed to the teeth, turned our streets into a theatre of disorder and bloodshed. . . . For three days, the public houses were filled with anarchy; the military quarters were sacked, the citizens insulted; stone throwing was the order of the day, while drunken idlers paraded the town in street cars flaunting tri-colors and spreading dismay with their noise. . . . Then followed the 2nd of October, with the marvellous

plebiscite of 40,000 against 43. Every one will be prepared to wonder how it was that after so manifest a proof of attachment on the part of the population, it should have been thought necessary to require any oath at the hands of employés. Nevertheless, it was not only asked but refused. . . . Hundreds and hundreds of Roman families were then thrown out of their means of subsistence. . . . It was boasted that the Catholic religion should be respected, and the Supreme Head of the Church treated with precisely equal regard as the Head of the State, and a bill of guarantees was passed through Parliament sealing his rights. An impious and licentious press immediately undertook a relentless warfare against our holy religion all the same; the dogmas of the faith, no less than the persons of the highest dignitaries of the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff himself, have been made a laughing stock of by all the revolutionary prints. . . . Under the laws of the Church, our city was entirely preserved from all open exhibition of vice and its allurements of every shape; the new laws leave open a broad field to both the one and the other, and those who wish it least find them thrust upon them at every turn. While by Government order, the world-famed halls of the Roman College have been closed against the thousands of young men who studied there, full scope has been afforded for opening side by side with it schools of Protestantism and academies of Free thinkers. The proverbial urbanity of manners of the Roman people is fast disappearing amid the indecorous demonstrations of the populace; irreligious and immodest pieces are, for the first time, introduced upon the stage, and in place of the respect which was wont to be shown to the ministers of religion, we find them treated with contumely, abused, and struck. It would be impossible to keep an account of the number of priests thus treated in the streets; and even a luminary of science such as Padre Secchi, has been publicly spit upon. All who remain faithful in their devotion to the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff, are placed under the ban of the newly installed Roman society, and the 'heroes' composing it do not even spare women their insults. The sacred images in the streets, tokens of the piety of our forefathers, are plundered and damaged, and the faithful have even had to endure the scandal of seeing unbelievers pollute the sanctuary with the parade of their scoffs. The seizure of so many convents and the suppression of the religious orders now being prosecuted under the title of expropriation, clearly show that the government which has forcibly established itself in this centre of Catholicity is determined to destroy its noblest boast.

"In her scientific attainments too, Rome has had to undergo the insults of a Brioschi; at the Roman university, all the professors known to maintain their fidelity to the Holy See have been driven away. Our families have been distracted by the inhuman exaction of the 'tax of blood,' (the conscription), seemingly instituted on purpose to lead astray and undermine the morals of inexperienced youth; public burdens weigh down a people used to the lightest and cheapest of governments, at the same time that the precious metals have entirely disappeared from the coffers of the State

to make place for a deluge of paper of every value. The Monte di Pietà, already modified in all its provisions, to the detriment of the poor, is now to be further denuded of its capitalised funds, while the Charity Commission (*Commissione de' Sussidi*), is suppressed, depriving the needy of the pittance it was enabled to distribute among them. Even our public monuments have not escaped; while there is great boasting over a little daubing with whitewash, which certain inhabitants have been compelled to execute at their own expense, we have seen the "curia Innocenziana," one of the noblest edifices of modern times, barbarously mutilated, the grand statue of St. Dominie in the Minerva Convent, a work of classic interest, wantonly destroyed, and the mighty ruins of another age spoilt by the absurd and futile attempt to galvanize them with artificial life.

"In the midst of the desolation we have endeavored to portray, however, there are certain spots blacker than all the rest, which ought to be severally enumerated. It was the 8th of November, 1870, that the doors of the Pontifical apartments in the Quirinal were forced open by violent hands. It was the 8th of December, 1870, that the Catholic population, crowding into the Basilica of the Prince of the Apostles, were attacked and ill-treated, four, at least, being seriously wounded. It was the 10th of March, 1871, that the church of the Gesu was invaded by the populace and armed force, distributing blows right and left to the congregation assembled there, and arresting the very priest at the altar still wearing the sacred vestments. It was the 23rd of August when the Romans, having gone to St. John Lateran to give thanks that the reign of Pius IX had exceeded the years of Peter, were insolently provoked by a band of villains. It was the 24th of August when the same was being celebrated at the Minerva, that a crowd of hirelings, notwithstanding a display of force by the government, were suffered with impunity to insult the population coming out of the church, dealing hard blows on some, as we ourselves were witness.

"And after being the victims of all this, will the civilized world believe that it is we who are accused of 'giving provocations!'"

"Provocations enough were given yesterday but by the party from which the provocations usually emanate—not by us.

For days before, the placarded walls and the columns of the Liberal press had teemed with provoking announcements of how the predominant faction was going to keep the "glorious anniversary" of the nefarious entry into Rome. And ere morning dawned, peaceable inhabitants were disturbed from their rest by a mimic imitation of the cannonade executed by the explosion of paper bombs in the various wine-shops which the Garibaldini affect; this annoyance was kept up pretty incessantly till ten, the hour at which the Holy Father ordered the white flag to be hoisted on this day last year. But at an earlier hour still the provocation had been renewed of pasting up papers displaying the arms of Savoy, and mottoes such as "Hail the 20th of September for delivering us from the government of priests, etc.," on the walls of the houses of those who are known to be most averse from entertaining such

sentiments. About other proceedings, there was a great split between the various sections of Liberals. The most violent were determined to have a monster procession to the breach of Porta Pia, and invited all the clubs and new trades unions to join in it. The Circola Cavour, however, which is the most influential, refused to have anything to do with it, and the Municipio did all they dared to prevent it by having the distribution of prizes for the winners at the National rifle butts at the same hour in the Piazza of the Capitol. The procession took place, nevertheless, and was much like that for Montecchi's funeral. There was the usual singing of revolutionary songs, and vociferation of the usual cries, the usual speechifying, and a vast mass of crowns of laurels hung up under the inscription commemorating the "victorious entry." Both this demonstration and the distribution of prizes at the Capitol were seriously interfered with by heavy showers of rain, which seem destined to be the unfailing accompaniment of the revolutionary festas.

In the afternoon, there was a so-called review held in the principal streets and piazzas of the city, of the National Guard and some of the troops, the remainder of the troops were ordered to remain in barracks in case of emergency, two or three regiments having been brought in within a day or two before. This display of armed force had the desired effect of keeping all pretty quiet. In spite of the various predictions, Garibaldi staid away, Mazzini only came as far as Milan, where he staid only a few hours. Whenever these worthies attempt a rising they will probably not make the blunder of exposing themselves to be crushed by taking one only city for the scene of their operations. It will be a general rising all over Italy whenever the struggle comes. Meantime, Ricciotti Garibaldi was the lion of the hour here. There had, however, been no lack of dangerous looking ruffians infesting the streets, threats of what they would do, and made with sufficient determination and publicity to induce many to fear to leave their houses all day; at the Gesu it was thought prudent to keep all the doors closed but one, and this only to ten o'clock; and by way of keeping clear of all pretence at provocation, those who are known as ordinarily attending there abstained from going and went to other churches. Nevertheless, there were some instances of brutal insults in the streets, and at night the large number of inhabitants who refused to illuminate (though numbers whose sympathies are on the other side, did illuminate through fear), were pestered with cries of, "*Fuor i lumi!*" "*Abbasso i caccialepri!*" Still I have only heard of a few instances in which actual violence was resorted to.

Meantime, as on occasion of all these demonstrations, the city went on with its business just as usual; the *buzzurri* kept their feast after their manner, while the Romans treated it with utter contempt, as they might any feast of the Abigians, or other foreigners who had taken up their abode among them. A good many submitted to the now accepted custom of putting out the tri-color, and a good many more closed their shops altogether, out of fear of the threatened insults, and there have been enough committed of late to give them seriousness.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

How to win an Honorable Position.

From among the manuscripts left us by the Rev. James B. Donelan, whose death his many friends deplore, we take for the AVE MARIA the following account of the rise of a man who by his energy and industry obtained the honorable position he now holds. It is no fancy sketch, but a true story:

While on a visit to his brother, in Baltimore, in the summer of 1846, the writer was applied to by a man in search of employment. It so happened that just then he wanted some one to take charge of his horses, and serve, besides, as a man of all work about his establishment in Washington. The young man in question appeared so well fitted for better employment, that the writer hesitated to make any proposition. However, seeing the great anxiety on the young man's part for a situation, he intimated that there was a position, but a very humble one. As soon as the young man discovered its nature, he instantly signified his very great willingness to accept the place.

"Then you can go with me to Washington this afternoon," said the writer. At three o'clock they met at the depot, and they both went down to the capital.

The young man, whose name was James, immediately entered upon his duties, and thenceforth gave great satisfaction to his employer. The great boast of this country is that here a man is what he makes himself, and what he is, not what he was born to, or what he has been. James was deeply impressed with this fact, and seemed determined to become something. All his leisure hours were spent in study. Seeing this, his employer sought by every little artifice to encourage his exertions. Books were loaned him, and his work reduced to the smallest possible point. It was observed that when, driving out, the writer would call to visit a sick person, or call upon some member of his parish, James would have his books along, and while waiting for the visit to end, would pass the time in endeavoring by study to improve his mind. For this purpose, as was discovered, he kept the carriage-box stored with books selected for this purpose. Instead of spending his evenings in useless or dangerous amusements, James found the greatest comfort in the company of his books. How many young men might have risen to eminence in the world, had they only cultivated this sort of laudable ambition, but who, preferring the dram-shop, the billiard-room or the theatre,—anywhere, in fact, where idleness can be flattered, rather than

where cultivation of self would result, have droned out a useless, aimless existence—in life unheeded, in death forgotten.

James had discovered that it was quite possible to elevate himself by energy, honesty and industry. For nearly three years he had fulfilled satisfactorily all the duties of his position. In the course of this time he had requested permission to establish a little "Debating Club" in one of the rooms adjoining the Church; and having received some instruction in public speaking he made considerable progress in elocution. It was not a little amusing to find him from time to time in the stable apostrophising the horses and the good-natured dog, and it required but little imagination to conclude that the patient listeners were wonderfully impressed by the brilliancy of his eloquence. But all this was evidence of perseverance which is almost certain of success.

About this time the gentlemanly agent of the writer died and James was immediately appointed to succeed him. The young man's prospects began now to brighten. The confidence reposed in him by his clergyman secured for him considerable popularity; and in an incredibly short time he became the collecting agent of nearly all the leading merchants of Washington City.

In the course of four or five years James had saved quite a handsome amount. He now began to consider that it was time to strike out for something loftier. California just then was attracting great attention. James felt that there was a door opened for him; his principal difficulty now, however, was to obtain funds enough to defray his expenses to that distant locality, and to supply him with funds there until he should be able to secure himself an eligible situation. In his suspense he appealed to the writer. He yet needed about two hundred dollars. This sum he obtained, and straightway with a bounding heart he set about making his arrangements to sail for the land of gold.

With many thanks and a grateful good-bye, James took final leave of the writer in the autumn of 1853. His voyage was long, but he at length reached the coveted shore. Once in California he seemed to go steadily upward. He rose from one position to a better, until, after having promptly remitted the two hundred dollars, after sending to his friends in Washington many little tokens of his grateful remembrance, after securing the respect of his fellow-citizens abroad, the writer was not altogether astonished when one morning among his letters brought from the post-office he found one from California, but it was post-paid by the frank of "Hon. James —." Yes, there it was; the poor lad had regularly worked his way up to honorable distinction—he had been elected to the Legislature of California.

Young men, who may read this little story, learn what energy may accomplish, and be encouraged.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Vol. VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1871.

No. 46.

The State of the Question as to the Pope's Temporal Power.

§ II.—WHAT IS THE NATURE OR REASON OF THIS NECESSITY?—(Continued.)

Before passing to the third of the questions I have proposed to myself to treat, I will advert in passing to the present state of things at Rome, though it may have to be somewhat further considered under that question; for it is connected also with the second with which I am at present dealing. I pass by the enormous usurpation committed in the seizure of Rome, and of what remained to the Pope of his States until last September. I will suppose that the power pretended now to belong to the so-called King of Italy and his government and parliament is legitimate, and will merely call attention to the actual and prospective posture of affairs in that supposition. The King is said to have faith and a certain amount of conscience, which makes him very uneasy; but he is a weak man, more or less a puppet in the hands of whatever ministers he can get. These ministers are unscrupulous and leavened, as is the parliament in a still greater degree, with revolutionary principles; whilst bad as the whole legislature is, it is controlled by a faction still worse than itself. The Mazzinian party would willingly do away with Kings as well as Popes; but tolerates, and to a certain extent supports, for the moment, a system which cannot quite yet be satisfactorily overthrown. The King—for all that he is worth—and the government, and the parliament, pretend to some regard for the Pontiff, and have been constructing plans for what they call his independence, and still less intelligibly a sort of Sovereignty. The *guarantees* as they are termed form a leading feature in this plan. Now what is to be said of these guarantees? Just three things: first that they are thoroughly inadequate: secondly that, such as they are, they may be any day repealed or curtailed by the authority whence they proceed: thirdly that, even while they retain a legal existence, they are sure not to be observed. In the meantime, as an earnest of the blessings the Pope is to look forward to in

his new temporal position, all kinds of insult and obloquy are heaped upon him in Rome itself, with at the very least, the connivance of the Italian authorities. A great deal of language has been used at Florence, from the King down, which viewed in itself may be justly qualified as hypocritical, but which taken in conjunction with other words spoken and deeds done, there and at Rome, seems to fall away from that character, if hypocrisy implies an earnest attempt to deceive.

Let any naturally honest man, Catholic, Protestant or Pagan, say whether the Pope will be independent under Italian rule, independent in the way in which the interests of the Catholic Church demand. Of course, among those to whom I appeal there are many who think there should be neither Pope nor Popery in the world, and not a few who believe that even while these things do exist, the worse off they are the better, though this latter opinion is far from being shared by all the adversaries of our faith. But the question before us regards, not the truth of Catholicity, but the need of the Pope's independence for the Church and what kind of independence it should be. In treating this question I have made the most favorable suppositions as to the possibly generous mode of proceeding of a Temporal Sovereign towards the Pope who should be his subject; suppositions which, if their realization could be permanently secured, might make the views of our opponents in a certain degree plausible. But it would be hard to expect their realization even for a time and still harder to obtain a security for its continuance. In the practical instance of the present day the beginning is so bad, that we need not look to any future deterioration to ground an argument against the state of things. Having said what I consider sufficient under the second head or question of those into which my whole subject was divided, and occasionally somewhat digressed, though I think, not uselessly, I will briefly sum up the points dwelt upon in this part and then pass to the third question.

The Church, we have seen, is not only a vast Society, but a perfect community sufficient for itself in its own, that is in the Religious or Spirit-

nal, order, requiring however and possessing temporal goods. The Roman Pontiff is the Supreme Head of the Church and possesses legislative and executive authority. He must keep up a constant intercourse both by letter and personally with all countries; he must have a number of public officers and officials, he must have a staff of advisers—a sort of permanent council. His expenses are necessarily considerable. He must be independent in his action and known to be so. These circumstances, especially the last mentioned—namely independence which connects itself with the rest—cannot be permanently secured whilst the Pope is a subject; though for a time they might exist precariously. Then, if we consider the object of Christ in the foundation of His Church, with reference to human society in general, estimating His intention from revelation and from the event, we may justly infer that the *status* or position it was intended to hold was to be one of prominence, majesty and power, and the position of its visible Head was to be exalted above what could be held by a subject of any secular prince. This *status* was not fully acquired till the eighth century, about four hundred years after the Church had become fully tolerated in the Roman Empire: but once acquired it has lasted eleven centuries with short interruptions. The extent of the Papal Territory has varied but little comparatively through that period, nor could it well admit of much diminution consistently with the attainment of the ends for which the Temporal Power was established. The present position of the Pontiff under the sway of Sardinia, passing by the injustice of the usurpation, affords an emphatic illustration of what may be the effects of the Pope's loss of his Temporal Power.

Chicago—October 8th, 1871.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

I.

The quiet light of Sunday eve
Lay calm on plain and Lake,—
From graceful spires the *Angelus* bells
Sweet thoughts of Mary wake,
And, with a benison, deep peace
Smiled on the souls she blest,—
And happiness and wealth's increase
Were thine, Queen of the West!

II.

The sun sank down beyond the plain,
And kissed the earth "good night";
But unseen shadows of deep pain
Frowned 'mid the golden light,
And in the splendor there arose
An awful form of flame,

Which breathed upon the peaceful scene,
And made that Queen—a name.

III.

And gathering in the pallid gloom
That wraps the boundless plain
Dark-visaged phantoms seem to loom
And sigh some mournful strain.
In circles vast they silent pass,
And sternly gaze upon
The city that ere morn, alas!
Shall—like themselves—be gone.

IV.

Now from ten thousand happy homes
The pleasant lamp gleams o'er
The prairie where the night wind roams
With many a shriek and roar,
And merry children's fairy forms
Dance on each pictured wall—
Until a hush, then tired sleep,—
And darkness covers all.

* * * * *

"Watchman, what of the night?—Cans't tell?
Watchman, what of the night?"—"All's well."
He passes on his lonely beat,
Making dull echoes in the street
With the heavy fall of his weary feet,
And the night rolls on its darksome way,
With the far-off watch-dog's deep-mouthed bay
And the sigh of the sick for day;
Or midnight's evil revelry.—
But hush!—that deep-toned brazen bell!
Casting upon the night its spell!
Nothing but swift Time's solemn knell
O'er another hour gone to dwell
In the silent halls of the Past—
In the womb of Oblivion cast,
With its burden of joy and sin and woe—
How quick, alas! doth the river flow!—
What's that? 'Tis "Fire!" no! no! some ghoul
Mimics the shriek of the midnight owl,
Grinning with eyes of yellow light
In the face of the angry night.—
But listen!—"Fire!"—that sound again!—
'Tis nought but the creak of yonder vane
Shook by the merry hurricane.—
Hark! the echos of frightened feet
Rushing along some distant street!
No,—no,—'tis the moaning surge and roar
Of the storm-lashed lake upon its shore.
But see! that awful, crimson dye
Flashing upon the troubled sky—
I tell thee, man, the fiend's breath
Breathes on the storm a fiery death!
"Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!!!"
See, the flames are leaping higher!
Ha! how their forked tongues arise
With fervid rage unto the skies,
Shrieking with glee and looking back
Upon pale Death that dogs their track,
Spreading their wings upon the night
That moans o'er the sobbing lake its fright;

Turning the clouds to ghastly red,—
Dancing away like demons fled
From the hell they have made on earth,
Speeding away with horrid mirth,—
Away, away on the hurricane
That yells o'er land and watery plain,
Seeming to gibe and sneer and jeer
And mock with cold, satanic leer
The agonized cry of the town
That sees its lofty hopes go down,
And the pride of its splendor gone!

O see!

The pitiless demon's revelry
Laughing with loud, demoniac glee
At the fated city's misery.
Howling along its dreadful path,
Sweeping with sword of flaming wrath
O'er lofty palaces, where Pride—
To wealth and luxury allied—
Like Eastern monarch, sat alone
Superbly on its gilded throne;
And sympathy hardly felt for those
Who knelt at its feet and told their woes;—
O'er noble temple's pillared aisles,
Where sacred gloom the sunlight pales,
Where Poverty looks on God's Face,
And Peace hath made her dwelling-place
Where heavy hearts with sin o'erflown
Approach to lay their burdens down,
And, with a sweet relief, depart
With tears of joy and lightsome heart,
To wait the morn, in holy dread,
Which shines upon their souls God-fed;—
O'er havens where the gentle nun
Guards little waifs her love hath won,
And gives a mother's dearest care
Unto the orphans gathered there;—
O'er the proud marts which Commerce won,
Roll on the flames till all is gone.
Gone—her palaces and her towers!
Gone—the pith of her ancient powers!
Gone—the pride of her toilsome years,
With all their hopes and joys and fears!
In one fell night her glories fled
And left her—city of the dead!

And hark!

How cries of anguished women mark
The pitiless path of the flame—
(O woe and grief without a name!)
That rolls like ocean's billows o'er
The dear ones they shall see no more.
Oh! could the heartless demon breathe,
And sweep and surge and writhe and seethe,
Above the innocent babe that lay
On a loving mother's breast that day?
Merciful God! can no hand save
Such victims from the fiery grave?—
Alas! poor mothers! who shall e'er
Tell all the horror and despair
That lived within your mournful eyes
Upturned in anguish to the skies,

When hope in earthly succor fled
And left ye weeping o'er the dead?

But yesterday

She stood in her beauty rich and gay,
Resting her hands on two vast shores
That poured at her feet their golden stores,—
The world admired and called her blest,—
Crowned her Queen of the teeming West—
And never was conqueror's laurel earned
By nobler deeds than the town's that's burned:—
In truth she was a marvellous town,
And Envy's self, now she is down,
Must join in the honest cry of praise
That mingles the laurel with her bays.
We saw her rise from her swampy grave
Lovely as Venus from the wave,—
Each year of her life—a century;
The scroll on her banner—Energy;
Work was nothing,—yet old Time
Saw a touch of the grand sublime
In the lofty soul that equalled all—
The city's rise or dreadful fall—
That flung her wealth of golden store
As far as vast Pacific shore—
As far as Atlantic's rock-bound coast—
To the chalk cliffs that Britons boast—
Far as the sunny land of France—
Far as historic, old Mayence—
Even unto the yellow spray
That washes the shores of far Cathay
And made her merchants' name a pride,
To honor, worth, and truth allied.

* * * * *

And this bleak wild—this blasted waste,
Was yesterday by beauty graced,—
This heap of ashes covers o'er
The boast of Michigan's blue shore,—
Alas! what now remains? A tear
That tells Chicago once stood here.

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

PART II.

CHAPTER III (Continued).

THE SHADOWS OF CLOUDS.

This was the beginning of Lucia's self-imposed task, and she found each day new difficulties spreading out before her which sometimes made her soul sway with unsuccessful effort, and required all her strength of will and energy to surmount. She had fallen upon one expedient which made her work more pleasant: she taught the children to sing by ear several simple hymns, which the keen sense of melody, characteristic of their race, enabled them to catch with avidity and

sing in a wonderfully clear, sweet and precise manner. Then—she scarcely knew how it was accomplished—they learned the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary," and actually made some intelligent progress in catechism, very slowly, it is true, for the instructions were necessarily oral, but still it was satisfactory. Then Father Jannison came to visit her industrial school, and his words of good cheer gave her courage: it was like holding up her tired hands, when he encouraged her to persevere in the good work she had undertaken. He gave each of the children a little picture, then gathered them around him and, in his sweet, holy way, talked to them in simple language about many things which took root in their hearts, never to be forgotten. He directed Maum Chloe to find out who among them had not been baptized. "I'll do it, Father," answered the old woman; "but them ar Baptisses—an' thar's a many of 'em 'mongst our niggers—will give trubble, I'm 'feared, for they don't hold with baptizin' of children."

"I'll see to that, my child; we must do what's right, let who will object," answered the good priest; "meanwhile, help Miss Lucia with all your heart and soul, for this is a great work."

Now Lucia began to think she saw a little order growing out of chaos; there was certainly an improvement in the appearance of her young arabs not observable on the first day or two. Not that their toilettes were elaborate, by any means, for most of them wore only the short chemise, reaching just below the knees, made of coarse cotton cloth, but they washed their faces and hands until their skin looked like satin, and their bare feet were no longer crusted with the accumulated dirt of months. The aprons were progressing slowly, and with less picking out of cat-teeth stitches; and they knew that the Blessed Virgin, whom they called "our Lily Mother," was the Mother of Him who died to save them. Some of them wished she had been a "black woman," the idea being that it would bring them nearer to her; but they grew reconciled in time to being the children of "the Lord's Lily Mother," and not a day passed that they did not bring handfuls of wild flowers to lay upon the little shrine which Lucia had arranged, upon which stood her fair image.

In all this time—some two weeks—Lucia had numerous interruptions from visitors, many calling every day, and among whom were the Ogles and their guests. Invitations to parties, dinners and *fêtes* poured in on her. Sad marplots they seemed to her; but Allan Brooke signified his desire that she would accept the offered civilities and return the visits, himself and Frank Yellott, who was again at "Haylands," accompanying her, and she soon found herself in a whirl of gaiety which so

interfered with her good work that, determined not to be baffled, she called the children together two hours earlier, sacrificing her morning nap, of which she was dearly fond, in great dread lest they should lose ground and get faint-hearted in their efforts. The working department—sewing, knitting and weaving fringe—she found might be safely entrusted to Maum Chloe and her maid, which enabled her to attend to her social duties with a lighter heart.

Of course these innovations became the talk of the country-side, and Miss D'Olivierez was voted eccentric, and her efforts denounced as dangerous precedents which conflicted with the letter of the law respecting the education of slaves; but even this did not prevent Lucia's beauty and grace from receiving their due meed of admiration, and she so won upon all that she became the acknowledged "Queen of the County." There were not wanting suitors for her favor, and she received more than one proposal of marriage from men who were looked upon by the mammas of the neighborhood as most eligible matches. She enjoyed it all in a way; it made her happy to see others so, and innocent amusements and congenial society of her own age brought out all that was blithesome and gay in her temperament.

But one day Lucia found out something that proved a thorn in her side. Through the bantering of a friend she learned it was currently reported and believed that she was engaged to be married to Frank Yellott. Who could have circulated such a report? What could she do to disabuse the minds of people about it? It placed her in a delicate position. In this instance she could positively deny it; but who believes such denials? She could not run over the county declaring the report false, for Frank Yellott had never given her an opportunity either to accept or reject him. But it was very unpleasant, and she dreaded its getting to his ears, knowing that it would impose restraints on their now friendly intercourse not pleasant to contemplate. He had succeeded, with consummate skill, in winning her confidence, and Lucia was one who, when she bestowed her friendship, did it in a magnificent spirit, never doubting the object. Then came the humiliating thought that perhaps he would imagine, if he heard it, that she had herself given some grounds for the report. Altogether it made her quite miserable, and she daily laid her cares, with all the sweet confidence of faith, before the Virgin most pure, invoking her aid and protection, finding her only comfort in so doing.

One day when she and Allan Brooke sailed over to "Buckrae" with flowers to strew over the quiet graves on the bluff, she was moved by a strong

impulse to tell him of her embarrassment, and while she did so she observed that his face flushed and there was a look of intense inquiry in his eyes, as if his heart was full of something that he desired yet hesitated to say.

"What is it, Guardy?" she asked, struck by his expression.

"Is the report *very* displeasing to you, my child?" he asked.

"Only so far as it places me in a false position," she said quietly.

"That is natural and womanly," he said presently; "but, my child, tell me, would such a thing be impossible, think you?"

"I have never thought of it in that light, Guardy. I should be sorry to have such things in my head about Frank, whom I look upon as a brother. But why?"

"Well—you know we have no secrets from each other—I will tell you. I have thought sometimes, lately, in view of such a possibility, that it would make me very happy; that is, my dear, if it made you so. Not for all the world would I influence you in such matters; you believe that," he said, lifting his hand. "I would rather see you dead than see you mated without your own free choice and consent. Your happiness is my chief and only temporal care."

"I believe you, my Guardy; I never fear you, but rely upon you with the same trusting faith that I do on Providence. I will open my heart to you without reservation. I have no sentiment for Frank *at present*; but I think sometimes I must be unlike most girls, for I have such strange, unromantic ideas about marriage. It seems to me that a supreme respect and a confiding preference, founded on the qualities of mind and heart in the object, are the two great essentials to a true and happy union; above all, a oneness of faith. I think there should be a dispassionate consideration of the great responsibilities of marriage; a calm and determined resolve to fulfil the duties thereof, through weal and woe, and an elevated principle of honor to carry out scrupulously to the letter all the obligations of a mutual promise. As to all this sighing and dying and pining, called love, which throws so brief a glamour over most marriages, I never expect nor desire to experience it," said Lucia, a soft glow over her beautiful face, and an earnest, truthful light in her eyes.

"What a heretic you are, my darling," said Allan Brooke, secretly pleased, for he had marked her words, and noted that she had said with emphasis "*at present*," when alluding to her feelings for Frank Yellott. "I'm afraid the *grand passion* will play havoc with you when it comes at some

unlooked-for moment when you are least thinking of it."

"I hope not, Guardy; if I know myself, I mean to hold the rudder-bands of my heart under control, to guide it out of the way of shoals and quicksand," she answered, laughing; but at that very instant, deep down in her heart, came the whisper, "*Why not?*" It would make his life happier, and I owe him so much!" But the subject was dropped, for they were now at "Buckrae," at the new landing made by Bligh while they were abroad, near the bluff; and, gathering up the flowers, they soon stood within the place of graves.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sympathy and Charity.

Great calamities, like the recent conflagration in Chicago, seldom fail to draw forth the generous phase of humanity. This idea is abundantly demonstrated by the lavish generosity with which the whole American people, to say nothing of foreign nations, have come to the aid of the grand and mighty city of modern times, in the hour of her affliction and desolation. In no better way can the greatness, the glory and the sovereign importance of Chicago be tested than in the universal effect which her sudden, but temporary, ruin has produced upon the civilized world. No other city in history has risen with the rapidity of Chicago, and no other city has passed away in a night! The great lake on whose shores her throne of empire rested, refused to give her even one drop of water in the day of her burning agony, and the winds of heaven became allies of the devouring flames for her destruction. It is impossible to describe or to realize the desolation which has been wrought here without seeing the ruins. The fall of Chicago acted like a great earthquake whose upheavings were felt in every other city throughout the republic, and in this, as I have already said, is shown her wonderful importance and the living extent to which the rest of the country depended upon her wonderful progress and prosperity for its own. In fact, Chicago had become a necessity. The commercial world can no more do without Chicago than the body can do without its heart. For that reason alone she will rise again from her ashes, and rise more solidly, more beautiful and more grand than ever.

Whatever may be the cause of her punishment, that punishment has been fearfully significant. The eighth of October was truly a *Dies Ira* for that proud, magnificent city; but let her turn the sorrowful lesson to account by acknowledging the justice and the infinite power of God, who knows

so well how to humble man by turning his mightiest cities into a solitude.

Each one will, as he has a right, form his own opinion and draw his own conclusions concerning the cause of the Chicago calamity; but certainly there is one fact undeniable, and that is that it was fast passing away from the law of God, and becoming utterly indifferent to moral duty and obligations. The "Goddess of Reason" was gaining the ascendancy, and the people growing into the notion that it was better to seem than to be honest, and far more desirable to be wealthy than to be good. The places of public amusement were about as immoral as they could well be, and the press—especially the Sunday issues—seemed to vie with each other—under a lying pretence of censure—in corrupting the public morals. There was no shade or phase of crime too repulsive to be kept out of the papers, while the more revolting and abominable vices were generally reserved for the Sunday editions, where they were dressed up and presented in the most attractive and fascinating style. All this was done and defended in the name of liberty! In the name of liberty, the dull, mystic philosophy of German atheism denounced God, and advocated the right of theatrical exhibitions, and of holding its drunken revels in those recruiting stations for the devil, called saloons, on the day which God commanded to be kept holy in His name. God can do without men, but men cannot do without God.

There is yet another lesson to be learned from the Chicago fire: the cheerful and generous readiness with which the country everywhere came to the relief of that desolated city, proves that the hearts of the great American people, in spite of all their material progress, are still easily reached by the appeals of those in distress. Arrogant science, heartless materialism and brazen atheism, which had taught us to cut loose from God, were as helpless to prevent as they were to remedy the awful disaster, but the voice of humanity spoke out in our behalf, and all men came to our assistance. Would to God that a people so noble in their nature, and so keenly alive to sympathy for their fellow-men, were *all* within the pale of the Church, where they might learn, as they assuredly would, that *generosity* without genuine *charity* is but a spark called into existence by the friction of sympathy.

I have no wish to be cynical in what I have to say in this regard. No honest, impartial mind can refuse a tribute of admiration to the universal alacrity with which our people responded to the cry of Chicago for help; but still it seems to me, the ardor of the response was as brief as it was brilliant. It cannot do any harm to venture an opin-

ion on the cause of this. Sympathy is human, and governed by human motives; charity is divine, and governed by divine motives,—this makes the difference. The result of sympathy is human; the result of charity is divine. Men confound charity with sympathy, forgetting that he who is actuated by charity does things which live forever, while he who is actuated by sympathy or feeling, does things which die as quickly as the motives that gave them life.

Chicago is still in ashes, is still in as much need of generosity as she was on the first day of her inexpressible misfortune; but where now is the ardor which was then displayed in her behalf? The great channels through which those tumultuous outbursts of sympathy and generosity flowed like mountain torrents into her woe-stricken bosom, have begun to close up as rapidly as they were opened, and she is left alone to rise from her crushing affliction, and by her own efforts, under God, to roll away the stone from the mouth of her fiery sepulchre, and come forth to a new and more glorious life!

This, then, is sympathy with its transient results. But charity—so little understood, and so little practised—is far different in its nature and in its results. The man of sympathy gives on the impulse of the moment, and seeks his reward in the praises and the commendations of his fellow-men; but the man of charity gives because it is a duty to give, and seeks his reward in the approbation of his conscience, which tells him that he has done a work acceptable to God, the Author of all things.

The question here suggests itself, how many of all those who gave so liberally from their abundance, gave so liberally from their abundance, gave from this higher motive? It is doubtful if one in a thousand gave a dollar in whose giving he was not actuated and controlled by what the world calls generosity or sympathy. Well, however praiseworthy that may be, it is not *charity*. The rich men spoken of in the Gospel, were generous because they gave out of their abundance; but the poor widow was charitable, because she gave out of her penury. Charity is not a favor from those who give to those who need, but it is a duty imposed on all who have, to give to those who have not. We may pride ourselves on our liberality towards our fellow-men; but let any one of us examine his motives and conduct in this respect, and he will be surprised to find how very seldom his offerings to charity have touched upon anything but what was superfluous in his possessions. Who of us casts in the mite, or who of us deprives himself even of ordinary luxuries, in order that those who are hungry may be fed, and that those who are naked may be clothed? Char-

ity is of God; it embraces the whole law, and in obeying that law we do not give what is ours, but that only of which He has made us the stewards. We give nevertheless as if we were the absolute owners and creators of these things with which we are simply entrusted for the benefit of others. When this short-lived feeling of sympathy dies out, the door of generosity is soon closed against the applicant, and the fact of his having been compelled to ask for his own in the hands of the man of sympathy, is made a badge of shame and humiliation for the rest of his life. This is not charity. There is no charity in giving away what you yourself do not want, because in that there is no proof that you love your neighbor as yourself, and "If any man says that he loves God and loves not his neighbor, he is a liar and the truth is not in him." When you give do not give grudgingly; do not bring the recipient to his knees, and the hot blood to his cheeks; do not make him feel that he is henceforth your vassal, and that in seeking the bounty of God at your hands, he must abdicate his own manhood and cringe low in the dust at your feet.

In the Church only the idea of charity is understood and carried out. Hence her acts in this regard are not dictated by feelings that are called forth by the excitement of extraordinary events. She teaches men to obey this great law of love, because its effects reach into the life for which men were created.

F.

THE government of Munich is making a tool of Dr. Dollinger to oppress the Church in Bavaria. The meeting of infidel professors, Liberal Catholics and two or three excommunicated priests, to form a *new* Church of Old Catholics would be simply ridiculous were it not backed by the civil power, which now in Bavaria is declared the enemy to the Church. All the sceptics, atheists and rationalists, who clamored so violently against the civil authority when it merely did justice to the Church by carrying out the terms of the concordat, are the ones who now call on the same authority to sustain them in their attempts to injure the Church.

A NUMBER of Catholics in various parishes of Paris have petitioned the Archbishop to order public acts of reparation for the sacrileges committed during the reign of the *commune* in the churches of Paris, especially in *Notre Dame des Victoires*.

M. L'ABBÉ DE REYNEVAL, *vicaire* of the Madeleine, brother of a former ambassador to Rome, has been named Superior of the *St. Louis des Français*, in Rome, in the place of M. Level, deceased.

Death of Hon. Thomas Ewing, of Lancaster, Ohio.

HON. THOMAS EWING, of Lancaster, departed this life calmly, fully possessed of his faculties, and fortified by the Sacraments of the Catholic Church, at 3 P.M., on the 26th ult.

Mr. Ewing has long been known to the country as one of its ablest legists, and as a statesman of broad and true principles. His manner of life was one of remarkable regularity, and, at the advanced age of over four score, he still possessed the vigor of manhood in its prime. Though not always a professed Catholic, his life was a beautiful example of rectitude and sincerity to his family, all of whom have been from childhood members of the Catholic Church, and to his large circle of friends. A week before his death, he received the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist from the hands of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati, and his death, though a severe stroke to his family by whom he was held in the true filial respect and affection, is deprived of much of its bitterness by the fulfilment of their most ardent wishes—that he should make open profession of the faith, of the truth of which he was convinced, and should practise his holy religion.

All the members of his family were present. Hon. P. B. Ewing, of Lancaster, Gen. Hugh Ewing, General Thomas Ewing, General Charles Ewing, General Sherman, his adopted son, and Mrs. Sherman, his daughter; Mr. Steele, and Mrs. Steele, his daughter, had the sad consolation of gathering around him in his last moments. While offering our sympathy to the bereaved family, we, as they, have the consolation that he died in the communion of the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

May he rest in peace!

MAN'S FRIENDS.—Man has three kinds of friends on earth; but, for the most part, he does not know them well till the time when he is called from this world in order to give account of his conduct. The first of these friends, wealth and possessions, remain behind; the second, his relations, accompany him only to the grave; the third, his work of faith and labor of love, follow him into eternity, even to the throne of God, where they will be recompensed, each according to his works, and even the cup of cold water which is given to one who thirsts will not be unrewarded. How thoughtlessly, then, does the man act who does not concern himself in the least degree about such true friends!

"Do good on earth, for all thy words of love,
Like friends, will follow thee to realms above."

The Vanity of Earthly Things.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate:
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant with laurels where they kill;
But stony nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives! creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor victim bleeds!
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

—Shirley—1506.

Letter of the Holy Father to Judge Théard of New Orleans.

The Catholic *Propagator* says:

Our readers will be as happy as we are ourselves, to hear of the distinguished honor of which our pious and learned fellow-citizen has been the recipient. As a testimonial of grateful appreciation, and a stimulus to fresh endeavors in the career he has so fearlessly and nobly entered, Judge Paul Emile Théard has received from Pius IX the following letter, which we take delight in publishing, as alike honorable to the gentleman, to whom it is addressed, and the generous heart by which it has been dictated. Judge Théard reflects high credit on our bar and bench, and it is with unfeigned satisfaction we take this occasion to congratulate him on his new but well-merited honor:

PIUS P.P. IX,

TO HIS BELOVED SON, PAUL EMILE THÉARD, JUDGE
AT NEW ORLEANS.

Beloved Son, Greeting and Apostolic Benediction.

If a noble sight was presented to us by the pious assembly of the faithful, united in great numbers to celebrate the day of our Pontifical Jubilee, who were addressed by you, we have been not less pleasingly moved by your oration, which, whilst it expressed faithfully the sentiments of an approving audience, gave shining

evidences of your faith and religion. To these indeed you owed the substance of your speech, communicating to it the power of eloquence. They have taught you that true liberty, equality, fraternity, which men seek with so much ardor, are vainly sought for outside of the Catholic religion; they have convinced you that the source of all present evils is the insatiation of human reason, which has detached itself from God, imagining that it can suffice to itself; that we cannot struggle against evil and arrive to much desired happiness, within the limits allowed to us in this earthly pilgrimage, but by returning to God, under the guidance and authority of him to whom God Himself has confided the teaching of truth, and whom He has placed to be the centre of unity and the father of the entire family of Christians.

Such sentiments, which display conspicuously the rectitude of judgment and the solid piety of a man distracted by worldly affairs, and hence a stranger to theological studies, do no less honor to the hearers who greeted such thoughts with sympathetic applause. It is an emphatic testimony in favor of Catholic Unity, whether viewed with respect to the dogma, or to love for the Holy See, and submission to its authority; whilst it is an assured omen of the increased development of religion among yourselves. We cannot forecast for you a greater happiness, since it is the fountain of all good.

It is with all our heart, therefore, that we invoke in your behalf, through our prayers, this happiness as well as all heavenly graces. In the meanwhile, as a forerunner of the favor of Heaven, and as a token of our fatherly love and of our gratitude, we affectionately send to you, beloved son, and to all this people, our Apostolic Benediction.

Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, the 31st day of August, in the year 1871, and of our Pontificate the twenty-sixth.
PIUS P.P. IX.

A NOBLE ACT.—When Very Rev. Father Delorme was crossing the plains he had a great consolation in the middle of the hardships of the journey. It was at a station half way between Cheyenne and Ogden. As soon as the cars stopped, a man rushed in and asked: "Is there a Catholic priest here?" and, on the father presenting himself, "come quickly, added he, "my wife is at the point of death." They went out. "Take your time" said one of the employes of the train; "we will stop half an hour if necessary." What was the joy of the dying woman at the sight of the clergyman! She made her confession, and, having received absolution, she said: "We are hundreds of miles away from any church. God has sent you in His mercy to comfort me in my last moments. Now I will die contented and remember you." Father Delorme was moved to tears, and he thought of the old man Simeon and of the *Nunc dimittis Domine*. We admire the noble answer of the conductor, and the faith of a truly Christian woman.—*Sentinel*.

had not ordered the valorous soldados to bottle up their officious loyalty and shathe their weapons.

"Come here, good fellow," said she, when peace was finally restored. "Here is a piece of gold for thee. Thou art right in confiding in the justice and affection of thy Queen. In the meantime, it would be as well if thou didst keep that mule of thine a little farther from our carriage in future. 'Tis a wonderful beast, methinks, but rather demonstrative in its regards." Saving which, she "God's Will be done!" The path seems drear and long;

I have no aim to guide to any goal;
And looking onwards as the slow years roll,
No light can I discern, no purpose strong,
To nerve and brace me for the battle-field.
I could lay down my arms and weakly yield
Before the guerdon of the fight is won,
The victory gained, the day's long conflict done.

"God's Will be done!" Again, and yet again
The words return and echo through my soul,
And some day, maybe, they may "make me whole,"
And work a cure, and ease me of this pain,
And I shall feel again the pulse of life
Quicken within me, and the weary strife
Be ended, of these long and empty days;
And, gazing upward, I shall give God praise.

—The Lamp.

M. W.

It gives us much pleasure to present to our readers the first chapter of a tale from the pen of Mariaphilos. The subjoined letter was received along with the MS. of the story, and, though not intended for publication, we deem it proper to give it as an introduction to the story:

"It's a long lane that has no turn, and a long tale that has no end. I have written 'finis,' to my legend, and, though not as tremendous as a tome of Suarez, it cost labor enough—though not a labored production, by any means.

"I trust it may add to the success of the AVE MARIA, and that it may be considered not wholly unworthy of perusal. A little kind criticism is ever acceptable, but I do dearly abhor that Paul Pry species of judgment which discovers want of proportion in the lily or too high coloring in the rose.

"I do not, of course, pretend, by this, that my story is either a lily or rose,—neither do I claim for it exemption from faults. It is not a philosophical essay, although you may find some philosophy in it,—nor is it a history, although somewhat historical. My object is simple—to convey a few true ideas to the mind of the young—none the less true because dressed at times in a grotesque and amusing style. 'Quid velut verum aliquando dicere ridens?' says Horace. The poet of common sense

was right. So if some hypercritical censors think the narrative over light, let them wield their intellectual club of Hercules over the head of the illustrious Roman, not mine.

"I trust the next effort may be more worthy of the periodical whose interests no one, I assure you, has more at heart than

"Yours, etc.,

"MARIAPHILOS."

XIMENES.

An Historical Tale.

BY MARIAPHILOS,

Author of "Thecla," "Modestus," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

One evening toward the latter end of the year 1496, a group of men were standing before an inn, situated by the side of the road which led from Grenada to Madrid. They were apparently of the lower class of Spaniards, although their picturesque costume gave them an air of jaunty respectability that became their fine figures and merry faces.

The inn itself was a strange mixture of grandeur and insignificance. It had been built to the ruins of what seemed to have been the country villa of some former wealthy proprietor. The rear of the premises arose high above the mass of buildings which served the purpose of entertainment for man and beast. It was built after the Gothic, or, more properly speaking, the Moorish style of architecture, and was in sufficient preservation to display all the fantastic oddities of that charming order. Turrets, gables and airy minarets covered every part of the structure, evidencing, even in partial decay, the skill of the workman. The inn proper had an air of solidity about it that was befitting a place desired more for utility than ostentation.

At the door stood "mine host" listening, with laughing visage, to the conversation going on. He was a short, stout man,—all inn-keepers in those good old days were so,—with marvellously fat cheeks and round paunch. He was a picture of comfort. His knee-breeches, of black velvet, adorned at the sides with plated silver buttons, his crimson vest, loosely covering a shirt, which was a prodigy of whiteness, gave him a very free and respectable air. In his right hand he held a flagon of wine, which, now and then, he applied to his lips.

One of the party, a tall, thin, cadaverous individual, seemed, against his will, to cause all the merriment.

His appearance would lead any observer to conclude that his temperament was the very reverse of jocund. A miserable, half-starved mule stood beside him, over whose neck the tall man's right arm was thrown most lovingly.

"And thou wouldst have us believe thy story, Pedro!" exclaimed the publican, with a loud laugh.

"Believe it or not, Carlos, as thou wilt," replied the long Pedro, sententially. "It is even as I say. The Duke of Alra,—nay, their majesties themselves,—looked with wondrous favor upon the beast. And why not? View him, friend Carlos," he continued, falling back a pace or two from the sorry subject of their conversation. "Is there not something imposing—ahem!—in his appearance? Mark you the intelligence of his eye—the pleasing contour of his limbs—the faultless arch of his neck—the striking development of his—"

"Ribs," interrupted a sturdy smith in the group. A roar of laughter followed.

"Ears, I say!" cried Pedro, angrily. "Ye laugh, ha? Nay, then, why not? 'Tis the nature of the donkey to bray when thou touchest upon ears!"

In spite of Pedro's manifest dudgeon and terrific sarcasm, the obtuse bystanders laughed more loudly than ever.

"But, Pedro, I did not well understand thy narrative," said the inn-keeper, winking at the smith.

"Thou didst not understand, quotha!" exclaimed the much-exercised Pedro. "And who expected it? If thou *hadst* understood me, then would I have been marvellously astonished."

The speaker suddenly fell to tightening the girdle of the mule and arranging the panniers which hung from either side, with a series of sudden jerks that showed his perturbation of spirit.

"Come, come, Pedro mine, thou art angry now in good sooth," said the good-natured inn-keeper, a little gravely. "Remember the proverb: 'Anger in; evil out.' Thy mule is very well, doubtless, but he need not make one sin."

"He would be a bone of contention in that case," said the smith.

The inuendo was understood, so poor Pedro was constrained to swallow the indignity of another laugh,—nay, being a true Celt, and, consequently, unable to retain anger long, he joined in the laugh himself, and thus peace was restored.

"Seriously, Pedro, I did but catch a few words of thy narrative, and would like to hear it more fully. 'Tis a proper incident, I doubt not."

The publican said this with such a vast show of interest that the muleteer was appeased, and proceeded to enlighten his questioner at once:

"I was riding through the public square in

your faith and religion. To these indeed you owed the substance of your speech, communicating to it the power of eloquence. They have taught you that true liberty, equality, fraternity, which men seek with so much ardor, are vainly sought for outside of the Catholic religion; they have convinced you that the source of all present evils is the infatuation of human reason, which has detached itself from God, imagining that it can suffice to itself; that we cannot struggle against evil and arrive to much desired happiness, within the limits allowed to us in this earthly pilgrimage, by extending to all men his sword.

"Nay, if it come to that," cried I, flourishing my cudgel, 'have at thee! Am I a Moorish dog that I should be belabored for passing along the public highway? Know, then, that when their Majesties drove the infidel Mahounds from this city, I was not the last upon the gaping breach, and, zooks! fellow! am I a man to be threatened with a bloodthirsty onslaught!'

"The carriage of their Majesties being now close at hand, the soldier said no more. But they heard me, for I spoke rather loud, and forthwith came a popinjay lackey, as many colored as the Autumn leaves, and commanded me to their their august presence.

"Were you not afraid, good fellow," commenced King Ferdinand, rather peevishly, 'to be rioting in the public thoroughfare in defiance of law and decency? If you have not the fear of your sovereign's anger, fear God's, at least.'

"Nay, Ferdinand, it seemeth to me the man hath some complaint," said good Queen Isabella, smiling. 'Do not push him too hard.'

"Why, then, God bless your Majesty's kind heart," said I to the Queen, 'I surely have cause of complaint, and to whom should I go for redress if not to you, who art the protectress of your humblest subject. Yonder martial gentleman,' continued I, pointing to the soldier, 'hath treated me opprobriously—called me "caitiff," as though I were an infidel, instead of a good Christian, as the register of St. Thomas' parish, of Siguença, doth fully show; and, moreover, did threaten to draw his sword and slit mine ears incontinently. I would ask your Majesty, with my deepest *devoirs*, if inoffensive Spaniards, who are true children of the Church, and your devoted subjects, are to be treated in such despite?'

"Her Majesty was about to reply, when my mule, frightened, doubtless, by the rare gilding of the courtiers, did suddenly wheel around, rear and caracole in most alarming gyrations. In a short time two of the pages were unhorsed, and one of the windows of the carriage shivered to atoms by his treasonable heels. A dozen of swords were drawn, and it might have gone hard with me if her Majesty—as soon as her laughter would permit—

had not ordered the valorous *saldados* to bottle up their officious loyalty and sheathe their weapons.

"Come here, good fellow," said she, when peace was finally restored. "Here is a piece of gold for thee. Thou art right in confiding in the justice and affection of thy Queen. In the meantime, it would be as well if thou didst keep that mule of thine a little farther from our carriage in future. 'Tis a wonderful beast, methinks, but rather demonstrative in its regards." Saying which, she glanced at the discomfited pages, who were sullenly setting in order their ruffled plumage.

"I thank your majesty," I answered, bowing to my mule's neck, as in duty bound. "My mule, truly, is too blunt a varlet, but, 'twas always an honest beast and free of the court."

"Go to—go to—thou art a shrewd knave," she said, "and so, concluded Pedro, the company passed on and left me to my reflections."

"A strange adventure, truly, honest Pedro," said the inn-keeper. "Thou mayest thank thy stars it ended so favorably."

"Doubtless, that should I," returned Pedro, "and to prove it, we will e'en drink a stoup of thy best canary to the happiness of good Queen Isabella."

"And Ferdinand, too," said the Smith.

"Well, yes—Ferdinand, an thou likest. Though, certes, I had got cold comfort or satisfaction had her Majesty not been present."

Carlos bustled off for the wine, and presently returned with a large tankard and some pewter mugs. The company seated themselves upon the benches at the door, and proceeded to do justice to the liberality of honest Pedro. Many were the tales of midnight bivouac and desperate encounter with the Moors. The power of the latter was almost completely broken at this time in Spain, although they were still formidable in Africa. Hardly a person of adult age, at the period of which we write, but had been more or less engaged in the long struggle between the Cross and the Crescent, which culminated in the triumph of Truth, during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. While large armies met in deadly conflict upon the plains, scattered bands of guerillas filled the mountainous localities and waged as bitter war against the infidels as did their children against the warriors of Napoleon centuries later.

While thus engaged, two travellers appeared, coming in the direction of the inn. On a nearer approach it was observed that they were *religious*, habited in the dress of Franciscan monks. A coarse robe—fastened to the waist by a rude cord—descended to their sandled feet. Their cowls were drawn over the head, and large chaplets hung by their sides.

When the monks arrived before the inn, the men arose, doffed their hats and made a reverent obeisance. The taller of the two threw back his cowl and returned their salute with a slight bow.

He was a man of striking appearance. Nearly six feet in height, with a finely proportioned figure, he towered a head above every one in the group. The hair which grew around the tonsure was as black as jet. His forehead was high and broad; his eyes, small, black, and deeply sunken; his nose aquiline, and the mouth firm and decided in expression. The whole face was stern in expression, and evidently belonged to an unbending character.

His companion was a bright, intelligent looking man, though pale and somewhat worn in appearance.

"Good publican," said the first, "we would rest here awhile. We have travelled far to-day, and are somewhat fatigued."

"And very hungry, too," said his companion, smiling.

"Ah, Francisco, thinking of the body already," said the tall monk, reproachfully.

"Good, my Father," exclaimed he addressed as Francisco, "it would not have been so hadst thou allowed me to beg to-day. Thou must needs go thyself, and surely thou wilt admit that thou art the very worst beggar in all Spain. Thy petitions are all commands."

The Father addressed, smiled slightly, and both, escorted by Carlos, entered the inn.

The apartment to which the inn-keeper led his guests was situated in the back part of the premises. They had to traverse the rather narrow corridors before they arrived at their destination, and did not fail to notice the solid, heavy workmanship of the wainscoting and doors which lined the passages. In fact, they were in the more ancient portion of the building, and though the floor was uneven with knots from which the softer wood had been worn away by the footsteps of a former generation, sufficient evidence remained of the ancient grandeur of the place in the exquisite little figures of saints that adorned the stained, tessellated windows, and the skillful carving of the oaken surroundings.

When they entered the room into which their host introduced them, further proofs of a former splendor were visible. The wainscoting was of a richer material than that of the corridors, and, in addition, there were rich carvings of figures, grapes, etc., in relief. Two beautifully stained windows lighted the apartment, and, as the sun was just setting, the effect was inexpressibly soft and tender. The walls were adorned with paintings *al fresco*, delineating scenes from the wars with the

Moors. A large fire-place, with marble hearth and brazen fender, occupied almost one side of the room, and would have made half-a-dozen of our degenerate modern imitations.

"This, reverend Father," said the host, as they entered, "was the study of the gentleman who once possessed this ancient mansion. I have heard an old story of two brave boys of his whom he drilled to all martial exercises and knightly addresses. They were strong as the Cid, so saith the tale, but, falling into an ambuscade, they fell fighting gloriously against the infidel. The afflicted father abandoned his fine establishment and sought for peace in the Monastery of Our Lady at Madrid. 'Twas a pitiful experience for the poor man, but doubtless he hath now his reward."

The good publican breathed a short prayer for the repose of the soul of him whose sad history he had related, and then resumed:

"But the sorrows of the dead must not make us forget the wants of the living, so I will just prepare you, Fathers, as good a meal as the house can afford. If there be anything you would particularly like—" The publican stood at the door as he hesitatingly asked the question, but the tall monk interrupted him, and said:

"A little wine, water, and bread is all we require."

This was soon brought, and as the host retired he remarked, in a melancholy tone:

"In truth, good Fathers, it touches my hospitality to serve up such meagre fare;—now a couple of chicken—"

"No, no, my friend, we have sufficient. 'Tis thy duty, thou knowest, to provide for the wants of thy visitors. This is all we want now." The monk spoke as if he were somewhat tired with the persistent offers of Carlos.

"Well, well, Father, I shall say no more. 'Tis your wish, doubtless." As he departed, the monks heard him mutter: "Wine, water, and bread for hungry travellers! Heard anyone the like of it! But surely they are monks and men of God. 'Tis for mortification, doubtless."

"The poor man hath more mortification over our repast than we shall," said the tall monk to Francisco.

"'Tis a kind heart, Father, nevertheless," said he addressed.

When the frugal meal was ended, and the thanksgiving concluded, the tall monk sat for a long time in deep thought. Something seemed to trouble him, for at times he sighed deeply. A shade of sadness was on his brow, and everything evidenced a severe internal conflict. His lips opened once or twice, as if he were about to make some remark, but were closed again when his eye

caught the eager look which the younger monk had fastened upon him.

"Thou art troubled, Father," said Francisco, at length.

The elder monk started, and, after looking sorrowfully at Francisco, said:

"Francisco de Ruiz, thou art right—I am troubled. This sudden summons of her Majesty, the Queen, is the beginning of a stormy future for me. I love the peaceful seclusion of the monastery and the companionship of those holy men who have made me their Provincial. I have but one wish—to live and die an humble child of St. Francisco. But, alas! I fear it shall not be. In prayer,—in the quiet hours of night,—there comes over me a consciousness of some great destiny which shall force me into the foremost rank of the worldly wise whom men call statesmen. I fear the future, good Francisco, and would sometimes wish, were it God's will, that I were dead."

The speaker's voice grew subdued and soft as he concluded, and the listener was touched.

"But if it be God's will, Father, thou must needs accept the burden," answered Francisco. "The most worldly employments are the surest way to Heaven, when God points the way. Moses was burdened with the affairs of a nation, yet he was sanctified in the task. If thou art destined for a great career, Spain will have the benefit of it. Spaniards are not ungrateful, and think how pleasing it will be for thee to remember that if the Present bring thee pain, the Future will bless the name of Ximenes."

"Ah, Francisco," replied Ximenes, sadly, "thou wouldst excite the slumbering demon of Vanity that ever lies hidden in the human heart. Thou speakest of Moses, but remember that the meekest of men, as the Holy Ghost Himself testifies, incurred the anger of God on the people's account. He conducted his nation to the Land of Promise, but he himself entered not therein. The burden and affliction and trial were for him—the happiness for the people for whom he toiled. So his life passed away even in sight of the Promised Land that his last breath might have the pang of disappointment to accompany it in its dread, final passage. And I—a poor, ordinary creature—have had my land of promise—the sweetness of a life hidden in God and the calm blessedness of living unknown in the midst of my brethren. But, ah! Francisco, it is gone—and gone, in this world, forever! Should I not be troubled?"

"Yes, but Father, thou knowest that although Moses lost the promised land of this earth, he gained another whose happiness shall never end. I may be forward, dear Father, but truly, I think, thou dost exaggerate matters somewhat. Why,

look at what has happened since thou hast been our Provincial! Thou didst tremble at the burden and refuse, until forced to accept, the office of Superior. And now, behold! every house of our order in Spain is as regular and well-ordered as if there were a Ximenes in each. Indeed, so well-ordered that there be some who wince a little at thy severity."

"And who are these, good Francisco?" asked Ximenes eagerly. "No one must have aught against me in justice. Otherwise I were not a superior, but a tyrant."

"Why, then, Father, I am happy to see thee grow thyself again," responded Francisco, laughing. "And if thou wouldst know one of the grumblers, behold him before thee, Father."

"Thou! Francisco!" exclaimed Ximenes in surprise. "Thou! whom I have loved as a child, and watched over as a mother would her offspring! Thou dost jest, surely, my child."

"Nay, Father, I jest not; but hear my explanation. Thy severity is the cause of complaint, doubtless; but the severity is exercised against thyself. There are some who hold that a couple of hours sleep are not sufficient for one whose time is continually taken up with a multitude of affairs that would break down the constitution of four men. Moreover, that a perpetual fast begins to make inroads upon a life precious to the Franciscan Order, and that—"

"Enough, Francisco," interrupted Ximenes, smiling; "thy words seem charitably apprehensive, but are in reality one of the pleasant hues of the serpent when he would charm us away from the path of duty. But come," he continued, rising suddenly, "we have an hour's walk before us, and the evening begins to wane. Whatever the future hath in store for me is known to God—His blessed will be done!"

He raised his eyes to Heaven for a moment, then passed out of the room followed by Francisco.

The honest publican sturdily refused any recompense for the entertainment the monks had received.

"It would smack marvellously of the heathenness," quoth Carlos, "to put you, reverend Fathers, upon the score. Doubtless, if you feel aggrieved, ye may offer a Mass for my soul when I am gone. But, whether or not, no one ever said that Carlos Bianza mulcted the Church to the value of one maravedi."

Seeing the uselessness of further parley, the monks bestowed their benediction upon the innkeeper and his companions, and passed down the road at a rapid pace.

"I marvel who the tall one is?" put in Pedro, the muleteer, when they had disappeared. "He

hath a very imposing appearance, and doubtless is a man of importance."

"That may or may not be, Pedro," responded Carlos; "but I hear the convent bell calling for Benediction, so I must e'en give you good ev'n."

The rueful-looking Pedro hastily bestrode his contemptible beast, and sped off down the road in a shaky amble, whistling the while with such lamentable melody that the vineyards were filled with the melancholy cadence of his theme.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Losses in Chicago.

How severely our Catholic brethren in Chicago have suffered from the late terrible disaster will be seen from the following list of their losses, as furnished by Rev. Father Garvin, of Chicago, in a charity sermon which he preached in St. Stephen's Church, New York, on Sunday, Oct. 15th:

"The Cathedral of the Holy Name, having a congregation of from 10,000 to 13,000 souls; St. Michael's, having 9,000; St. Joseph's, having 3,000; Immaculate Conception, having 2,500; St. Mary's, the oldest church of any denomination in the city, having 4,000; St. Louis', having 2,500; and St. Paul's, having 2,000 souls.

"The Convents destroyed were as follows: Convent of Mercy and House of Providence, having 40 inmates; Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, having 12 inmates; Convent of St. Joseph, having 18 inmates; Benedictine Convent, having 23 inmates; Convent of the Good Shepherd, having 24 inmates; and the Convent of the Dominican Sisters, having 8 inmates.

"The following educational institutions and schools: St. Francis Xavier's Academy, and school for girls, having 160 boarders and day scholars; St. Joseph's Academy, having 20 boarders; Christian Brothers' College, having 28 boarders; Cathedral School, having 300 girls, and 200 boys; St. Michael's School, having 600 boys, and 500 girls; St. Joseph's School, with 250 boys, and 200 girls; Immaculate Conception School, having 300 boys and girls, and St. Mary's School, having 200 girls and 300 boys.

"The following asylums: Magdalen Asylum, having 102 inmates; and the Orphan Asylum, having 102 inmates.

"The Alexian Hospital, having 70 inmates, was destroyed; also the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity, which was in process of erection. The Bishop's house and six pastoral residences are also in ruins."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Story of Tours.

In the latter part of the thirteenth century there dwelt in the city of Tours, in France, a poor widow, who eked out a precarious subsistence by letting a few rooms in her house to any stranger whom business or pleasure might attract to the ancient capital of Touraine.

Amongst her lodgers was one who, at the period of the occurrence we are about to relate, had already resided some months in her house. It was a young lawyer; his days, and even many of his nights were spent in studying all the subtleties of the intricate science to which he had devoted himself; and already, though still in the spring-time of life, he had acquired the reputation of being a distinguished master of his art.

But this was not, in the eyes of the good widow, his highest qualification. Every morning, often before daylight, might he be seen wending his way towards the old Cathedral, and there, kneeling humbly before the altar, it was his habit to assist at several Masses before betaking himself to the labors of the day.

Soon the fame of his learning and piety spread abroad, for his hostess was never weary of speaking to her friends and neighbors of his good deeds; and numbers of poor persons flocked to him in their necessities, and never left him without having received assistance and consolation. Often he pleaded their causes gratuitously, and obtained justice for those whose poverty might otherwise have prevented them even from getting a hearing. Thus he led the life of a Saint, while pursuing a career which is usually supposed to offer greater temptations than almost any other.

It happened during his stay in Tours that the period arrived when a large fair was annually held in the town, which was consequently crowded with merchants, traders and adventurers from all parts, far and near.

Two persons, belonging apparently to the former class, took up their abode in the house of the widow of whom we have spoken. They appeared to be wealthy, and carried with them a large leathern bag of money, which they seemed in great fear of losing, as it might be supposed there were many dishonest persons among the multitudes that filled the town. In order, therefore, to avoid the risk of carrying so large a sum constantly about with them, they requested their hostess to take charge of it for them until such time as they should require it, and to lock it up for them in a closet in her house.

Having obtained her somewhat reluctant consent to this arrangement, they further stipulated that, in order to avoid any possibility of fraud, she should only deliver up the bag of money to the two friends together, not to either separately. This she likewise promised, and the money was at once given into her keeping.

A day or two passed away; her two lodgers made themselves extremely agreeable, and the good woman congratulated herself upon having such worthy people in her house.

One morning they bade her "good day," as usual, before going to attend to their various avocations, and were leaving the house together, when one of them returned, saying he would be glad if she would give them the bag of money, which they had only just recollected they should that day require.

Quite unsuspectingly, she gave it to him, and he took his departure.

In the course of the day, his companion returned, said that they had been making some purchases, and requested to have the bag of money. The widow at once replied that she had given it to them that very morning.

He answered that she had given it to his companion when he was not present; that she had done very wrong, and had acted quite in opposition to the agreement. She represented to him that she had fully believed him to be standing close to the door. He replied that such was not the case; that he had gone quite away and that she must make good the loss.

The poor woman, in the greatest distress, assured him that she had acted to the best of her ability, and all she possessed would not make up the sum which he declared the bag to contain.

He answered that he should take measures to compel her to pay the sum due to him according to agreement; and the next morning he appeared before the court, and related his story.

The judge ordered that the woman should be brought before the court on the following day.

When she received this summons, her heart at first sank within her; but, presently, calling to mind the wisdom and learning of her young lodger, she went to him at once, and made known her trouble. He received her with the greatest kindness, and listened patiently while she related to him all the circumstances of the case. He at once perceived that it was a scheme devised by those two heartless villains to ruin his poor hostess, and to defraud her of her little possessions. He bade her, however, be of good courage, for that he would be present on the following day to plead her cause.

Accordingly, at the appointed time, the poor widow might be seen in the court with her young

counsellor. Their opponent was waiting for them, and he presently repeated his story, in much the same terms as on the previous day, but with more assurance.

The widow then simply told her tale, and with such truthfulness, as carried conviction to the minds of all.

Still the judge decided that the fact could not be controverted; she had paid the money, only one of the owners being present; and, consequently, the other was fairly entitled to be indemnified for his loss.

And then uprose the young lawyer, and, assuring the judge that he bowed to his most just decision, he addressed his adversary, who was now confident of success, asking him if he were quite certain that such was the agreement, that the money should only be paid in the presence of both parties.

He replied, he was ready to swear that such was one of the conditions of the agreement.

"Then," said the lawyer, "by what right do you claim to have it paid to you, as your companion is not present? Produce your friend; bring him hither into this court, and the money shall be forthcoming immediately."

The rogue was thus caught in his own snare, and the lawyer, turning to the judge, requested that he might be detained while officers of justice were despatched in quest of his companion, who, the story relates, was discovered, without much difficulty, with the leathern bag in his possession, which, upon examination, was found to contain only pebbles.

The two heartless thieves suffered the punishment of their crime, according to the severe laws which were then in force. The lawyer afterwards, entering the ecclesiastical state, became a bishop, and was subsequently canonized; he has been ever since venerated as the patron of lawyers, under the name of St. Yves.—*Lamp.* F.

The Three Students.

The following story, which was told me by an old crone in the course of a visit which I paid to Corsica, may serve to teach my friends, as it has taught me, I must confess, that it is sometimes a wiser course, even for poor men like myself, to pay a good round sum for what is really useful, rather than a less sum for what we do not really want, and what, even though cheap as dirt, is "dear at any price," if we do not happen to be in want of it:

Once upon a time, three poor students, all very near-sighted, set out to walk to a far distant university, in order to offer themselves as candidates

for the post of a professor, which they heard was likely to become vacant. Each of them possessed, among his somewhat scanty outfit, a single pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.

On their way they lay down to sleep by the roadside; and while they slept a thief came up and stole their spectacles, which he sold to a receiver of stolen goods, in the town which they had left the day before.

Next morning on waking they were all in great distress: they stumbled, they fell, they lost their way, and night was rapidly coming on, when they met a pedlar coming along the road.

"Have you any spectacles to sell?" asked the three miserable students with one accord.

"Yes," said the pedlar, in reply; "I have got here three pairs; but they are all set in gold, and are of magnificent workmanship. In fact, they were made for the Prince of —, and they cost so much that I really cannot sell them at a bargain. You must give me four double Friedrichs a piece for them."

"Such a sum," cried the three lean and poverty-stricken students, "is absurd. Why, it is nearly as much as any one of us has got in his pocket for his journey."

"I cannot take less," said the pedlar; "but here is a very handsome, ivory-handed frying-pan, which I bought cheap, dirt cheap, and I can let you have it for a trifle, quite a bargain, in fact. I strongly recommend you to buy such a treasure; you may never have such a chance again."

Said the eldest of the three students, "Come along, brothers; I will grope my way to the university as best I can. It is absurd to think of buying this fellow's spectacles at such a price. Quite absurd."

"And I," said the second eldest, "am resolved to buy the ivory-handed frying-pan. It costs but little, in fact, next to nothing, and will be very useful to me at the university. I am sure that I shall never see such a bargain again."

But the youngest of the three students was not moved by the example or by the jests of the others. As they turned away and hastened on their journey, he put his hand into his purse, drew out nearly all its contents, and bought the handsome spectacles with the golden rims, and was soon out of sight on his way.

The eldest student also set off slowly to grope his way without any spectacles; but he soon fell into a ditch in consequence of his blindness and short-sightedness in more than one sense, broke his leg, and was carried back in a cart to his native village by a charitable passer-by, who found him on the roadside.

The second student, too, wandered on the road;

but being without spectacles he could not read the finger-posts. So he lost his way upon a dreary common, where the road died away gradually; and, after some adventures and not a little suffering in his rambles, he was obliged to sell his frying-pan, at a loss, to a farmer's wife who had shown him a little hospitality, in order to enable him to return home, which he did, with his shoes, stocking and clothes in tatters.

The youngest student, however, reached the university all safe and sound. He entered himself as a candidate for the post, and was unanimously elected to the vacant professorship, I think that of Commonsense, with a house and fixed salary; and having married the only daughter, I believe the only child and heiress, of the venerable and elderly chancellor, he lived happily ever afterwards.

It is said that in his lectures he lays it down as one chief part of "Common sense," and one on which he prides himself not a little, to resolve on all occasions to pay a good round sum for what is really useful for the purpose he has in hand, and not to go hunting after every "bargain" that may be offered to his acceptance.—*The Lamp*.

The Little Newsboy.

One evening, after the tidings of a victory during the late war had filled the city with excitement, and created a brisk business among the news-dealers, a little fellow about seven years old came into the sitting-room of the hotel to sell his papers.

"Papers, sir? Papers?" said he.

A man sitting by seemed to fancy his intelligent looks, and said, with an oath:

"Come here, my lad; you are a fine boy. Let me have a paper," drawing the boy to his side.

The paper was furnished, and an extra price given for it, the man swearing again that he was a fine boy, and asked him:

"What is your father's name?"

"My father is dead," said the boy.

"Well," said the man, "I must take you as my boy;" and again he swore. "I'll make a man of you," said he.

The boy made no answer, but still seemed rather shy of his new-found friend.

"Say, my fine fellow," said the man, who kept swearing almost every sentence, "how would you like to come and live with me, and be a great man some day?"

"I think," said the boy, quietly, "that I should not like to live with a man that swears so."

The man was silent,—what could he say? And the little boy went on to sell his papers.

The fatherless boy was wise; for a man who curses and swears is a poor person to train a little boy for usefulness or happiness in this world or the next.

A godless house is a poor home for a little child. It is better to have poverty with Christ than riches with those who blaspheme His name.—*Exchange*.

MUNIFICENT LIBERALITY.—The young Duke of Norfolk is about to testify his devotion to his faith by an act of the most splendid munificence. According to a report, his design is to expend £100,000 in the erection at Arundel, on his family property, of a great Catholic Cathedral which may be both a monument in gracefulness in its design and a model of richness in its execution. Every Catholic in these islands must be proud to know how worthy the young head of the house of Norfolk is of his illustrious lineage, and the extensive wealth which makes more powerful for good results his exalted rank in the State. Disraeli, in his famous novel of last year, presents Lothair as contemplating the erection of "a glorious cathedral as a centre temple of the Romish religion in England." The original of this sketch—if it ever had any original—was believed to be the young Marquis of Bute, a recent convert to the faith; but it seems to be reserved for the noble son of a race of Catholic fathers to realize by his act the gorgeous fancy of the novelist, to dignify his youth by a deed most worthy of devout and sober age. So that when the moralist or the historian narrates or dwells upon the base acts of bygone times, the Sacrilegious greed of an English King may find its antithesis in the munificence of an English noble.—*Nation*, July 29.

NONE are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as the spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

OF all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service, and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is to watch the success of our enemy; its wages is to be sure of it.

YOUTHFUL minds, like the pliant wax, are susceptible of the most lasting impressions; and the good or evil bias they then receive, is seldom, if ever, eradicated. How necessary, then, that their education should be properly guarded.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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The Apparition at Pontmain.

The following account of the apparition of the Blessed Virgin has been translated from the eighth edition of the *Eevenement de Pontmain*, par M. l'Abbé Richard, Aumonier des Sœurs de l'esperance, a Laval, by F. C. Husenbeth, D.D., V.G., and Provost of Northampton, and published in London by Burns, Oates & Co.

The Rev. gentleman prefaces his translation by saying:

I had but a short time before published *A Faithful Narrative of the Apparition of the Blessed Virgin Mary, near Lourdes*, when I met with a very interesting account of another striking event which took place in France so lately as last January. The holy Mother of God, the peculiar patroness and protectress of unhappy France, was not unmindful of that country under its dire calamities. She, who is the *Help of Christians* and the *Comforter of the Afflicted*, was pleased to hear the many prayers of her devout children, imploring her powerful intercession, and to afford them in their greatest need a visible and consoling assurance that the hour of their deliverance was near at hand, and that her divine Son would be moved to mercy.

The little French work relating this wonderful apparition appeared to me well worthy of being placed before the English reader in his own language. A translation I considered would be admirably calculated to promote the glory of God, and increase devotion to the Immaculate Virgin Mary, in our own country, as well as to encourage confidence in her powerful patronage.

The following pages, then, will convey a faithful version of the French narrative; though in a few places the phraseology has been slightly altered to suit the idiom of our own language. It must also be mentioned that the favored children described all that they saw in their own provincial dialect, which is given in notes in the original; but these it would have been superfluous to introduce in a translation. What, however, particularly deserves attention is, that this apparition occurred on the

very day of *Our Lady of Peace*, January 17th, kept at Rome in commemoration of the vow of Pope Sixtus IV, in 1483, to build a church under the above title, if it should please the Queen of Heaven to obtain the deliverance of that city from the siege, and restore peace to Italy. His prayer was heard, and the church was begun by him, and finished by his successor, Innocent VIII. The coincidence is very striking. The city of Paris had suffered frightfully from a siege of many months, when the Mother of Mercy and Peace was pleased to appear in the heavens to a few poor children, exhorting them by a plain legible inscription to pray earnestly, for that their prayers would soon be heard, and that her divine Son would be moved to mercy. And in a few days after this startling apparition and announcement, negotiations for peace were actually commenced!

Well may we all, but the faithful in France especially, give thanks to God, and renew our devotion to His holy Mother, and our confidence in her goodness and powerful intercession.

Mother of mercy, pray for us! F. C. H.

THE APPARITION AT PONTMAIN.

Less than six miles south of Landivy, and not four west of St. Mars-s-M. Futaye, on the borders of the diocese of Laval, and skirting the diocese of Rennes, is situated the small town of Pontmain. After having been long affiliated to St. Ellier's, Pontmain was erected into a parish in 1840. From the year 1836, Monseigneur Bouvier, the late Bishop of Mans, had placed it under the parochial care of the Rev. Mr. Guérin, born at Laval in 1801. This pious pastor has for thirty-five years bestowed his labors upon that dear flock, which numbers five hundred souls. His efforts are blessed. The people are truly Christians. No one at Pontmain is seen working on Sundays; and it is a very rare thing to hear any profane swearing. The children, brought up in the fear of God, are full of respect and submission to their parents. Three religious, Sisters of the Adoration of the Justice of God, teach both boys and girls.

In the middle of this little town, on the left as you come from St. Mars, and a little before you

reach the church, which is on the right, stands a house of modern appearance, though the date 1598 is seen on its wide chimney-place inside. It is inhabited by the family named Barbedette.

A little farther on, and contiguous to it, is a barn with a thatched roof, very large, and with a great door painted green. If you stand with your back to this door, and look before you, you see the church a little to the left. In front, about sixty paces off, and on the opposite side of the road which passes through the village, beyond a threshing-floor enclosed by a low wall, is a house inhabited by a tax-gatherer named Augustin Guidecoq, and Adrian Boitin, a wooden-shoe maker. To the right is the house of a shoemaker named Rousseau, which shuts out the view of the nuns' establishment, situated on the same level with the house of Augustin Guidecoq, and separated from the road by a garden and a small yard, which the children have for their playground. The reader will excuse these details; they are necessary in order to understand the following account.

The Barbedette family is composed of five persons: the father, mother and three boys. The eldest, being in the militia, had been serving in the army since the 23d of September. His next brother, Eugene, is twelve years old; his countenance is rather sorrowful; his look is serious, intelligent, mild, innocent and good. Joseph, his youngest brother, ten years of age, is pale and delicate, but lively and active. We have often been surprised at his retorts, which were both ready and witty.* Born of parents truly and thoroughly Christian, they are very pious. The reader will form some judgment of this, when he sees how they spent Tuesday, the 17th of January, 1871, the day on which the prodigious event occurred, which we are about to relate.

Their father came as usual to call them up, at six o'clock, in the barn where they slept. After offering up their hearts to God, they went to their work of beating furze, with which it is customary to feed the horses in that country, and almost all over Brittany. Then they went into the house, said one-third part of the Rosary together, for their brother, who is in the army, breakfasted, and went to the church to serve Mass. While they waited for the parish-priest, they said morning prayers, and then performed the devotion of the Way of the Cross. They were accustomed to

go through this pious exercise almost every day, since the beginning of the war; they had hardly missed a single day since their brother went to join the army. After Mass they joined in the public prayers for the soldiers, and then went to school.

On the same day, after their evening school, at about half-past five o'clock, they both went into the barn with their father. By the dim and flickering light of a candle made of a splinter of pine-wood, they took up the long wooden mallets, and began to bruise the furze, to give the horses their allowance for the evening. They had been at work about a quarter of an hour, when the small door in the great barn-door opened, and a woman came in. It was Janette Détails, who, as the children say, *buries the dead*. She had, in fact, been fulfilling this painful office; and she came up to the father, Mr. Barbedette, and spoke to him. The noisy work was thus interrupted; and taking advantage of this interval, Eugene went to the door, which was left half-open. "I only went," he said, "to look at the sky." The snow was lying upon the ground, the sky was clear, and it was very cold. It seemed to him that he had never seen so many stars, particularly just over the road. Looking straight before him, and where the house of Augustin Guidecoq stood, he saw fewer stars.

All at once, and at the distance of about twenty feet from him, and over the middle of the roof of that house, he saw a tall beautiful Lady. Her blue dress, spangled with golden stars, without any girdle or train, like a child's frock, fell from her neck down to her feet. The sleeves were wide and hanging down. The children said the color of her dress was a deep and brilliant blue, like the blue used for linen. She wore slippers of the same blue color as her dress, and in the middle of each was a rosette formed of a golden ribbon. A black veil, entirely concealing her hair and ears, and covering a third part of her forehead, fell over her shoulders half way down her back. Being altogether thrown behind, it did not conceal her face. On her head she wore a crown of gold, without any ornament but a small red band about the middle of it. It was set upon the veil, and about nine inches high; it did not go up straight, but widening, like a cone upside down. The Lady's face was small, very white, and incomparably beautiful. The children said no one had ever seen, or even imagined, anything like it. She held her hands spread out and hanging down, as we see represented in pictures of the Immaculate Conception. She looked at the boy, and smiled. Eugene thought it was to announce the death of

* "You are not good enough," said a priest to him in our hearing; "I cannot believe that you have seen the Blessed Virgin." "Well, then," said he sharply, "you are like St. Thomas." "But," continued the priest, "St. Thomas was a great saint." "Yes," said Joseph, "but not when he did not believe."

his brother who was serving in the army, and from whom his parents had not heard for three weeks. Yet he did not feel afraid, because the Lady smiled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Rest in Egypt.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

Osiris and Isis were Egyptian deities. Uchoreus was founder of Memphis. The Emperor Adrian and his spouse Sabina visited Thebes, where, it is alleged, they heard the voice of Memnon, the oracle. The Necropolis, or city of the Dead, was near the Meumonium. Luxor, a remnant of ancient Thebes. Hesperus, the evening star.

I.

The sun had set in the Egyptian sky,
Trailing his golden mantle after him,
And Hesperus her queenly panoply
Gathered about her throne as day grew dim.

II.

And here and there in the dark-blue abyss
Fair Constellations twinkled into light;
Calm fell upon the land of mystic Isls
And Beauty, star-crowned, walked forth in the night.

III.

Even the sourceless river seemed to sleep
So still it crept along its reedy banks—
Father of waters! where dead empires heap
Their storied ruins in fair, pillared ranks.

IV.

And Memphis! city of Uchoreus
Whose oracle Sesostris heard with awe,
Where reigned the hoary line of old Pharaohs
Whose splendor faithful Joseph felt and saw.

V.

Along the shores the phantom monarchs pass,
Children and heirs of a vast solitude,—
Shades of an age when men tall as Atlas
The awful grandeur of the dark Sphynx hewed.

VI.

Here Adrian and Sabina heard the scream
Of Memnon crying o'er the gloomy vale,
Where Thebes' great dead to fair mausoleum
Steal moaning home when night begins to pale.

VII.

Here magic Luxor's graceful columns rear
Their pallid forms with history written o'er,
Crumbling and shattered, yet they proudly wear
Some of the splendor they shall see no more.

VIII.

How still they stand, all ghostly in the light

That half reveals their beauty 'mid the gloom;
Eternal memories of Time's silent flight,
Marking an empire's glory and its tomb!

IX.

There's something wondrous 'neath that sky to-night,
For myriad demons rise up shrieking loud,
And to the trackless desert take their flight
Wrapped in confusion as with a dark cloud.

X.

Behind them Fear pursues, with hand upraised,
Driving along their chariots of the wind;
Silence looks on the vision half amazed,
Then droops its head again, to all resigned.

XI.

And lo! where countless multitudes pour down,
Choir over choir in semicircles vast,—
They glorify the night as with a crown
Greater than Egypt saw in ages past.

XII.

With symphonies of harp and hymn of praise
Silence awakes unto a dream of bliss;
She mourns no more the songs of other days
That filled the temple of false Osiris.

XIII.

The mighty shade of Moses comes apace
And reverent bows until he fades to rest.
Then priestly Aaron and the Levite race
Move slowly past with heads bowed on the breast.

XIV.

And Jacob with uplifted arms bends down,
Followed by Israel's fathers rapt in praise,
Then regal Juda, on whose mighty crown
Rest blessings and the Promised One of Days.

XV.

What moves so deeply Egypt's rest this hour?
Is it the humble group 'neath yonder palm?—
A gentle maiden, with Her tender flower,
An old man watching, and night's pleasant calm.

XVI.

Two little hands clasped on a virgin breast,—
Two weary eyes closed in a quiet sleep,—
A fluttering little heart to Her heart pressed
And Love o'er all, so infinite, so deep!

XVII.

As gentle zephyr through two roses trips,
Shaking sweet odors from her airy wings,
The Infant's breath creeps through two rosy lips,—
Fruil, yet the Fiat of the King of Kings.

XVIII.

Jesus and Mary, Joseph!—weakness lay
In infinite strength above that blessed breast;
Love, naught but Love, and Heaven's eternal day
Hid its bright beams in the dear Infant's rest.

XIX.

And virgin tears drop from sweet Mary's eyes,—
 Mother the dearest of the dearest Child !
 Watching the loveliness that helpless lies
 Beneath the Mother-maiden's gaze, all mild.

XX.

Thou Purest Lily ! crowned with living gold,
 Set by God's Hand in His own blest *parterre*
 To my frail sight His noblest ways unfold,
 O make my cause Thy dear maternal care !

XXI.

Strike ! strike your harps, O white-robed sons of light !
 Sing to the Son and Mother highest praise !
 And to the great Joseph, watching through the night,
 Burden the air with your harmonious lays !

XXII.

Come, Jesus ! little One ! Come, Virgin Queen !
 Come, Joseph ! Guardian of the Mighty One
 And of dear Mary 'mid that sacred scene !
 Come, blessed Three ! when Life's sad task is done !

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

DARK THREADS BEGIN TO BE WOVEN IN LUCIA'S LIFE.

"Before we go away, Lucia," said Allen Brooke as he leaned over to arrange a vine of white clematis that had straggled away from Zoë's grave, "I have something to say which has lain near my heart for a long time; something which I desire you to regard with the solemnity of a last request, and consider quite as binding."

"Yes, Guardy!" she answered, with a frightened look in her eyes.

"It is not much, my child, except to myself; but I wish to be assured that it will be done. When I die, Lucia, let me be laid here near your mother's grave."

"Yes, Guardy, if I outlive you it shall be as you say. But do not let us think of such a thing; I can't bear it, Guardy; indeed I can't," said Lucia with a choking sensation in her throat.

"Thanks, my darling. Now there's another thing I have to tell you, which I have known some time, but did not mention it because I always dread giving you pain. The money left you by your mother, my child, which I invested for you in Baltimore bank stock, and which has been increasing, interest and compound interest, ever

since, is all lost; the bank failed a short time ago and will not pay one cent on the dollar," he said with a troubled look.

"Is that all, Guardy? I thought it was all gone long and merry ago! Why should you be troubled about it, dear?" said Lucia with a bright, careless smile.

"Why indeed?" he answered, laughing. "Only that it was your own special property, left you by your mother, I shouldn't have cared a snap. But we have enough left, little one, for our needs."

"I depend so entirely upon you, Guardy, that I never have a thought beyond the present," she said as she put her hand through his arm with a look of confiding affection and trust as they turned to leave the spot so dear to both.

Days passed, and Frank Yellott hovered about Lucia, but not obtrusively, much of the time, and interested himself in her plans for the improvement of the young plantation slaves. He sometimes laughed at her zeal and made her laugh in spite of herself at the absurd caricatures he drew of her dusky pupils, but never left her with an impression that he disapproved of her efforts. On the contrary, he always assured her, after his *badinage*, that he considered the work not only heroic, but good in the highest degree.

The master sometimes made his appearance, unexpectedly, at the old tobacco house, at the busiest time, walked around, examined the children's work, saying a few kind words to each, and giving no charge except that they were to mind their "young mistress, who was so good to them;" upon which "the young mistress" would give them a sign, and they would all strike up and sing something she had taught them, in such loud, sweet accord, and true time as made the pulses of his heart beat louder and quicker,—his emotional nature touched more than he could express, by the fresh young voices and happy, smiling faces around him.

Maum Chloe began to feel a little more hopeful that some good was being done; and altogether things were going on well,—as well as one could reasonably expect where there was not only ignorance and superstition to contend with, but an outside opposition from the older slaves, which had its own bad influence on many of the children.

Lucia began to notice a change in Frank Yellott. He became very quiet, seldom rode out, and when company came usually strayed off to some unfrequented part of the grounds. He spoke once or twice of going home, and on one occasion, when he and Lucia were alone, walking along the river shore, remarked that it would "be better for him to have a mill-stone tied about his neck, and

be thrown into the depths of the channel, than to go back to New York."

"You surprise me. What do you mean?" she asked.

"I cannot explain, Lucia. I am a wayward fellow. I think sometimes that there's an unequal principle in my nature so prone to evil that it rules me with an iron band."

"That sounds sentimental, Frank. It seems to me that a man's will, which belongs to the higher order of his being, should be strong enough to hold a principle like that in check, to say nothing of religion, which is the holiest and best of all restraining power," said Lucia kindly.

"Religion!" he repeated with a cold smile and a gleam in his eyes which sent an involuntary chill to her heart. "Look! Lucia," he added, pointing down the river where a gray swan was floating right in the golden track of the sun, gracefully rocking on the waves, ever and anon arching its long neck and dipping its red beak swiftly into the shining waters to seize the prey for which it waited and watched, "can you imagine a poor soul in the case of that unfortunate fish, which, sporting along near the dazzling surface, blinded by the glory flashing around it, swims right into the jaws of destruction? Is that fate? What is it?"

"It is nature, Frank Yellott; and as to fate, let infidels use the word; it does not belong to the vocabulary of a Christian," said Lucia warmly. "Fish were made to be eaten, and herons were made to eat them; how else could they live? When you draw on nature for analogies, don't be so far-fetched."

"You are captious, this evening, I fear," he said, after a short pause.

"I beg your pardon, Frank, if I seem so. If you were not a Catholic I should probably be more patient; but your sentiments are not the sentiments of a true faith, I have noticed oftener than once, to be candid with you, and I cannot understand it all."

"You would pity more than blame, perhaps, if you knew all that has overshadowed my life. I have dark hours of doubt and blankness, Lucia, to which all the helpless ignorance and blindness of the negro brood you have taken in hand to help, is primitive innocence and a hopeful enlightenment by comparison. But how did this conversation begin?" he inquired, looking up as if suddenly awakening from a dark dream; "let us talk of something more agreeable." Then before Lucia could reply he began to rattle in his old brilliant way,—books, society, authors, painting, music and poetry being the themes. Lucia was amused and interested, for he could charm when it pleased

him; but deep in her heart his infidel hints lay coiled like an adder ready to sting, and he became invested with a terrible interest which she could scarcely define. He gave her no opportunity to allude to the subject again, but grew more and more silent until, one day, his uncle noticed his mood and rallied him on it at the dinner-table, asserting his belief that he had left his heart at "Maryball." The arrow hit the mark; but no one knew it, and Frank Yellott, his color scarcely heightened, laughed it off with polished sarcasm and scorn, which, though veiled under sallies of wit, were sharp and bitter. But no one thought of analyzing it; they were glad to see him exhilarated and like his old self, little thinking that the evening before he left "Maryhall" he had offered himself to Miss Caton and been rejected by her in cold and positive terms, leaving him nothing to do but to return to "Haylands" and carry out his scheme about Lucia, which he was doing slowly, subtly and skilfully, by cautious and sinuous approaches which she never suspected or imagined.

He frequently joined her on her way to the industrial school, in which she became daily more and more interested, and listened with patient interest to all her talk and hopes concerning it; and she usually found him loitering, book in hand, under the trees, waiting to walk home with her when her morning routine of duties was completed and she was ready, with light heart and something of the glad elation of a conqueror, to go back to her music if no visitors awaited her, or attend to her social obligations in case they did, in her own sweet, attractive way which had made "Haylands" the most charming house in the neighborhood to those who frequented it.

Lucia had become accustomed to Frank Yellott's presence, and presently began to miss it if by chance he happened to be away; for, independent of the interest she felt in his welfare, Lucia had one of those natures which delight in sympathetic companionship; and since he had grown so quiet, and often sad, as if preoccupied with subjects of grave import, she found herself thinking frequently of him and wishing that she knew how to help and comfort him.

Allan Brooke was very much occupied about this time; his political friends had brought him out for the Governorship of Virginia, and as there was little or no opposition, his nomination was confirmed by popular consent, and there seemed to be no doubt of the certainty of his election.

"I'm getting too old and lazy to care much about official honors now," he laughed and told Lucia, and two or three intimate friends who were spending the day at "Haylands"; "but the will of the people leaves me no choice, and I'll buckle on my

harness again if I die in it. I shall have to appoint Lucia Lieutenant-Governor if I am elected, which will relieve me of many cares of state."

Much merry talk followed, which everyone enjoyed except Maum Chloe, who was in and out seeing that the dessert and fruits were set in their proper places on the table, for she was drilling some of Lucia's *protégés* for future use, when the older servants, many of them well advanced in years, should be obliged to retire from active duty; she listened and shook her head, and in the solitude of the pantry, stood with her face to the wall and wept at the thought of "Haylands" being shut up and deserted again.

"An' us to his bein' well, I knows better; nobody watches of him as I does,—and tother day when he catch hold of my arm when he was comin' in de do', it was parchin' hot. He's jest foolin' with hisself, that chile is—" But here she bethought herself of the coffee, and bustled out with the silver urn to the kitchen to have it poured off.

That evening she found the master alone when she peeped into the library. He looked up, and with a pleasant smile bade her come in, and made her sit down. He laid down his pen, saying:

"I was just thinking of you, maumny."

"And I thinks of you all the time, Mars Allan; I'm 'feared you isn't quite well."

"Well? I never was better in my life. I'm getting old, and don't think I could stand a possum hunt, or a fox chase; but really I am in most excellent health," he said, getting up and stretching himself, after which he began to walk slowly up and down.

Much talk followed between the two about family affairs,—about the industrial school, and household matters,—and the master told her what changes he wished made if he should leave to go to Richmond to live, giving her absolute authority in the absence of himself and Lucia. After these subjects were exhausted, like a postscript to a letter, Maum Chloe came to the pith of her business, which she made known with a shame-facedness and embarrassment that was almost childlike.

"Mars Allan, thar's somethin' I wants to ask you, sah, and I hopes you wan't think I'm for'ard; but I hears so much talk about the fam'ly goin', goin', 'till I gets heart-sick, and thar comes a great heavy weight down upon me, and things git dark. I don't know what's comin', but it's somethin'; I feels it in my bones, and hears it in de winds, and in de russlin' of de leaves—"

Here Maum Chloe burst into tears; but the master was accustomed to the emotional nature of her race—to its superstitions, and the rude eloquence in which they clothed their thoughts when

excited; and standing by her side he laid his hand kindly upon her shoulder, saying:

"I'm sorry to see you so troubled, my faithful old maumny; you must ask our Lord and His holy Mother to help you. Don't you know that the divine Providence of God is always round about us—that He who numbers the very hairs upon our heads, and notices the fall of the smallest sparrow, will have a Father's care over us, and protect and comfort us when all else shall fail us. Look up, then, and be glad, knowing that you have so powerful a Father and Friend, who careth for you, and will bring you out of trouble."

"Oh, my chile, my chile!" she sobbed, grasping his hand and covering it with tears and kisses; "my chile, that I nussed at my breast, and loves like my own flesh an' blood, the trouble seems to be along of you—if it was me it was comin' to, I'd lift up my hands rejoicin', for I'm very ole, and gets tired—so tired and a-weary that it rests me to think of dyin'; but *you*—*you*, my chile—I can't stan' it—I can't stan' it!"

"Come now, Maumny," said the master, his great tender heart deeply touched by the grief of faithful slave, a grief which however little reason she might have for it, made her unhappy, and was as real to her as some tangible thing; "you *must* place your trust in God. You are a Christian, and not like poor old Oolah, a believer in Obi and witches. Come, then, and shake off this dread; why don't you know it is tempting Providence? And then, too, you really make me unhappy to see you in such a state. I shall begin to think maybe there's a sword hanging over my head that may drop at any instant. Come now, cheer up, and tell me one thing: would you like to go Richmond with us?"

"Go to Richmond 'mongst all dem stuck up sarcy niggers, Mars Allan? No sah!" said Maum Chloe, reviving at the very thought, and straightening herself up; "what'd become of 'Haylands' if I was to go? No, Mars Allan; I never 'spects to leave 'Haylands'; I 'spects to live here, and lay my bones here, God willin'."

"So you shall. See here what I was doing for you when you come in," said the master, holding up a folded paper. "Here are your free-papers, and a deed which will secure your cottage and ground to you as long as you live. Some accident might happen, and I thought it best to arrange all this before I leave home, in case I should be elected."

"You jest keep 'em, Mars Allan," said Maum Chloe, her voice tremulous, and her dark face the color of ashes. "I ben free enuff all my life; thar's no occasion for any papers; they sort of sep'rates us, Mars Allan, and casts me adrift like—keep 'em

for me, honey, and God bless you for thinkin' of me; I'm jest as thankful as if I should want to use 'em."

"Very well, I'll take the best care of them; they may do you good service some day. Now tell me if there's anything I can do for you. Is there anything you want—anything I can do for you?" said the master, kindly."

"I'll tell you, Mars Allan, thar's somethin' I'd like, but maybe I hasn't got the right to ask for it," said Maum Chloe. "You know, honey, de ole bible—it's fallin' to pieces a'most, and I thought ef you didn't keer, I'd like to keep it in my chist, and look at the pictures now and then while you was all away from 'Haylands.'"

"Take it, and welcome; I have a smaller one, and never open that. I'm glad to leave it in your care," said the master, while at the same moment the thought came into his mind that he would slip the free-papers and the deed between the pages of the old bible before she took it away.

"Thank'ee, Mars Allan, thank'ee; I'd ruther have it than the biggest plantation in Virginiy," answered Maum Chloe, rising to go. "I'll take it along to-morrow; and I'll try to get over all these bad feelins—ef I kin—ef I kin."

"That's right, that's right; don't you know you might bring me bad luck having such dismal thoughts about me? There's nothing dearer to God than a cheerful, trusting, simple heart. Now hunt up Miss Lucia, and ask them all to come into the music-room—my nephew, too."

"I wonder if I am as well as I think I am?" said Allan Brooke, walking up and down. "I declare I'm afraid Maum Chloe's presentiments have left a shadowy impression; but I'm well—how nonsensical—I am perfectly well. I get a little dizzy sometimes, and have a numb, heavy feeling in my arm, all the result of indigestion, no doubt. Pshaw! I wont think of such things, I hate hypochondria, I'd as lieve have hysterics, a thing I stand in wholesome horror of."

He laughed a little low quiet laugh, and went to the music-room, where Lucia, Frank Yellott, and their guests soon joined him, and the evening passed away filled with music, mirth, and interludes of conversation sparkling with wit and intelligence, for wherever Lucia was she had the happy art of bringing out all that was best in people, and infusing her own light-hearted, innocent gaiety into them, without effort or officiousness.

A day came when there were no visitors at "Haylands:" an easterly wind was blowing in from the Bay; floods of rain were lashing the window panes and beating down the flowers into the dust, tearing away heavy boughs from the trees, and giving the outside world around "Haylands"

the most dismal aspect imaginable. These easterly winds, even in summer, bring a penetrating chill with them, but now it was September and there was a keener coldness in the storm which made fires through the house necessary. Great logs blazed merrily on the broad, marble, brass-ornamented hearths of the drawing-room, dining-room and music-room, the bright, dancing light of the fire kindling up a ruddy cheerfulness in every nook and corner, and filling the pictured walls with grotesque, dancing shadows. Lucia was house-bound, and her dusky pupils enjoyed a holiday.

Frank Yellott was very grave and silent and looked unhappy. Sometimes he would break out in fitful bursts of gaiety; but to Lucia, who had got into a habit of observing his moods closely, it was apparent that his mirth was not from his heart,—that it was all feverish and hollow, and she pitied him in the depths of her pure, womanly heart.

Two, three days of storm. It seemed strange to think that the sun had ever shone, or nature smiled beneath a blue sky; the clouds, low-hanging and dark, scudded along in wild processions of grotesque shapes; the wind, ever sighing, sobbing or rising in fierce gusts, filled the air with sounds of distress, and dashed the rain in sheeted cascades against the windows. Music, cheerful conversation and pleasant voices may be efficacious, for a short time, to chase away the gloom of such weather as this, but should it continue for days together, it is almost past human nature not to yield somewhat, at least, to its influences. On the third day Allan Brooke retired from the family circle to the library, saying he had papers of importance to look over. Frank Yellott read to Lucia awhile, then closed the book, and stood at the window looking out at the gloomy prospect, grinding his teeth and almost suffocated with the bitter curses that filled his heart, and were only kept down by the force of a will which was putting a terrible restraint upon him, while he risked his all as on the toss of a card. Evening was creeping on apace: gray shadows, already veiled the far corners of the drawing-room; the fire had burnt low; there was only a heap of fantastic, glowing coals upon the hearth, which now and then emitted a flash and sent a train of sparks up the black chimney. Lucia loved this gray light, and the fitful flashes from the coals had a weird sort of fascination for her, and leaning back upon the sofa cushions her thoughts drifted far back into the sad memories of the past, until she forgot her surroundings, the present and herself, and was once more a desolate child crying beside her dead mother. She was roused from her musings by hearing her name pronounced; she started and

found Frank Yellott sitting beside her, with such a look of gloom and sorrow in his face, that she involuntarily exclaimed: "What is it that troubles you?—tell me and let me try to help you if I can."

Then, in an agitated tone of voice, he began to talk of himself; he seemed to speak, for the first time, unreservedly and sincerely; he told her of his early errors, of his misspent time, his temptations and the influences which had ever ruled his life, with such bitterness and pathos combined that her heart was touched with a sisterly compassion,—an irresistible yearning to help him and lift him from the slough of despair in which he was struggling. He bowed his face in his hands when he had no more to tell, and she heard him utter a deep sigh.

"Have courage, my friend," she said, laying her hand upon his shoulder.

"Have courage!" he exclaimed, vehemently. "My courage is gone! I am drifting helplessly to destruction! I have no one to help—no one to save me."

"I will help you, my brother, if you will tell me how," she said. Her soul moved with a great and noble sentiment of compassion towards him.

"There is but one way, Lucia: be my guide for life, unite your fate with mine. Save me, Lucia! save me!" he exclaimed, wildly, as he held out his hands, like a drowning man, towards her.

It was all so sudden. Lucia lost breath and could not speak.

"Promise me now, Lucia," he continued; "if you reject me I shall become reckless, the only tie that binds me to purity and goodness will be snapped asunder, and my soul, yes, my soul, will hold you answerable for its destruction. Pity me, Lucia!"

"I do pity you, Frank, from my soul, but I do not love you—"

"But give me hope—just one word of hope!" he plead.

"Hope then," she said, with a noble impulse of sacrifice,—with an elevating hope that she might truly be the means of saving this gifted, wayward soul. He would have grasped her hands, but she arose and almost fled from him to the solitude and stillness of her own room. She reached it, went in and closed her door, feeling as if in a dream, and walked involuntarily towards her oratory, dedicated to the "Mother of Sorrows," where she stood, her hands clasped before her and a sensation pervading her being, as if he she were turning to stone. The last faint flicker of departing day threw a shadowy light over the marble image of the Sorrowful Mother, and it appeared to stand out from the surrounding gloom as if floating in

air, the gracious arm held out as if inviting weary souls to the shelter of her own wounded bosom.

"What have I done? Oh, God, what shall I do?"

Well might she ask, for a promise once given by Lucia was irrevocable, and she would at any time rather have forfeited her life than be false to her word. This was one of the governing principles of her being. "It was a rash thing, but then, but then, O my Blessed Mother, if I can but save his soul, if I can but bring to my benefactor such happiness as this will afford him, my benefactor to whom I owe so much, can I be wrong? I feel like one blind in a tangled wilderness! Help me! help me!" wailed Lucia, sinking upon the floor, her head drooping low upon her breast.

But no response came: still the calm, fair image looked down upon her, silent and dumb; no word of help came out of the hushed stillness, but her cry was not unheard by her who sits near the throne of her divine Son, the Queen of the spotless array of Virgins who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. After a season and by ways she dreamed not then of, Lucia's prayer for help was answered. Deliverance came, and she was saved as by fire.

Frank Yellott did not presume on the hope Lucia had held out; he was too wary, for he had not yet snared his bird and felt the necessity of preserving the most delicate caution. When Lucia joined them at the tea-table that night, there was nothing different in his manner towards her, except a more gentle deference, there were no airs of assumption, none of the freedom of an accepted suitor, not a single word or look that indicated, on his part, a right of proprietorship, for which Lucia thanked him in her heart, and gradually felt more at ease.

Saint Martin's Summer.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

The gentle sound of dropping leaves
Is soothing as a psalm—
As down I stray thro' pleasant fields,
Replete with autumn balm.

The fine perspective, blue with haze,
(As soft as silken fleece),—
Seen thro' the rainbow-tinted trees,
Is full of golden peace.

And like a picture in a frame
Of scarlet leaves, I see
Saint Martin at the Auliens' gate
In ancient Picardy—

Bestowing, (with that tender grace

Which Knightly faith awoke,
Upon a shivering beggar-maid,
His warm and costly cloak.

O love of God ! which doth outlast
All change and all decay—
Methinks the legend of the past
Repeats itself to-day.

For where the woodland, bare and sere,
Flames like a dying candle,
The shivering beggar of the year
Hath found Saint Martin's mantle.

And with a blush upon her cheek,
Lax-limbed, as one who dozes,
She basks beside the sunny creek,
And dreams of summer roses.

O Thou who shedd'st so ripe a glow
On Nature's wasted presence,—
Make the late autumn of our lives
Bloom with such mellow pleance ;

That when the soul's October rains
Have washed all radiance from her,
One glorious gain may still remain—
Saint Martin's golden summer !

XIMENES.

An Historical Tale.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

Author of "Thecla," "Modestus," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

The long struggle of eight hundred years, which had deluged Spain with blood, was drawing near its close when Ferdinand and Isabella began their reign. The latter monarchs had, like their predecessors, inherited the fierce antagonism which existed between the Christians and the Moors. It was a war of truth against error—of Christ against Mahomet. The very existence of civilization depended upon the heroism and patience of the Spaniards. Other Christian nations would, no doubt, have aided Spain in the great contest, but they were continually engaged in the endless conflicts of this stormy period and could not spare the men and means that would have rendered intervention efficacious.

One thing is lost sight of by the enemies of the Catholic Church which is of very great importance. They pride themselves upon the enlightenment that followed the rebellion of Luther, and charge the Church of God with having kept the nations of Europe in ignorance in order to perpetuate her system of religious tyranny. Heresy was never guilty of a greater calumny; and that is saying a

good deal. The fact is, whatever civilization and enlightenment now exist are both due to the admirable influence of Catholicity in the Middle Ages. The spirit that shattered the encroachments of Mahometanism upon Eastern Europe and expelled the infidels from Spain was purely Catholic. Unity of religion united the nations of Christianity against the Saracen. And well is it for the civilization of to-day that Europe was Catholic when the crescent arose—threatening and bloody—in the Eastern heavens. If the Mahometans were as powerful now as they were when Catholicity bore the brunt of their terrible attacks, it is highly probable that they would find allies in such men as Alexander of Russia and Victor Emmanuel (EMMANUEL what a sacrilege to apply that holy name to such a wretch !)

Now, our enemies talk very glibly of the enlightenment that arose over Europe in the sixteenth century, and grow enthusiastic when treating of "the emancipation of the human intellect." But they must remember that *post hoc ergo propter hoc* is not always a logical inference. It is true, the development of the sciences became more general and marked from the sixteenth century,—but was this the result of the religious rebellion of the bad priests and lewd rulers of that age? A greater mistake was never made. There is not one great discovery of later times but resulted from the profound research and observation of the great men who lived a century or two preceding the period which gave birth to the filthy *doctrinaires* of the German beer-shops. As a striking proof of this assertion, listen to what the learned Protestant Hallam, says of Lionardo da Vinci :

"The discoveries which made Galileo and Kepler and Castelli and other names illustrious, the system of Copernicus, the *very theories of recent geologists*, are anticipated by da Vinci within the compass of a few pages, not perhaps in the most precise language, but so as to strike us with the awe of preternatural knowledge. *He first laid down the grand principle of Bacon*, that experiment and observation must be the guides to just theory in the investigation of nature. * * * Some parts of physical science had attained a height which mere books do not record. * * * Leonard speaks of the earth's annual motion as the opinion of many philosophers in his age."

Now da Vinci lived at the time of which we are writing. His "Treatise on Painting" was written about the year 1490, and the treatise on the annual motion of the earth was published in 1510. The late lamented Cardinal Wiseman,—that *Malleus hereticorum*,—has shown in one of his lectures, how much this age of *superior enlightenment* is indebted to the Catholic influence and Catholic genius of the

ages preceding the commotions of the sixteenth century. The fact is, the discovery of printing merely made public those great scientific truths which had previously died, one might say, in the brains which conceived them.

Moreover, even if printing had been known centuries before, it is legitimately doubtful whether the people could have advantaged themselves of it. When a man's house is threatened with flames it is no time to sit down and work out mathematical problems. For centuries the infidel was thundering at the gates of European civilization. It was a time which required the strong arm and dauntless courage of the Christian, not theoretical dreaming. The Catholic Church preserved literature while her warriors were planting the cross above the ruined empire of the baffled enemies of order and civilization. The favored moderns should temper their loud boasts with the recollection that if these later times have adorned science, the mighty conceptions which created those theories upon which science is founded belong almost exclusively to the genius of the Middle Ages.

But to return. The city of Grenada had fallen into the hands of the Christians a short time before the commencement of our tale. The city was even then occupied by the Spanish troops. Ferdinand and Isabella were there in order that their presence might restrain the warriors from those acts of reprisal which might naturally be expected after a long and obstinately contested siege. Their court, which was magnificent, was held in the ancient palace of the Moorish kings, a fine pile of buildings which attested at the same time the wealth and skill of the infidel. Nothing having the most remote resemblance to man or irrational animal appeared in the carving of the exterior or interior of this splendid mansion, for it was contrary to the religion of the Moors to fashion wood or marble to those likenesses. The clustering foliage that ornamented the capital of pillars and the representation of fruits and flowers that beautified the ceilings, have been styled *arabesques* in later times. It was tasteful but rather monotonous in the general effect.

The city was regularly laid out, though the streets were miserably narrow and confined,—something after the style of Cairo at the present day. The graceful domes and minarets of the numerous mosques raised their tall heads above the surrounding houses. The towers, from which generations of infidels had heard the solemn *muezzin* or call to prayer, stood gloomy and forsaken within the shadows of the mosques. From the top of those monuments one might see the surrounding country for many miles, diversified with mountain, plain and lake.

The gates of the palace were watched by a strong guard of soldiers, whose bearing formed a striking contrast to that of the straggling Moors who chanced to pass by. The former spoke boisterously and loud, and evidenced by their actions, the proud consciousness of victory. The latter stole past, with muffled faces and despondent gait, communing with themselves, no doubt, on the sad fate that had befallen their once powerful race.

"Ho! thou African slave," cried a bluff trooper to one of the Moors who was passing, "art thou intent on a voyage to the East? Where is thy king Almanzor? Where are thy proud warriors that scoffed at our summons to surrender? Answer me, thou knave!"

The Moor cast a glance of deadly hatred at the spokesman, and muttered, "Kafir, dog! If the coward Almanzor be fled, Barbarossa yet lives in Africa to avenge us."

"Barbarossa!" exclaimed the soldier with a loud laugh, "Go tell thy Barbarossa—which I take to be good Spanish for barbarian,—tell him, I say, that we shall soon carry ten thousand good swords to carve the name of thy filthy Mahomet upon his beastly black skin! Takest thou me, dog?"

The infidel either did not hear or pretended not to hear this speech, but increasing his pace, disappeared down a cross street.

The sun had now set and the west was like infancy's dream of heaven,—such a sunset as only the land of the orange and the olive can witness.

Within the palace, in a lofty chamber, sat the king, the queen, and those councillors to whose wisdom in cabinet and field was due Spain's great success. There were names surrounding the table illustrious as those of any nation. The Duke of Alva, the Count of Beneventa, the Marquis of Villena, the Duke of Infantada, the Marquis of Denia, Antonio Fonseca, Grand Treasurer, and others less famous. An animated discussion was going on as to the disposition to be made of the Moors.

"What is thy opinion, my lord of Alva?" asked Ferdinand.

"My sentiments, sire, are those of Villena," replied the duke, with a look of decision upon his stern, rugged features. "They should be sent out of the country, for, if they be allowed to remain, 'tis only cherishing the wolf till his fangs be grown again. Prevention is better than cure says an old proverb, and I' faith 'tis of most proper application in this case. Eight hundred years of war and blood, methinks, teach us prudence when we have the power to take such measures of precaution as shall ensure peace to ourselves and posterity."

"Besides, your majesties," said the Marquis of Villena, "'tis a standing reproach to Spain that

infidel Mahounds are allowed to breathe the air of a Christian land. Away with them, say I, and may the hot sands of Africa scorch their souls, the which I truly opine, they possess not."

A low laugh, as became the presence of their sovereigns, ran around the table, in which Ferdinand and Isabella finally joined.

"By my word, good Villena," said Isabella, "thy heart seems to be sore set against the infidels. Thou must remember, my lord, that they have never known any country but Spain, and it will be a sorrowful day for the unfortunate creatures when they take their last look at the scenes of their childhood. Surely, they have feeling and affections like ourselves."

"That with all due reverence to your majesty, I must deny," said the blunt Villena, eagerly. "Affection!—feelings! like ourselves! 'Tis thy kind heart, my queen, that speaketh! reason must convince to the contrary."

"Why, how now, my lord!" cried Ferdinand, "dost mean to hold they have no souls!"

"Your majesty will pardon me, but I must e'en hold to my position," answered Villena. "I do not deny there may be a species of gnome, affrite or other evil spirit moving within the sooty carcasses of those blackamoors, the elucidation of the nature of which I leave to more learned clerks than I. But, to say that they have souls, properly speaking, I do deny."

"Why so?" asked Ferdinand, highly amused with the turn the deliberation had taken.

"Allow me, sire, to put a question," answered Villena. "If a man's leg do mortify and die so that the chirurgéon must forthwith cut it off, doth there exist any difference between that which was cast away and the limb which remaineth?"

"Undoubtedly there is," replied the good-humored king, "there is, at least, a difference of identity."

"Aye, and a most unhappy difference of locality!" exclaimed the Duke of Infantada.

"Most certain, and an alarming difference in condition!" cried the Marquis of Denia.

"True, and a most prodigious difference in the manner it attacketh the nostrils," said Antonio Fonseca, quietly.

This latter sally entirely upset the gravity of the council and the matter was beginning to look like a farce, when Villena, with angry gesture and loud tone of voice, prayed the forbearance of the august company.

"I know not how it is, sire and most excellent gentlemen, but it seems that nature hath not bestowed upon me the gift of always making myself understood. Mayhap I belie the good dame; if so, the shoe pinches somewhere else. What I mean

is this: the lopped-off leg hath nothing in common with the sound limb. It retaineth the shape, and that only for a time. Now, I hold the infidel dogs' souls are even so. They retain the conformation of the Christian soul,—if I may so speak of that which wanteth shape,—but, being separated from the Body, which is Christ our Lord, it is a corrupt ghoul, but not a soul. Am I understood?"

"Thou wert ever shrewd, my lord," said Queen Isabella, smiling, "and thy argument is reasonable enough, albeit a trifle whimsical. Their souls are dead, no doubt, and, in that sense, may be termed no souls at all. For, the body is not man, neither is the soul, but the union of both. Now, grace is the soul of the soul, if I may say so, and when that is absent the soul liveth not, in a spiritual sense. I think, my Lord of Villena, that is what thou hast referred to when denying that the paynim hath a soul."

"Even so, your grace," answered the nobleman, now wholly appeased. "But, beshrew me, if I ever imagined that your Majesty had such a gift of clerly lore."

Queen Isabella, with a bow, passed out of the room into an ante-chamber, where a couple of household officers stood.

"Hath he arrived yet, Count Ildefonse?" she asked, somewhat hastily.

"He has, your Master, and even now awaits your commands," answered the Count.

"Tell him to come here immediately, and let you and your companions withdraw," said Isabella.

The chamberlains did as commanded, and shortly after the door opened, and the tall monk, whom we have met at the inn, entered.

"Oh, Father Ximenes!" cried Isabella, joyfully, "I am glad you have come. Please wait a few minutes until I search my conscience."

The Queen spoke in that tone of voice which became the spiritual daughter of him who was her confessor. After passing a few moments in silent prayer, she approached the monk and humbly made her confession. After the absolution had been given and her thanksgiving over, Isabella sat down and said:

"Father, I have here a letter for you,"—taking a missive from the folds of her robe as she spoke. "See," she continued, handing it to him "what the Holy Father orders."

Ximenes took the package, and, after having reverently kissed it, read the direction slowly and aloud:

"To our venerable Brother, Francisco Ximenes de Cisneros, Archbishop elect of Toledo."

"Madam," said he calmly in word, though

agitated in appearance, "this letter is not addressed to me."

He arose as if to leave the chamber.

"Stop, my Father," said the Queen, "you know not what you do. Knowing your repugnance to earthly honor and dignity, I prayed the Holy Father to send a special order,—under pain of disobedience,—that you accept the burden of the episcopate. Here are his commands," she concluded, giving him a second letter.

"Oh, my Queen," said Ximenes, sorrowfully, "no doubt you meant me a favor, but alas! 'tis not so."

"'Tis your own modesty that speaks, Father," replied she. "The late Archbishop of Toledo, Cardinal Mendoza, fought long against his appointment, and see with what calmness and ease everything was managed. He died the death of the elect, and all that he was you are, my Father."

"Madam, madam!" exclaimed Ximenes, with a trembling voice, "compare not the last of men and priests with that saintly and simple-minded bishop. He walked, while alive, in the higher paths of holiness, and is to me like yonder bright star,"—pointing through the casement to the sky as he spoke,—“a creature to be admired, but never reached."

"Well, well, Father, you will take up this cross I am sure, for thou knowest better than I what is due to the living voice of Christ upon earth."

Ximenes said nothing, but moving over to the window knelt down, and, covering his face with his hands, prayed long and earnestly. When he arose there were traces of tears on his pale, stern countenance, but his former agitation was gone. He approached the Queen, and said quietly but decidedly:

"Madame, God's will be done,—I accept the charge."*

"Thanks be to God for it," said Isabella, "and now, my lord Archbishop,—ah! the title makes you wince, Father,—I have a further charge to lay upon your shoulders. We hereby appoint you one of the Councillors of the realm. Nay,—nay,—" continued the Queen, seeing that Ximenes was about to speak,—“we know your qualities better than yourself; we stand in need of wise and capable advisers, for, thou art aware, my lord, the times are much troubled."

"But how, madam, shall I be able to reconcile interference in civil matters with a proper discharge of my ecclesiastical duties?" asked Ximenes.

"Ah! never mind that, my lord," replied Isabella, gaily. "When you once get started, my word for

it, you will manage all things well. But, come, my lord, the Council is even now sitting, and they shall have thy first opinion this very evening."

So saying, Queen Isabella entered the council chamber—which was now brilliantly lighted—followed by Ximenes.

The contrast between the humble garb of the Franciscan and the rich robes of the statesmen and warriors about the table, was very striking. But in personal appearance the monk far surpassed the proud *graudes* who were now gazing with astonishment at one whom they looked upon very much in the light of an intruder. King Ferdinand, who had had an understanding with the Queen beforehand and had been expecting his arrival, greeted Ximenes most cordially. This being observed by the rest, they conformed their conduct, like true courtiers, to the example of their sovereign, and bowed with ill-concealed condescension. Ximenes returned their recognition with a gravity and dignity that never forsook him in any emergency whatever, and then quietly took the seat to which the Queen pointed.

"My lords," said Queen Isabella, "let me ask you to welcome to your company the Archbishop elect of Toledo, Don Francisco Ximenes de Cisneros. I am sure he will be of great assistance to us in the many knotty affairs of state which keep our heads and hands busy."

When the nobles heard the title of the stranger, they congratulated him with something more of cordiality in their tones than they had at first shown.

"And now that this important matter hath been duly discharged, we would have your opinion, my lord, on a question which touches the condition of the infidel, whom, by God's grace, we have lately vanquished. The whole council, together with our royal consort, are in favor of sending them to Africa, and thus rid the country of them at one blow. What sayest thou?"

"If you Majesties and the honorable councillors will excuse me, I would be thankful," said Ximenes. "An opinion on a matter of such grave import would require some meditation, so, if it would be pleasing—"

"Nay, my lord, the first formed conclusions of a man of judgment are rarely shaken by any after thought," said the Duke of Alva.

Perceiving that his sentiment upon the subject were called for in a manner that admitted of no refusal, Ximenes said:

"I stand in need of your indulgence, your majesties and honorable gentlemen, in the opinion which I am about to give, inasmuch as I fear I must dissent from the conclusions to which your wisdom hath led you. In my poor judgment, it

* Speaking historically, Ximenes resisted for six months.

would not be good policy nor prudent statesmanship to send the infidels away. From a religious point of view, such a course would hopelessly abandon them to their errors, and innumerable souls would perish that might otherwise have been brought to a knowledge of the truth. Now that their power and dominion are crushed, it will be an easy matter to effect their conversion. As regards the civil aspect of the affair, it would be dangerous to strengthen the hands of Barbarossa and the other piratical leaders who are ever watching for an opportunity to injure our commerce and destroy those cities which are most exposed to their attacks. There is no saying to what depredations those bloody-minded chieftains would be excited, when those whom ye would exile recounted the tale of their fancied wrongs and the fate of their brethren. 'Tis true, Spain hath no reason to fear the infidel, but it is better policy to avoid war, even with the weak, than to reap questionable glory by precarious conquest. Moreover, the state would suffer in several of those polite arts in which the Moors are so deeply skilled. Considered, then, on both sides, religious and civil, I am of opinion under your good favor, that we should, by gentleness and forbearance, reconcile them to their lot, attract them to the Church by a faithful exposition of her beautiful morality, treat them as we would be treated ourselves, and thus instead of bitter enemies, we shall make them good Spaniards and true children of the Church.

"But suppose they refuse all this, what then, my lord?" asked Antonio Fonseca.

"Thy supposition is premature, good sire," replied Ximenes. "It will be easy in such a contingency to take such a course as shall in no way touch the honor of Spain nor the interest of humanity."

The calmness and force with which he spoke made a marked impression upon the Council. Alva looked significantly at Villena, but said nothing.

"My lord, I believe thou art right," said Ferdinando at length. "If thy policy fail we shall be able to test the wisdom of our own. What say you, Alva?"

"Why I suppose, your majesty, it may be tried like any other fine theory," answered the nobleman, drily. "But I would ask the Archbishop elect what would he do in case of insurrection? I think swords not words would be the most effective weapons in such a case."

"Most noble duke," replied Ximenes, who perceived the covert sneer implied in Alva's words, "'tis time enough to use the lancet when the cancer shows itself. Truly, as thou hinted, a Churchman would make but a sorry figure in an emergency of the kind referred to, yet, methinks, there

be sufficient sturdy arms in Spain to uphold her ancient honor in the hour of danger."

"Thou sayest well, my lord Archbishop," exclaimed Queen Isabella, with animation. "There are good swords in Spain, and they shall never want a leader while Isabella liveth. But enough"—she continued, changing her tone—"we declare the Council dissolved for this time. Good evening, my lords, and thanks for your attendance. My lord of Toledo, you will attend us for a few moments."

The king and queen then left the apartment, accompanied by Ximenes.

"Well, my lord duke, what thinkest thou of the new privy councillor?" asked the Marquis of Denia, as they passed out from the palace.

"My thoughts are not so much of him as about Spain," replied Alva.

"And why of Spain?" asked Denia, somewhat surprised.

"Because," answered Alva, solemnly, "she hath found a master."

The Marquis and those who were nigh, laughed at the Duke's words, but the latter merely said: "Wait awhile," and kept silent until they parted company.

The duke was more shrewd than his friends. Yes, Spain had found a master.

Notices of Publications.

THE LIFE OF THE RT. REV. GABRIEL BRUTÉ, D.D., First Bishop of Vincennes; with a Preface by Lady Hubert. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.

The life of this holy Missionary and Bishop will be read with much edification. The dangers to which he was exposed in his youth,—dangers both to soul and body,—the works of charity done by him in this country, his truly Christian zeal, the example he gives throughout his whole life of filial piety, so beautifully set forth in his letters, will prove to all who take up the book an inevitable attraction, and will leave the readers more fervent in their good resolutions than they were when beginning to peruse the book.

THE PEARL OF ANTIOCH. A Picture of the East at the end of the Fourth Century. By the Abbé Bayle. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.

CINEAS; or, Rome under Nero. By J. M. Villefranche. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham.

Both Cineas and the Pearl of Antioch, though not equal to *Fabiola* in the delineation of the characters, and the strength of piety, deserve to be placed alongside of that master-piece on the shelves of every Catholic family's library.

The Work of Catholic Associations.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* has published a series of papers on the important subject of Catholic Associations, which have attracted considerable attention in Europe. We take from the Pittsburgh *Catholic* a translation of the most recent of these excellent articles, as well deserving the thoughtful attention of all Catholics. The object of these Associations, the necessity for them, are the same here as elsewhere, the evils which they are intended to combat exist in the New World as well as the Old, and the suggestions of the eminent Roman Review are, with slight modifications, practicable in the United States as well as in Italy. The work of the *Civiltà* is divided into chapters, as follows:

I.

Catholic Associations exist through action. The *Society of Catholic Youth*, for example, carry it written on their flag, and all others in the first rules of their own statutes. A Catholic Association which does not operate is null; more still, it is as censurable as an army of volunteers would be which, assembled for the purpose of defending the country in danger, should remain inactive. In the hearts of the associates, in the deliberations of the Councils, in the midst of the general meetings, but one watchword should be given—*action*.

Modern Liberalism has spread error and corruption in society; it has poisoned with its doctrines the individual, the family, the legislation, the nations themselves. And it is not a concealed enemy, but a formidable giant, combating, in the light of the sun to continue its work of death. The Catholic Associations must therefore have for their object to repair the disasters it has made, to oppose the disorders it causes, to cleanse the world of its venom, finally, to combat the monster hand to hand.

But this does not suffice; the work must be done with order. If we examine the object of Catholic Associations, we shall find that it reduces itself to two heads—to destroy the revolutionary principles by reinstating the opposite doctrines; to prevent the practice of the code of morals of the revolution by upholding that of Catholic morals. And in order that the work of Catholic Associations should be maintained in its true path, it is necessary that the two heads above indicated should be held in like estimation by all the associates, and that principles should not be sacrificed to morals, for no one should underate the form of principle. Any principle forcibly expounded, shown under an invisible form, as promising a desired good, a realized ideal, imposes itself easily to the mind,

and practice naturally follows a theory. Let us take France for example. In the last century the revolution triumphed there in the form of a Republic. In 1848 it conquered under a Constitutional form, and this year it attempted to rule under the guise of socialism. But what had we seen previous to these three dates? We had seen history, novels, philosophy, the press, pamphlets, the stage, poetry, and musical compositions all preaching Republicanism, Constitutionalism and Socialism, each in its turn, as the supreme, infallible good, through which every one would be happier than a god. Catholic Associations must then demonstrate and expound with force, light, and splendor, the Christian principles; confront them with those of the revolution, and expose fully the monstrous falsehood of the latter.

However, practice itself must accompany theory, of which it is, so to speak, the fruit, and, according to the countries and the people, be placed in the first or second rank only, as we have already said, neither of them should ever fail completely.

II.

Let us pass now to the means to be used to attain the desired end. The general object of Catholic Associations being reduced to the above mentioned two heads. The qualities required by these means shall also be two in number.

We shall examine first those which belong to the first head. The aim of the Associations in this part being to repair the disasters caused in the minds of men, every one will easily understand that the true and proper means is that of the transference of the thoughts of the associate into the minds of other persons. Now, to attain this end, there is nothing like speech and the printing press.

But how shall the associate make use of these if he lacks the proper information? His first duty, therefore, is to strengthen his religious principles by study.

All, it is true, cannot become writers; but all to-day find themselves called upon to speak of the Church, of religion, and of the great social principles. These questions are discussed on the railroad, in the parlor, in the hotels, and in the humblest wine-shops. The associate cannot always defend himself by remaining silent. Sometimes silence becomes impossible or dangerous. On the other hand, for lack of sound arguments, the scandal of defeat increases the danger of the evil doctrines which one has not known how to refute. Then what must we think of a soldier who is incapable of avenging the honor of his flag? St. Peter wrote to the faithful of his time: *Dominum * * * Christum sanctificate in cordibus vestris, parati semper ad satisfactionem omni poscenti vos ra-*

tionem de ea, quæ in vobis est, spe. * * * And these words apply themselves as well to the Christians of the present time. There is, moreover, the interest of the associate himself to be considered. In the midst of the repeated assaults of error, his faith, if it is not enlightened, may waver and end by gradually dying out.

Therefore study is necessary; not study in the schools, but study according to one's position, needs and means. It is a sad truth to utter, and yet the truth, that in our time the human mind will give itself up, with passionate eagerness to the most varied pursuits of science, philosophy or history, and spend time, fatigues, health—but will not give a thought to the first and only important science. It remains with the members of Catholic Associations to make reparation for such forgetfulness, such scandal.

III.

The invention of printing, destined in itself to procure immense advantages to society, has become, in the hands of the revolution, and under the pretended title of liberty of the press, the beast of the Apocalypse, filled with the spirit of Satan. Yes, it is truly the horrible monster, the true image of impiety at work: a leopard's body, the feet of a bear, the mouth of a lion, ten horns upon seven crowned heads, the great prostitute with blasphemies on its seven brows. She it is who outrages God and His Christ, insults the Virgin, makes war against the Saints, combats religion in a thousand ways, causes priests to be massacred, prompts immorality, and deceives the people which she leads from rebellions to revolutions. And all the malice as well as the perfidy of that press is concentrated in liberal journalism.

Therefore, the duty of Catholic Associations in the presence of this foe is clear. They must confront the beast in the name of God, and if they cannot destroy it, at least diminish its strength and its influence on Christian peoples. This may be done by two means—the one negative, the other positive. The negative means that of abstention: to keep away every irreligious and immoral book, journal, or writing whatsoever, from one's house, one's family and friend, and to prevent the diffusion of these sad productions of the corrupt human mind. By this means the malignant properties of the venom remain lost in the vacuum where that venom evaporates itself. Several Catholic Associations have understood and put this in practice, as may be seen by certain articles of their fundamental statutes. Besides, is not subscribing to bad journals, for example, doing what Baron Gerliche so happily styles *betraying one's own cause, and sending arms and provisions into the*

enemy's camp? One cannot find an excuse in the freshness of the news, the reliability of the information, or the piquancy of the editorials—the mere fact that God is outraged in a paper is sufficient cause to cast off that paper.

IV.

As to the positive means, it consists in organizing a corps of Catholic journalism capable of vanquishing the influence of liberal journalism. But is that Catholic journalism to-day in the desired condition? Does it need no improvement? Let us see what is its condition and that of the opposite press.

The liberal press has one and the same flag in the different countries of Europe, and presents everywhere four invariable properties: unity in principles, variety in its form, multiplicity in its organs, order in battle, to which may be added also the indefatigable persistency of those who establish, propagate, support and pay it, so that its influence maintains itself and increases *in malum* day after day. And this is true of Italy in particular.

What is, *per contra*, the condition of the Catholic press, in the peninsula, for example? Thank God, the unity of principles is safe, the order of battle excellent, but what is wanting is variety and multiplicity in good journals. If we compare them with the bad ones, we scarcely find them in the proportion of one to ten, although they have known how to reduce to nothing all the objections of their adversaries, to grind their systems to powder, and to remain their victors in doctrine. It will be objected, it is true, that the attractive features of our journals are not powerful enough, and their news has not the required freshness, and so on. Whose fault is it? It is owing to the little support given, as a general thing, to Catholic journals. The liberals show themselves generous and indefatigable in their efforts to support and extend their press; the Catholics, on the contrary, with few exceptions, remain cold, and seem to care but little for it.

Why is this? Because a bond is wanting which would unite and combine the efforts that might be made. Our adversaries attained their end by means of clubs; the Catholics may attain theirs by associations. The example of Germany and Belgium proves this. In Belgium sixty Catholic journals were struggling against one hundred and forty-eight liberal sheets; in Germany we had only twenty-eight organs against three thousand. But the cause of the evil became known, and the remedy was promptly applied. Associations for the support of the good press were organized, and adopted the following rules:

1. To combat, as much as possible, the bad journals.
2. To circulate, as much as practicable, the Catholic sheets.
3. To aid with the pen, whenever one has the ability, the editorial labors of these same organs.
4. To give a florin yearly in aid of the Catholic press.

These associations are directed by a committee, placed under the control of the bishop, and relation with some Catholic organ. As to the members, they are divided by parishes, and these sub-committees afterwards meet in the city committee. Precisely the same work is being carried on in Tyrol and Votalberg, in addition to the above mentioned countries.

Would it not be possible for the Italian Associations to do as much? They might commence by constituting the city committees as centres of operations, having an understanding with the Catholic editors of Venetia, Lombardy, and other sections of the peninsula, and, after deliberation, starting the work. Blessed by the bishops, sustained by the parish priests, and aided by the zeal of the members, the work would increase with each new recruit, who would become thereby a soldier, and in a little while we should see veritable phalanxes, truly to be feared by the bad press.

An Expression of Catholic Faith.

Just before the temporary prorogation of the French Assembly, and after many members who would have joined in the act had already taken their departure from Versailles, an address to the Holy Father was drawn up and signed by a number of the deputies. The following is a translation of the address, first published in this country in the New York *Herald*.

“VERSAILLES, September 19, 1871.

“*Most Holy Father*: The undersigned members of the National Assembly of France, at the moment of its separating for a few weeks, with an unknown future before them, crave the honor of laying at the feet of your Holiness with the expression of their profound respect, the warm expression of their sentiments of fidelity, devotion and Catholic faith. They protest with all their might, and they wish that the Government would protest diplomatically against the sacrilegious usurpations of Italy towards the Holy See. In their opinion the protection of all the powers interested in the sacred independence of the Church is the common duty of those powers, as it would be a peaceful guarantee for their co-operation. They affirm more dis-

tingly than ever the inviolable right of your Holiness to the Pontifical royalty—the work of God by the hands of the Franks which has not ceased to day to be what it was yesterday, the symbol of the spiritual kingdom of Jesus Christ; and the necessary guarantee for the freedom of Catholic consciences. They believe firmly in the privilege of the Infallibility which has never ceased to belong to Peter and his successors, and which the Universal Church, through the voice of the Fathers of the Vatican, has just gloriously proclaimed. They profess, therefore, an absolute adhesion to the doctrinal authority of the Encyclical upon the essential relations of civil society. They are deeply convinced that revolution, under various forms, is the great enemy of the Church and of humanity. They are resolved to fight against it everywhere, and always with all the intelligence and their will. They hope, as the sole salvation of the future, for the recognition by civil society of the complete freedom of instruction by the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church—the mother and benefactress of nations. They beseech your Holiness to vouchsafe your blessings upon them, their thoughts, works, and resolutions, and to continue the paternal charity of your Holiness’ Apostolic prayers on behalf of France, their beloved, but unhappy country, that it may return to the Divine light, to concord, and to peace.”

A TERRIBLE DEATH.—Few ends have been more awful than that of an architect or rather builder, named Morrelli, who had the management of the public works now progressing in Rome. He had mounted a high scaffolding, and whilst there got into a passion with a number of the workmen, who were asking for a holiday on the morrow, which was the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, and in fact refusing to work on that day. The wretched man uttered blasphemies in his anger; and amongst other expressions he shouted out, “I know nothing of your Madonna or your Christ either!” At that very moment his foot slipped, and he fell from the scaffold on the pavement of the street, and was killed on the spot.

MONSIEUR MARET, Bishop of Surat, publicly declares that he regrets absolutely all that appeared in his work, entitled, *Du Concile général et de la paix religieuse, le Pape et les évêques*, contrary to the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope, and that his book is no longer to be sold.

WHEN you begin to be indulgent to others you will become severe against yourself, for those who are indulgent to themselves are strict with others.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Vol. VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1871.

No. 48.

The Apparition at Pontmain.

[CONTINUED.]

He had been about a quarter of an hour looking at this apparition, in astonishment and deep emotion, when Janette Détails came out of the barn. Just as she stepped over the threshold, Eugene said to her:

"Janette, look there over Augustin Guidécoq's house, and see if you can see anything."

She turned her eyes to the place pointed out by the boy, and answered:

"Indeed, my poor Eugene, I can see absolutely nothing."

His father and brother had heard Eugene's question, and, struck with the earnest manner with which he spoke, they came hastily to the door, and looked in the direction which he had pointed out. The father could see nothing. Eugene said to his brother:

"Can you see anything, Joseph?"

"Yes," said the boy, "I can see a beautiful Lady."

"How is she dressed?"

"I see quite plainly a tall Lady with a blue dress, with golden stars upon her dress, and blue slippers on, with gold bows upon them."

"Tell me, then, Joseph," continued Eugene, "look well, and see if she has a crown."

"I see plainly a golden crown, which widens as it goes up, a small red band in the middle of the crown, and a black veil."

The father hearing his children talking in this way, opened his eyes wide, but could see nothing. At last he said:

"My dear little children, you don't see anything; if you could see anything, we should see it as well as you. Come and make haste with bruising the furze. I think supper must be ready."

Accustomed to obey their father, the boys without any hesitation went back directly into the barn. The father stayed at the door, and said to Janette Détails:

"Don't say anything about this; people would not believe it, and it might perhaps give scandal."

"Make yourself easy as to that," said she, and went away; and Barbedette went back to his children.

They had hardly given ten strokes with the mallet, when the father said:

"Eugene, go and see if you can still see anything."

The boy eagerly obeyed, and called out from the door:

"Yes, it is still just the same."

"Go, then," continued the father, "go and call your mother, that we may see whether she will perceive anything; and don't tell Louisa (their servant) to come. Tell your mother that I want her."

Eugene went, and said to his mother:

"Will you come to the barn, if you please? Father wants you."

She came directly; and when she got to the door, Joseph, who had taken advantage of the work being interrupted to go out and look at the beautiful Lady, kept clapping his hands, and saying each time:

"Oh, how beautiful! Oh, how beautiful!"

His mother gave him a rap on his arm, saying:

"Will you hold your tongue? will you hold your tongue? You see people already looking at us."

"Mother," said Eugene, "do look just over the house of Augustin Guidécoq, and see if you cannot see anything."

"No," she said, "I see absolutely nothing."

Eugene and Joseph said both together:

"Don't you see a tall, beautiful Lady in a blue robe?"

And they gave a complete description of her.

"Oh, no," she said, "I see nothing at all."

Then being struck with the evident sincerity of her children, who she knew were quite incapable of telling lies, and also with the deep emotion of their father, she said:

"Perhaps it is the Blessed Virgin appearing to you. As you say that you can see her, let us say five 'Our Fathers' and 'Hail Marys' in her honor."

Meantime the cries of joy and admiration of the boys had been heard; and the neighbors, coming out at their doors, said:

"What do you see, then? What is there to be seen?"

"Oh, nothing at all," said Mr. Barbedette.

And his wife added:

"The children are gone crazy. They say that they see something; and we see nothing."

Then they shut the barn-door, to be more quiet, and devoutly recited five "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys." When these prayers were ended, the mother said:

"Go and see if you can still see anything."

"Yes," the boys said, "it is still the same."

"I will go and fetch my spectacles," she said; "perhaps I shall be able to see something with them."

She soon came back, bringing Louisa with her. She gravely put on her spectacles; but all in vain. Louisa could see nothing either. Then the mother said to her boys rather roughly:

"The fact is, you see nothing. You must finish bruising your furze. You are little story-tellers and pretended sight-seers."

They then went back into the barn. In five minutes the work was done, and they went to supper. They again gazed upon the magnificent vision as they came out. The beautiful Lady was in the same place, looking at them with a sweet smile.

"If you would let me," said Eugene, "I would stay here for ever."

"Make haste," said the father, "and come to supper."

The boys followed him very unwillingly. For the first time, it cost them something to obey. They went along slowly, walking almost backwards, looking at the beautiful Lady, and saying to their parents:

"Oh, how beautiful! Oh, how beautiful!"

It was then a quarter past six o'clock; but the exact time cannot be given, as the church-clock had stopped, and did not strike, owing to the severity of the frost.

They washed their hands, and as they wiped they walked back to the barn-door. There was them still the same to be seen. When they went into the house, they would not sit down to their meal, but ate their soup standing.

"Let us make great haste, Joseph," said Eugene to his brother, "to go and see whether it is there still."

"As you are going back to see," said their mother to them, "say again five 'Our Fathers,' and five 'Hail Marys,' but say them standing, as it is so cold."

After a few minutes, when these prayers were said, they came back to the house and said:

"It is just the same. The Lady is as tall as Sister Vitaline."

This was one of the nuns, and she measured rather more than five feet six inches.

"We must go and fetch Sister Vitaline," said the mother. "The Sisters are better than you; if you can see, they will see too."

Joseph then went into the house with his father; and the mother and Eugene went to the establishment of the Sisters, which was on the opposite side of the road, a little to the right.

The good Sister was just then in the school-room, saying her Office.

"Sister," said Mrs. Barbedette, "will you please to come to our house? The boys say that they can see something; but for our part, we see nothing."

Sister Vitaline followed them to the door of the barn. Eugene pointed to the place where the apparition was, and gave her a description of the beautiful Lady.

"It's no use for me to open my eyes," said the Sister; "I see absolutely nothing."

"What, Sister, can't you see? Don't you see those three stars which form a triangle?"

"Yes," said the Sister.

"Well, the Lady's head is exactly in the middle of them."

"I can see nothing there," she said.

It does not appear that these were common stars; for neither the children nor their parents could never find them again, though they went back to look for them the next night, and for some days afterwards*. The nun went back to the school with Victoria—which was the name of Mrs. Barbedette—who said to her:

"Pray, Sister, don't mention this; the children are gone foolish."

Sister Vitaline, as she came in, saw in the chimney-corner in the kitchen Frances Richer, eleven years old, who was born at Loroux, in the diocese of Rennes; Jane Mary Lebossé, nine years of age, born at Gosné, in the same diocese; and another girl, who was also one of the scholars.

"Come this way, my little girls," said she to them, "Victoria has got something to show you."

Frances did not dare go, for it was dark, and she was afraid; however, she followed Jane Mary. They found Victoria at the door, and said to her:

"What is it? What are we going to see?"

* Might not these three stars, forming a triangle, have been intended to symbolise the Blessed Trinity, and the three Persons protecting the Holy Virgin?—*Translator.*

"Come along," she said: "come, and you will see. I don't know what it is, for I have seen nothing."

When Frances Richer had got to the end of the shoemaker Rosseau's house, she called out:

"I can see something over Augustin Guidécoq's house, but I don't know what it is."

And they ran across to the barn-door, where Eugene stood calling them; and when there, Jane Mary Lebossé and Frances Richer said directly:

"Oh, what a beautiful Lady! She has a fine blue dress, with gold stars."

And they repeated all that the two little boys had said. The third girl, like many more, did not see the apparition.

Just at that moment, Joseph came out of his house and went back to the barn-door. At the same time came Sister Vitaline, followed by the other nun, Sister Mary Edward.*

"What do you see, children?" said the latter, and all four answered together:

"O Sister, we can see a tall, beautiful Lady."

And they described her completely, as already mentioned, but Sister Mary Edward also had to regret that she could see nothing.

"As these children can see," she said, "we must bring some more that are younger."

So she ran to the house of Mr. Friteau, and told him to bring his grandson to Mr. Barbedette's barn. Thence she went to the priest's house, which was next to it, and said to the priest of the parish, in a voice faltering with emotion:

"Reverend sir, pray to come to Mr. Barbedette's house there is a prodigy—an apparition—the children can see the Blessed Virgin."

"A prodigy! an apparition! the Blessed Virgin!" repeated the good old man with great emotion. "Why, Sister, you make me quite afraid;" and he stood quite motionless.

But his old servant, Janette, had already lighted his lantern, saying:

"You must go and see."

So they went out, and at the door they found little Eugene Friteau, six years and a half old, carried by his grandmother wrapped up in her cloak.

During this time, Sister Vitaline, surrounded by children and others who had run there from all sides, was standing in the middle of the road, and reciting the Rosary of the Japanese martyrs. She had hardly said one of the tens, when the parish-priest came up with little Eugene Friteau and Sis-

ter Mary Edward, who called out some way off to the children: "Can you see her now?"

"O yes, Sister," they said.

Eugene Friteau likewise saw the beautiful Lady, and his answers quite agreed with those of the other children. This little boy is a poor-looking and delicate child.

"Did you see the Blessed Virgin, my little Eugene?" we said to him.

"O yes, sir."

"And what did you say to her?"

"Oh, I said nothing to her, and she said nothing to me."

He did not stay more than ten minutes. His grandmother gave him to his aunt to take him home, as it was cold.

The wife of Boitin the shoemaker, hearing the noise, came running out, carrying in her arms her little girl, two years and a month old. This child turned her eyes directly towards the apparition, and clapping her innocent hands, repeated several times what her mother had taught her to say: "*Jesus! Jesus!*" The good and worthy parish-priest examined the sky in vain; he did not see the vision. He was coming up to the barn-door, when the children called out all together:

"Oh, here is something going on."

"What do you see?" said the good priest.

And all together said that they saw a large ring of an oval shape, of the same blue color as the Lady's dress, and of a hand's breadth surrounding the Lady, at the distance of about a foot and a half from her. Four tapers, fixed inside of the blue oval, and fastened to it, were placed two as high as her knees, and two at the height of her shoulders. They saw also on her breast a small red cross about three inches long.

The number of people attracted by curiosity kept increasing. There were nearly fifty persons gathered round the children, asking them questions about the beautiful Lady. Some, moved by the perfect agreement and the evident sincerity of the five children, all of different ages and characters, believed what they said, and were deeply affected; others were incredulous. John Guidécoq, the brother of the tax-gatherer, even said to Eugene:

"You say you can see, boy; why should not I see as well as you? If I had a pair of spectacles or a silk handkerchief, I could see as well as you."

"Nothing is easier to have," said Victoria, "I have got one at home."

And she came back in a few moments, bringing a handkerchief.

"Now try," said she, handing it to John Guidécoq. He tried, but all in vain; and his failure

* The Superioress of the establishment, Sister Mary Timothy, was absent, and did not return till the next day.

made all the people laugh, who began to talk loud and joke and jeer him.

Then Eugene Barbedette, who was in the middle of the road, called out :

"See, now, she looks sorrowful."

The other children confirmed what he said and declared that the Lady looked extremely sad when the people about them paid no attention to her, but talked loud, laughed, or expressed doubts of her presence. The parish-priest, who had gone into the barn, insisted on silence.

"If none but children are to see," he said, "it is because they are more worthy than we are."

"Reverend sir," said Sister Mary Edward, "suppose you were to speak to the Blessed Virgin."

"Alas !" said the good old man, with a faltering voice, and profound humility, "I do not see her ; what could I say to her ?"

"But suppose you were to tell the children to speak to her."

"Let us pray, then," said the venerable priest.

Ave Mater !

BY MARIAPHILOS

I.

O Mother of God ! and can Christians be found
So dead to all Gratitude's justest appeal
As to pierce Thy dear Heart with a more cruel wound
Than ever the heathen or Moor made Thee feel ?
Christians ! Ah, no !—they are satyrs and ghouls,
Children of Judgment on Heresy's head ;
Worse than the gaunt wolf that hungrily prowls
At midnight's weird hour 'mid the tombs of the dead.

II.

And so they insult Thee, O Mother of Love !
With ribaldry worse than the infidel Jew ;
Sneer at Thee—curse Thee—Thou beautiful Dove !
Thou Rose of the Morn crowned with golden dew
Thou loveliest Lily—Thou light of God's face !
Thou Casket where Purity's self was enshrined ;
Thou sweetest of Virgins,—Thou Mother of Grace,—
Thou triumph of Nature with God-head entwined !

III.

Thou Channel of graces,—Thou Smile of our Lord,—
Thou Beauty of Virtue,—Thou Shrine of the World !
The Ray of Heaven's splendor—Thou Flower of His Rod !
Thou Voice of His Mercy eternally heard !
Thou Dawn of Redemption,—Aurora of Morn !
Thou harbinger Star of the Orient Beam !
O Mary Immaculate ! Heaven's first-born !
Grace of His graces,—Salvation's first gleam !

IV.

Thou Woman of Promise,—Thou Chosen of Time,
Untouched by the stain of the dark primal sin ;

Thou Daughter of David,—Thou Virgin Sublime
Who opened the gates that the King might pass in.
Thou Song of the Prophets—Thou Hymn of the Just—
Thou Hope of Eve mourning in sorrow and woe ;
Thou fallen Humanity's unerring Trust,—
Thou Light that pours down on the valleys below !

V.

O Mary ! my life has seen many a strife,—
Struggled with many a trial and spell
But Thy honor I'd shield with the loss of my life,—
Aye, for Thee, I'd dare the worst torments of hell.
For, hast thou not been a true Mother to me,—
Holding the arm of God's justice upraised—
Untiring in mercy, Thou Star of the Sea !
Whom Jesus loves dearly—all ages have praised !

VI.

Thou Queen of Our Faith,—dark Heresy's dread,—
Though sinful and frail we have hearts that are warm
To crush the false doctrines by hypocrites bred,
And answer with praise the foul breath of their scorn.
"There is one Mediator," the Pharisees cry ;
Yes, "One Mediator," ye champions of night !
Who mediates not for the cause that's a Lie,
Nor darkens the crown of the Mother of Light !

VII.

We love Thee, dear Mother ! but often, alas !
Our words are but little akin to our deeds ;
The pith of our promise is like brittle glass,
Or like the false mirage that ever recedes.
O splendor of Jesus ! arise in thy might !
Let those who hate Mary flee from Thy dread wrath ;
Convert them, O Lord, with Thy wonderful light,
And lead the poor erring ones to the right path !

Encyclical of Pope Pius the Ninth.

*To the Archbishops, Bishops, Primates, and all
Heads of Religious Societies in Christ :*

VENERABLE BRETHREN : With a deep feeling of paternal love, I again take occasion to address myself to you. When I last communicated with you from this our Holy See I took occasion to arouse your confidence in the words of Jesus to our predecessors, the Apostles of our holy Church, to whom he said : "I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world ;" and again, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against you." It is needless for me again, venerable brethren, to reassure you of how much stronger and just is He in whom we have placed and shall continue to place our trust. With our enemies it appears to be a fixed belief that the recovery of our most lawfully established authority will never come to pass ; but on many other occasions, even during our own Pontificate, have those heretics and apostates exulted over their usurpations, which always meant

only a temporary cessation of the enjoyment of our essential rights. It is not, venerable brothers, that I have any presumptuous faith in the acquisition of formidable armies or in the uprising of a universal crusade in my favor which gives me assurance in telling you that Rome will yet be free from the bonds of the usurper; but I am guided by the unchangeable nature of God's providence in every age. I know, as you do, and every Christian who believes in the Word of God knows, that there can be but one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, and that we alone possess those essential marks. Now, the great God who rules that Church and provided for it certain ordinances from which His protection has never been withdrawn will soon restore to us Rome, the rudder, the standard-bearer of the Church militant.

In the fact, venerable brethren, have unswerving confidence, for the inheritance of a God-begotten Church cannot be plundered by despots and tyrants. Again, the enemies of our power falsely state that in the principality of Rome neither human freedom nor modern progress possessed any friends. That vain assertion, meant to dupe the uninitiated, will meet with contempt from the intelligent world. In the adoption of all the elements of modern progress in Italy, Rome showed the first example.

No province in the Peninsula was better versed with the movements of foreign nations or more qualified to judge the general aspect of events throughout the world. Our statesmen have been more learned, our theologians more profound, our poets more sublime, our artists more cultivated and ingenious; all the representatives of every department of the social system in Rome were far more eligible and great in their respective callings than any to be found elsewhere in Italy. Under our rule the people of Rome were taxed less, and religion, the great basis of civilization, was free.

But I will not deal at length upon the political or social prerogatives of the temporal dominion of Catholicity. I beg of you merely to combine your fervent prayers to the God of Hosts, begging of him to dispel the temporary cloud of sadness which overshadows the Church at Rome. Pray of Him to quickly restore all that is capable of rendering Catholicism completely free; all that will rescue us from the arbitrary power of tyrants and apostates, who style themselves heroes and patriots.

Granting you, venerable brethren, the apostolic benediction, and through you to the faithful of your dioceses, I pray you to persevere in faith and in the love of God.

Given at St. Peter's, this 18th day of September, in the year of Our Lord 1871.

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

PART II.

CHAPTER V.

"LIKE A BIRD IN THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER."

By the assistance of his keen perception of character, Frank Yellott had studied Lucia thoroughly, and felt convinced that he could never win her in the ordinary way; hence his *role* of repentance; his frank admission of past errors; his well-acted despondency; his seeming despair; all of which he well knew would appeal to the noblest and best qualities of her nature, throwing him, as they did, entirely upon her womanly sympathies and Christian charity. And now, having won, or rather surprised her into giving him permission to hope, he had too much tact to urge his claims; he rather sought to win her confidence and favor by a course of conduct and conversation which tended to confirm the favorable impression he had made, and not only strengthened her desire to help him, but deepened the interest he had so artfully excited. But in all this there was nothing of love on Lucia's part,—nothing of that higher sentiment which impels one being to seek happiness in assimilating thought, companionship and life itself with that of another; there was only a great pity for the soul gone astray, and a noble desire to save it at every cost.

There was one thing she conceded after a little while: she allowed him to speak to her guardian on the subject, and tell him how matters stood between them; but even in this he was guilty of duplicity, for he so varnished the facts as to lead Allan Brooke to suppose that himself and Lucia were positively engaged, instead of his being simply on probation, and a not too confident aspirant for her hand.

There is no sort of lying so dangerous as that through which runs a thread of truth to give it plausibility, none so difficult to disprove, none so damaging in its effects; nor is there any phase of duplicity so apt to deceive and, therefore, so evil in its results as that which is veined here and there by a bluff sincerity. It is a cunning artifice, worthy of the prince of lies, so to mingle truth with falsehood as to seal the latter with a genuine stamp of authenticity, which sometimes ruins the innocent and brings dishonor, poverty and despair on the guiltless and deserving.

At first, Allan Brooke was glad at heart when he learned how matters stood, and felt thankful

that Providence had adjusted this matter in a way which left him nothing to wish for in regard to the future of these two young people, so near and dear to him. But, on thinking the matter over, he began to grow uneasy, and the more he turned it over in his mind, the more uneasy he grew; for the idea crept into his thoughts that, possibly, Lucia, taking a hint from their conversation the day they went together to "Buckrac," had, actuated by a sense of affection and gratitude towards himself, accepted his nephew. This was unbearable to him; he would not have her sacrifice herself to any such overstrained romantic sentimentality as that; he would question her closely, and find out for himself how it was. It was not long before an opportunity offered for his purpose, and he had a conversation with her which quite satisfied him at the time that Lucia was acting in this matter entirely independent of a desire to please him, although she admitted that the thought of his approval was a great happiness to her.

"I am—I will admit now, my darling," he said, with a sigh of relief, as he stooped over and kissed her head, as she sat at his feet, "that I am much pleased; there is nothing could have made me happier, humanly speaking,—but, oh! my child, be careful!—be careful, my little girl! Be sure that you count the cost,—look at the matter squarely in the face, and if you come to believe you will not be happy in such a marriage, break it off at all hazards—aye! at the very altar!"

"I should not hesitate to do so, Guardy, if there were sufficient occasion, but I apprehend no such difficulties; Frank has a noble, generous nature, and the hope of helping him in an upward and onward career of goodness and honor, is a motive full of happiness," she said, looking with sweet confidence into his eyes.

"And how soon shall I probably lose you, my child?" he asked, smoothing her hair with gentle touches.

"Oh! I have no idea; I do not think of that yet, Guardy. I must grow better acquainted with Frank; it seems distrustful, but he must stand the test of waiting. I must be fully assured of his stability of purpose; and he will, if he thinks me worth winning, be patient."

"Don't expect too much, my child; men grow very restive, and sometimes desperate, if the bit is drawn too hard on them."

"Yes, I know," she said, with a little sigh; "but I too must not be urged. Frank has accepted the situation, and must abide by it."

"I have nothing to say, my child, except to wish you all happiness, and place you under the especial care of our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph," he replied with a strange misgiving at his heart.

"There is one thing which must be settled, however, in time: you must have an establishment of your own when married. I won't have you living with my sister, or she with you; and he must promise me, moreover, to spend half the year as long as he lives at 'Maylands,' to see after things, and keep the old place up."

"Time enough, darling, to think of that," said Lucia, caressing his hand. "As to the other, you are right—I must have a house that shall be entirely my own and free from all outside influences."

Touching the spring of her watch, Lucia saw that she was an hour behind time, and rose to go to the school-house where her not entirely trained pupils, who had not yet recovered from the unlimited holiday afforded them by the four days' storm, she knew must be awaiting her presence.

"It is very sweet to be here, Guardy; but I must go, or my absence will be made an excuse for all sorts of idle pranks down there. Good-bye," she said, as she left him.

Not yet feeling at ease, Allan Brooke got into his yacht, and sailed down to St. Inigoe's to talk over his perplexities with Father Jannison, whom he found just returned from a distant sick call, tired enough and well disposed to lean back in his great arm-chair to rest, and listen to whatever his friend might have to say. He heard of Lucia's engagement with great interest and something of surprise.

"It seems to me," he said, after refreshing himself with a pinch of snuff, "it seems to me that it's a very good thing." But not so did it seem to Allan Brooke: it struck him that Lucia was altogether too cool and self-reliant, and looked upon marriage in too business-like a way to ensure her happiness in a union with a man so distinctly her opposite in his characteristics and temperament as his nephew, who would require all womanly tenderness and unselfish affection, as well as a dutiful routine, in exchange for the devotion he avowed for her. He explained his misgivings to Father Jannison, who took another pinch of snuff over them.

"I think you are mistaken, Brooke," he said. "Frank Yellott is a fine fellow; he is talented, good looking, in fact, very handsome, and, if I am not deceived, he aspires to be not only a good but a great man. I really don't think it will be difficult for Lucia to be happy with him."

"I hope so! I hope so!"

"I have had a great many long talks with Frank, lately, and I am very much pleased with him," Father Jannison continued. "He said nothing about his intentions towards Lucia, but he pleased me by his frankness in admitting the great dangers

he had fallen into at one time from the infidel doctrines of the times; he told me that these profane studies had caused him to fall into great disorders of life, and to almost abandon his faith; his conscience was stifled and silenced until, meeting with Lucia and seeing the beauty of religion in her daily life, he felt inspired with a strong desire to retrace his steps and make amends for his errors and infidelity. I do think Frank Yellott well worth the trouble of saving, even at some cost, and now is the critical time. Besides, Lucia hasn't a bit of that nonsensical sentimentality about her, which would make her miserable in the performance of so sublime a duty. Frank is on a precipice, and if he is not helped, he will fall."

"I never suspected my nephew of bad habits," said Allan Brooke, astonished and confused; "I thought him strictly moral."

"It's not that. That is not the trouble, by any means. The danger is that he may become infidel and lose his soul. He has been terribly beset and tempted; what with wild anarchical ideas of liberty, promulgated by the French Jacobins, who hold that religion is incompatible with freedom, and unworthy the true dignity of man, and the revived doctrines of Gurdino Bruno, and that Dutch Jew, Baruch Spinoza, Fichte, and other locusts from the bottomless pit, that come up and devour the green plants of God's vineyard, Frank was nearly done for. Just think of a soul struggling among the waves of Materialism, Pantheism and Infidelity; the wonder is that he did not sink long ago."

"Good God!" exclaimed Allan Brooke, lifting both hands; "I had no idea of this. How providential his coming here when he did; how in every way providential his meeting with Lucia."

"Yes, let us thank God for His mercies. His ways are not as our ways, and His loving strategies to save His children are sometimes wonderful to behold. I look upon this marriage as altogether a most excellent thing."

"I am heartily glad that I came over, Father Jannison; you have really consoled me, and in a way made me happy. I had no idea that the poor boy had been in such peril; but it's all right now, thank God," said Allan Brooke, rising to go.

"Or soon will be. Frank is preparing himself for a general confession, and wishes truly, I believe, to make amends for his wasted opportunities; but he requires time. He will come out all right, never doubt that," said Father Jannison, taking a pinch of snuff on it, while his countenance beamed with peace and good will to all the world.

And Father Jannison had firm faith in what he said, while Allan Brook, in the simple trustfulness

of his heart, believed all that he told him. Nevertheless, after he went away, a vague uneasiness about Lucia took possession of him once more; he thought that the outlook for her future was far from being a hopeful one; for while he had high ideas of duty, self-sacrifice and other ennobling traits, he could not rid himself of the idea that a marriage without affection, and with no other motive than duty, was one of the greatest mistakes in life. But a doubt of Frank Yellott's perfect integrity, his sincere repentance, and his devotion to Lucia, never once entered his mind; as far as he was concerned, he thought all was well—his fears and forebodings were for Lucia, and her alone.

Frank Yellott thus succeeded in deceiving them all—Lucia, Allan Brooke and Father Jannison. They thought of him as the prodigal son drawing near his father's house, and they sought to make the path straight for his feet: he must not be driven to the famine and desolation of that "far country," whence he had just come, by cold looks and reproachful words; they would keep and hold him by making a banquet for him, clothing him in new garments, and killing the fatted calf to celebrate his return and show how dearly welcome he was.

Credulity is one of the traits of the good, and in some cases it is difficult to determine whether it is a weakness or a virtue; but on the whole it is probably better to be deceived a thousand times than to suspect one deserving and just person wrongfully. The intention is all that is weighed by the eternal justice of God, who separates the dross of the deed from the gold of your will, and adds to it the sum of your merits.

Frank Yellott deceived them every one, except Maum Chloe, who had ways and opportunities for seeing beneath the surface, and who distrusted and disliked him more and more every day.

And he laughed in his sleeve at them all, planning in his mind what he would do when he became master of "Haylands." First of all, he would break up "that sentimental nonsense of Lucia's," which kept her half her time among a parcel of ignorant slaves; he would sell off a number of the negroes—there were more than were needed—and he'd have altogether a new order of things, in place of the hum-drum routine now prevailing. He would have his blooded race-horses, a cock-pit, and another pack of hounds; and if Lucia did not like it, it would make no difference, but if she grew exacting and undertook to govern things according to her straight-laced ideas, he would set up a separate establishment, where, surrounded by his boon companions, he could give the reins without restraint to his evil passions.

**STARS OF OUR LADY;
Or, Glances Through the Calendar.**

NOVEMBER.

Hail, Gertrude, virgin fairest,
Espoused to Jesus dear!
How winningly thou raisest
Our hearts to thy bright sphere.
How freely thou hast scattered
Throughout the Church's field
Thy ever-blooming flowerets
That richest odors yield.

No soul to heaven aspiring
Can seek thy bower in vain;
Thou hast exhaustless treasures
For all who choose to claim;
And not a heart so lonely
But finds a healing leaf
Amid thy store of beauties,
To wile it from its grief.

Bright with celestial dew-drops,
The garlands thou hast wove
Twine round the shrine of Jesus,
And whisper of His love.
Their thousand spirit voices
Blend with resistless art,
For thy pure fingers called them
All from the Sacred Heart.

The familiar ejaculation of praise, "Wonderful is God in his Saints," finds in the life of this gem of the Benedictine Order one of its aptest illustrations. Gertrude, the saint of pure love, "the saint of praise and of devout desires," as she is called by one who partook largely of her childlike spirit, at once so sweet and strong, so gentle and impetuous, so humble and brave. Gertrude, the secluded nun, yet the people's favorite. Their love, anticipating the decree of the Church, canonized her and named her "the Great;" their intuitive perception caught the spirit of her devotional exercises, the charm of her writings, and lovingly kept in their heart of hearts every fragment of the *revelations* that venturesome piety put in their way, even while yet the whole of those revelations was withheld, as too choice for general use, too elevated for any but kindred saints to delight in with safety. Our age, more favored than its predecessors, has contrived to get them laid open to its inspection. Poor, wicked nineteenth century, so often anathematized as hopelessly bad, no one has patience with it but the Church; let this one good deed be credited to it, at all events, that its restless curiosity is the means of bringing to light so many of the choicest and long-hoarded treasures of Catholicity. And how fair those caskets of antique jewels gleam before critical eyes. Not a flaw or a blemish for even the cold modern light to reveal. The wonder

is only how they were left hidden so long, how they could be done without, those "things of beauty" which are henceforth to be "a joy forever" to Catholic eyes. And among them all, what casket is fairer, richer, brighter than St. Gertrude's!

True it is, as a reviewer of the *Revelations* has remarked, that "the incidents of her life are few," its tenor unexciting. The biography of Saint Gertrude may more fitly be called a *biography of the Sacred Heart*. It is Jesus, not Gertrude, whom we see in every incident; it is with Him that we become, one may say, more and more acquainted as we read on. While wonder and admiration at the greatness of the saint, and delight in the favors vouchsafed her, deepen into the feeling of reverential homage that is her just due, insensibly her image fades from our sight, and He who was her "All in all" glides into her place, looking out from the page in His own ravishing beauty, gathering to Himself all the varied emotions His beloved one had excited in the hearts of her fellow-creatures. It seems to realize the vision in which Saint Mechtilde beheld the heart of her holy sister, in the form of a bridge, which was protected on one side by the divinity of our Saviour, and on the other by His sacred humanity, as indicating the security which those would find who would come to Him by this firm bridge, the heart of His chosen Gertrude.

The saint was born at Eisleben, a small town of Germany, on the feast of the Epiphany, 1263. She died in the abbey of Rosdorsdorf, November 15, 1334. Her family, the Counts of Lachenborn, held a high rank in their native land, and it is thought were allied to the imperial house. Of their four children, the two youngest, Gertrude and Mechtilde, became saints, and as such have an imperishable renown even in the world which they abandoned, and it is their fame alone which keeps alive the family-name that in its day was so distinguished. These sisters, dedicated to God in the Order of St. Benedict, in their early childhood, lived and died in the sacred obscurity of their abbey, famous indeed among the servants of God, but unknown to the world. St. Catherine of Sienna was well known in her time for her preaching and miracles; St. Teresa was remarked throughout Spain for the reform of the Carmelite Order; other female saints had a wide-spread celebrity in various ways: St. Gertrude—as is beautifully said by the zealous daughter of St. Clare, to whom the English language is indebted for so many invaluable works—"lived at home with her Spouse." This loving Lord, as we learn from one of His own familiar communications respecting her to other holy souls, had endowed her with admira-

ble and unusual gifts, exterior as well as interior, as befitting one of whom He could say: "I delight so much in her, that I have chosen her as My abode;" and He had withdrawn her from her parents and friends at the age of five years, in order that none might love her from natural ties, but admire and love her as His work. She was His chosen lily of purity and innocence; His rose full of sweetness, from her patient thanksgiving in every adversity; an unfading spring-flower, which He took pleasure in contemplating, because she ceased not to aspire to reach the perfection of every virtue. And this divine Spouse, "of all lovers the most loving," as Gertrude could testify, made Himself her defender as well as her panegyrist. He would not listen to the prayers which her humility procured that others should offer for the cure of her faults and imperfections, without finding excuses for the subject of those prayers in His own sweet, ingenious style; informing one that Gertrude's faults might rather be called steps in perfection, and that he would finally change them into so many virtues, in order that her soul might shine before Him as a most glorious sun; telling another, who thought St. Mechtilde's holiness more admirable, that He had indeed wrought great graces in Mechtilde, but far greater in Gertrude; and again describing her as so closely united to His Heart, that just as the hand moves in prompt obedience to the will, so Gertrude was at every moment ready to obey the inspirations of divine grace. Ah, dearest Lord! what can we say to such sweet manifestations of Thy goodness, power and love but exclaim with Thy Church in the fullness of our heart: "Blessed be God in His saints!"

But though our saint passed nearly all her life from her fifth year in the hallowed seclusion of her abbey home, and attained to this incomprehensible and, perhaps, almost unequalled degree of contemplation, it is not to be inferred that she led a calm, inactive life. Her first twenty years at Rodersdorf were devoted to arduous study, and with the facilities which the Benedictine rule affords for the cultivation of a clear, vigorous intellect, it may well be imagined that, as her writings prove, her pre-eminence in learning was almost as remarkable as her sanctity. And all this time He who has designed to tell us that He "bore her in His arms from her infancy, and preserved her in her baptismal purity and innocence, until she, by her own free choice and will, gave herself to Him entirely and forever," held aloof, as it were, patiently looking on, while the mind He had so highly gifted was gathering to itself, in the common routine of toilsome labor and research, vast stores of erudition, which were after-

wards to be employed in a way of which she and her instructors little dreamed. It was as if through her He would enter a plea against the stern judgment which human learning often draws on itself from those who weary of its vagaries and impieties.

She had entered on her twenty-sixth year, the saint tells us, when her Divine Spouse began to draw her entirely to Himself, "detaching her from an inordinate love of literature," and putting an end to her "youthful vanities." By several amazing favors, which Gertrude relates with most delicate simplicity and touching gratitude, the work was accomplished, and the promise made to her in her first vision fulfilled: "I will inebriate you with the torrent of My celestial delights." When, at the early age of thirty, she became abbess, she had already received the powers of prophecy and miracles, and, through health and sickness, praise and censure, encouragement and opposition, prosperous and adverse circumstances, she held her unfaltering course upward, training souls for heaven, "the doctress and prophetess of the interior life"—to quote once more the saintly Father Faber—"like Debbora, who sat beneath her palm in Mount Ephraim, uttering her canticles and judging Israel." And from the overflow of that celestial torrent sprang up the fountain of *Revelations*, which offers unfailing refreshment to souls striving to reach the mount of perfection through the long, dreary, arid desert where they so often "faint by the way." Ah, what spring but the loving Heart of Jesus of Nazareth could supply that sweet, exhaustless flow of living waters! Softly, almost timidly, it has been gliding in crystal threads among the dim, cloistered paths of the Church, ever advancing to the sunny glades, then shrinking back to its hallowed covert; now its impetuous waters flash and sparkle in glad exuberance, fearlessly crossing the open plain, and leaping o'er all opposing barriers, with a smile of welcome and a song of joyous invitation to all. The little child and the aged pilgrim; the holy inmate of the cloister and the way-worn traveller of the world; the zealous and the lukewarm; the perfect and imperfect; the sinful and the just; the tranquil heart of simple, unlettered piety, and the fevered spirit that finds even sacred learning vanity and nothingness, all may come to taste of its limpid waters. Oh that the lovely spirit of the saint who merited that such revelations were poured forth on us all—the joyousness without levity, the zeal without bitterness, the tranquillity without indifference, and, more than all, the "liberty of heart" which kept her a glad captive at the feet of Him who vouchsafes to yearn so strangely, so wistfully for the love of His poor creatures.

MARY.

XIMENES.

An Historical Tale.

BY MARIAPHILOS,

Author of "Thecla," "Modestus," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

The king and queen, after the departure of the other members of the council, gave some instructions to Ximenes respecting civil matters in the archdiocese of Toledo. They particularly enjoined upon him the necessity of keeping a careful watch upon the conduct of the civil authorities of his vast archdiocese, who were too much disposed to lord it with a high hand over the Moors who were still too powerful to be driven to extremity by ill-advised measures.

"Every day," said Ferdinand, "we receive accounts of particular cases of oppression which indicate a severity on the part of our officers which borders on cruelty. You know, my lord, the queen and myself are inclined to the most merciful course in dealing with that unhappy people, but we find ourselves often borne down by the force of popular prejudice and antipathy in everything that relates to the Moors. It will require all your firmness and prudence to remedy this state of things. If you succeed, you will deserve well not only of your sovereigns, but of Spain. For, the example of the Archbishop of Toledo will have great weight throughout the nation."

"We entrust the whole management of the business to your wisdom, my lord," said Isabella, "and we give you full powers to appoint and depose the civil authorities if you consider such a course necessary to the great object of pacification."

"Your majesties, I can only thank you for your confidence, and do my best. The result is in the hands of Him by whom kings govern and nations are upheld," said the new Archbishop.

"To Him, then, my lord, we leave you, knowing full well that you will be no useless instrument in His hands," said the queen in conclusion.

Ximenes now craved their majesties' permission to retire, and was leaving the presence chamber, when Isabella called him back:

"By the bye, my lord, we request your attendance to-morrow at a reception which we intend to give to some of our new subjects of the Indies. They come with no pleasant tale if rumor is to be credited. But, more of this, hereafter."

Ximenes retired and sought his late companion, who was somewhat astonished at the long audience of his superior. Francisco de Ruiz saw that something extraordinary had occurred affecting the fortunes of his well-beloved provincial. He had been

on the point of speaking, but when he observed the profound melancholy of Ximenes, something deterred him. Motioning Francisco to follow him, the Archbishop-elect moved rapidly through the superb corridors of the palace, intending to rest for the night at the Franciscan monastery, without the city gates. But he was doomed to disappointment, for as he approached the door, one of the lords of the household came up and informed him that apartments had been provided for himself and companion in the palace.

"My lord!" murmured Ximenes, "not even one night's rest—one night!"

As may be imagined, the gentleman was somewhat astonished and mystified at this strange exclamation. But his surprise was nothing compared to that of Father Francisco upon hearing Ximenes addressed as 'My lord Archbishop.' "Surely," thought he, "there must be some mistake here." He expected that his superior would explain the matter to the nobleman who had addressed him by such a title. But no,—he merely bowed and returned slowly, wrapt in profound thought.

When they had reached the chamber into which opened the two apartments allotted for their rest, Francisco could no longer restrain his impatience.

"Father, how is this?—'My lord Archbishop!'—I cannot understand it!"

Ximenes turned and, after regarding his companion for a moment, said with a sad smile:

"It is even so, good Francisco. His Holiness has appointed me to the Archiepiscopal See of Toledo. Thou wilt admit I was a true prophet of sorrow."

Francisco knelt, and taking the hand of the new prelate kissed it respectfully, while a tear dropped upon it as he did so. It was a tear of love and gratitude, and not even the gem which was soon to sparkle upon that hand could be compared with the touching tribute of affection. Ximenes was moved, and, as Francisco arose, he embraced him tenderly. For a time neither spoke a word, so deep were the contending emotions that agitated each heart.

"I do not know, my father, whether to be glad or sorry," said Francisco; "I am rejoiced at your elevation, for I shall know that the Church of Spain has gained in you a stern defender and upright prelate. But I am grieved that the Franciscan Order will lose its brightest ornament and support. But it is God's will, so we must e'en submit."

Ximenes turned from the window where he stood, and said:

"Do not, my dear Francisco, do me the injustice of thy praise. Our Order has never been in want of men a thousand times more worthy than I am."

When God wills the continuance of an Order He will always raise up the necessary instruments. Think not of the Order, but think of *me*—a poor, weak monk—upon whose shoulders has fallen a dignity sufficiently heavy to appal angels. Hast thou no sympathy for me, Francisco? Or is thy sorrow so selfish that it only considers thy loss and does not care for the perilous charge that threatens to crush me?"

"If you, my father, were threatened with death and my life could save yours, I would willingly resign it in so good a cause. But, indeed, I cannot pity you for being appointed Archbishop of Toledo. You will have trials and sorrows no doubt, but what condition of life, good father, is free from the one or the other? Think of the many souls whose salvation depends upon your being Archbishop of Toledo. What is the use of our profession of submission to God's will if we begin to repine the moment he places an unusual burden upon our shoulders? You, my father, have less reason to complain than others, for, in spite of your humility, I must say that you are every way qualified for your high destiny."

Francisco spoke earnestly and feelingly.

"Father Francisco—Father Francisco!" replied Ximenes, "thou art a sad flatterer for all thy moralizing. The task is before me and I must perform it. With fear and apprehension I accept the duty. May I be one day able to lay it aside without feeling one or the other?"

When he concluded, the tinkling of a silver bell fell softly upon the still air and presently a beautiful little boy bounded into the room. He was dressed in a blue velvet tunic, the cuffs and collar of which were of ermine; star-shaped silver buttons, of exquisite design, ran down the front of his dress. A girdle of silver thread encircled his waist, the ends adorned with long fringe. His hair, beautifully golden, fell down upon his shoulders in a cloud of rich curls. His face was wonderfully pretty and wore a charming expression of loving confidence, youthful simplicity and innocence.

He had evidently expected to find some one else in the apartment, for as soon as he perceived Ximenes and his companion, he stood bashful and undecided, with head slightly inclined, his index finger resting upon his lips.

"Aha, my little man," cried Ximenes, his grave face beaming with pleasure. "Thou hast come to see us. Come hither, my pretty boy, and tell me thy name."

The child advanced slowly toward the speaker, without losing any of the bashfulness he had at first exhibited.

"Well, what is it?" continued Ximenes, throwing his arms about the child's neck affectionately.

The little fellow cast up his eyes with a roguish smile and scanned for an instant the relaxed sternness of the face that looked down upon his. Something in it attracted him, for he presently broke into a merry laugh, then, slipping from the arms which encircled him, ran a few paces from his captor, turned suddenly and exclaimed:

"Don't tell them,—I hear them coming. But it's too early to go to bed, now isn't it, good father. They chased me until I was near caught. I *would* have been caught, only I saw the bell-rope."

"But obedience, my child, would direct thee differently," replied Ximenes smiling. "In small things as well as in great things it is thy duty to submit to those who are placed over thee for correction."

"Ah, yes, my father, but shouldn't example be joined to precept? Shouldn't nurse go to bed when I do?" The spoilt child laughed merrily.

"Go to,—thou art a shrewd sophist," said Father Francisco, gently pulling the boy's ear.

At this moment some one was heard calling in a subdued voice: "José! José!" Francisco opened the door, and a middle-aged lady appeared before him with deep anxiety imprinted on her features.

"Ha, thou rogue! thou rebellious caittif!" exclaimed the lady, forgetful of the father's presence, and seizing her truant charge by the arm with some severity.

"Nay, good dame, 'tis but a child! Thou must not be too hard upon him," said Ximenes.

"Good my father, 'tis a troublesome little varlet. A poor hope, indeed, for the noble house that call eth him heir. I'll warrant me, he loves giving his governess anxiety more than saying his prayers."

"No I don't," exclaimed the little fellow sturdily. "See here"—taking out a silver chaplet from his pocket—"I said every one of my beads while you were talking with Donna Catharina in the garden."

"What is thy name, my little man?" asked Ximenes, apparently much amused at the ready wit of the forward child.

"Don José de Sarmiento, father," he replied quite readily.

"He is the only son of the Count Sarmiento, father," put in the governess. "He had a noble brother, but alas! he was the Joseph of the family. He was, as we all believe, slain in a sea-fight with the pirate infidel, Barbarossa. No tidings of him or of his fate have ever reached his sorrowing parents. This child is the Benjamin of their old age, much beloved, but too sprightly, methinks."

The lady pretended to get severe, but her eyes, looking down upon the curly-headed rogue, beamed with affection.

"A sad tale, truly, but, the young knight may be alive," said Ximenes, with kindly interest in the

narration. "At any rate, they have a good chance to prove their resignation to God's will."

"Ah! my father, that is not all," said the lady, her eyes filling with tears. "They had a lovely little daughter, *Annunciada* by name. Many years ago she disappeared and no trace of her was ever discovered. Don Sarmiento had been most prominent in battling with the Moors, and many suppose that they stole the child to be revenged upon the Christian knight. So, you see, how heavily the pious parents have been chastened. You cannot wonder, father, that they are very anxious about this boy, the future hope of an honorable name."

Ximenes patted the child upon the head very gently, spoke to him of the many hopes centered in him, gave him a pretty little cross and his blessing, and told him to follow his governess.

The lady had spoken very freely to Ximenes, whose humble Franciscan garb led her to believe that he was some poor lay brother of the Order; still she was uncertain, for there was a something in the appearance of the dignified religious that was very striking.

"Would it be presuming, father, if I asked your name?" she said at length.

"My name is Ximenes, daughter," he replied.

Ximenes! She was not much struck by the name, yet, in a short time, the highest grandees of Spain would bow down where it was mentioned,—the poor masses would bless it, and the statesmen of Europe,—even those who were enemies of Spain—would admire it.

Father Francisco saw that Ximenes would allow the lady to depart in ignorance of his true position, so he advanced and said:

"Madam, you are addressing the Archbishop-elect of Toledo, one of the honorable members of the privy council."

With a murmured "pardon, my lord," the lady fell upon her knees and asked the Archbishop's blessing, after which, she retired with her reluctant charge.

The Communion of Saints.

BY W. H. O.

How sweet 'tis to think, as onward we go
Thro' youth and old age to the tomb,
That angels above with sympathy glow—
That we with the Saints can commune.

Bright are the wires, magnetic with love,
That bind our lone vale to Heaven,—
The realm of sweet light—our dear home above—
What rapture to mortals is given!

The seraphim—these with harps of pure gold;
The virgins with lilies-bright crowned;
The martyrs that bled—the hermits of old—
All joyful with God now are found.

And yet, in their joy they are mindful of us
Who are left to do battle with sin;
They pray that our arms victorious
May prove—that triumphs we win.

"There's joy 'mid the angels," saith Christ the Lord,
When the sinner comes back and repents;
They are glad when he reaps contrition's reward,
When the Judge, touch'd by pity, relents.

O blessed communion 'tween Heaven and earth,—
To thee do our hearts fondly cling;—
What raptures to us is born of thy birth,—
What gladness—what peace, dost thou bring!

Ye angels of glory! ye children of light!
To Jesus, your King, ever pray:
That when the world and its scenes have vanish'd
from sight,
We may pass from the gloom to the day.

Nominal Respectability.

When God created the world, the most perfect and noblest work of His hands was man. It was of man alone He said: Let Us make man; and He created him in His image and likeness. No other being was so highly honored so highly endowed, nor so divinely exalted and destined as was man in his origin. All things it is true came from God, but of them all man only was predestined, man only received from his Creator the inheritance of returning to God! Viewing man therefore in this light, and taking him as the standard of the highest degree of perfection among the works of God, when He formed this world of ours and all it contains out of nothing, we find that every class or order of created things therein is elevated and intelligent in the exact proportion that it approaches to man in the instinctive promptings of its life, its habits and desires. The accidental peculiarities and imitative properties of some classes of creatures,—as the monkey for example,—bear so strong an imaginary resemblance, at times, to human actions and the results of man's reasoning that abnormal phenomena like Monbodo, Huxley and Darwin, anxious for the nobility and reputation of their own ancestry, have struggled hard, in their ludicrous systems and grinning philosophy, to make brutality the cause of man, and instinct the source of reason. This of course is pure and very stupid blasphemy. God alone is the first and last cause of man; the direct source of all his gifts, all his dignity and of all those divinely exalted prerogatives whereby he possesses and exercises, in

the most literal sense, *dominium*, *lordly power* over the animate and over the inanimate things of creation. The fire, the water, the winds and the lightnings of heaven do his bidding, and though his body returns to the earth, whence it came, the grave that opens to receive it is but the portal through which his soul passes into the glorious presence of her God! What other being sways such a royal sceptre in this world, or can lay claim to so grand and so vast an inheritance in the life of immortality that God has promised shall succeed the brief slumbers of the body in its original dust! To man *only* do all these things belong, and therefore because of his dignity his subjects find their own dignity either in pretending to rival or to surpass him.

What I have said in reference to the various degrees of perfection and the pretentious rivalries in the order of creation, is not less true in the world of religion. As God has made but one humanity so He has made but one religion, and as the monkey and other creatures of the brute order occasionally seek to arrogate to themselves, by accident or instinct, the dignity of humanity, so the numerous jarring conglomerations of sects, calling themselves religions, seek to acquire to and for themselves a certain degree of respectability and decency by fascinating names and by appearing to the world in more or less fair imitations of the Church. In this also the imitation is perfect or imperfect in the degree it approaches the model it aims to rival, or, as the case may be, to surpass. Now the strange thing, to me, is that these sects are never able to see how very ridiculously grotesque and often repulsive are these manufactured "religions" of theirs, and how impossible it is for them to equal or to supplant the religion which Christ came to leave and did leave for all time to all men. I apprehend that nothing but man's vanity can blind his eyes against seeing the defects and the deformities of the works of his hands. The work of human hands the gross material thing called Protestantism surely is, and on the vanity theory alone can the unreasoning and unreasonable admiration of its advocates be vindicated. Resting on a negation, and being composed of every element that is conceivably or possibly discordant, it is no more capable of producing truth than is Darwin's monkey of producing a race of intelligent beings. The few grains of respectability or of truth it possesses are *all* stolen from the Catholic Church, and without these it would be a blurred, hideous jumble of corruption, from which even the world, of which it was born, and for which it was made, would turn away in disgust. All this is manifest in the efforts made by the different sects to be known by some name or sign belonging to the Church; and just in proportion as any one of them possesses these marks it prides

itself on its respectability and grows less disposed to fraternize with its fellow-sects, or to acknowledge anything like equality or a common origin between itself and them. This is invariably the case with upstarts. The servant of a lord, who struts about in the livery of his master, thinks himself of much higher importance and of nobler origin than is the servant of a plebeian. In the same way, when any one of the sects happens, by hook or by crook, to get hold of something belonging to the Church, it makes a great noise about it and looks down with disdain upon its brother sects as if they were not so nobly descended as itself. It forgets that its livery is not its own, and that its plebeian brother would be just as respectable and just as haughty if he had a chance to steal or borrow and wear the same garments. It is really amusing to witness the efforts and the rivalries existing among the sects in their attempts to become respectable. If one, in order to draw attention, should call its conventicle by the name of some saint, its rival, for public favor, gets frightened and at once calls its conventicle by the name of all the saints. This one calls itself the "Free Church"; its neighbor immediately adds "free lunch." Another one gets up a cross on its front; its neighbor, in consternation, gets up so many crosses that you can't count them. Says one: "The Catholic Church has bishops, priests, and Sacraments, so let us have similar things." A rival branch in the same sect strikes out on its "own hook," and adds lights, altars, and nuns, and thus they go on, from age to age, in comical succession, bidding for popularity and parodying respectability in such extravagant ways and by such downright chicanery, that, after a few exhibitions of themselves, they naturally become ashamed of their own origin, and so repulsive to common sense, that they find it necessary to change their names and tactics and resort to some new trick or manoeuvre to obtain success in their latest counterfeit game. Let any man raise the handiwork of the "reformers" from the grave, and compare it with any of the recent editions of those who claim to be the latest successors of those eminently bad men, and if he can establish anything like a resemblance between the religious progeny of Luther, Calvin & Co., and that of the sects of our day, he will do what all the heresies of the world have never yet accomplished, namely, perform a miracle. The old Roman satirist deserves a vote of thanks for inventing the great Protestant motto: *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*; which may be translated: "We are a weathercock ready to turn every way the wind blows." This is exactly Protestantism from end to end. Of itself it can neither direct nor control anything, but, on the

contrary, it is directed and controlled by every wind of human passion to which it accommodates itself, with the most astonishing ease and rapidity. The chief work of the "Councils" and conventions of the various sects consists either in putting the Nth "amendment" to their religious codes or in revising what their predecessors have done in that line, and then when, for the time, their labors are completed, they put the result to a vote in order to determine how much of the spiritual food the pastor (!) may safely administer to the gentle flock who may "call" him to pipe for them and dance, too, while they pasture where and on what they please. It is the flock which determines in each case how much or how little religion is necessary for its spiritual life, and while it moves along under the name of a "church," it is in reality but a discordant aggregation of hostile and rebellious individuals without authority and without a guide to point the way to truth or to save it from ruin. Protestantism is like a huge volunteer force which prescribes and defines the power of its leaders, and where every member claims as much authority and holds himself entitled to as much obedience as the one who has been dubbed commander. Logically, therefore, Protestantism is the most colossal farce that rebellion and human vanity combined ever devised, for while it pretends to be a Church and to act in unity, it is made up of as many churches as it has members, and as for its unity it has about as much as may be found in a panic-stricken army flying from the face of a victorious foe. Each man is his own commander, and then *Sauve qui peut*.

The immoderate greed with which Protestantism grasps for a rebel or a renegade to Catholicity shows conclusively that it has nothing decent, nor real nor respectable within itself. The press generally, and similar media are sources of its principles, and the exponents of its most perfect ideas touching this world and the world to come. In the name of liberty, progress and what is blandly called "an enlarged Christian spirit," it invites and welcomes innovations, revolutions, rebellions and every species of licentious madness of which human passion is capable of inventing for the destruction of authority in Church and state. The eyes of the Protestant world had scarcely been cleared of their tears of joy, and the blisters of their applauding hands had hardly been healed, over their frantic joy at the antics of a little sentimental French monk, when they were thrown into a new state of rapturous delight because a drivelling dotard German in the childish impotence of senility had raised "the remains of a faltering voice and of a dying ardor"—*les restes d'une voix qui tombe et d'un ardeur qui s'éteint*—against the

august majesty and power of the sovereign Pontiff at whose word the Bishops of the Church, from the rising to the setting of the sun, assembled before the chair of St. Peter, and there proclaimed the eternal truth of infallibility, to which millions and millions of devoted Catholics have bowed in filial reverence. This great truth,—as indeed all truth does,—made heresy and materialism writhe and boil over with rage, and as usual, these human things have invoked and appealed to human power for protection. Yet what of it all! In spite of her enemies the Church shall continue, and true to her mission will never cease to declare the truth to the world, however much the world may dislike it, and by her doctrine and by her life prove, as she has always done, that outside of her there is neither truth nor respectability. F.

Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

[We are truly glad to hear again from the Director of the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.—Ed.]

We again make our apology for not publishing oftener the favors obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. We know it would redound to the glory of our Blessed Mother, and would excite the faith and confidence of her children; but our time is so much taken up in acknowledging the numerous letters sent to us every day, that we can hardly find leisure to select portions of these letters for publication. The following extracts will show the powerful intercession of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart:

"I wrote to you last fall," says an associate, "to pray for the conversion of a very dear relative of mine, Mr. —, who belongs to an intensely bitter Presbyterian family, and who had been raised with the greatest prejudice and contempt for our holy faith. On the 1st of May last he was confirmed and made his First Communion, and he cannot himself understand how his prejudices vanished. He was engrossed in his profession, and read little or nothing on the subject of the Catholic religion. . . . During the last summer, I wrote to you about some temporal troubles. Now, we hope we are over the worst of our anxieties."

Another correspondent writes: "I am happy to tell you, for the honor of our Blessed Mother, that Mr. —, for whose conversion I requested the prayers of the confraternity of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, has returned to the practice of his religion, and given up entirely the habit of drinking. He had not been to confession or Communion for more than twenty years. He received the Sacraments about six weeks ago."

"It is with delight," writes another, "that I fulfil the duty of expressing the sincere gratitude we owe to our blessed Mother for the two conversions which have been granted lately through her all-powerful intercession. One of them is that of an infirm lady who was once a prejudiced Protestant. A petition was sent for her last winter, and now she has been baptized; she made her First Communion with the best dispositions, and she seems determined to be a fervent Catholic. The second is the conversion of a gentleman who had for several years neglected his religious duties. He has not only resumed them, but in a short space of time he has received Holy Communion several times."

I could multiply these quotations, for the list of favors obtained is far from being exhausted. Let it suffice to add that a person who had been prevented from being received in a convent on account of some malady was perfectly cured before the end of a novena in honor of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and thus has been able to follow her vocation. A novice in another community who had been obliged to go home on account of sickness, has been also restored to health by the intercession of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

May these few extracts excite in our associates of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, feelings of gratitude towards their heavenly Mother, who is ever anxious to give them evident tokens of her power and tenderness. A. G.

Blessing of a Statue of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart in Paris.

We translate from the *Univers*:

On Tuesday, October 12th, there was in the Monastery of the Sacred Name of Jesus, 209 *rue de Vanne*, a ceremony which called together a numerous concourse, in which the clergy of Paris was largely represented. We remarked among those present the Curés of Saint-Sulpice, of Saint-Roch, of St. Pierre du Petit-Montrouge, of Plaisance, of Notre Dame de la Gare, and a good number of notables, all of whom wished to give on this occasion a souvenir and testimony of their sympathetic regrets to their confrère, the saintly Abbé Prével, the founder of this pious Congregation.

They assembled to witness the solemn blessing of a magnificent statue of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, elevated in the middle of the monastery garden. During the wretched days of the bombardment and of the *saturalia* of the Commune, the courageous servants of God, the Sisters of this house, could not bring themselves to determine to leave their beloved retreat, which was, however,

so much exposed to the projectiles of all sorts that rained upon the whole neighborhood, and they made a solemn promise that, if they came out of the danger safe and sound, they would erect a statue to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, whom they had taken as their safeguard.

This statue of stone and of monumental proportions is the work of a very skilful artist. It stands full of grace and majesty upon a pedestal composed of rocks and of the fragments of projectiles that had fallen around this holy house without touching it,—an ingenious idea which recalls in its most brutal form the image of the infernal serpent whose head was crushed by the victorious foot of the Immaculate Virgin.

After the blessing of the statue, which was done by the venerable M. Hamon, Curé of St. Sulpice, the rev. Père Joubert, Missionary of the Sacred Heart, of Issoudun, mounted upon the rock which does duty as the base of the statue, and from this improvised pulpit pronounced a discourse full of fire and energy, in which he spoke first of the motives that induced the erection of the statue, then of the claims which Our Lady of the Sacred Heart has to our love, and finally the inappreciable advantages of this devotion so dear to the heart of Mary. The presence, at no great distance, of a statue of the Blessed Benedict Joseph Labre furnished the rev. Father a happy opportunity of saying a few well-placed words upon this glorious mendicant of Jesus, and to enkindle in the hearts of all a greater devotion to the blessed one of God, whose protection the Monastery of the Sacred Heart of Jesus had frequently experienced.

To close this beautiful *fête*, the benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament was given, at the foot of the statue. The ostensorium was placed upon a heap of fragments of bombs, of bullets and balls, and of all the engines of destruction, from which the God of the Eucharist had preserved His faithful spouses.

On the occasion of the erection of this statue, the rev. missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Issoudun have authorized the Monastery of the Sacred Heart of Jesus as the centre of the devotion to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, for the diocese of Paris, and, consequently, a register was opened to receive the inscription of names, recommendations, etc. A. CAMUS.

DEATH OF A LIFE SUBSCRIBER.—We commend to the prayers of our readers, especially the members of the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, the soul of Mrs. ROSANNA GIBSON, who departed this life in peace the 12th of last September, in Philadelphia.

May she rest in peace.

Dr. Dollinger's Chief Aids.

Dr. Dollinger, it is well known, was the leader in Germany of those who opposed the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope. He now proposes to call those who reject the dogma, the "Old Catholics," and he boasted that thousands among the clergy held with him. The following sketches show up the character of the twenty-nine members of the clergy who side with him. There are about 35,000 priests in Germany :

The London *Tablet* thus translates the second article in the Bayrische *Vaterland*, headed: "The Thousands among the Clergy (No. II.)—Contributions to the 'Old Catholics' in Munich in September."

Let us now put our hand into the muddy pond of the "Old Catholic party" and fish out first one and then the other of the twenty-nine priests who are said to be "true to their consciences," especially since the holders of the Council in Heichberg lay great stress on the fact that the ecclesiastics who made a stand against what they call "the Romish enslaving of the mind" stand out pure and unspotted.

According to the *Vaterland* of Vienna

HR. NITTEL

was formerly the director of the Orphanage in Prague. The bills for bread, flour, meat, cloth, etc., the good director quite forgot to pay, but he did not forget to let the money he received for the household expenses slip into his own pocket, so that it was found necessary for him to get out of the way ; these debts had to be liquidated by the administration of the Institution, who had already paid the money to Hr. Nittel. Such is the first of the twenty-nine *pure and unspotted ones*.

PICHLER AND FROHSCHAMER

are apostate priests who for many years have been excommunicated. The first made himself a name in Europe by robbing libraries, and as for his morals there are facts which we simply pass over in silence ; the commonplace of Montalembert "that men who give up their faith also part with their morals" expresses what we mean. Now while Hr. Nittel is a fine sort of man of honor, seeing that he is of the liberal school which atones for everything, and Pichler a thief we find

KAMINSKY

is a perjurer. He is the illegitimate son of a Jewess. Later on, we find him sent away twice from his convent, the first time in Rome from the Congregation of the Redemptorists, the second in Paris from the Lazarist Fathers. After the rising in Poland in 1863, in which he took an active part, he came into the diocese of Breslau, but the authorities were obliged immediately to remove him on account of his "improper life." In 1870 he made an application to the German authorities to be admitted as an army chaplain, which was peremptorily refused on the

ground that the *Official* censure pronounced him to be "a person most dangerous to the State," inasmuch as in the late Polish revolution he had "seriously compromised himself," and was at the moment in league with French emissaries.

And yet, strange to say, this same Kaminsky is now a pet of the Prussian Government ; which has managed to find out that he is no longer a perjurer and a *revolutionary* against Prussia, but merely against the Catholic Church and its chief pastor !

And what do we hear from Vienna of

FEDERZANI ?

he was driven thence while a novice, from the Monastery of Neuburg, and has already been *chassé* from two dioceses. Schmerling smuggled him into the diocese of Vienna, and now his reverence is conducting the education of the two children of a Jew, for which he receives a salary of three thousand florins. A paper of Breslau (April 20th) simply styles him "a good for nothing fellow."

WACKER,

the parish priest from Baden, another of the twenty-nine "pure and unspotted" ones, was living on too free terms with his house-keeper ; when his Bishop insisting upon her dismissal, the reverend gentleman at once sent his name to the "Old Catholics," who make no scruple about their members living on familiar terms with a good-looking cook. Having been suspended for resistance to authority and an impure life, the poor man whom his party styles one of the few "true to their conscience," immediately becomes one of their brightest ornaments.

And now we must once more revert to our friend

RENFTLE,

in Mering. It is noteworthy that a liberal paper in Augsburg, and another in Neuremberg, began as early as 1868, an agitation against "a certain priest in the diocese of Augsburg," whose life it then described as being grossly scandalous. Dr. Volk brought the matter under the notice of the Parliament. A few days before his apostacy, when the suspension had already been pronounced against Renfle for his immoral conduct, these two papers renewed their accusations of immorality against him, while the Jews of the Berlin *Punch* joined them in giving a facetonics turn to his scandal. But mark what follows. Scarcely had he declared war against the Church and the Papacy than these papers hushed up the whole thing. Renfle now became one of the priests "true to conscience," unblemished, for whose "courage and character" even the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Augsburg felt a high esteem. Mering, the place where Renfle had given such scandal, was "declared to be" the new Bethlehem—the crib of the "Old Catholic party ;" and the Liberal *Passauer Zeitung* wrote: "Renfle has saved the honor of the priesthood." We sincerely congratulate Mering for the honor thus done it.

Can we possibly lament that such priests should have turned their backs upon the Catholics ? Certainly not. What the *Evangelical Church Times* wrote *apropos* of the Ronge nuisance applies here: "We congratulate the Catholic Church that such priests have left her.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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No. 49.

The State of the Question as to the Pope's Temporal Power.

We continue from page 720, No. 46, of the AVE MARIA, the clear and exhaustive article of Rev. Edmund O'Reilly upon the Temporal Power, taken from *The (London) Month*:

III.

The third and last of the heads or questions I have proposed to treat is: What is the bearing of the necessity of the Pope's Temporal Power on the Civil rights of the Roman people?

The Pope's civil territory comprised, from the commencement, the city of Rome and certain provinces which have long been called the Papal States, or States of the Church. By the Roman people I mean the inhabitants of Rome and of these States, as held by Pius the Ninth at the commencement of his Pontificate. At this moment he holds nothing. I shall, however, for the sake of convenience, speak of his former possessions in the present tense, as still his, and take as still existing the condition of things which preceded his spoliation.

I will begin by a brief statement of the condition of the people.* They are, in general, well off as regards the necessities of life. They have enough to eat and drink. They are sufficiently clad and provided with dwelling accommodation. There is but little distress, and, I may say, no misery; certainly much less want than is to be found in many countries which are set up as models of prosperity. The taxation is very moderate. There are abundant means of education for the different grades of society; nay, more, the children of poor parents have opportunities of high education without expense and at the same time without discredit, such as are certainly not to be found in these countries, nor, probably, in many others.

* For information concerning the government and temporal condition of Rome and the Papal States, the reader may consult, among other authorities, Mr. J. F. Maguire's *Rome and its Rulers*, or his *Pontificate of Pius the Ninth*, which is a third edition of the former work.

There is every facility for literary pursuits, which flourish there extensively. The fine arts, too, are largely cultivated, and with great success. Commercial and industrial enterprise is also encouraged, and is progressing. It does exist, and has always existed, in a degree sufficient for a fair state of well-being of the people at every given time, and could exist and have existed in a higher degree if individuals had wished to carry it further; so that the government is not and was not the cause of a great deal more not being done. Now, as to the sufficiency of which I have spoken, my idea is this. A certain amount of industry and of commerce are necessary for the comfortable condition of a people in the various grades of society to be found in a civilized nation, and for the maintenance and promotion of civilization. A people may be very comfortably circumstanced and very fully civilized, with an amount of industry and commerce that is small compared with what might be attained, considering the resources and opportunities there are. It is desirable that this amount should be increased, and obstacles to its increase should not be created; on the contrary, those that arise ought to be removed. Yet the advantages of material progress, in the sense in which it is understood by those who are the most ardent in calling for it, are, in my mind, much exaggerated. In order to express my views somewhat clearly, I will put them into the shape of a few reflections on this subject.

1. The immediate object and end of the promotion of industry is the temporal happiness of the population, subordinate, of course, to their spiritual interests, of which, however, I have no occasion to speak just now.

2. The credit, respectability, glory of a nation, enter into the sum of its happiness, but do not form the whole or even a very large proportion of that happiness. For the happiness of a nation is the happiness of its inhabitants, of the individual men who make up the people. Now, the influence of any kind of collective national reputation on individuals and on their contentment is comparatively small. Their enjoyment is mainly derived from those things which more closely touch them.

selves with reference to personal wants and personal interests. A man who is oppressed by poverty will receive but middling consolation from his country's fame. I am not speaking of *personal* honor or celebrity in connection with a public cause, for this is an individual advantage. After all, few members of any state have each a large share in its renown.

3. The wealth of a nation contributes to its happiness chiefly by diffusion through the whole body of the inhabitants. This is obvious because *the nation*, of whose happiness there is question, consists in and is identified with, the whole body of the inhabitants. They *are* the nation. I do not pretend that it is either possible or desirable that all individuals of a state should be equally rich. There may be a considerable disparity. There may be many men much richer than the bulk of their neighbors; but if a large majority be excluded from all appreciable participation of this wealth, or if a large minority be kept in destitution, the country cannot be reputed happy on the ground of its wealth. The first step towards wealth as a source of national happiness is widespread and even universal sufficiency. I do not say this is always necessarily the first step in point of time, but it is the first in point of eventual order; it is the most fundamental, and the want of it is not compensated by the existence of large fortunes in the hands of comparatively few. The next step is a very extensive enjoyment of modern comforts beyond what I have called sufficiency. There are other steps which it would be tedious and difficult to specify, but which belong to the completeness of that diffusion of which I have spoken. Of course, the distribution of wealth cannot be of a mathematical character, like scales of fees and salaries. There will always be a considerable number of poor. This is, we may say, the order of Providence. There are many causes of poverty, positive and negative, culpable and inculpable, and these will operate everywhere pretty extensively. There will also be most legitimate cases of exceptionally large fortunes amassed by individuals, and continued in families. It is quite right that great gains should be attainable, and should, in prospect, afford incentives to active exertion, provided always, as far as the moral and spiritual interests of the persons are concerned, that the means thus employed be thoroughly lawful and the intention pure, and the snares which beset the pursuit of wealth be guarded against. To return to the maxim which I have started in this reflection, namely, that wealth contributes to a nation's happiness mainly by its diffusion; I will develop the maxim more briefly in another form. If the wealth acquired by a greater

or less number of citizens of any state does not beneficially affect the great mass of the inhabitants it cannot be said to contribute very considerably to the happiness of the state. This view is, of course, applicable not only to a whole kingdom, but to a city or a province. The progress of industry or commerce in a province or a city, if largely beneficial to the people of that province or city, will contribute to its happiness. We must observe, however, that the city or province is *not* the kingdom, unless inasmuch as the rest of the kingdom participates of the advantage. It is not quite enough that the rest of the inhabitants have *the honor* of belonging to the same country.

4. As a matter of fact, great commercial and industrial enterprise, leading to great pecuniary gains, is found united in some countries with a large amount of squalid poverty on the part of the inhabitants, and the gains are not diffused at all proportionably to their greatness through the population. Further, a very large number of those who contribute by their labor to what are considered glorious results, lead a hard and painful life, and often a life which seems scarcely fit for human beings. This last circumstance is specially observable in those who are engaged in working mines, more particularly coal mines. There are various occupations, too, prejudicial to health. The whole of what I have said in this paragraph is verified in the British dominions.

5. A nation which is backward in commerce and industry may be happier—that is, may have a happier population—than another which is much more advanced in these respects. Perhaps the former would be happier still with greater material progress. I do not wish to depreciate the advantages of this progress. It ought no doubt to be encouraged; but it is not *everything*. Let those who are interested—prince and people—make every reasonable effort to push forward all kinds of improvements; but let not established order and substantial contentment be disturbed and destroyed under the pretext of bettering the condition of the country, with the absolute certainty of much mischief and misery, and no security of eventually attaining the proposed object.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOOD NIGHT.—Send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. "The memory of this, in the stormy years which may be in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds—"My father, my mother, loved me!" Nothing can take away that blessed heart balm. Lips parched with the world's

fever will become dewy again at this thrill of youthful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep.—*Home Words.*

IN MEMORIAM.

Hon. Thomas Ewing.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

[There is no exterior evidence of any particular cause assigned to the wonderful event commemorated in the following poem. We, however, judging from the multitude of fervent prayers, even from here alone, sent to the throne of our blessed Mother in behalf of our illustrious friend, do not hesitate to thank her for the share she had in the happy final result. Therefore we publish with double pleasure this rich tribute to his memory. The poem is due to lines written by one of the family relating what he was personally called to hear from the lips of his venerable father a day before he died.—ED.]

I.

Upon his couch the dying statesman lay
Waiting the word that changes flesh to dust;
The night was fading into endless day,
And fear was merged into unflinching trust,—
For, o'er his soul the angel, Faith, had breathed,
Illuming his intelligence with light;
Religion's crown with earthly Honor's wreathed,—
A great soul's laurels, more than usual bright.

II.

Men saw a noble boy whose spirit dared
The sternest shock that this existence gives,
With eye of fire and bosom grandly bared
Unto the fray where Fame, coy spirit, lives.
He seemed to feel again those proudest years
When warmth unsullied gave him victory's palm,
And something like the sweep of nature's tears
Awoke his soul from its God-given palm.

III.

He hewed his own niche in the shrine of Fame;
The peer of giants,—he himself as great;
He was the model of an honest name
When men sought power to serve not coin the state.
He stood alone, a pillar of that time,
When Genius ruled Columbia;—he was one
In whom there was a touch of the sublime,
Such as immortalized our Washington.

IV.

There came unto his patient couch of pain
The shadows of the men who glory cast
On Genius' self. Heroes without a stain,
Whom Rome's best epoch never hath surpassed.
The massive Webster, Calhoun, brilliant Clay,—
Columbia's constellation and her pride,—

Live in the memories of the solemn day
That moved a nation when great Ewing died.

V.

Around his couch there kneel, in silent grief
Himself oft multiplied, brave sons, who share
The spring-tide glory of the fallen leaf
Which Autumn's chilling touch hath withered there.
And daughters, too, in whom he lives again,—
Whose love interpreted his twofold life—
The rugged grandeur of his soul for men,—
Its softness for his children and loved wife.

VI.

Beside him, too, the war-worn soldier stands,
Gazing, with folded arms, upon the scene,—
His glory lives illustrious in all lands,
'Twas EWING made what never might have been,
Thy benefactor, SHERMAN,—yet art thou
Worthy the gifts benevolence bestowed;
Genius doth ever unto genius bow,—
Thy glory paid what grateful honor owed.

VII.

And there the holy prelate of the West,
Prince of the Church his life hath ever served,
Raises the hand that hath so often blessed,
And Truth's deposit faithfully preserved.
Consoling spectacle! the mind which read
So deeply in the page of human strife,
So humbly turns when earth's best hopes have fled
And finds in Death eternal rest and life.

VIII.

In the dread moment of the soul's divorce
When Life's fast ebbing to the unknown sea
Truth rules the mind with a far clearer force
And Time is tested by Eternity;
Words are oft Passion's handmaid, yet when Death
Inspires the wise, it is a prophecy;
Conviction lives upon the trembling breath;
The tomb's sad voice hath never sophistry.

IX.

Hear the great statesman's dying voice, and pause,
Wayfarer on the path o'er which he trod;—
Long had he pondered o'er the varied laws
Which based on Nature lead to Nature's God,—
Much had he read—more studied—honor, fame
And "troops of friends," and blessings rich were his,
And yet for none of these the dying flame
Grew brighter ere it flashed to endless bliss.

X.

"I thank my God that His High Providence
To me and my dear children, for a guide
His Holy Church hath given;—recompense
Of promise full, whatever else beside.
When Mercy leads me to the banquet hall
Where God sits Master of the Eternal feast,
My first thanksgiving shall be for the call
Which sets apart from men the faithful priest.

XI.

"For to that call and faithful priest I owe

Faith's fair Aurora, and the humbled trust
That when I leave this stage of human woe
The blessed sun shall through the gray dawn burst.
I pray Our Lord in that He placed a light
Upon the summit of His holy Mount,
That all may see, although dark Error's night
Should hide the beauty of Truth's limpid fount."

XII.

O thou dear heart of charity who twined
The loveliness of virtue round his soul,
And bent the bias of his noble mind,
Like a fair magnet, to Heaven's lofty pole,
Thy crown hath now another gem serene—
Thy harp a hymn of higher love and praise,—
To thee is due much of the hallowed scene,
When Faith came down to bless his latter days!

XIII.

He's gone! and, with him, the last honored link
That bound the Present to the mighty Past;
Long hath the giant lingered on the brink
Watching Life's silent river flowing fast.
Farewell, a long farewell!—to God we leave
The lonely traveller on the fated tide.
The grace that made that honest soul believe
Smiled—let us hope—when Christian EWING died!

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

PART II.

CHAPTER V.

"LIKE A BIRD IN THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER."

It is not pleasant to write of such a character as Frank Yellott's; but the facts of our narrative compel us to develop his evil qualities, if for no other purpose, to show the dangerous influence of "to seem, and not to be," and into what abysses men fall who go into the way of temptation and abandon the practice of their faith.

No Christian in his daily warfare ever kept closer watch upon himself, nor imposed a more constant restraint upon his undisciplined passions than did this man while in pursuit of his wicked and selfish plans. Once and once only he came near betraying himself, and ruining all. He came to Lucia one morning in great spirits, and begged that she would drive with him—he was going to try a pair of young horses his uncle had given him—the new harness had just come from Baltimore, and he wished her to see how splendidly they would go, and be the first to drive with them. Lucia had no fear of horses, and willingly assented.

"Are you sure of those nags, Frank?" asked his uncle, looking up from a letter he was reading.

"Perfectly so, sir; they are as gentle as lambs."

"Perhaps so; but it is not long since they were broken to the harness—you must be careful."

"Lucia shall be with me, sir," he answered, quietly.

"True, true," said Allan Brooke, understanding at once the significance of his brief answer; "but don't forget and make them feel the bit too hard—young horses are skittish things."

"I'll be careful, sir; they are splendid animals, and I want Lucia to see their paces. We shall have a charming afternoon; be ready at four, Lucia."

Then the two men separated, Allan Brooke to drive across the country to see a sick friend, and Frank Yellott to the stables to give orders about his horses and the open carriage, check reins, and other matters; then he mounted his horse and rode off to meet young Ogle and some other wild young fellows at the "store," a mile or two away.

Lucia was in high spirits that day; she felt one of those causeless elations that sometimes come flowing over the soul like a sunlit flood tide which drives back by its brightness all thoughts of the inevitable ebb that naturally follows, and the mind is only busy collecting the *flotsam* and *jetsam* that it brings around it without a thought of the wreck from which they may have floated. The atmosphere was crisp and clear, the light came through the autumn foliage in all the rich tints of stained glass in old cathedral windows; there was a bitter-sweet fragrance abroad, mingling with incense-like aroma of the firs and cedars; while now and then the clear loud whistle of partridges foraging through the stubble, shrilled sweetly on the air. Without, all was beautiful; within, Lucia saw with thankful heart, success crowning her efforts at last. In place of a crowd of undisciplined, half-naked young savages, ignorant and without an idea of moral obligations, there was now an orderly array of clean, comfortably-dressed children, who plied their tasks industriously and cheerfully, and who, best of all, were learning by slow degrees the end and aim of their creation. She was very happy in the contemplation of the good fruits her works had borne; she was happy in the very sense of living that day, and there seemed not the shadow of a cloud in all the expanse of her sky.

Lucia stood waiting on the veranda that afternoon, ready to drive; and when Frank Yellott dashed up to the door in the elegant turnout, the fine spirited horses as sleek as satin, arching their necks, and pawing the gravel with dainty grace, as they obeyed the reins which he held in a masterful grasp, Lucia thought she had never seen a fairer sight, a more perfect human figure. With his help she sprang lightly into the high seat be-

side him. Like all Virginia-bred women she loved horses, and did not feel the slightest emotion or fear, as she watched, with admiring eyes, the graceful action of these splendid creatures, whose motion was faultless as they swept down the broad avenue and out into the high road like the wind. Frank Yellott touched them on their flanks with his whip, and laying back their ears they almost flew.

"Don't do that, Frank; they do not need it," said Lucia.

"Oh, yes they do! they must get accustomed to it; there's nothing like beginning right, you know," he answered, almost rudely, as he flicked the whip around their ears, which caused them to plunge and rear for a moment, then go on with renewed speed.

There seemed to be—Lucia noticed it now—a dullness in Frank Yellott's eyes, and a thickness in his speech, and his wreckless driving terrified her with a dread of she knew not what. Turning a sudden curve in the road, he swayed on his seat and almost fell. Had he lurched on the opposite side, he would have gone under the wheels, but he fell against Lucia, almost throwing her into the road.

"Frank, are you ill?" she exclaimed, grasping his arm.

"No—ill—no—but, fact is—I'm dizzy," he stammered.

"Give me the reins," she said, trying to take them.

"No, no; none of that nonsense. I can manage them—gentle as lambs, but hard in the mouth, and would break your fingers," he said, interlacing his reply with profane expressions, which would be out of place here. "Now then!" he shouted giving the mettlesome animals another cut about their ears. It was once too often; and, half maddened, they started on a wild run across an open field, field towards some abandoned gypsum pits, which lay right across their course. Without a word, Lucia seized the reins, and nerved to almost preternatural strength, she stood holding in the horses with a firm hand, while she whispered a Hail Mary with her white lips—for there, a short distance ahead, almost certain destruction seemed to await them. But the fiery horses had expended their fury; they felt the masterful hold of Lucia's firm hands on the reins, and slackened their pace, then halted, quivering in every limb—their black coats bedabbled with foam—just a few feet from the jagged quarry pits.

Frank Yellott was sobered when he saw the range of deep pits yawning before them, and the destruction they had so wonderfully escaped. He thought he was ruined, and almost wished they

had gone crushing down into them, rather than live to see all his fine castles in the air crumble to hopeless wreck before him; but his ready wit served him yet. He sprang out, stood at the horses' heads, smoothing their dripping necks, then led them carefully away from the dangerous spot.

"Don't be alarmed, Lucia," he said; "the danger is over, I think."

"I am not alarmed," she answered coldly. She was very pale, and felt that her left arm was sprained.

"Forgive me, Lucia," he said, presently; "I am subject to attacks of vertigo. I felt ill before starting; but, fearing to disappoint you, I drank a small glass of brandy and water, hoping to be relieved; but so far from relieving me, it made me worse. My head is splitting. I believe I have got malaria in my blood; I'm not used to your climate, you know."

"You were very foolish to come, Frank, under such circumstances; we had a narrow escape," she answered more gently, thinking it might all be so, when she noticed his palor, and two dull red spots upon his cheek bones. "Let us go home and have you attended to." She said nothing of her own hurt, which made her almost faint, now and then.

"You're a brave woman, Lucia,—you handle the reins splendidly; but had you not better let me drive back to 'Haylands?'" he asked, humbly.

"Oh, yes! of course,—but don't touch the horses again with the whip; and don't hold the reins so tight," she replied, quietly, while she grew livid with pain.

As they returned home slowly and quietly enough, a fresh breeze was blowing from the bay into their faces, which somewhat revived Lucia, and perfectly sobered Frank Yellott by the time they arrived at "Haylands". Lifting Lucia down,—for she was nearly fainting again with pain—he led her in, sent for Maum Chloe, and excused himself, going immediately to his room. Soon after, a message came down that he felt quite ill, and a messenger was dispatched for the doctor.

Maum Chloe saw that Lucia ascended the staircase feebly; she saw also that she was as white as marble, and that two dark rings encircled her eyes, and she needed no telling to know that she was either hurt, or sick almost to death.

"What is the matter, my honey?" she asked, tenderly, her arm around Lucia's waist holding her up.

"I believe I have sprained my arm, maumy; go and get me some brown paper and vinegar, but don't say one word to Guardy, for it is nothing much," answered Lucia, with lips quivering with pain.

"Was you upso't, honey? tell me that before I go."

"No, indeed! I attempted to drive, that's all,—go now."

"No, taint all, nuther," muttered Maum Chloe, wrathfully, as she went down stairs to the store-room. "That snake-in-the-grass was drunk; he got drunk guzzling with them wild young fellows down thar at the 'Store.' Bligh told me about the high jinks they had, and now he's gone and 'most broke her neck. But she won't let me say a word 'bout him: I could tell her things if she'd let me; but if she goes and marries him, she'll rue it to the day of her death,—she'll rue it. I'd rather see you dead, my purty."

She got the things she was sent for and went up again, wisely holding her tongue. She felt Lucia's arm gently, and, although it was purple and swollen, she knew that no bones were broken; her long experience on the plantation had given her a certain amount of surgical skill, and, bandaging it up deftly and smoothly, she brought her up a cup of hot tea, and persuaded her to drink it and lie down.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hymn to St. Elizabeth.

BY M. L. M.

Air—"Thee Sovereign God! we grateful praise."

Come, let us sing in joyful strains
Of one to whom fond praise belongs;
Elizabeth of Hungary stands
The homage of all hearts and tongues

Chorus—Elizabeth of Hungary!
All choicest graces blend in thee.

Beloved of God! to thy last hour
Thou wast His childlike little one;
Simplicity was all thy power,
Yet who more wondrous works hath done.

Alike to maid and matron, thou
Dost mirror forth true sanctity,
And to the widow's tender woe
Thou bringest gentlest sympathy.

A nursing mother to the poor,
To them thy fair young life was given;
With them thou sought to live obscure,
And thus hast reached the heights of heaven.

O chosen flower of charity!
May our great needs thy pity gain;
Dear saint! a loving mother be
To all who thy protection claim.

The Apparition at Pontmain.

[CONCLUDED].

All went down upon their knees; some inside the barn, and others at the door. The small door only was open. Kneeling at the threshold, Sister Mary Edward began the Rosary, and all the rest answered. During this prayer, the Lady seemed to rise up and grow taller all at once. The children said:

"She is twice as tall as Sister Vitaline."

The blue oval grew wider also in proportion. The *stars of the sky* appeared to the children to move, and form in order before the Lady and arrange themselves two and two beneath her feet, like people standing on each side when a carriage is passing by. At the same time the stars on her robe increased in number. The children distinguished the *stars of the sky* from those which they saw upon our Lady's dress. The latter, they said, had each five points like those of the ceiling of the church. What these *stars of the sky* were, we do not know. The children alone saw them, and they were about forty in number. Other people could only see those three stars already mentioned. The children said the Lady's dress was like an ant-hill, covered all over with golden stars.

Sister Mary Edward intoned the "Magnificat." She had not sung all the first verse when the four children—Eugene Friteau had gone away—called out all together:

"There is something else doing; see, there is a stroke; it is like the leg of a letter M, a capital letter M, such as we see in books."

A large white surface about a yard and a half broad, and about twelve yards long, it appeared before the Lady's feet and the blue oval.* It seemed to the children as if an invisible hand was slowly forming beautiful letters in gold upon this tablet or paper, which was of a dazzling whiteness. The "Magnificat" was interrupted for a few minutes, and during the silence the first letter was formed.

"It is an M," said the children. Then they said: "See, another letter is begun; it is an A."

They did not take their eyes off the spot in the heavens where they saw these wonders, and they vied with each other who should be first to read the beautiful letter in gold. They spelled next an I, and then an S. The word *Mais* (in English, *But*) remained by itself almost ten minutes.

Just at this time an inhabitant of the village happened to pass by, whose name was Joseph

* It extended the whole length of Augustin Guidecoq's house, from one chimney to the other.

Babin. Surprised at seeing all these people assembled and singing, he said:

"You may well pray: the Prussians are at Laval."

This news, calculated as it was to excite a commotion among all the people, made no impression upon those assembled.

"They might be at the entrance of the village," said one woman, "and we should not be afraid."

The news of the occupation of Laval by the Prussians was spread all over Brittany. They were not above two miles from that town, and all the inhabitants who might well be uneasy and alarmed, expected to see them make their entrance every day. But the Blessed Virgin protected the town, where so many of her devout servants invoked her patronage in her ancient sanctuary of Avenières. The solemn vow to which we attribute our preservation, was made in that Church on Friday, the 20th of January by the Bishop, surrounded by a great number of his clergy and an immense crowd of the faithful.

Joseph Babin went into the barn; and when they told him what the children saw he joined in the confidence and emotion of those present, and began to pray with them.

Meanwhile the faithful went on singing the Cantic of the Blessed Virgin. At the end of the "Magnificat" the children read in letters of gold, about nine inches high:

"MAIS PRIEZ MES ENFANTS"

which means in English, "*But pray, my children.*" The children who saw these letters, when questioned by the good priest, by the nuns or the assistants, spelled them and put the words together a hundred times over. There was never any hesitation, much less contradiction. Every one felt profound religious emotion. The unbelievers no longer dared to laugh, and most of them shed tears. The beautiful lady continued to smile, and it was now about half-past seven o'clock.

Then the great door of the barn was opened, within which about sixty people sought shelter from the very severe cold. Some chairs had been brought and set just at the entrance, and the children sat upon them. But they frequently rose up, to show by lively and expressive gestures their admiration at the vision which they alone had the happiness to see.

"We must sing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin," said the venerable parish-priest, "and beg of her to let us know her will and pleasure."*

Sister Mary Edward began the Litany. At the first invocation the children called out with great animation:

"See, there is something going on again. There are some more letters; there is a D."

And they named in succession—each trying to be the first to tell the letters of the following words which were completely written when they had finished the Litany:

"DIEU VOUS EXAUCERA EN PEU DE TEMPS."

That is: "*God will graciously hear you in a little time.*"

These words were written on the same line with the former ones, and were of the same size and in letters of gold. After the word "TEMPS" was a full stop as large as the letters in gold, and compared by the children to the sun.

It is easy to imagine the joy of those assembled when they received this merciful promise: "*God will graciously hear you in a little time.*" We asked Eugene with what intention he had said all his prayers.

"I prayed," said he, "that my brother might not receive a fatal wound, and to obtain peace, the de-

editions, because it was not sufficiently known to us with all its circumstances:

The wife of Augustine Guldecoq, who had come to the barn at the same time with the parish-priest had gone back to her house about the middle of the "Magnificat," because she could see nothing, and she felt cold. But, urged by curiosity, she returned while the Litany was singing, and stood near the children who were privileged to see. Their decided assurances, their perfect agreement, the consoling words which they read in the heavens, the emotion and faith of those present failed to convince her of the reality of the apparition. "The priest sees nothing," she said to herself; "the Sisters can see no more than he can; the children say that it is over our house; but, for my part, I can see nothing either. Surely their sight is dim. There is nothing at all there."

So she left the barn, crossed over the road and went along by the side of the barn-floor which separates her house from that of Barbedette. When she came in front of the gate which opens into the small place where the church stands, she looked up over the roof of her house. "There is nothing there," she muttered to herself. She tried to move on, but her legs bent, and she fell upon her knees on the frozen snow. "Our good God is punishing me," she thought to herself.

She recited three or four 'Our Fathers' and 'Hail Marys' in honor of the Blessed Virgin, after which she was able to rise up. She went into her house, passed through it quickly and went out into her garden in hopes of seeing the heavenly vision from that side. But her hopes were vain! She did not see the beautiful Lady. She went in directly and returned to the barn, where she continued to pray, and shed tears of grief for not having believed.

* This is naturally the place to introduce the following fact which could not be inserted in the preceding

parture of the Prussians and the return of tranquillity."

And he then felt that he was graciously heard. All the people present said:

"The war is coming to an end, we shall have peace."

"Yes," said the boy, "but pray."

And he made them all understand the meaning of the word *but*, which till then appeared extraordinary.* Exclamations of joy were heard, mixed with sobbing and tears caused by the deep emotion which all felt. The lady looked at the children and smiled.

"See, she is laughing!" they called out, laughing themselves with happiness. "See, she is laughing!"

When they sang the prose, *Inviolata integra et casta es Maria*. Immediately the children announced that some fresh letters were appearing on the white surface, but in a second line. When Jane Mary saw a letter M forming on the second line she called out in her own lively way:

"The good Virgin is going to write over again: '*Mais priez, mes enfants!*' She thinks perhaps that we could not read it."

Who could suppose after this that these children had all agreed together beforehand? Exactly as they finished singing "*O Mater alma Christi carissima!*"—that is, "O glorious and most dear Mother of Christ!"—the children had spelled letter by letter these words:

"MY SON" . . .

This produced in the crowd of people an indescribable thrilling sensation and emotion.

"It is certainly the Blessed Virgin," said the children.

"It is she herself," repeated the people.

During the latter part of the prose, "*Inviolata*," and the "*Salve Regina*," which was sung immediately after it, the mysterious and invisible hand

* A few days after the apparition, the nuns of Pontmain took the children to Rillé, where the mother-house of their congregation is situated. The Mother Superior questioned the little seers. "The Blessed Virgin," she said to them, "knows French: she could not have begun a sentence with the word *But*" (*Mais*). Jane Mary Lebossé replied quickly: "Sister Vitaline knows French very well, too; but when she is tired of seeing any one idle she stamps on the floor and calls out: '*Mais étudiez donc, mais étudiez donc.*'"

The word *But* could not be used in English; the speaker would probably say in such a case, "Well, study then; well, study then."

formed some fresh letters. The children read them thus:

"MON FILS SE LAISSE"

Sister Vitaline who was sitting in the middle of them, said:

"'*Mon Fils se laisse*,' that makes no sense. Look at it well; no doubt it is '*Mon Fils se lasse*,'"

For the information of the English reader, it must be observed that the words would mean, "My Son allows Himself," which, standing alone would not make sense. Therefore the Sister thought the word must be *lasse* instead of *laisse*, so that the sentence would mean "My Son is weary."

But the children exclaimed:

"No Sister, there is an I."

And all of them together spelled the word *laisse* several times. Then they said eagerly:

"But Sister, wait a little, it is not yet finished. There are still some more letters."

Before the end of the "*Salve Regina*," they read as follows:

"MON FILS SE LAISSE TOUCHER."

A broad line, gilt like the letters was slowly formed below this second line, which means in English: "*My Son allows himself to be moved* (to mercy.)"

The singing had ceased. The crowd of people, deeply affected and recollected were engaged in prayer. Silence was broken only by the voice of the children who kept continually repeating the complete inscription which is here given exactly as they described it to those present at the time, and as they have reproduced it many times over before our eyes:

MAIS PRIEZ MES ENFANTS DIEU VOUS EXAUCERA
EN PEU DE TEMPS.

MON FILS SE LAISSE TOUCHER.

In English.

But pray, my children; God will graciously hear you in a little time.

My Son allows Himself to be moved (to mercy).

"Sing a hymn to the Blessed Virgin," said the venerable parish-priest.

And Sister Mary Edward sang accordingly:

"Mère de l'espérance,
Dont le nom est si doux;
Protégez notre France,
Priez, priez pour nous!"

Which may be thus rendered in English:

"Mother of hope, on thee
And thy sweet name we call;

France from her perils free ;
O pray, pray for us all !"

Then the Blessed Virgin lifted up her hand as high as her shoulders—which before she had held down and spread out—and gently moving her fingers as if keeping time with the hymn, she looked at the children with a smile of indescribable sweetness.

"See, she is laughing! See, she is laughing!" they called out; and they jumped about merrily, clapping their hands, and repeating a hundred times over with an expression which it would be impossible to describe: "Oh how beautiful she is! Oh, how beautiful she is!"

"We could have wished to leap up to her," said the little girls, and Eugene added: "O if I had had wings!"

The people laughed and shed tears at the same time. They saw in the countenance of these children, so expressive and so artless a reflection of that smile which so transported them with joy. Towards the end of the hymn, which consists of eight verses, and is peculiarly applicable to the woes of France the inscription which had remained perfect for about ten minutes, disappeared. It seemed to the children as if a roller of the color of the sky passed quickly over the letters, and took them away from their sight. Then they sang the following canticle:

"O doux Jésus, enfin voici le temps
De pardonner à nos cœurs pénitents ;
Nous n'offenserons jamais plus
Votre bonté suprême, O doux Jésus !"

Which may be thus translated :

"O sweetest Jesus, it is now the time
To free our contrite hearts from every crime ;
O sweetest Jesus, never more will we
Offend Thy goodness and prove false to Thee."

The looks of the children showed profound sadness which was indeed a reflection of the vision.

"See," they said "how she returns to sorrow!"

Then they said all at once, "Look, there is something else going on."

At the same time they saw a red cross about a foot and a half high, upon which was an image of Christ of the same color. This cross appeared to be at the distance of a foot in front of the beautiful Lady. Lowering her hands, which all the time that the hymn "*Mère de l'espérance*" was singing had remained raised up as high as her shoulders, she took hold of the crucifix and held it in both hands, a little forward towards the children, to whom she appeared to present it. At the top of the cross upon a white strip of writing which was very long, was written in red letters, JESUS CHRIST.

After each couplet of the hymn, they sang :

"Parce, Domine, parce populo tuo,
Ne in æternum irascaris nobis !"

In English :

"Spare, O Lord, spare Thy people,
And be not angry with us forever !"

The Blessed Virgin looked sorrowful and recollected, and seemed to pray with the people.

All at once a star rose from below her feet, and mounting up on the left side, crossed the blue oval, and lighted the taper which was on a level with her knees, and then the second, which was on a level with her shoulders. The same star rising above the head of the Blessed Virgin, went over to the right hand side, and lighted the other two tapers. Then it rose up again, passed again across the oval, and took its place over the head of the Lady, where it remained suspended.

The crowd, silent and deeply affected, continued to pray. Sister Mary Edward sung the hymn, *Ave, Maris Stella*, "Hail, thou resplendent star;" and while this was singing the red cross disappeared. The Lady, extending her arms, resumed the position of the Immaculate Conception. There appeared upon each of her shoulders a small white cross about six inches high. These crosses, the children say, were fixed upon the shoulders of the Blessed Virgin. The Mother of God smiled again at those who saw her, who called out with great joy :

"See, she is laughing! See, she is laughing!"

It was then about half-past eight o'clock.

"My dear friends," said the good priest, "we are going to say night prayers all together."

They all went down upon their knees. Towards the examination of conscience, the children, who never took their eye off the heavenly vision, made it known that a large white veil, rising from beneath the feet of the Blessed Virgin, and slowly going up, had covered her as far up as her waist. Rising up farther, by degrees it surrounded her up to her neck. Eugene said it seemed as if she had gone into a kind of bag. The children could now see only the face of the Lady, full of heavenly beauty, and she still smiled upon them. Soon, however, her face was concealed; the crown alone remained visible with the star above it; and then all disappeared, with the large blue oval and the four tapers, which had remained lighted till the end. The parish priest called to the children from the farther end of the barn, where he was seated, and said to them :

"Do you see anything still?"

"No, reverend sir; all has disappeared. It is all over."

It was a quarter to nine o'clock. The crowd went slowly home, talking together of an event so prodigious, and which left an impression of sweetness profound and ineffaceable.

This marvellous fact spread with the rapidity of lightning. Not one could be found in the parish who did not believe it.

"We know our children," they said; "they are not capable of inventing anything like this."

Every evening the faithful of the village, and all the villages round about, flock to the church, which is too small to contain the pious multitude. The Rosary is said, some of the canticles or hymns are sung, which were sung in the barn on the day of the apparition; and those only who have witnessed it, can form an idea of the ardent faith and profound piety of this numerous assemblage. We ourselves were effected by it even to tears.

When they leave the church, every one examines the heavens to see if on a sudden the celestial vision is not going to appear again. Pilgrims, some from the neighboring dioceses, others from a great distance, keep coming every day to the village. They visit the barn, see and question the happy children, who, in spite of the fatigue and annoyance which this evidently causes them, readily comply with what is requested of them. Many persons, who at first would not believe, or had been attracted to Pontmain only by a feeling of mere curiosity, struck with the artless manner and candor of the children and with the wonders which they themselves witnessed, went back convinced that they told the truth, and of the reality of the consoling Apparition.

The diocese of Laval, which is so deeply imbued with religion, accounts itself happy in the thought that the Blessed Virgin should have chosen it for the manifestation of her maternal goodness, and of the merciful designs of her divine Son in favor of the unhappy and too guilty country of France. Oh, that we may correspond with this great favor by redoubling our faith, confidence and love, and by a more and more tender devotion to the Mother of God!

And may the generous offerings of the pious pilgrims enable us ere long to erect at Pontmain, on the spot where the Apparition was seen, a chapel which may hand down to the most distant ages, together with the testimony of our filial gratitude, the memory also of the mercies of Mary to France, her own special kingdom!

Regnum Gallie, Regnum Mariæ.

The kingdom of France is the kingdom of Mary.

HOPE is what makes the happiness of man on earth. Some people hope too much, and others do not hope enough.—*Curé of Ars.*

XIMENES.

An Historical Tale.

BY MARIAPHILOS,

Author of "Thecla," "Modestus," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

[CONTINUED.]

As it was late now, Ximenes and the Father retired to their apartments in silence. An hour elapsed, then the door of the Archbishop's chamber quietly opened and the prelate came forth, and taking his stand, with folded arms, at the window gazed out into the night.

And a beautiful scene it was upon which the sad eye of the great religious rested. A delightful garden lay quietly in the soft light of the moon. So bright was it that the solitary watcher could easily distinguish the colors of the flowers that spread in rich profusion over a thousand differently-shaped beds. Here and there the heavy, tangled foliage revealed the graceful forms of marble statuary, looking ghostlike in the moonlight. Down pleasant alleys, fringed with every species of plant and flower, he could see the shadows of the leaves moving in fantastic shapes upon the walks. A small lake, brilliant as burnished gold, rippled in languid enjoyment upon an artificial beach of pure marble. Here and there stately swans sailed upon the bosom of this enchanting mere, leaving a musical wake behind them. A couple of delicate fawns, cream-colored and white-breasted, stood quietly by the shore, as if gazing upon their own pretty forms mirrored in the calm water. Bordering this charming scene was a crescent of gently undulating hills, that looked like giant shadows hovering over the garden.

"How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord!" murmured Ximenes. "Even earth can put on Heaven's blest reflection." He paused awhile, and gently opened the window, through which he passed into the garden. He stood in the shade of the palace, in an atmosphere faint with a thousand pleasant odors. A mere breath of wind, soft and hurried, fanned his brow and fell gracefully upon his senses.

"Glorious things are said of thee, O city of God!" he resumed. "We can easily understand what it is when nature and art can produce such a scene as this."

He was about to walk forward when a slight movement of distant shrubbery restrained him. He looked toward the spot earnestly, and retired farther into the shade.

Suddenly there peered through the stunted trees

a dark, ferocious face, with eyes glittering with a malicious purpose of some kind. It did not need the turban to reveal the race to which the intruder belonged. In his hand he held a long, shining dagger, evidently of value, for it sparkled with subdued light in the silvery rays that fell upon it. He emerged and retired twice or thrice, as if he heard some noise, but at last sprang boldly from his concealment and crouched like a panther behind a tree near the window. Ximenes could see his white teeth gleaming like those of the beasts of the desert.

The Archbishop knew not what fear was, as his whole life amply testified, nevertheless, this stealthy intruder upon the well-guarded precincts of the royal palace alarmed him a good deal. Detection was almost certain, and the penalty fearful to contemplate. None but a fanatic would expose himself in such a manner to almost certain destruction.

The intrepid prelate bounded suddenly forward into the light, and with a loud voice, cried:

"Stop!"

The assassin—for he could have no other object than murder—sprang back a few paces helpless with consternation.

"Wretch! what would you here at this hour? And why that unsheathed dagger?" demanded the Archbishop, in Arabic.

The assassin had now recovered himself, and, apparently abandoning his purpose as hopeless on this occasion, put up his dagger and gazed upon Ximenes with an air of gloomy defiance.

"Answer me, fellow, what is your business here at this hour?" repeated Ximenes. "Speak, or I shall alarm the guard!"

"Bah!—Giaour, dog!" muttered the Moor, with suppressed fury. "Allah, confound you! But Mustapha will revenge his race yet!"

Mustapha had been the Lieutenant of King Almanzor.

"Is it possible," thought Ximenes, "that this man can be the renowned Moorish general?"

He was about to pursue his inquiries further, when of a sudden a body of helmeted men dashed forward from the adjoining court-yard into the garden. At their head was a tall, wild-looking muleteer, who cried, as the guards approached:

"There's the catiff, senors!"

With a bound like an enraged lion's, the Moor passed up the garden walk and into the shrubbery, the soldiers at his heels. Ximenes watched the pursuit eagerly, as may be imagined, and considered the capture of the fugitive a matter of course. He kept his eyes upon the hills, imagining that if the Moor escaped from the garden he would make for them rather than fly to the hostile city. Nor was Ximenes mistaken. He saw the man ascend

the highest hill with the speed of a deer, having evidently got clear from his pursuers. When he reached the summit, the undaunted infidel turned and, raising his dagger high above his head, hurled a malediction upon the Christian name. A scattering fire answered him. He sprang over the hill and disappeared.

Ximenes was about to leave the spot upon which he stood, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, while a gruff voice cried out to others at some distance:

"This way, my men. Here is the infidel hound's companion disguised in the garb of Holy Church!"

They rushed upon him, and would have subjected the Archbishop to rude treatment, had not the tall muleteer before mentioned arrived upon the scene and asked them to desist.

"Have I not seen you before, reverend sir?" asked the muleteer, peering closely into the prelate's face.

"I don't know, good friend," answered Ximenes, smiling.

"Didst thou not stop, reverend sir, at the inn of my good crony, Carlos, yesterday?"

"Ah—now, I recollect," said Ximenes. "Thou art the Pedro who was there at the same time, art thou not?"

"Por Bacco! that I am, and no one else my master," replied Pedro, relieved of his suspicions at once. "Come, my men," he continued, turning to the guard, "beseech yourselves as becometh vallant Soldadas. This holy father is no meat for you. Cessa! put up your sanguinary swords, bold sons of Hercules. Ha! said I not well, good father?"

Ximenes was about to explain his presence there and communication with the Moor, when the commander of the holy guard, Don Stefano d'Avila, appeared upon the scene simultaneously with Father Francisco who had been awakened by the noise.

"What is this, my men?" asked Don Stefano abruptly as he approached.

The sergeant of the guard related how, having been warned by the honest muleteer of a Moor approaching the palace with an evil design, he had almost captured the villain and would have done so only——

"He ran too fast for us, an't please your worship," interrupted Pedro, with a grin.

The sergeant eyed Pedro a moment with a sly look, but said no more.

"And who is this gentleman?" asked the officer, observing that the guard still surrounded Ximenes.

Father Francisco stepped from the window and, making a polite bow, said:

"This gentleman," pointing to the silent though

amused prelate, "is Don Francisco Ximenes de Cisneras, lately Provincial of the Franciscans and Confessor to the Queen, but now, Archbishop of Toledo and a sworn member of their Majesties' Council."

If a bombshell had fallen into their midst the soldiers could not have been more astounded when they heard this formidable array of Ximenes' titles and dignity.

"Pardon, your Grace,—pardon!" cried they, dropping upon their knees in great perturbation.

Ximenes told them to arise. "You but did your duty, soldiers," said he, quietly.

Don Stefano bent on one knee to receive the Archbishop's blessing.

"Are ye satisfied now, ye varlets!" exclaimed Pedro, after following the officer's example. "This is a case of excommunication, at least. If every one of you who, in proper person or by proxy, did lay hands upon his most illustrious reverence is not excommunicated, I'm a villain—a Moorish villain. What! ye'll show your zeal, will you, and that, too, upon the Lord's annointed! Well, there be no canon law nor rubrics extant if ye be not compelled to stand at the door of St. Iago's Church, arrayed in the habiliments ye deserve, *videlicet*, sheepskins."

"You are a strict canonist, good Pedro," said the Archbishop, laughing at the muliteer's indignant remonstrance. As for the soldiers, they were silent, for they thought there was a good deal of truth in honest Pedro's words.

"Ha! do I not know how it will be?" replied Pedro. "Now, look you, my masters, there was a most inimitable villain in our parish of St. Thomas, Siquenza, who laid hands on the priest, e'en as ye have done this sorrowful night. Now, mark ye what we did to him; first, there was the syndic, who shaved the knave's head and put him in the stocks, where we, lads of faith, did treat him to a shower of ancient eggs; second, his name was denounced from the altar—I heard it, so I speak upon good authority; lastly, he was compelled to stand four Sundays at the church door with the skin of a lugubrious ass as a martial cloak withal. We used ever after to call him a pillar of the church, though, for that matter, methinks he was a buttress of the church—he never went inside it. Now, lads, your heads are shaved close enough already, so ye escape that punishment. The stocks may be remitted, ye being military men. But the sheepskins I think wholesome for your soul's correction. Ha! what think ye?"

"Methinks you are a chattering, well-meaning varlet," said Don Stefano. "However, ye have done good service to-night. You shall come to my

quarters and relate by what means you discovered the wicked designs of the accursed Moor."

"I can only tell my tale to their majesties," answered Pedro, with great dignity. "If you promise to get me speech of the queen to-morrow, or rather to-day, for morning is near at hand, as the chancicler doth shrilly testify, I shall be infinitely obliged to you, sir."

"I shall see that you gain speech of her majesty, good Pedro, and so fare you well, gentlemen," said Ximenes, who, with Father Francisco—who had stood listening in profound astonishment to the strange discussion—retired to his chamber once more.

Pedro marched off with the guard, to pass the remainder of the night with them. He put on an air of vast importance, and was a very Job's comforter to the apprehensive soldiers. Even when they had reached their quarters, the muliteer kept them from their sleep for at least half an hour, listening to a homily, of which the following few words may be taken as an example:

"No doubt, your crime was a very grave one, but, doubtless again, the Church will take into consideration your ignorance, which, surely, is very great. And, after all, ye stand much in need of humility, for pride is the besetting sin of military men. It is true, ye would have any uniform rather than sheepskin, but we can't have everything in this miserable world we want. Moreover, what a fine example ye will be to deter others from like evil courses. They will say, 'if soldiers put up with that, surely we, base civilians, may.'"

"Wilt thou hold thy tongue!" roared one of the men, in an agony of apprehension of the threatened disgrace. "Get thee to bed, thou magpie, and sleep!"

"Ha!" quoth the unmoved Pedro. "I marvel not at thy exhibition of anger, for, doubtless, until thou art shriven, thou art given over to a reprobate sense. I wonder how you can talk of sleep having such an uneasy conscience. If I were not a charitable, forgiving soul, I would not speak to you nor stay here in your scanty quarters. For, what sayeth authority? 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

"Thou hast no manners, thou varlet, or thou wouldst not keep us from our natural rest!" cried one of the guard.

"Then, again," continued Pedro, not noticing this last assault, "see how good Catholics—which, I am grieved to say, I fear ye are not, nor can be for some time to come,—can make wholesome comparisons wherewith to feed their meditations. That garden, to-night, reminded me of paradise,—the illustrious Archbishop seemed to be Adam—"

"Where was Eve?" asked one of the men.

"Where thou shouldst have been an hour ago, thou varlet,—in her bed." Then continuing: "The illustrious Archbishop seemed to be Adam, and that vile Moor was the demon creeping in to cause ruin and death. I warrant me, not one of you thought of this comparison, and yet it came to me as naturally as my mother's black rod, which she always kept in readiness over the mantle-piece."

"Would she had given you more of the rod," growled the sergeant, who was half asleep, reclining upon his bed.

"I would she had," said Pedro, very gravely, "I should then have had more reason to remember her. But, if your conduct received its just due, ye should be whipped with scorpions, lashed with vipers and battered with Hercules' club. Well," throwing himself upon the floor, "bless ye, for all that. Never wince under correction, and ye shall find a board with an easy conscience much more pleasant and soft than a bed of down with a bad one. So our old parish priest used to tell us, and he might be believed, for he joined practice to profession, which, I am sorry to say, cannot always be said of unfortunate Pedro. Good night, and may Our Lady defend us!"

Soon the heavy breathing of the loquacious Pedro fell like music upon the ears of the much-vexed guard. They muttered their indignation awhile, in broken sentences, and then fell fast asleep.

The Pope and the Assembly.

M. de Belcastel, who on behalf of himself and forty-five other members of the National Assembly, recently forwarded an address to the Pope, has received the following reply, which is published in the *Univers*:

"To my dear son De Belcastel and his colleagues, the representatives of the people in the National Assembly of France, Pius IX, Pope.

"We congratulate you, well beloved children, who, being intrusted with the formidable task of restoring and reconstituting public order, disturbed by a long and cruel war, by the overthrow of institutions, and by a frightful insurrection of very criminal men, have thought that in so difficult an undertaking it was especially proper to look up to God and to begin by affirming His rights and those of the Church in order to obtain for yourselves the gift of counsel and for your unfortunate countrymen efficacious support from the source of light, justice, and authority. As your misfortunes have been the fruit of perverse doctrines which have weakened faith and corrupted science and manners, and as, consequently, it is important to prove clearly that the remedy consists in the rejection of those doctrines, we regard as a very happy event your act of full submis-

sion to the definitions of the Council of the Vatican, and the absolute devotion you profess for the throne of truth, which has received from Heaven the mission of crushing error, and thereby removing the roots of evil. Still, it is manifest that it cannot freely and efficiently fulfil that mission, as well as the other charges of its supreme ministry, unless itself enjoying a sovereign liberty, freed from the control of any other authority. For this end the Divine providence has endowed it with a civil principality in its own right. That is why a sacrilegious oppression and the usurpation of a domain of that nature, which have moved the hearts of the faithful throughout the universe, whose sacred rights have been trampled under foot, have equally inflamed your zeal to stigmatize so great a crime, and to call upon the leaders of nations, especially your country, to redress so great an iniquity. This religious zeal is an irrefutable proof of your faith and of your piety; it testifies to the independence and firmness with which you will fulfil your legislative duties. It affords a hope, also, that the majority of your colleagues, influenced by a desire to promote the real and substantial welfare of the Church and of the country, will presently share your convictions and give you the benefit of their co-operation. That is what we certainly shall ardently solicit from God—we who look for the salvation of France and of all the universe in the re-establishment of religion, of truth, and of justice; and we heartily beseech His aid for you in your arduous task. In the meantime, as a sign of divine favor, and as a proof of our paternal affection, we bestow upon you, from the bottom of our heart, our apostolic benediction.

"Given at Rome, the 5th of October, 1871, being the 26th year of our Pontificate.

"PIUS IX, POPE."

The Archbishop of Munich.

The proceeding of the new sect of old Catholics at Munich have not escaped ecclesiastical censure, and the people have been solemnly warned against priests under excommunication. The Archbishop of Munich has issued a Pastoral letter, in which he denounces as an abuse of municipal authority, and as a violation of the rights of the Church, the complete surrender of the Church of Saint Nicholas to the Old Catholics for the regular celebration of divine service on Sundays and holidays. The Archbishop having in vain protested against this violation of the rights of the Church, and called in vain for the protection accorded by the Constitution, proceeds to declare that an excommunicated priest is absolutely forbidden to perform sacerdotal functions. If he does so he commits sacrilege and if this sacrilege be publicly committed, it constitutes an open revolt against the Church, and an attempt to seduce others. You ought, says the Bishop, as Catholics, to resent on every occasion such a profanation in the most public manner; and as for the unhappy priests who commit such sacrilegious acts, you ought to feel for them the deepest compassion, and pray with confidence that God may cure them of their blindness, and lead them to repentance. The Bishop, after pointing out the scandal-

ous abuse of power on the part of the municipality, in giving up in spite of the Bishop and the ecclesiastical authorities a Catholic Church to sacrilegious uses, and warning the Catholics of Munich to take no part in deplorable assemblages which are called the service of God, but which are in reality grave offences against Him proceeds thus: What we long ago predicted is every day becoming more evident: namely, that men who in the beginning only avowed the intention of opposing the recent decision of the Vatican Council, have ended by throwing overboard the foundations and the essential points of the Catholic faith. Thus this Congress of the so-called Old Catholics, which we had the misfortune to see assembled some weeks ago in our city of Munich, so much renowned for the antiquity of its faith, has proved how, under this name, a small band of more or less declared enemies of the Church, after having still for some time preserved some remnants of faith, had no sooner separated from the rock on which Christ had built his Church, than they went more and more astray from her Divine Master.

Intemperance.

Have you ever thought with intelligent seriousness on the subject of intemperance? Do not think I am going to deliver a lecture on the beauties of the Maine Liquor Law. I am not. The advocates of such principles are, in my mind, as intemperate in their peculiar views, as are their opponents in their peculiar habits. The middle course is always the temperate course in any undertaking, and hence our support of any idea or question may be pushed with such extravagant zeal that it degenerates into the worst form of tyrannical intemperateness. On disputable subjects, who can say that he is the ultimate authority? And what man can say that he alone holds the absolute truth on this or that question, (outside of questions of faith), and that whoever opposes him is necessarily wrong? All human views on any subject are questionable, doubtful, disputable, and hence *in dubio libertas*, but where is the liberty in the fanatical advocacy by one man or party of a question whose qualities or appropriateness are oppositely contested or denied by another man or party equally intelligent and earnest? Intemperance, for instance, in the advocacy of peculiar political opinions has often produced rebellions that had to be extinguished in the blood of myriads of innocent men. Similar evil results follow from intemperance in any other line of conduct, a man may choose to pursue.

Theoretically all men unite in the condemnation of intemperance no matter under what name or guise it may come, but in practice the observance of this universal law is exceptional for most men condemn intemperance in others, while but few

condemn it in themselves. Each one, in speaking to and for himself, says: "What I hold or advocate is always temperate and true." But in speaking to or for others, the same person will invariably maintain that what they hold or advocate is always intemperate and untrue. In all this each one fails to see how inconsistent, unjust and excessively intemperate his own conduct is, for while he professes to be the champion of right and liberty everywhere, he is only willing to concede the exercise and enjoyment of these things to others upon the intolerant condition that they accept and use them according to his own personal views.

Although, thus far, I have spoken of the vice of intemperance in a general sense, yet as my special purpose was to speak of it in reference to its fearful effects arising from the excessive use of liquor, I will confine what I have to say, on that point, to an attempt at showing how destructive and ruinous to success and happiness is the gratification of this most brutal appetite in humanity. One of the holy Fathers has said that even in life the drunkard is standing with one foot in hell. About this kind of intemperance their cannot be allowed any difference of opinion, because the question is between right and wrong, and the line of distinction between them is too clearly and too sharply drawn to be mistaken. Truth is necessarily intolerant of falsehood; virtue of vice, and temperance of intemperance. *In foro conscientie* falsehood and vice have no day in court. If they be allowed to come there at all, it is only to be judged, condemned, sentenced and punished; they have no rights, no claims, no possible defense that conscience and morality are bound to hear and respect. The Church condemns, without exception, all vice and all error wherever they may exist; she makes neither concession nor compromise, and hence sectism and heresy, without stopping to enquire into the reason and motives of her action, accuse her of severity in dealing with those who wilfully refuse to accept the great truths of eternal life which she alone has, and which she alone was divinely commissioned to dispense. The misfortune with the sects is, that they either cannot or will not see the absolute impossibility of placing truth and falsehood on an equal footing. Certainly virtue and vice cannot be equal; they are by nature as opposite as light and darkness, and so long as this is so, so long must he who possesses all truth be intolerant of him who possesses all falsehood. It is impossible for good and evil to unite.

This same principle is true of one of the most revolting and brutalizing of the many crimes of which man is capable of committing, namely, drunkenness. Indulgence in this debasing vice changes human nature, and leads its slaves both

in a worldly and in a spiritual point of view to swift destruction. Both individually and socially it is ruinous. He who indulges in this great crime is an enemy to himself, a suicide, and an enemy to society. He strikes, as an individual, at the very basis of society by unfitting himself for the fulfilment of the duties and obligations which he unquestionably owes to his fellow men, and which by the law of his Creator he is never at liberty to leave undone. The duties which each man owes to another in the social order are neither light nor few, and he who overlooks these his obligations, or, by his moral suicide, renders himself unfit for their performance is guilty of a very serious crime. The first and great commandment of the law is to love God above all things, and the second, according to the same high authority, is like the first. He who abdicates his reason, and murders all his faculties by intoxication, is no longer fit to fulfil either the first or the second commandment of the law. In coming into life, and in entering society, each individual contracts, by the law of God, to do his whole duty towards every other individual therein. If two men voluntarily enter into a contract to do or not to do a certain thing, they generally carry out the terms of their agreement, and neither is allowed, by human law, to put himself into a condition where, having had the ability, he may deliberately disable himself from performing his part of the undertaking. Yet in the most sacred, the most solemn, and the most obligatory of all contracts, we find men wilfully and deliberately repudiating their obligations to their fellow men in society, and openly boasting of their dishonesty and shame. In the next place, the drunkard is an enemy to society in as much as he fails to support his family, and the family is the basis of organized society or of government. Besides the wrong and misery which he entails upon those who have a natural right to the fruits of his labor, he is guilty of another wrong in compelling the other members of society to share the fruits of their honest toil in the support of those whom it was his own natural duty to maintain and educate as good Christians and as good citizens. The days which he should devote to earning food and nourishment for his family, and the money which should be spent in procuring family comfort, are wasted in procuring his moral and physical ruin, and in bringing sorrow and desolation to the home which his temperance and industry should have made happy and prosperous. It is in saloons that the devil recruits his grim legions. He gains more souls and works more havoc among men in these places than by all the other devices he has hit upon since the hour he entered the garden of Paradise. The wonder is that Christian society tolerates the ex-

istence of such places in its midst. It seems to me like one nation permitting another, with which it is at war, to establish recruiting stations within its borders and recruit soldiers from among its own subjects to fight against itself! I know well enough that every attempt to clean out those sinks of sin and crime, is met with the specious cry of illiberality. Well, what of it? The whole thing is wrong, criminal, sinful, wicked; and I have already shown that there cannot be any such thing as illiberality towards crime. Whatever is essentially wrong has not, and cannot have any rights, and therefore neither can it claim the privileges or the rights of liberty. Liberty is not licentiousness; it is the imperative duty of doing that which is right. The highway robber who has been convicted and incarcerated may declaim about liberty and the infringement of rights, through the iron bars of a felon's cell; the murderer may do the same thing, but who listens to them? who believes them? who says their rights have been infringed, or their liberties violated? No one. They have committed high treason against the sovereign majesty of society, and by that treason forfeited their rights to freedom and liberty alike. They have no longer any. Now, if the commission of a single crime most justly works the forfeiture of a man's liberty, and sometimes of his life, by what right shall it be said that the suppression of this most fertile source of all crime is a violation of liberty? The drunkard and he who sells the foul poison are *participes criminis* in the blackest and most odious treason against the first and second commandments of the law. They steal the bread from the hungry; the clothing from the naked; they are deliberate rebels against society; they kill the body, and, not only the body, but the soul also, the immortal soul which the Word of God, and which His blood redeemed. Is, then, the destruction of such a being of so little importance that the demagogue's cry of liberty shall stand between him and his eternal destiny? What claim has he on liberty, who violates all liberty? What right has he to mercy, who wilfully ignores mercy? Let him have justice! By the law of justice such a one should be adjudged *civiler mortuus*. He has neither right nor claim to live in the society against whose existence he has been conspiring all his life. "The world owes me a living, and it *must* give it to me," I heard a drunkard impudently exclaim a few days ago. "The world owes you a rope, and it *ought* to give it to you," was the reply of a bystander. The wife and two children of that unfortunate man were close by begging him for a few cents with which to buy some bread! The world owed him a living! He forgot what he owed to his wife and children. He forgot what he owed to the world,

in refusing to give his wife and children bread; he forgot what he owed to the tenderest and the holiest voice of humanity; he forgot what he owed to his own manhood; he forgot what he owed to God. But he did not forget to leave his weeping wife and hungry children on the sidewalk of a public street, and go off into a saloon and spend for whisky the money that would have brought the smile of joy to her face, and stilled the famishing sobs of those two little innocents! On that night he occupied a bed in the city prison? Not at all! He only stole the bread from the mouths of his wife and children, and he was brought home, with great tenderness by an officer, where he cursed and abused his family until he became a maniac with delirium tremens. If he had stolen the same amount for the mouths of his wife and children to keep them from starvation by famine, he would have been arrested as a felon, and punished by imprisonment! That is human justice. Now,—*ex uno disce omnes*,—from one learn what they all are. Thousands of individuals and of families are ruined by the use of whisky. Homes that might be happy, and families that might be comfortable are daily rendered miserable and driven to commit excesses in order that they may live. I cannot conceive any kind of robber so low, so detestable, and so utterly abominable as that which takes away at one stroke the food of soul and body. This is precisely what whisky does. Let no man look lightly upon a cause which necessarily produces such disastrous results; let no man pretend that liberty is attacked by seeking to destroy that which in every conceivable way saps the foundation of all liberty and of society itself. The infamous traffic ought to be suppressed.

F.

Contributions for the Holy Father.

Miss Rachel Bigelow, Detroit, Michigan,	\$ 5 00
Mrs. Mary M. Phelan, Lancaster, Ohio,	15 00
Hon. P. B. Ewing, " "	15 00
Mrs. P. B. Ewing, " "	15 00
Thomas Ewing, " "	5 00
Miss Mary Agnes Ewing, " "	5 00
" Eleanor Mary Ewing, " "	5 00
" Mary Rebecca Ewing, " "	5 00
" Mary Angela Ewing, " "	5 00
" Mary Philomena Ewing, " "	5 00
" Mary Theodosia Ewing, " "	5 00
Master John Gillespie Ewing, " "	5 00
" Francis Cointet Ewing, " "	5 00
" Neal Gillespie Ewing, " "	5 00
" Edward Sorin Ewing, " "	5 00

THE Dusseldorf correspondent of the "Guardian," who is the persistent blower of the new sect of Old Catholics in Germany, writes to inform the Protestant public of England, that "Old Catholic congregations are beginning to be established on all sides," but this cautious correspondent omits to state where these numerous new congregations are to be found. For lack of such information the writer has to fall back upon Munich and Vienna, or rather upon the two small chapels belonging in either city to the Municipality, and bestowed by these lay proprietors on the Old Catholics. "At Munich," he writes, "the little chapel at Gasteiburg has been full to overflowing, so that they are already agitating for a larger church. On September the 24th, Dr. Michelis held service; on October 1, Friedrich, for the first time since his excommunication, celebrated, and Reinkens preached; on the 8th and on the 15th Pere Hyacinthe celebrated, and Friedrich preached. In the congregation, 'all classes were represented; by the Member of Parliament knelt the workman, and the peasant's wife by the side of the aristocratic lady.' Many, it is said, were seen at the first services weeping for joy." When names have to be mentioned, it will be noticed, that as priests for the congregations which are beginning to be established "on all sides," the enthusiastic correspondent of the "Guardian" can only produce the three well-worn names of Friedrich, Michelis, and Reinkens, set off by the better known name of Pere Hyacinthe, the apostate monk. When Anton the notorious priest of Vienna is introduced, the list of apostate priests is nearly exhausted. With another flourish of trumpets, the "Guardian's" Dusseldorf correspondent passes on to Vienna, where he grows even more enthusiastic in his language, and less accurate in his statements of facts. Of course Anton, the only priest of the party in Vienna, is made the most of, but we must let this gentleman speak for himself at Vienna; he says, "a large Alt-Catholic congregation has been established, under Alois Anton. The Salvator Kapelle, in the Rathhaus, was granted by the municipality to the new body, and last Sunday a service was held. Rather a scene took place, for an early Mass was celebrated in the church by the "Roman" party before it was given up. The building was crowded to overflowing, and many women were so overcome that a demonstration of howling and screaming took place on their part, in grief, I presume, at the loss of their usual Infalibilist service, but it had no other result than a forcible expulsion of the dervishes. After the Mass, the perpetual light before the Sacrament was, with much ceremony, extinguished, and the Monstrance and Ciborium removed. These latter were formally given up to the magistrates and by them redelivered to Anton, who then held service to a re-crowded church of Alt-Catholics. After prayer before the altar, he ascended the pulpit, offered a short prayer, read the Gospel for the day, and preached, and then returning to the altar said Mass." What can we think of the writer, who, in the congregations intruded into the Catholic Churches, sees the workman kneeling by the Member of Parliament, and peasant's wife by the side of the aristocratic lady, weeping for joy over the first services performed by excommunicated priests, but in the congregation ejected by the Viennese Municipality, from their ancient Church, detects only "dervishes howling and screaming in grief over their forcible expulsion." The execrable taste of this writer is on par with his judgment. Dr. Döllinger may well exclaim: Save me from my friends, and especially from the too gushing correspondents of English Protestant newspapers.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Vol. VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1871.

No. 50.

The State of the Question as to the Pope's Temporal Power.

[CONTINUED.]

I will conclude these reflections by stating the fact that the Roman people are happy, leading a peaceful life, with almost universal sufficiency of support, and widely spread comfort and no oppression. They would not have found out any ground for unhappiness had it not been suggested to them by strangers. I do not mean, of course, that there were never any murmurs against the government, that every one was perfectly satisfied with everything that was done. Nor do I mean that the Papal government never made any mistakes. But on the whole, and allowing for human infirmities and shortcomings, I say that the Papal States are a substantially happy country, and much happier than many others which are unfavorably contrasted with it by writers and speakers.

A variety of motives may be assigned for false judgments on this subject. Hatred of the Catholic religion naturally enough leads to condemnation of the Pope and whatever he does. This hatred is found extensively in Christian sects and in the multitude of infidels scattered over the world. Then, among Catholics—even otherwise apparently attached to their religion—besides their unconscious adoption of false maxims propounded by the enemies of our faith, there is a certain jealousy of the interference of Church or Churchmen in secular matters; a notion, too, that Ecclesiastics do not understand, much less appreciate, the natural interests of society, that the affairs of this world belong of right to themselves, and that priests and bishops should be confined to religious doctrines and preaching and sacraments. Hence, real or supposed abuses or deficiencies, which would be overlooked in lay princes, are unmercifully and unreasoningly criticised and condemned in Popes. Another motive is found in what may, without exaggeration, be called a *mania* for material progress. I say a *mania*, not a mere desire for it, nor a zeal for its promotion, nor an earnest inculcation of its advantages—for all this is reasonable—but an

insatiable longing for it, joined with a belief, either express or tacit, that all earthly good depends on it, joined likewise at times with a certain disregard of possibilities and a forgetfulness of the old proverb, that "Rome was not built in a day."

Having stated what I call the *present* condition of the Roman people, that is to say, their condition under the Pope's sway now interrupted, I come to the question of their political rights. A prevalent doctrine in our days is, that every nation has a right to insist on being governed as it pleases, and by whom it pleases. This is, perhaps, rather a crude way of putting it, but there is no substantial exaggeration. Of course the opinion is often obscurely expressed and more or less masked, and is, besides, really modified by many who would not adopt fully this political latitudinarianism. They would, however, consider it very moderate to assert to every country the right to a constitutional government framed on a thoroughly liberal plan; and if this could not be otherwise obtained, they would authorize the throwing off of allegiance to the existing sovereign. What, then, are we to say of the Roman people? They have the same political prerogatives as any other. The Pope's civil authority over them is merely human; it is no more Divine than that of any other temporal prince. They may, then, get rid of him if they do not find his sway satisfy them. They may give themselves up to the King of Italy, and do their part in establishing that glorious Italian unity which he has undertaken to effect. This is still more obvious if they cannot obtain a free constitution from the Pontiff. At any rate, whatever may be said concerning actual circumstance, a case *might* arise in which they could legitimately throw off the Pope's yoke, and what would then become of the *necessity* of the Temporal Power of the Roman Pontiff?

For the sake of clearness in answering this difficulty, and, at the same time, solving the last of the three questions I originally set down to be treated of, I will divide my observations by numbers.

I. The principle—if principle it can be called—that a people fairly governed by an otherwise

legitimate sovereign are at liberty to dethrone him because they prefer another prince or another form of government, as quite inadmissible. I have no objection to allowing that the people are the original immediate source of civil authority. But, once they permanently confer this authority, they cannot arbitrarily take it away from the person or persons to whom they have given it. They have entered into a lasting contract which involves obligations on both sides, and cannot be rescinded at pleasure.

Besides the manifest intrinsic unlawfulness of casting off allegiance through a mere desire of change, though it were done but once, the admission of the doctrine would involve a continual state of uncertainty and instability, to prevent which governments are instituted. I may be told that this, at most, would only prove the inexpediency of the doctrine, not its unsoundness. I answer that a moral doctrine which is essentially inexpedient is necessarily false. The natural law prohibits whatever is of such a character that its lawfulness would be a radical evil. There are many things severely forbidden by natural law, not so much on account of the serious turpitude of each act as on account of the mischief which would arise from their not being so forbidden. This, for instance, is the reason assigned by Cardinal de Lugo and others for there being an absolute *materia gravis* in theft, independently of the *relative* grievousness of the injury done to the individual whose property is stolen; because if a sum so considerable in itself as to be notably attractive could be taken without mortal sin, a great mischief would result to society.

2. What I have said of the unlawfulness of dethroning a prince because some other persons or some other form of government is preferred, holds also for the case of discontent with the present ruler on grounds which may seem plausible, and are even to a certain extent real. That is to say, a people which is substantially well and fairly governed cannot revolt legitimately for the sake of what would really be an improved state of things. The reason assigned in the preceding observation applies here too. The notion that every people has a right, at every given time, to improve its condition by a change of sovereigns or form of government, is monstrous. Even supposing the proposed improvement would be real if once effected, the attempt is unlawful, because revolution is assuredly forbidden, at the least, except in a case of necessity, and the case supposed is not such. The evils attending resistance to established authority are too great to be incurred for the sake of mere progress. Then we must take into account the uncertainty of attaining that ameliora-

tion which is looked forward to, the uncertainty of its continuance if attained, the errors which may be easily committed in judging of the reality of the improvement. For although I have supposed that in a particular case the ultimate change would be in fact for the better, if the principle of revolution is so far admitted its application cannot be confined to such a supposition. For the principle would come in practice to this—that wherever a change is *judged likely* to be beneficial, it may be made. Now those who desire a change will always represent it as beneficial, and will, with some sort of plausible reasoning, work on the minds of the people, and turn to account that spirit of uneasiness and that love of novelty which are part of our corrupt nature. In one word, the principle of the lawfulness of revolution for the mere sake of rendering better a condition of things already good and happy, is a principle of instability, than which nothing can be worse.

The erroneous character of the views I am condemning ought to be brought home to us by considering the sort of men who start undertakings of this kind. We shall certainly find on examination that they are for the most part bad men—men of little or no religion and of corrupt morals, men who it is difficult to conceive can be seriously aiming at a good object, though, of course, they take care to give themselves credit for high public virtue, and exaggerate the excellence of the result they propose for attainment. I am speaking at present of revolutions directed to mere advancement, not of those which seek to throw off a manifest and grievous oppression; though even in these bad men often take the lead, but not so exclusively, and even such revolutions are commonly criminal, at least in their working. Indeed, whatever may be said of the abstract lawfulness of revolution in certain cases, it is hard to point out instances of revolutions confined to legitimate objects and conducted on legitimate principles. The anarchical element generally enters largely into such undertakings.

3. There is one political privilege which is, in our times, looked on as specially necessary, and such that every people has a right to insist on its possession. This is a *free constitution*. The question, therefore, comes before us, whether a nation is entitled to go to extreme lengths in demanding a constitution, so as even to cast off allegiance to its otherwise legitimate sovereign because he will not yield to its wishes? Of course a people may lawfully make the demand and persevere in urging it with moderation—but can they go so far as revolt? I say they cannot, if they are in other respects fairly governed. Certainly a free constitution is not in itself necessary for the happiness of a people.

It is no more necessary now than it was in former ages. The mere fact of such things being the fashion in our times does not create a title which can be enforced legitimately by arms. It does not enter into the original contract with the sovereign, who, on the other hand, is fulfilling his part. He might do better by granting what is asked, but he cannot be dethroned for refusing. This would be true even if constitutions were always a certain and unmixed good. But such is not the case.

A constitution well framed and firmly established may be a great political benefit; though indeed seldom so great in practice as in theory. Our own British Constitution, which is the most ancient and the most genuine thing of the kind, the growth of ages, the result of long experience, well adapted to the temper of the *English* people, and at least tolerably acceptable to other parts of the Empire—the British Constitution, I say, is not so thorough a guarantee against oppression on the part of the State as its written description would lead a reader to judge. There are, no doubt, safeguards for the liberty of the subject, but they are far from being so complete or absolute as never to be set aside. But I have no desire to quarrel with our constitution. No matter what be its excellence, we cannot hence infer that similar blessings are to be expected from attempts to establish a similar system elsewhere. It is not every people that is fit for a constitution such as ours. In saying this I do not mean to depreciate other nations. They may be as good as we are, or better, but they may still not be, so to speak, made for a *British Constitution*, and yet it is a *British Constitution* they are to get; for ours is the model. They may not be made for any constitution of the same character—for what we should understand by a constitution. Then, to *have* a constitution, and to *build one up*, are two very different things. Ours built itself up by degrees, with occasional shocks and struggles, no doubt, but still it was in the main a work of time. It was not made to order. We did not set about playing at parliament like some of our neighbors.

The starting of a constitution is a perilous enterprise for many reasons; and very specially for this, that the party most active in *getting up* a constitution is usually an *ultra* party aiming at a revolutionary liberty, which is the same as licentiousness. This party, both before the assembly of the first parliament and in that parliament, which has on its hands the finishing of the constitution, will strive to work out its own purposes, and will keep the country in a state of confusion. It may be a long time before things settle down and the new government becomes consolidated, if it ever becomes consolidated, and is not, on the contrary, overturned in the process.

4. There is a peculiar ground on which the Roman people have, if possible less right than others to insist on a constitution of the same character as that proposed elsewhere. The Pope's temporal sovereignty is annexed to his Spiritual Primacy, fundamentally annexed from the commencement of the former. The Pope is first Bishop, and then King; he is King because he is Bishop of Rome. This has been going on for eleven centuries. The Pope's civil authority, though otherwise of the same nature as that of any other prince, is, by its origin and by very long custom and thorough prescription, determined to be of a character consistent with his position as Head of the Church. Now, as Head of the Church, the Pope must be independent of any control which might interfere even indirectly with the freedom of his spiritual government. It will be well to look a little more closely into this matter, so as to avoid mistakes one way or the other.

First of all, then, the Pope could not safely put into the hands of the people or their representatives any power over ecclesiastical affairs. These belong to him as Pontiff and not as temporal sovereign, and it is incumbent on him to manage them, partly in person, partly through an ecclesiastical organization distinct from his secular government as such.

Secondly, there does not seem, on the other hand, to be any essential obstacle to constitutional government as regards the internal civil administration of Rome and the Papal States. Without a constitution, the Pope's absolute government ought to be carried on in the same way as the absolute civil government of any secular prince ought to be carried on. The Pope's civil relations to his people are exactly the same as those of any other temporal sovereign. Of course, he is emphatically bound to govern justly and even religiously, but not more justly nor more religiously than another monarch. If we may so speak, he is *more bound*, but not *to more*; because every King is under the obligation of doing what is morally his best to conduct his administration according, and quite according, to justice and religion. The temporal and spiritual interests of the Roman people are exactly the same as they would be under a lay ruler, and, therefore, ought to be dealt with exactly in the same way by the Pope as they *ought* to be dealt with by a lay ruler if he were there instead of the Pope. I am speaking of what *ought to be*, whether it *would be* or not. It is needless to say that no Christian can legitimately claim for any nation a sinfully lax rule. Well, then, if the Pope as an absolute sovereign should govern just the same way as a perfectly right-minded absolute lay sovereign, what is to prevent his giving a free consti-

tution so far as internal government is concerned, if a lay sovereign could give it? He is not bound, but he *may* act thus. There is no essential obstacle, but there are difficulties, as we shall see.

Thirdly, although a constitution might answer at Rome with regard to internal affairs, there is a special difficulty concerning foreign relations. It is a matter of vital moment that the Pope should, as far as possible, be always at peace with all other nations. He should never be placed in a position to be forced by his own ministers to undertake a war against his will. He should never be liable to any restriction in his intercourse with princes or peoples. Now a thoroughly complete constitution would place the Pontiff in this position. The Roman Constitution would therefore require to be of a more limited character than what might be allowed in another country.

Fourthly, it is not very easy to construct a constitution so as that it may be effectually kept within certain prescribed limits. Once the power of the sovereign is largely shared by a representative body to which his ministers are responsible, it is hard to prevent encroachments on the royal prerogative. If a nominally restricted parliament set its heart on something that is not within its legal competence, there are appliances available for pursuing the desired object; among the rest, that very obvious one of stopping the supplies, as the imposition of taxes, is a leading parliamentary privilege. Suppose a Roman parliament thought fit to trench on ecclesiastical ground, or to interrupt friendly relations with another state, or to effect some serious change in the representative system itself, what trouble might they not give the Pope! Add to all this the fact that—as I said before often happens in such cases—those who are pressing most for a Roman Constitution are men well enough inclined to go further than the Pontiff could in reason allow. Still, I am prepared to admit that some steps might be taken towards a constitution in the Papal States. The present Pope was taking steps, and had actually established a parliament when he was stopped by revolutionary violence, his Prime Minister assassinated, and himself soon after obliged to fly from Rome. These are certainly sufficient motives for waiting awhile.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DR. WORDSWORTH AND THE HUGUENOTS.—A correspondent writing to a Ritualistic contemporary says:

"The Bishop of Lincoln in his opening speech at the "Church Congress" speaks of the piety, zeal, and high and holy bearing of the French Huguenots, remarking they were not less illustrious than our *Protestant Mar-*

tyrs(sic) in those three things. I have usually understood that though an "Anglican," Dr. Wordsworth holds in some sort of way the doctrine of the "Real Presence" in the Blessed Sacrament; if that be so it is strange he should call pious those who on every possible occasion outraged the Blessed Sacrament and dishonored our Blessed Lord in that most holy of all mysteries; those zealots who massacred priests and tortured Catholic laity in the most horrible manner, as has just been so fearfully put before us by Mr. Baring-Gould in your valuable paper; call high and holy daring the ruffianism of those who plundered convents and churches and murdered the inmates! Surely if Bishop Wordsworth (Anglican as he is) had read Mr. Baring-Gould's account of the atrocities committed by the Huguenots he would have hesitated to have applied such noble epithets to them. Surely if Anglicans would always bear in mind that they are members of the Church Catholic as well as of the Church of England, we would be spared the spectacle of a bishop who holds a large portion of Catholic doctrine speaking of the piety, zeal, and high and holy daring of heretics."—*Westminster Gazette*.

Amertume.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

I.

O blighted, useless life!
Like to some scroll whose letters none can read—
Lost to the world. Ah! better far if freed
From this corroding strife.

II.

To-morrow comes and goes
Full of swift testimony of our sins,
When halting self, o'er self the victory wins;—
Ever the worst of foes.

III.

The pleasant ways of love
For all that's beautiful, divine and true,
Wear for the troubled heart a sombre hue,
Though bright skies smile above.

IV.

We call, and no sweet voice
Whispers of freedom from the dreary pain
That, like the mourning bondsman's hopeless chain,
Forbids us to rejoice.

V.

Is there surcease of woe
Awaiting blasted lives in some fair strand—
Some amaranthine, sinless, sunlit land,—
Where soul-tears never flow?

VI.

Sometimes we pause and think,
In strange communings words can never tell,
Of the dark river and of those who dwell
Upon its shadowy brink.

VII.

And voices seem to speak
Of some great sorrow that lies hidden there—
Hidden beneath the wing of dark despair—
Until the soul grows weak.

VIII.

What do the wild waves say
Unto the weary heart when Hope is fled,
And the best boon we wish is to be dead?
"Wait for the dawn of day."

IX.

O dark, dark, dark and drear
The consciousness of immortality
Tied down to sighing, earthly misery
Heart-ache and childish tear.

X.

The seasons come and go
Driving each mortal to the fated goal
Until this clay lets free the imprisoned soul
For endless weal or woe.

XI.

O God! I dare to pray
For Jesus' sake, show mercy in that hour
When Nature shall at Death's pale portals cower,
Waiting the dawn of day!

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

PART II.

CHAPTER VI.

DARKNESS AT NOON.

Lucia got but little rest that night; the pain in her arm was so severe, and the brief intervals of comparative ease she had, when she might have slept, were so filled with a feverish horror of the peril she had escaped, that her nerves, entirely unstrung, drove her nearly wild. She thought of her rosary, and with a half sob and half moan, she drew it from beneath her pillow, and composing herself as well as she could, began to think of the heavenly patience of MARY, whispering fervent *Aves* the while, until peace came like a balm to her spirit, enabling her to bear better the pain of her hurt. Towards morning, however, she fell into a refreshing slumber from which she was awakened by a ray of sunshine in her face, by which she knew it must be late. For some reasons she was glad of having overslept herself; she hoped that Allan Brooke would have finished his breakfast, and gone on his daily tour of inspection over the

plantation, which would enable her to conceal the painful result of her adventure from him, she hated so to give him a moment's uncaseiness; then, too, she feared he would be displeased with Frank for having insisted on the drive, after being warned about the horses. She did not ring for her maid, but dressed herself, and, putting her arm in a sling, threw a crimson shawl carelessly over her shoulders, and went down to the breakfast room, where, to her astonishment, she saw her guardian sitting quietly by the fireside, poring over the *Analectic Magazine*, which had come by post the night before, having lost nothing of the flavor of its rich contents by its long voyage across the ocean.

"Why, my darling!" he exclaimed, as she leaned over his shoulder to give him the usual "good-morning kiss;" "I have been waiting for you."

"How you spoil me, Guardy! I have been very lazy this morning; I hope you didn't eat all the breakfast up from me," she answered cheerfully, as she went across the room to pull the bell cord.

"There may be some fragments left—but bless my soul! what is the matter with you, Lucia? What's that you have around your neck? A sling? and your arm in it?" exclaimed Allan Brooke, throwing the magazine aside, and starting up. He had been watching her, and saw the sling when she rang the bell, her shawl having slipped down. "And you are as pale as a magnolia,—tell me, Lucia, are you ill?"

"No, indeed, Guardy," she answered, trying to look as if there was nothing the matter; "I am very well."

"But what is your arm doing in a sling? I never saw you with your arm in a sling before, and hardly suppose you wear it for ornament, my child."

"Well, Guardy," she answered, with a little laugh; "my arm got a little wrench or something."

"Which makes you look like a ghost, with great blue rings under your eyes—tell me, Lucia, how you got that little wrench; I had my doubts about those horses yesterday, and I'm sure that you met with an accident," he said, gravely, and with the slightest approach to a frown.

"Well, Guardy, if you must know, I took the reins from Frank and drove a short distance, and the horses were too much for my arm, that's all," she said, determined to screen Frank as much as possible, for she had never a doubt of the truthfulness of the story he had told her about having vertigo, being dizzy, and the rest of it. Had she suspected how matters really stood, could the veil have been but for a moment lifted from the leprous face of the false being into whose keeping

she expected to entrust her happiness, the tie would have been severed at once, and she would have fled from him in horror. But too pure herself to be suspicious when she once gave her trust, her only thought was now to screen him from blame, for she knew that her guardian would possibly say things to him about his reckless driving, and for having risked both their lives in the face of his advice and warning, which might both wound and exasperate him, if he got to facts of their adventure, making it unpleasant for them all.

"Did the horses run away?" he asked, gravely.

"They were unmanageable for a little while, but came back as quietly as two old coach horses; I never saw a more splendid match,—they go like the wind, and keep step beautifully—but look, Guardy, what a pile of letters," said Lucia, glad, as the servant came in with the mail, of an opportunity to elude the subject.

"Well, the result is a sprained wrist for you, my child, and an attack of illness for Frank, who was too sick to leave his room this morning."

"I'm sorry to hear that,—is he much sick?" asked Lucia, quite shocked.

"Oh, no, no!" he answered quickly; ever fearing to give her pain; "it's nothing serious; Dr. Bean bled him until he fainted, but he has no fever, the bleeding prostrated him—that's all, I hope. But where in the world did all these letters come from? I must see."

But Lucia, quicker than he, took up one with a broad, red seal upon it—a large important looking document—and with a bright light flashing in her eyes, and a proud, happy smile, read aloud:

"To His Excellency,

"GOVERNOR BROOKE,

"HAYLANDS, VIRGINIA."

"There's no mistake, Guardy—it's all right; here's *sic semper tyrannis* upon the seal, and nothing wanting; you are elected and I must be the first to congratulate the new Governor of Virginia," and going around to his chair, she leaned over and kissed his forehead. "But you don't seem one bit glad!"

"I'm ashamed to say that I do feel a regret at the result; I'm getting to be a lazy old fellow," he answered somewhat sadly. "The very thought of the excitement and cares of public life wearies me, and makes me feel like running off somewhere to hide. I hate, now-a-days, even to go from one room to another. A pretty Governor I shall make!"

"I'm glad there's something come to rouse you, Governor Brooke; it don't answer for fine Damascus blades to rust in their scabbards. Now let

me drink your Excellency's health in a cup of hot coffee," said Lucia, gaily.

"One moment, darling; give me that portentous looking document—I'll see what they have to say," he said, reaching out his hand for the letter, which he tore open and read.

"Yes," he said, with an almost imperceptible look of worry in his countenance, "it is so. It is all very flattering, and very kind; and they want me to come to Richmond as soon as convenient, to consult with certain political leaders there."

"But not to remain?"

"Oh, no; only for a few days, at present. If Frank is better, I'll get him to go along too—that is if it will be agreeable to him."

"That's a charming plan; I'm sure he will enjoy it,—and I shall feel easier about you, Guardy, if he is with you. Oh, Maum Chloe!" exclaimed Lucia as the old woman came in with a plate of hot waffles in her hand; "let me introduce you to the Governor of Virginia. The election is over, and Guardy is now Governor Brooke."

"That's jist as it ought to be; de Lord be praised, Mars Allan," said the old woman, with a proud smile, as she dropped a courtesy before him. "Blood and brains al'ays crops out. I knowd you wasn't gwine to stagnate here at 'Haylands;' 'taint like our family n'how, they has to be in the front ranks or in ther graves," and the proud old creature chuckled until she was obliged to hold on to the back of a chair.

"Thank you, Maummy; thank you," said the master, laughing, as he shook her black wrinkled hand, heartily and kindly, after which she went out, her face radiant with delight, to spread the news.

Of course, a half holiday was asked by the negroes, and enjoyed to their hearts' content. Double rations of molasses and meal were given out to the heads of the various families; and at night bonfires were lighted in honor of the event which had brought a new accession of dignity to the family, each negro feeling an individual pride in it, and exhibited their delight by dancing to the wild music of fiddles, tambourines and banjos until daylight.

We record these customs as things of a past, to show that there were many gleams of brightness threading the dark system of human slavery, and that it was not altogether the gloomy and terrible thing which people who knew but little about the relations between master and slave in the old times represent. It was a curse, now washed out in blood; but in those times, there were humane and Christian hearts throughout the beautiful South-land, which lightened the burden, and made the yoke of slavery as light to bear as laws, statutes and means allowed them.

The news had quite a reviving effect upon Frank Yellott, who made his appearance down stairs the next day looking very pale, and Lucia observed that he walked unsteadily as he came into the room, and ran to meet him, taking his hand to lead him towards a large cushioned chair near the fire.

"You should not have left your room to-day, Frank. Let me get you a glass of wine and a biscuit," she said, standing by him.

"I could not stay in my room, Lucia. Remember that the clouds grow heavy and dark about me when separated from you;—I seem only to live when in your presence," he answered, still holding her hand.

"It is pleasant to think of being like sunshine to our friends," she said, drawing her hand away in obedience to a sudden and inexplicable impulse of repulsion, which frightened, then made her sorry for having done it, and she asked him "if he did not feel better?"

"I shall feel better when I am assured of being forgiven for recklessness, Lucia—but what ails your hand?" he said, suddenly.

"Oh, nothing but a little sprain," she answered, cheerfully; "don't be so curious about other people's affairs."

"Yes, but this,—this is my work," he said, taking her swollen hand tenderly in his, and pressing his lips upon it. "Can you ever forgive me, Lucia?"

"Of course I forgive you, Frank. What nonsense you are talking, after making yourself ill for fear of disappointing me about the drive!" answered Lucia, as she passed her hand gently over his hair, smoothing it away from his forehead, the first, only and last approach to a caress she ever bestowed upon him."

"I know now what Maum Chloe meant last night. She gave me an awful blowing up about something dreadful that had happened through my fault, during that drive; and she had me so completely at her mercy, that I could neither make her tell me what she meant, or stop her."

Lucia laughed, saying: "You know Maum Chloe rules us all with a rod of iron, and we enjoy being hauled over the coals by her immensely. Do you know, I heard her scolding Guardy like everything this morning, because he hadn't put on his woolen socks?"

"There's no end of good sense in her meaning, when you can get at it; but we Northern-bred folk aren't used to such familiarities,—we have a sort of idea that negroes are a kind of animal, altogether inferior to the white race, to be kept at bay and not touched for fear of defilement."

Just then Allan Brook came in, his cheeks ruddy

with exercise, and brought with him a sweet, reviving breath of frosty air,—the weather being very cold.

"Frank, my boy, I'm delighted to see you down. There's nothing like a magnet to draw sick people out of their shells. Do you know that in France they make great use of the magnet to cure diseases?" he said, pleasantly, as he came round and shook hands with his nephew.

"I can readily believe that, sir, I feel so much better under the attraction of mine, or rather—" he whispered to Lucia, "when near my guardian angel."

"But I tell you what, Frank, I've been to the stables, and, taking advantage of your being confined to the house, and the prospect of the little journey I was speaking of last night, I have given orders for those horses of yours to be used in one of the heavy farm wagons for a week or two, to break them thoroughly before you drive them again."

"Thanks, sir; it is just what I should have asked," he replied.

"Now, Lucia dear, I must just pick up something to eat. I'm going to St. Inigoes to make some preliminary arrangements with Father Jannison about the monument to Lord Baltimore,—I want to get it under way before I go away for the winter," said Allan Brook, drawing off his gloves, his countenance beaming with affection as he stood upon the rug before the bright, blazing wood fire.

"That is splendid news, Guardy. I wish I could go with you, but I have to make some promotions in my work-room to-day. The children are getting on so well, and so much beyond my hopes,—why, Guardy, they know ever so much of the catechism. But, good-by! Give my love to Father Jannison. I'll just run and order them to bring some cold ham and things to you here, and be sure you eat a hearty lunch before you start. Good-bye, Frank,—take care of yourself; I shall be back by-and-by!" said Lucia, blithely, as she hurried away.

"I may not be back to-night, Frank," said Allan Brook, after Lucia was gone. "I wish to prepare myself for my new duties, by receiving all the strength I can from the Sacraments, and shall be obliged to stay over for Mass to-morrow morning."

"I wish I were strong enough to go with you," answered Frank Yellott, disguising with an effort his contempt for what he considered the priest-ridden weakness of his uncle.

"I trust, Frank, that you will be strengthened in all your good resolves by the same Divine helps, before very long. I tell you, my boy, that your Faith, with all the help it brings, is the only

sure safe guard, and the strongest anchor of the soul amid the warning elements of life."

"I'm sure of that, sir," he replied, in a low voice.

A servant came in with a tray of refreshments, of which Allan Brooke partook with all the zest of a wholesome appetite before going away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

The members of the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart may remember that two years ago they were informed that a monument of love and gratitude towards Our Lady of the Sacred Heart was in contemplation at Notre Dame—a church was to be erected under the title of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

The work was happily commenced, and on on the 31st of May last the corner stone of the religious edifice was solemnly blessed by His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati. The walls of the new church are now thirty feet high; but, as the season is rather advanced, we must stop the work for the present, and wait until next spring, when we shall continue the work, provided we receive assistance from our friends, for the community alone is utterly unable to complete the church, and we are unwilling to contract debts; we would, then, be compelled to suspend the work indefinitely, if we were left to our own resources.

Now, among the friends of the house, we particularly reckon all the members of the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, for they must be naturally interested in an undertaking whose object is to exalt and honor a title so dear to them. We invite them all, therefore, to contribute something, however so little it may be. They are numerous, and were each member to subscribe but fifty cents, and even less, it would help us materially in completing the church.

We are well aware that in almost every congregation there are churches or schools to erect or enlarge, and that these local works of piety have a special claim to the assistance of every member of the congregation. But is not the new church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, in one sense, a church for all the members of the Association, since Mass is offered at Notre Dame once a week for their intention? This additional Mass was promised the associates to excite their piety, for, by the rules of the Association, they would be entitled only to the one at Issoudun, the centre of the Association. Moreover, special prayers are recited every day by the community for the various wants of the said associates, many of whom have more than once expressed their gratitude for favors

received. May we not then expect that the members of the Association will avail themselves of this opportunity to testify their love and gratitude towards our Blessed Mother, and thus secure for themselves new claims to her powerful intercession? This we confidently hope, and thank them in advance for their pious offerings.

A. GRANGER,

Director of the Association, Notre Dame, Indiana.

In Memoriam.

On Monday morning last, 16th of October, the mortuary solemnities of Mrs. ROSANNA GIBSON, wife of Alfred C. Gibson, took place in the Church of the Assumption. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. David Kendrick, C.M., of Germantown, assisted by Rev. A. J. Gallagher as Deacon, and Rev. Father Wall, Subdeacon. The absolution of the body was given by the Very Rev. Father Carter, V.G., who paid a well-deserved tribute to the well known worth and merits of the deceased. The following gentlemen acted as pallbearers: Hon. James Campbell, Mark Willcox, Charles A. Repplier and Daniel M'Devitt. The deceased was a most exemplary lady, respected and esteemed by all who knew her. *Requiescat in pace.*—*Catholic Standard.*

Mission at Valparaiso.

VALPARAISO, Ind, November 13, 1871.

EDITOR OF AVE MARIA.—*Rev. and dear Father:* According to my promise I will give you information of our missionary labors.

We commenced a mission at Valparaiso on the 29th ult., and terminated it on the 5th inst. It was a very successful one, satisfactory to the Rev. Father O'Reilly the pastor. About six hundred and fifty communicants approached the Holy Table. Many old sinners were reclaimed to the Church, the lukewarm were made fervent and the practical ones confirmed in their belief. During the last days of the mission the Forty Hours' Devotion took place, during which time the Catholics of this town manifested a lively faith by the frequent visits they paid and the fervent prayers they offered up to the Blessed Sacrament. Eye-witnesses alone, and such as participate in the blessings of a mission can form an idea of how many and singular favors God showers down upon His true children and faithful servants on such occasions.

On the 6th inst. we commenced a mission at Kauts Station, situated on the Great Eastern R. R. It was attended well by Catholics and carried on with the same success as the former. Non-catho-

lics attended well, too; they listened with eager attention to the preaching of Catholic doctrines, many of which were a sealed book to them. Prejudices were removed from this people, intelligent and well versed in things that pertain to this world, but ignorant, extremely ignorant of those that regard the salvation of their souls. This mission though short, produced its desired effects. It was closed on the morning of the 9th inst. On the evening of the same day we began our missionary labors at Westville, where the faithful were very attentive to the duties of the mission, and reaped abundance of spiritual blessings therefrom. To day we will start for Hanna Station, where we intend to give another short mission, after which we will give a mission of a week in Elkhart, an account of which I will send you.

Yours in J. M. J.,
P. LAUTH, S.S.C.

XIMENES.

An Historical Tale.

BY MARIAPHILOS,
Author of "Thecla," "Modestus," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

When Ximenes arose in the morning, he found that the pious Queen had thoughtfully provided for him a set of robes proper to his new dignity. To a mind so austere and humble as his, their splendid quality was absolutely alarming. But he soon laughed at his fears—her Majesty had forgotten that he was only Archbishop-elect, and hence her generosity was rather premature. He dressed himself in his usual habit, and rapped at Father Francisco's chamber with the "Benedicamus Domino" as if he were in his beloved monastery. He was soon joined by his companion and they proceeded to recite their office together. They then sought the palace chapel where they found a couple of charming boys already awaiting their coming. With the assistance of Father Francisco, Ximenes put on the sacred vestments and proceeded to the richly adorned altar.

There was but one quiet figure kneeling in the oratory at that early hour—the Queen. Her *prédieu* was beside her but she knelt upon the marble floor, leaning upon the back of a chair, her hands covering her face. She remained in this position, until the Communion, when she arose and with clasped hands, reverently approached to receive the Body and Blood of the Lord. The Archbishop was about to return to the Altar, when he saw a man arise from the floor at the extreme end of the

chapel and approach the holy table. He had evidently been so absorbed in prayer that he had not noticed the warning bell.

The prelate could not help being struck with admiration of the unknown gentleman. His features were extremely handsome and pale, as if with continual meditation. His gray hair fell in waves down either side of his noble head. A dark moustache and beard—the latter divided in the middle,—gave a dignified expression to his fine face. He was tastefully though splendidly dressed in well becoming costume. The sleeves of his tunic were short and divided from the inside of the elbow upward. Pure white linen in decreasing rolls covered his arms below the elbows and were gathered in tightly about the wrists, terminating in rich lace upon the hand. A broad belt clasped his waist from which hung a jeweled scabbard, having left the sword at his seat for devotion's sake no doubt. Wide trunk breeches were fastened at the knee with delicate gold bands of curious workmanship. White silk stockings and neat shoes with silver buckles completed his attire. His tunic was open in front and upon his broad breast lay a cross apparently of value. His recollection, his evident sense of the sublime action he was about to perform, his loving devotion transparent in his slightest movement, so impressed and edified the prelate that his eyes were suffused with tears, although but little given to the "melting mood."

He was of medium height, or somewhat beyond it, and the very picture of a courtier who joined the most exact courtesy with manly independence.

When the devotions of the morning were ended Ximenes and Father Francisco—who, also, had said Mass,—were summoned to the dining hall by a servant of the household. A breakfast table, with covers for five persons stood in the centre of the room. At a side-board, five liveried waiters stood ready in attendance. The furniture of the room was massive and grand, without much ornament and the floor was of tessellated marble, brightly polished as a mirror.

Standing before a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's *Vièrge aux Rochers*, by the great Florentine's celebrated pupil, Bernardino Luini, were King Ferdinand, Queen Isabella and the gentleman whose pious demeanor so much affected Ximenes in the chapel. They were standing in a line, the Queen between the two. They turned quietly on hearing the name of the Archbishop and his companion announced. Father Francisco was rather disturbed when Ximenes whispered: "It's their Majesties." Although of the great family of de Ruiz, the good Father was not accustomed to the society of the great, having spent all his life at his monastery.

But the kind and cordial welcome of the illustrious lady soon put him at his ease. As she approached them her beautiful face—lovely by nature and grace—was lit up with a charming smile. Her blue eyes sparkled with pleasure as they rested upon the Archbishop. She was simply and neatly dressed in brown satin covered with lace. Her bright auburn hair was ornamented with a small coronet of pearls. These and a cross were all the jewels she wore.

"Well, my lord," she said, "the repast is prepared and the guests are come. Here is a gentleman I wish to introduce to you. He has made some noise in the world, I can tell you, and very deservedly too."

"Spare me, your Majesty," murmured the gentleman, in a rich deep voice bowing low as he spoke.

"Oh that's your modesty, good admiral. We must not hide the lights of our time under a bushel, you know."

Then she introduced to Ximenes and Father Francisco the strange gentleman. The Archbishop started, and well he might. It was Columbus.

If Ximenes was charmed with the carriage and appearance of the great Genoese, he was much more so with his conversation. During breakfast, the discourse ran upon a variety of subjects, with which Columbus was equally at home. King Ferdinand could not help admiring the profound views and intuitive statesmanship of Ximenes. Himself an able politician he knew how to appreciate the same quality in others. The Queen was second to no one,—man or woman—of her time, in wisdom, shrewd common sense, and an intrepid spirit that despised obstacles of all kinds. As the Admiral and Archbishop spoke, she frequently thanked God who had given two such men to the glory of Spain. As for Father Francisco he ate his breakfast in a condition of positive enchantment.

After having discussed several interesting subjects, the royal lady mentioned the picture which they had been observing when Ximenes entered the room.

"How beautiful and captivating is that art which brings so vividly before our eyes those eras in great or holy lives which most serve us for edification and emulation," exclaimed Queen Isabella warmly. "Methinks, my lords, painters must be highly recompensed in Heaven."

"Doubtless, they are, your majesties," said Columbus, "provided they so fashion their high gift to holy purpose and pure intention, as may make them deserve heavenly recompense. Some there are who debase art to unworthy ends and cause

great evil by giving fictitious existence to forms and faces that should be veiled from the eye of innocence. They are a curse to society and enemies of mankind who so misuse a noble faculty."

"I think, my lord Admiral," said Ximenes, "that it is a mistake to charge artists with teaching evil by their works. They do not so much produce corruption as serve it. Society becomes demoralized and art studies its tastes. The debasement of genius is the result not the cause of social wickedness. To demonstrate this it is only necessary to glance at the different epochs of man's history, where we infallibly find art elevated or debased according as society is pure or impure. Even paganism sufficiently proves this. In the early and more robust times of Greece and Rome art was severe and modest. As these nations became more and more corrupt, so painting and sculpture declined in the moral scale. Art became no longer a teacher of morality—a book for the ignorant,—it was merely a vile panderer to the worst passions of the human heart. We can easily read the tale of the moral decadence of those ancient peoples by a comparative study of their art. As Christianity restored the moral tone of peoples, art became again a great agent for good. The pure genius of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardi and others is not their own. It is the triumph of the Church. Their touching productions were impossible to paganism, not that pagan genius may not have been as great, perhaps greater than theirs. But pagan art wanted what was impossible for it to obtain. It needed the unutterable ideal of a God Crucified for the love of man. It needed the lovely masterpiece of the Most High given to us in Mary. The Mother gives a mysterious tenderness to the idea of the Son. The heights of the Mother's sublime virtues are crimsoned with the blood of the Son. There is a reciprocal interchange between the One and the other which must ever inspire true art and make of Christian genius an evangel of all good and virtuous teaching which pagan art never knew."

The august listeners gazed with rapture upon the glowing face of Ximenes. He seemed to have been soliloquizing rather than addressing any one of the party in particular. He hastily apologized for having occupied so much time, but excused himself by saying that it was a subject to which he had paid special attention, and he supposed, he was led to air his knowledge, like a pedant as he was.

"Ha!" said Ferdinand thoughtfully, "a few more such pedants would not be amiss in our good kingdom."

This compliment visibly embarrassed the humble Archbishop. He bowed his head and was silent.

"You are no doubt right, my lord," said Columbus, who gazed admiringly at Ximenes. "It is not for a rough sailor like me to read the portents of beauty living in the flesh or on canvas. You have given me a new reason for thanking God for the gift of our blessed religion. Blessed be His Holy Name, for his manifold mercies to us." The great Christian clasped his hands and raised his magnificent eyes toward heaven. "And yet," he continued sorrowfully. "His Holy Sepulchre is in the hands of the infidel. Ah! I once dreamed that I—even I, humble as I am—might have—But, tut, tut,—I take up your time with my egotism."

"A beautiful egotism, good Admiral, and one that will bring you a reward hereafter," said Queen Isabella in a soft, low voice, trembling with emotion.

Ferdinand looked very grave, Ximenes was deeply moved, and as for simple-hearted Father Francisco, such was the effect of the earnest words of Columbus upon his feeling, that tears coursed down his cheeks.

"I have heard, my lord Admiral," said Ximenes at length, "that the liberation of Our Lord's Sepulchre is one of the cherished objects of your life. You would make the discovery of a New World subservient to the one absorbing idea of your mind. So many men say, and so I have heard, when I never imagined that I should have the honor and gratification of meeting and conversing with you. It is a noble ambition,—one with which I sympathize from my inmost heart."

"It has been, as you say, my lord," replied Columbus with a smile, "the one cherished object of my life. How often have I when a merry child, wandering in the fields, amid the music of birds and the gentle ripple of the blue Mediterranean near at hand, meditated in my childish way on the liberation of my Redeemer's Sepulchre. My soul swelled within me, as I fancied to myself the wonderful deeds I should achieve when a man for the cause of Christ's resting-place. Often when, at sunset, I have sat on the shore of the beautiful sea, imagination brought vividly before me the proud fleets of Philip Augustus, of Richard, Cœur de Lion, of Godfrey de Bouillon and the other great chiefs of the crusades. Tears filled my eyes, as I sighed for those ages of faith and devotion. Over and over again have I enacted in my excited mind the glorious achievements of the lion-hearted Richard and of noble Godfrey and Tancred. I have rushed into the midst of masses of Infidels, by the side of Richard, hewing them down, as falls grass before the reaper. I have scaled the walls of Acre and planted the cross upon the minarets of Damiatta. I have accompanied saintly Louis as he moved, with touching devotion, among his plague-

stricken, dying soldiers. I have aided him in carrying to their lonely graves by the sea-shore, the bodies of his devoted followers—dead for the good cause. I have stood by his side in his prison and looked up with awe into his face—so calm, so kingly, in its beautiful patience. I have bowed down before the regained sepulchre, my soul overwhelmed with the dread consciousness that the great God was present. All these things lived in my mind by the quiet sea-side. My soul was ever begetting great purposes, and they always pointed to one end—the deliverance of my Lord's Sepulchre." The speaker paused, and buried his face in his hands, as if there was some reality in the pictures of former events which his imagination had painted.

"Pardon, my lord, but did you in those early days ever dream of being one day the originator of an enterprise which has so much astonished the world, and which, I doubt not, will make you famous in future ages?" asked the Archbishop who had listened with delight to the simple unfolding of the secret designs of a great mind,—great in its intellectual superiority but greater still in its Christian purity and truth.

"Many a time, your grace, faint glimpses of some marvellous achievement have disturbed my meditations. In dreams of the night, which sometimes I was tempted to look upon as visions. I have seen strange lands in unknown seas, with mountain and plain covered with giant trees and a vegetation with which I was unacquainted. Curious races inhabited them, clad in rude costume and sprightly feathers. They had temples, too, around which those people marched in the darkness of the night, with glaring red torches and the sound of barbaric music. There was one figure I always recognized in the midst of those strange scenes. It was myself."

"And you see your dreams realized," said the Queen."

"Partly, your majesty," replied the great navigator. "I have seen the people, but not the temples. Perhaps, in far distant countries of the New World, such places of pagan rites exist. Nay, I feel certain there are, for some Indians have told me of great houses of stone, high as the moon, as they called them in their simple exaggeration."

Columbus was right. The wonders of Mexico and Peru were to be discovered a few years later by the daring and perseverance of Cortes and Pizarro.

"You must have almost despaired, my lord, when, during your first voyage, the distance from home grew so great and your crews so mutinous," said Father Francisco, who was wonderfully attracted by the conversation of Columbus.

"Weary and hard—weary and hard it was, good Father," replied he. "Often I felt discouraged and almost on the point of commanding the ships to turn back. But, I *could* not do it. Something, not myself, impelled me onward over the seemingly interminable world of waters. Moreover, I did not altogether despair, for was not my little fleet under the protection of the Blessed Mother of God? So, I kept on, conscious of the correctness of my calculations, and sustained by an unfaltering trust in God."

"What delight it must have been for you, my lord, when your much tried souls were gratified by the sight of land!" cried the Queen.

"The island must have appeared more beautiful than the fabled Hesperides," said the Archbishop.

"If I were to live a thousand years," exclaimed Columbus warmly, "I could never forget that memorable moment. I was standing alone on the deck of my ship, occupied with many sad fancies of nature's weaving, and thinking, perhaps, of my dear ones at home—"

"Were we in your thoughts then?" asked Isabella, interrupting the speaker.

"You were, your majesty, for how could it be otherwise, my kind and generous mistress."

Tears of pleasure filled Isabella's eyes and she said no more.

"In the gray dawn of the morning I was standing there, when suddenly I observed a dark streak on the horizon which I thought at first was a cloud. But, it grew a little clearer, for already the faint blush of day began to spread higher and higher toward the zenith, and I saw it was land. I rushed to the chaplain—my true friend, who had encouraged me when despondent and stood by me in danger,—and catching his hand, without a word, hurried him on deck. The sun had risen—the tops of the waves were burnished with a golden light,—a gentle warm breeze swept over the bosom of the deep, and—there—there— But, even now it is too much," faltered Columbus, while tears stood in his large eyes.

"You saw you were immortal, admiral," said King Ferdinand kindly.

After a pause, Columbus, having thanked the King, resumed his narrative:

"There was the strange land of my youthful visions! A beautiful bay, glittering like crystal, semi-circular and bordered with tall, graceful cocoa trees, which were reflected in the bright water so clearly and distinctly that they looked like realities in fairy land, lay before us. Red men dressed in fantastic garb and armed with bows and arrows were gathered in groups on the shore, staring with astonishment and fear at our ships, which, as I learnt afterwards, they thought had dropped from

the sky and were gods. By this time the crews of the vessels had seen the object of so many anxious hopes and prayers. They shouted with joy—they rushed upon me, fell at my feet, asked my pardon for their want of confidence and wept tears of joy, as indeed, we all did. The Indians, hearing the cries, fled into the adjoining forest, but we could see them staring with a frightened aspect, out from the thick foliage. We landed and made friends with the savages. They were kind and submissive. Would that they had been as kindly treated by Spaniards now, as they then treated us."

"And, by the way, that brings us to the matter of your public audience this morning, my lord admiral," said Isabella, rising from the table, all following her example. "You have some of those poor Indians with you, have you not?"

"I have, your majesty," replied Columbus.

"Well, in an hour, audience will be given to them. Tell them, from us, my lord, that we are well disposed toward them—that we shall exert our utmost to see them rendered secure in their persons and property—and that, all those who have been prominent in oppressing these poor people, shall feel the weight of our royal displeasure. My lord Archbishop, as we informed you last evening, we shall expect your attendance. Good morning my lords," and the truly royal lady, taking her husband's arm, gracefully left the apartment.

As Ximenes was of the Council, Columbus earnestly implored him to use his influence against some of the other members, who had an interest in upholding the systematic injustice done the savages by their unscrupulous persecutors. The Archbishop promised him all the aid in his power for the attainment of so worthy an object, adding, that it was a shame and disgrace on the name of Christian, which those wicked men bore, to treat their fellow-men in such a barbarous manner.

Much comforted by this pledge, Columbus craved the prelates blessing and departed to arrange for the coming interview between his Indians and Ferdinand and Isabella.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DIED, at Notre Dame, Indiana, on the 11th of November, BROTHER JEROME, who was a professed member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross and among the pioneer Brothers of Notre Dame.

At the same place, on the 22d of the same month, died BROTHER AGATHANGE, also a professed member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

May they rest in peace.

ADVENT.

The preparation for the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lord, has always been one of the special cares of the Church, and the object of strict observance on the part of the faithful whose strong and lively faith enables them to comprehend the advantages of celebrating the great festivals in a worthy manner, and the loss accruing to their souls should they fail so to celebrate them.

For this reason, the Church has set apart a certain number of weeks called Advent—the coming, the arrival—in which all the offices of the time remind both priest and people of the coming of the Redeemer, and during this time all Christians of “good will” to whom “peace” is announced, endeavor to prepare their souls for the great Feast, on which they may celebrate the advent of Jesus in their own souls by a worthy reception of the Sacraments of the Eucharist.

Though there is now no fast prescribed in this country on the Fridays and Saturdays of Advent, it is the pious custom of fervent Catholics to do some acts of self-abnegation in honor of the Saviour. As this time commemorates the Silence of the Divine Word in the womb of the Blessed Virgin, one of the most congruous acts of denial is that of observing a strict guard over the tongue to see that it offend not against charity; that it give no scandal; that it edify others by good words, and praise and glorify God by fervent prayer; and as the time of Christmas is taken up by many in the full indulgence of the appetites and passions, those who consider it their happiness to uphold the honor of Jesus in this world of indifference and contemptuous neglect of His maxims, endeavor to expiate these excesses by fasting and abstinence.

Almost at the beginning of this holy time we celebrate the Festival of the Immaculate Conception,—a festival which, while it increases our love and veneration for the ever Blessed Mother of God, should inspire us to do something in reparation for our sins. Mary, conceived without sin, and never guilty of sin even the slightest during the whole period of the more than sixty years of her life, and yet suffering so much with perfect resignation to the will of God, teaches a striking lesson to us who not only were born “children of wrath” and in original sin, but who have also oftentimes offended the infinite majesty of God by our own transgressions against His holy Law. On one side we see perfect innocence and an eagerness to suffer in accordance to the will of God; on the other, faults, sins and crime, and an utter abhorrence of every suffering, together with a criminal murmuring against God’s holy will, when, in

spite of ourselves, we are afflicted. It is thus innocence and suffering teach a lesson to sinfulness and repining. As we have repined against suffering that has been sent upon us by God, we should repair that fault, and many others, by performing some voluntary acts of self-mortification in union with the sufferings of the Lord and Redeemer, whose Advent on earth we commemorate, and whose advent to our hearts should be our most intense desire.

The institution of the time of Advent by the Church dates back as far as the institution of Christmas, to which it is a preparation; but the discipline of the Church in reference to it has not always and in all places been the same. For many centuries, Advent consisted of forty days, or six weeks, but for a long time the Church has restricted it to four weeks, or at least to the space of four Sundays beginning with the one that comes closest to the Feast of St. Andrew, whether before or after the Feast. Fast was formerly prescribed, as may be seen from the acts of some Councils, enjoining that from the Feast of St. Martin, the day on which Advent began, until the Nativity of the Lord, Monday, Wednesday and Friday should be observed as days of fasting, and that the Holy Sacrifice should be celebrated according to the Lenten order. In fact, for many years the faithful observed Advent as a term of fasting, or at least of abstinence; but in some churches this was done in accordance to precept, while in others it was merely a matter of devotion. Nicholas I, who was Pope about the middle of the ninth century, in his letter to the Bulgarians, mentions Advent as among the fast days observed in the Church of Rome, and his words show that it had long been the custom.*

In the beginning of the tenth century Raterius, Bishop of Verona, also speaks of Advent as a time of fasting, or at least of abstinence. In the eleventh century St. Peter Damian calls Advent the Lent which precedes the Nativity of the Lord; and in the beginning of the twelfth, Innocent II testifies that fasting was observed in Advent. The custom having fallen into desuetude in Rome, during the residence of the Popes in Avignon, Urban V restored it, at least for all of his household. Many religious orders observe Advent strictly as a time of fasting and abstinence. Some of these begin the Christmas Lent on the feast of St. Martin; others on St. Catherine’s day, and some even as far back as All Saints’. By a decree of Pius VI, in 1787, the Fridays and Saturdays of Advent are observed as fast days in Italy, instead of the vigils

* *Hæc jejunia sancta Romana Ecclesia suscepit antiquitus et tenet.*

of some Feasts of the Apostles which were formerly days of fast.

We see from all this that the spirit of the time of Advent is a spirit of penance. But it is mixed with joy. And this is reasonable, for we celebrate in these days two comings of Christ: one, the coming of the Son of God to put on our mortality, and hence the joy of the Church, and hence also the *alleluia* is retained in the office and Mass; the other, the coming of the same Jesus to judge the living and the dead, in the contemplation of which the Church bids her children do penance, and she expresses her sadness by omitting the *Te Deum* and the *Gloria* in the office and Mass.

The faithful Children of Mary will endeavor to obtain, through the intercession of the Blessed Mother, those dispositions of heart that enable them to rejoice for the coming of Christ on earth as their Saviour, and to look forward with confidence in his mercy to his coming in glory and majesty as their Judge.

Death of a Life Subscriber.

We commend to the prayers of our readers, especially those composing the Guard of Honor, the soul of Miss MARY DOUGHERTY, who departed this life in peace, on the 15th of November, in Memphis, Tennessee. Miss MARY DOUGHERTY was a fervent Catholic, and a devoted child of Mary; as one of the Guard of Honor, as a Life Subscriber to our Blessed Mother's Journal, as a member of the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart she manifested her devotion to the Mother of God, while in her life her charities and kindness to her neighbor, especially to the poor, showed how earnestly she endeavored to imitate her holy model.

Her remains will be brought to Notre Dame, and will be placed in the cemetery of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, near St. Mary's Academy. It was for years back her desire to be buried at St. Mary's.

WE hear of the death of SISTER MARY OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS, in the Convent of the Immaculate Conception, St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Indiana, who though only twenty-three years of age, had edified the fervent community of which she was a member, by her childlike innocence, her profound piety, and the indefatigable use she made of her brilliant natural talents in the service of God and of her neighbor; and still more by her perfect resignation to the holy will of God during several years of illness. She died of consumption.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[Translated from the French for the Ave Maria.]

The Captain of the Fire Brigade.

A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago a young priest, fresh from the seminary, was appointed to his first pastoral charge in a small village of the diocese of Lyons. We shall not give his name just yet. In fact, if his parishioners had then been asked it, they would have felt quite at a loss what to say. They knew him as Monsieur le Curé; they knew no other name, cared for no other name than this. Truly, the soldiers of Christ are best distinguished by the title that marks their noble profession.

Well, then, in this village lived Monsieur le Curé, who was the kindest and best of men. Revered by his whole flock, he sympathized with them in their trials, assisted them by his counsels, and shared with them his small income. His sole motives of action were an ardent love of God, and, for His sake, a tender charity to man. We are not to imagine, however, that this good priest, kind as he was, lacked firmness when it was required. On the contrary, he had frequently shown that gentleness of disposition and manner is by no means incompatible with inflexible strength of purpose and will. More than once he had to defend the interests of his parish against the encroachments of the village authorities, and, contending most energetically for his rights, he succeeded in upholding them. At the same time he was so conciliatory to his opponents that no breach of charity occurred. Thus the young pastor won golden opinions from all his little world. Even those who, perhaps, would be slow to appreciate his goodness, applauded his prudence; so that scarcely any one of his congregation would begin an undertaking, great or small, without first seeing the opinion of Monsieur le Curé. He was the general lawyer, notary, architect, doctor, and even public letter-writer. In this last capacity he managed almost the whole correspondence of his small kingdom, which is not strange, considering that the most learned of his subjects could scarcely spell the Gospel of the day, even when printed in the largest type.

One morning, towards the end of February, the village was aroused at daybreak by the continued peal of the one ancient bell which the church still possessed. The winter had been an unusually severe one. The hills were covered with snow, and even the plains retained their white covering, and hindered the farmer's labors. So the poor peas-

ants whenever they met their priest in his daily walks, they urged the one request:

"Pray for us, Monsieur le Curé, and for our fields. If the thaw come not soon, the sowing time will be past; then how shall we get bread for our little ones?"

And Monsieur le Curé would give his invariable answer:

"Have confidence, my children; fear nothing. Whatever Almighty God does, He does well."

Such was his logic, such his eloquence. "*Whatever Almighty God does, He does well.*" The greatest philosophy could find no better method of consolation. The greatest orator could not add to its persuasiveness.

Now, at daybreak, on this February morning, as has been said, the clamorous ringing of the bell roused everyone from his slumbers. All rushed into the streets, expecting to find one or more dwellings in flames. But, alas! terrible as are the ravages of fire, a worse foe threatened the destruction of the village. Fire may be extinguished, or at least its course be stopped; but water rushing along in tumultuous streams, levelling in its way banks and barriers—water, sweeping over plains and through valleys, surmounting hills, breaking through walls, carrying in its foaming course trees, houses, cattle—everything—an inundation! Who but God can say to its fearful might: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?"

The wished for thaw had suddenly set in, and and the stream which passed by the village—in summer a shallow brook, now a headlong torrent swollen by the melting snow—was spreading ruin and desolation in its track. Already half the village was overflowed by its turbid waves; and cows, sheep, horses—all uttering their different cries of fright and pain, and all mingling with the fragments of their sheds and stables—were borne swiftly past the panic-stricken spectators. It was in truth a scene to strike terror into the boldest heart. There was, however, one heart that quailed not.

The good curé, who had been engaged during the night by the bedside of a sick parishioner, was the first abroad. Thanks to his energy, his calmness, the panic soon abated; measures were adopted to save what property was still unharmed, and in an astonishingly short time the men formed into bands, and worked bravely under his direction. The curé was everywhere: here animating the toiling men, there consoling the weeping women, and always with the same maxim:

"Have confidence, my good friends; Providence has not forsaken us. Whatever Almighty God does, He does well."

Yes, this saintly soul could bless God and trust Him alike in His judgments as in His mercies.

On a sudden a loud cry arose from the crowd. The torrent, leaving its direct course, had thrown itself upon a cottage which stood apart from the rest of the village. In the twinkling of an eye the waters had mounted to the roof, upon the upper ridge of which a woman with two children, one an infant on her breast, had taken refuge. Higher, still higher, rose the waters; already the mud-built walls of the hut were yielding to the furious dashing of the waves. All hope seemed lost. In vain had Jacques, the blacksmith, a man of great strength and courage, endeavored to ford the rushing waters; three times had he striven to reach the hapless family, but always without success. Two others had made the attempt and failed. A few more minutes and the mother with her little ones must be swallowed up in the raging waters.

Just at this crisis the galloping of a horse was heard. All turned eagerly to see. It was the good curé, bareheaded, and with his cassock tucked up, calmly urging on the stout pony that bore him each Sunday to say Mass at an outlying chapel. Encouraged by the voice and hand of his master, the brave animal took to the water, and, despite the force of its current, managed to reach the tottering hut. But how to save all these unfortunates? It was with the greatest difficulty the pony had withstood the torrent with only one person on his back; could he sustain the additional burden?

The curé's resolution was speedily formed. He held out his hands for the children; the poor woman, in her maternal tenderness, was only too glad that they should have the first chance of safety, and clasping them in his arms he set out on the dangerous return. He succeeded. Leaving the children on the bank, he again essayed the perilous passage, unheeding the cries of the people, who implored him not to risk again a life so dear to them all. Nothing could daunt his heroic courage. "Pray for me," was all he answered, and plunged into the torrent. In spite of the animal's resistance, and the increasing force of the waves, he once more reached the cottage, just as the walls gave way. The roof disappeared, and the poor woman was precipitated into the stream. Another moment and she would have been beyond the reach of help; but the priest, who never lost his presence of mind, seized her by the hair as it floated on the surface, and again, encouraging his pony once more, crossed the torrent and landed her in safety. Exhausted by his superhuman exertions, he sank upon the ground, murmuring: "Whatever Almighty God does, He does well!"

It is needless to attempt a description of the

scene that followed; to dwell on the emotions of the people as all anxiously helped to restore him to consciousness. It would be hard to say whether love or admiration was the predominant feeling.

From that night of terror Monsieur le Curé was a hero, a saint; and those simple people's judgment perhaps was not far astray. However, they were not content with giving him gratitude and admiration. They cast about for some way of showing in a tangible form what they thought of him. And soon an opportunity presented itself—a droll opportunity, surely, but they were too much in earnest to be particular. Within a few weeks the township was called on to select officers of the fire brigade. The people met as usual, and on examining the ballots it was found that Monsieur le Curé had been unanimously chosen captain.

In vain did the object of their strange compliment protest against such an unheard of proceeding; in vain did he explain that the equipments of a fireman—helmet, axe and trumpet—were out of keeping with the cassock; the voters sturdily declared that the prefect must settle that part of the affair,—as for themselves what was done, was done. It was a new thing for Monsieur le Curé to have another do the work while he bore the credit; but there was no remedy. Notice of the election extraordinary was sent to the Minister of the Interior; the singular occurrence was told to the Minister, and the Minister thought it worth telling to the King. The whole court was in great amusement over the tale.

Some years after this, misunderstandings arose between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in the diocese of Nancy. Things came to such a pass that it was decided the bishop should cease to be resident, but even this did not allay the excitement. An actual civil war broke out between the opposing parties, and even ecclesiastics were on opposite sides. Confusion reigned, and the Minister of Public Worship thought it necessary to bring the subject to the king's notice, as it called for the most delicate and prudent management.

"The diocese of Nancy gives more trouble than all the rest of France," said the minister in conclusion. "In fact, sire, the whole city is in a conflagration."

"If that be so," said the king, jestingly, "what can we do but employ our clerical captain of the fire brigade to put it out?"

The suggestion struck the minister. "Sire," he replied, after a moment's reflection, "your majesty's propositions are always to the point. I have heard much of the priest you are pleased to remember,—he is the very one for the emergency, as conciliating as he is firm."

In fine, a month afterwards M. le Curé, our hero

of the inundation, was nominated coadjutor to the Bishop of Nancy, and the selection was approved by the Pope. Very soon all discord ceased; tranquillity was restored, and on the death of the bishop, which occurred not long after, the coadjutor succeeding to his titles and cares, showed that his virtues and talents were no less fitted to rule over an extensive diocese than an obscure country village. But the end was not yet; farther distinctions awaited the good "Monsieur le Curé." In course of time the archbishopric of Bordeaux fell vacant, and he was immediately chosen for that see.

And now, in conclusion, we have only to give his name—it is Donnet, a name well known beyond the limits of his episcopal charge. Yes, the hero of this true sketch, the village curé who was so ready to give his life for his sheep, became in succession Bishop of Nancy, Archbishop of Bordeaux, Senator of France, and Cardinal-Priest of the Holy Roman Church.

THE Roman correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, under date of October 30th writes that in spite of the renewed reports in the Liberal papers of the Holy Father's failing health, all who are in daily intercourse with him agree that he continues to be as wonderfully supported and his health and spirits to appear as unfailing as ever. Amid the numerous audiences which he continues to grant, was one on Sunday in the Sala del Trono to the Professors of the Sapienza, who have lately lost their appointments by their refusal to take the oath required by the Italian Government. They were presented by Cardinal Capalti and Mgr. Nardi. His Holiness received them cordially, and in answering the address read in their behalf, he thanked them for their loyalty and constancy, which had been a great consolation to himself and a noble example before all Europe. He said further that he had thought of their case when reading the Gospel of the day, for when the Pharisees seeking to find our Lord at fault, for a reply asked Him if it were lawful to pay tribute to Cæsar, He answered them by requiring them to produce the coin in which the tribute was paid, and when He had made them say that the image and superscription it bore were Cæsar's, He bid them "render unto Cæsar the things of Cæsar," "and it was just so," he continued, "when you were required to pay the tribute of your oath of fealty, that you seem to have decided the question by looking upon the external image and symbol of your professorships for the answer, and there you found engraven the superscription *initium sapientiæ timor domini*; you looked upon the walls of the buildings, in the schools, churches, museums, libraries, and knew that all was the gift of the Popes, and then you answered that you would render the tribute of your fealty there only where it was thus manifestly due."

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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No. 51.

The State of the Question as to the Pope's Temporal Power.

[CONCLUDED].

5. So far, we have not found any very decisive influence of the necessity of the Pope's Temporal Power on the political rights of the Roman people. For their condition is such temporally and politically that, if their sovereign were not Pope, they would not, on sound principles, be entitled to insist, by means of a revolution, on a change of government. Supposing, however, that in the case of a lay sovereign they would have a right to so insist, there is a reason why they should not have the same right as against the Pope, and that reason is not taken precisely from the necessity of the Pope's Temporal Power, but from the original and long established actual relation between the Roman Episcopate and the civil sovereignty of the Pontiff.

I come now to the only case in which there would seem to be a possible collision between the necessity of the Pope's Temporal Power and the genuine rights of the Roman people. Fortunately the case has not arisen, and we have every reason to hope it never will arise, but will remain in the category of imaginable hypotheses. What would have to be said if the Pope's government became manifestly and intolerably oppressive? Suppose a Pope to turn tyrant in the fullest sense. Suppose a Pope to treat his people in a way which would justify revolution were there question of a lay prince. It is not my business to define what amount of oppression would suffice for this in the case of a lay prince. I believe things must have reached a very bad state before revolt becomes lawful; but I do not undertake to say that it may not ever become lawful. On the other hand, I will not pretend that the Pope is exempt from liability to go astray to any amount in his temporal government. There is certainly no divine promise to this effect traceable anywhere. The thing is unlikely, and we may go a good way in reliance on the Providence of God to prevent it. But we cannot affirm with certainty that such a misfortune

is impossible. What, then, could be done if it occurred?

Is the Pope to be deprived of his civil sovereignty notwithstanding the need the Church has of this provision for her Head? If not, are the Roman people to pine on in a sort of slavery? Both alternatives appear inadmissible. But a middle course may be found. Surely there are other remedies against oppression besides depriving a sovereign of his throne—remedies which, if not so peremptory, are quite efficacious enough for the purpose and often likely to turn out better, even politically, than that extreme measure, which I would altogether exclude in the case of the Pope. These remedies are various, at least in degree. I will not enter into any discussion of them, but will content myself with saying that, in the circumstances contemplated, whatever measures would be lawful in the case of a lay sovereign would be so in the case of a Roman Pontiff, excepting two, which I by no means affirm would be allowable with reference to a lay sovereign. These are, first, deposition; secondly, any compulsory change in a previously just mode of government. The reasonableness of these exceptions is sufficiently obvious, and will be further established by what I have to say under the next number.

6. Although in reality the legitimate—the only true—rights of the Roman people are not in any great degree compromised by the fact of their sovereign being the Head of the Church and by the connection between his civil authority and his spiritual Supremacy, still it may be well to consider how far this connection could be a ground for the curtailment of their rights, were such curtailment necessary to the maintenance of the connection. Let us suppose—though the supposition is untrue—that were the Roman people under a lay sovereign and governed by him as they are by the Pope, they would be justified in throwing off their allegiance and choosing another ruler or another form of government, does it follow that they would be justified in setting aside the Pope? Has the Pope any claim to his temporal sovereignty different from that of a lay prince? or again, has the Church any claim to his maintenance in that

position? It appears to me that the Church *has* a claim upon the Roman people in this regard.

In order to establish this view, I will recall what I have already said in the course of this paper, that the Catholic Church was intended by its Founder for all men, intended to be coextensive with the human race; that all men as men are bound to be Catholics, though many may, through invincible ignorance, be free from sin in not fulfilling this objective obligation: that the Catholic Church, wherever it exists, is identified with human society; that it is itself *one* vast community. From all this it follows that every member of the Church is bound to the rest of its members and to the whole community. So, too, is every Catholic nation bound to the Catholic Church and to every portion of it. Every Catholic nation is bound to do its part in sustaining the Church. This is a duty towards God, towards the Church itself, and towards the other portions of the Church. The part which any given nation is called on to do is to be determined by circumstances. If a nation is so placed that a particular—much more a singular—mode of co-operation is specially within its reach and specially required for the well-being of the Church, that nation is peculiarly bound to so cooperate, even at some sacrifice. Now this is exactly the position of the Roman people.

Rome was chosen by St. Peter—no doubt under Divine direction, though not necessarily as a matter of Divine right—to be his Episcopal See, whose Bishops were, as a consequence, to be his successors in the Primacy. Rome, being the See, is the proper place of residence of the Popes. The good of the Church demands that the Popes should be temporal sovereigns of a moderately large territory including and surrounding their place of residence. Such a territory, including and surrounding Rome, was bestowed on them eleven centuries ago, directly by men and by human right, but unmistakably under the action of Divine Providence, and has been preserved to them with little interruption ever since. The Roman people are the inhabitants of that territory; they constitute a nation which has the Vicar of Christ for its King. Surely this people—this nation—has specially within its reach the maintenance of a great good which the whole Church needs, and which the whole Church calls on this nation to preserve to her. Here is a special mode of co-operation to the well-being of the Catholic Church, imposed by circumstances most marked and singular. This co-operation consists in faithfully remaining subject to the Pope as a temporal sovereign.

It seems clear that the Roman people owe temporal allegiance to the Pope on two titles, one common to all subjects of any legitimate prince, the

other special, arising out of their duty towards the Church. This latter title of the two is more sacred than the former, and more definite. For when another people, rightly or wrongly, transfers its obedience to a new government, whether monarchical or otherwise, this new government, once firmly settled, *may* be an adequate substitute for that which preceded, under all respects of public utility. Not so when the temporal sovereignty of the Pope passes into other hands.

My conclusion from these considerations is, that the Roman people are more extensively bound to remain faithful to the Pope than they would to a lay sovereign, so that circumstances which might justify a change in the latter case would not in the former.

The Pope himself is sometimes spoken of, and most justly, as a Trustee for the Church in the administration of his temporal sovereignty. The same idea may not improperly be extended to the Roman people. They hold those States as subjects of the Pope, and maintain him as their King, for the benefit of the Catholic Church. Those States are the patrimony of the whole Church. There cannot be States without a government and a people. The Pontiff governs, the inhabitants of the States are the people. We may add that if they perform a duty they enjoy a privilege. They possess as their capital the metropolis of the Christian world. We may add, too, that if in the Papal States there is not that blazoning of constitutional liberty, so often more apparent than real, there is sufficient substantial freedom and more justice in the political administration than can easily be found elsewhere.

Having come to the end of what I think it necessary to say on the third and last of the questions I proposed answering, I will, before summing up on this question, make one or two remarks in connection with the late unhappy Roman transactions.

The Pope, as I have already observed, is as a Temporal Sovereign but a Trustee for the Church. He holds his States not in his own name, but in the name of that widely spread Catholic community of which he is the Head. He has not the power to resign those States into other hands. Hence that famous, and I will say glorious, *non possumus*, sneered at occasionally by his enemies—the enemies, very many of them, of Christ and of God, men who care as little for the Almighty as they do for His representative. The Pontiff has not the power to dispose of what is really not his own. Of course, if the case could arise, and did arise, of a cession being beneficial to the Church, the Pope, as supreme administrator of her property, could yield up his dominions; but not otherwise. He knows well it would not be for her advantage,

and therefore he cannot do so. He firmly trusts, and so ought every earnest Catholic to trust, that the present storm will pass, and the States will be restored to himself or another successor of St. Peter. He knows that it would be a far less evil that he alone, or even three or four other Popes after him, should lose their lives by violence than that their Temporal Power should be finally lost to the Church; and he has, and we may hope they would have, the courage to face death for the sake of duty.

The last invasion of Rome and what the Pope still retained of his States, as well as the previous invasion of the other parts which Pius the Ninth held at the commencement of his reign, is a manifest violation of all right. The substance and the mode and the results, all combine to make up a glaring case of injustice and wickedness such as cannot be sincerely defended by any honest man, unless he be laboring under ignorance otherwise disgraceful. Abundance of attention has been called to these proceedings, and they do not come within the range of my subject. I will just say a word or two about the Roman *plebiscite*. What is its value? I answer, none whatever. Had it been honestly taken, and really and freely and universally given, it would have been unlawful and invalid; because the people had no right to transfer their civil allegiance from the Pope. But speaking of the fact as it happened, there was neither honesty nor freedom nor universality. In very plain terms, we may say the whole proceeding was a ludicrous and disgraceful imposition.

I see no need of dwelling on the *actual state* of things at Rome, although in the course of treating my second question I hinted such a purpose. The substance of that state is well known, and I could not enter into its circumstances, or comment satisfactorily on it, without extending a good deal the limits of this article, otherwise sufficiently, if not more than sufficiently, long.

I will now conclude by a short summary of what has been treated of under the third of those heads or questions I proposed at the commencement, namely, What is the bearing of the necessity of the Pope's Temporal Power on the political rights of the Roman people? I have stated that the Roman people—that is to say, the inhabitants of the Papal States—were, at the time which immediately preceded the changes of the last few years, well and comfortably off, fairly provided with the necessities, and even the comforts, of life, and with the means of education; that literature and the fine arts were flourishing among them; that there was light taxation and no oppression; that commercial and industrial enterprise were encouraged and progressing; that whatever backwardness existed in

these last particulars involved no want of civilization, and left the mass of the people much better off than they are in some other countries which boast of great material progress; that the Roman people were, in fact, a happy people. I have then gone on to show that a nation has no right forcibly to change its sovereign or government merely because it prefers another, nor yet for the sake of even a real improvement not necessary for its happiness, nor for the sake of a free constitution. And with regard to this last object there is a special reason affecting the Pope's subjects, namely, that the civil government is fundamentally annexed to the Pope's Spiritual Primacy. Now the Primacy occasions special difficulties in the framing of a constitution; for no risk must be run of compromising the Pontiff's liberty in what regards the government of the Church.

In the improbable case of intolerable oppression in the civil rule of the Roman people, they could not lawfully set the Pope aside. It does not follow from this that they would have no sufficient remedy. Such a remedy would be found in a pressure brought to bear on the Pope or his ministers, whereby they would be constrained to desist from tyranny. Finally, I have endeavored to prove that the Roman people might be bound, in duty towards the Church, to forego rights which they would perhaps possess and could exercise were their sovereign any other than the Pope.

Having closed my Paper on "The State of the Question as to the Pope's Temporal Power," I will subjoin a few words of explanation regarding an important point touched on in the course of it. I was driven by the nature of my subject to allude to revolution and the causes or motives of revolution, and the degrees of such causes or motives. There are circumstances in which revolution is more obviously unlawful than in other circumstances. I willingly took occasion to condemn it in some of these contingencies; but I had neither inclination nor need to pronounce on the question, when or whether ever it be allowable to revolt against and set aside an existing government, whose title was originally legitimate or has become legitimate in a long lapse of time. I speak of a government taken in its full comprehension, and outside of which there are no rights expressly reserved, so as to have modified the original title from the beginning.

The Popes have spoken very strongly against resistance to the civil power, urging, for instance, and stringently interpreting the doctrine of St. Paul: "Let every soul be subject to higher powers; for there is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore,

he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation."*

This has been done, among the rest, by Gregory the Sixteenth, in an Encyclical of August 15, 1832, and by Pius the Ninth, in an Encyclical of November 9, 1846. The sixty-third proposition among those enumerated in the Syllabus of 1864 for condemnation, runs thus: "It is lawful to refuse obedience to legitimate princes, nay, to rebel against them." It is certain, then, that, at least, excepting some very extraordinary conjunctures, revolt is contrary to the divine law. I will not venture to say that all possible cases are comprehended in these declarations, or, in other words, that their terms rightly understood include all possible cases; nor do I believe that it is so.

But I had really no need to enter into the question as to when revolution may be allowable. My business was with the position of the Roman people, so far as that position is affected by the necessity to the Church of the Pope's Temporal Power. Whatever is forbidden to all subjects of all legitimate princes in the civil order is, of course, forbidden to the Romans, and has nothing to do with their special position, since the Pope's title to his secular sovereignty is humanly legitimate in the highest degree. The whole difficulty I had to meet concerned an imaginable curtailment of civil rights—a curtailment resulting from the Church's need of the Pope's temporal authority over the Roman States.

The question was whether *any* of the rights which another people *would* or *might* have are to be denied to the Roman people on account of the peculiar spiritual position of their sovereign. In order to treat this question, allusion had to be made to the rights which another people would have or might have in peculiar circumstances. It was not, however, by any means necessary that I should absolutely affirm the existence or define the limits of such rights of another people. It was enough for me to speak hypothetically of certain rights which may or may not be justly attributable to another people. It was enough for me to say, for example,—*If* another people would have a right to do so and so with regard to their prince, the Roman people *would* have the same; or—*Although* another people would have a right to do so and so, the Roman people *would-not* have the same. In this sense only I intended to speak.

E. J. O'R.

* Romans, xiii, 1, 2.

WE return thanks to our subscribers for the prompt manner they have sent their subscriptions.

An Idyl of Life.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

I.

I walk down a beautiful valley,
Which leads to the far-off sea,
Where silvery waves are curling
With a gentle monody;
The land is a strange, strange land—
Is far away yet nigh;
There are queer dwellers within it—
My bizarre thoughts and I.
The woods are full of deep shadows
Which steal like listening ghosts—
From the door of my heart, enwrapped
In the gloom of those mystic coasts.
And lilies so white and cunning
Are coquetting with the breeze
Which laughs through the pleasant vistas
Or whirls round the oaken trees.
"Ah! my little blue-eyed violet,
Why hidest thou thy head
Beside thy sister, the lily,
Thy breath is sweeter," I said.
A hopeful light is falling
On yon prismatic bower—
Good spirits, guard the lovely spot
For the heart's sullen hour!

II.

And here is a plain of emerald—
A Vanity Fair of Thought—
Its tents are whiter than winter's snow—
Here jewels are sold and bought.
There passes among the noisy throng
A silent and hoary form,
Withered and pinched and beaten grey
By many a midnight storm.
He gathers with eager hand the pearls
The dancers cast to earth,—
His laugh is like a moan the while
He watches their thoughtless mirth.
And then with gloomy visage
He speeds with lengthened stride
Unto the sea whose foaming lips
Kisses the earth—his bride.
He sits on the whitening sands—
A Solitude by the far foam
Which curls away to the dim headlands
Where Fancy loves to roam.
One by one he is casting
The stolen jewels away,
They flash in the light a moment
Then drop in the mystic spray.
And the Ancient sneers as the echoes
Of Vanity Fair grow high;
"I wonder," he says, "if the buglers
Who pipe the long hours away
Ever hear in the silvery echoes
The price which the dancers pay?"

Yet, still with unerring cadence
Of voice, and accurate sweep
Of arm, he casts the jewels
Into the fathomless deep.
And his voice has a sound of wailing
Like the cry of a hungry child,
As he peers down into the cavern
Where priceless gems lay piled.
"I wonder," he moans, "if the buglers
Who pipe the long hours away
Ever hear in the silvery echoes
The price which the dancers pay?"
The white, white ships are sailing
Out to the unknown Lethe,
And the freight they bear is human souls,
And the pilot's name is Death.
The wordless shore is silent,
Except when Vanity Fair
With bugle and flute and timbrel
Burdens the phantom air.
"O Ancient! tell me thy purpose
In casting those jewels away,—
Thou art stealing the life of mortals
To enrich the treacherous spray.
Ah! cruel, to cast those pearls
Into the dark, green deep
Where their crystalline beauty must ever
Untouched by the fair light sleep.
O why give such a necklace
Unto the senseless grave,—
Why bury one glimpse of beauty
In the cold, remorseless wave?"
But the only answer the Ancient
Spoke by that beautiful shore
Was the weird and wild persistence
Of the wail he made before:
"I wonder," he groans, "if the buglers
Who pipe the long hours away,
Ever hear in the silvery echoes
The price which the dancers pay?"
Then he wrote, like the notes of judgment
Which float from the farther shore,
With a trembling finger which appeared
To linger there for evermore,
With clasp hand upon the sand
Words true and grand as oft before:
"Time is the lonely watcher
Who casts the hours away—
His prey from the merry dancers
Who sport in Life's transient ray.
But the white ships are the angels
Who still the feverish heart,
And, like the shadows of evening,
With their victims, silent depart."

Contributions to the Papal Fund.

The Members of the Living Rosary, at St.
Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana..\$40 00
Mrs. R. Dougherty..... 3 00
Mr. Joseph Mukautz, of Chicago..... 2 00

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

PART II.

CHAPTER VI (Continued.)

DARKNESS AT NOON.

When left alone Frank Yellott burst into a loud laugh, and stretched out his arms as if infinitely relieved. He got up and walked to the window, looked out a little while, then threw himself upon a lounge, and, drawing from his dressing-gown pocket a small copy of Voltaire's Essays, received the day before from a friend in New York, he was soon absorbed in a perusal of its contents. Letters from his mother and sisters had come also by the same mail. They had just returned from Europe, and their congratulations on his approaching marriage were effusive and ardent. His mother was overjoyed, and sent the most loving messages to Lucia that her adroit pen could frame: she "had brought the most beautiful presents for her new daughter, and was so impatient to embrace her; when should she come?"

Frank Yellott gave a little, low laugh when he came to this. He knew his mother so well, and saw through it all so perfectly! "Oh no, my good mother," he said, refolding the letter, "it will not be convenient to me to have you here yet awhile; you'd spoil my game before I'm exactly sure of it myself."

As Lucia was coming home that afternoon, well satisfied with the labors of the day and their results, she met Maum Chloe, who had something large and heavy in her arms, well wrapped up in a gay colored shawl, the greatest piece of finery that she had.

"What in the world have you got there, Maum Chloe?"

"Jest this, honey," said the old woman, who lifted a corner of the shawl, showing Lucia the old bible that had been on the table in Allan Brooke's room so many years.

"Where are you taking it to?"

"Home, honey, to put it in the bottom of my chest. I had a dream last night, and I thought I seen 'Haylands' all slidin' and meltin' away; an' the sky was full of fire, honey, like clouds, and I felt it a scotchin' of me, and when everything was a'most gone, the ole book here, like a big seventy-four anchor, hauled it back,—and thar was great distress in my dream—'stress and confusion, and I missed you, honey; then I hunted and hunted, and at last seen you settin' way off on a rock whar the

water was rollin' and rollin', black and stormy all round you, and crawlin' up nigher and nigher to you; and I waked up all of a trimble, and covered with cold sweat, that skeert I didn't know what to do. I don't b'lieve in dreams, no how; but it sort of made me oncasey, and as Mars' Allan gave me the old book, I thought I'd fotch it away as soon's ever I could."

"You foolish old Maummy! How cunning you are! you just want to get me down to your cottage oftener; for how could you live without hearing the old stories read now and then? But I'll come, never fear that."

"You go 'long, chile. I'm comin' right back to bandage that 'ar arm; 'taint half tended to," answered Maum Chloc, chuckling and nodding her head, as she hurried past towards her cabin, while Lucia went homewards, stepping lightly and swiftly over the variegated leaves that covered the ground, and singing, like a bird, scraps of song out of very blithesomeness. A thought had come unbidden into her heart that day, which had filled it with a strange, tender joy, almost indefinable to herself; but it had calmed many secret misgivings, and diffused a new brightness over the path of duty and sacrifice she had marked out for herself; it was the thought that in time she *might come to love Frank Yellott*.

And so the sunshine of prosperity and happiness shone fairly over "Haylands" and its inmates. The love and favor of God, peace and good will towards all, riches, worldly honor, trusting, loving hearts, good works, well-treated and happy slaves, left nothing to be desired under that roof; the sum of their felicity seemed completed. It is true that there was a serpent, coiled and hidden in this earthly Eden, but all unseen, and his venom yet unfelt; the trusting guileless hearts of the dwellers therein were not disturbed by dread or mistrust. Such happiness may well make one stand still and be afraid, because a rebound is inevitable; the tide must turn at its flood, and human affairs, when they reach their zenith, like stars, begin to go down.

We have read somewhere of how St. Ambrose and two of his disciples, being once on a journey, were invited to partake of the hospitality of a rich and powerful nobleman, who boasted at his table, which was loaded with gold and silver and costly viands, that he had never had a misfortune or trial of any sort in his life. His wife was good and beautiful, his children brave and comely, his fortune magnificent, while honors and dignities crowded upon him.

"In the name of God, let us be gone," said St. Ambrose to his disciples; "let us fly from a house upon which the shadow of Christ's Cross has never

rested, and upon whose inmates no sign of God's love, in the chastisements with which He marks His children, can be seen. Let us hasten away, my brethren, for a great fear is upon me."

They left the banqueting hall, and were hastening away from the castle as rapidly as they could, when they heard a terrific crash which filled the valley with reverberating thunders, and clouded the air with dust until the sunshine was hidden. The devout men fell upon their knees, awaiting in silent prayer the result of so singular an occurrence, and wondering what commotion of nature had caused it; but the stately castle they had just fled from, where was it? There was nothing left in its place but piles of shapeless ruins, under which its gay inmates, crushed and dead, were entombed.

"They had their good things in this life," said the holy man; "their hearts, puffed up with pride, forgot the Giver, and judgment has overtaken them in the midst of their boasting. Let us cling to the Cross, my brethren, though its splinters wound us; let us walk in the valley of humility and poverty, treading the same path our Redeemer walked, and all will be well with us in the end." * * *

It was the eve of Allan Brooke's departure, and Lucia was sitting with him in the library. She had been reading to him; but laying her book down to hear some remarks he had to make on the poem, she did not resume it, for their conversation wandered from the verses into a grave, sad, retrospective train of talk, which ended in his telling her all the story of his early life, with the cruel disappointment which had thrown so deep a shadow over it. It was the first time Lucia had heard it. She had heard allusions, hints, and even scraps of it, and had put much together in her own mind relating to it; but now she heard it from his own lips,—but he cast no blame on the mother whose memory she so dearly loved; it was all covered with a sweet mantle of pity, which hid poor Zoé's sin from her child, and Lucia never knew from hint or word of his how bitterly he had been dealt with, or how much he had suffered. He got up, and taking a small key from his watch chain, he unlocked the panel in the wall, and showed her the beautiful portrait of her mother, so long concealed there, and which no eye except his own and Father Jannison's had ever looked upon. The red glow of the west shone upon it, warming it into hues of life, and it seemed as though the silent figure would step from its frame, or break the silence of its shadowy loveliness. Tears streamed over Lucia's face as she gazed upon it; but neither of them spoke,—their hearts

were too full. At last he put his arm around her, and holding her head for a moment to his breast, kissed her forehead, and said:

"So we shall find her, clothed in celestial grace and youth, when we pass over to the other shore. You, my child, have consoled me for all; and if the prayers and blessings of a tried heart avail anything, you have mine now and always."

Then he locked the panel, and walked quietly out of the library, not trusting himself to speak again, lest his own emotion should increase hers, for she was always first with him, and if any pain was to be endured, he wanted his own heart to feel the first brunt of it.

Lucia sank down on the lounge filled with a tender sadness, and a great love for this man who had been friend and father to her, and deemed the sacrifice of her very life, should it be necessary, too little to show her gratitude. As if in answer to her thoughts, she heard a few minor chords struck upon the organ, swelling out like a wail from the music room along the wide hall, then a masterly voluntary, and at last all flowed into the heavenly numbers of his favorite anthem. Never had his voice sounded more full or clear; never had it thrilled her with such triumphant sweetness as when he sang: "Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, and Thy rod and Thy staff shall comfort me;" and so to the end, it sounded as if his soul were in the words, inebriated with strength and consolation.

I will not go to him now," thought Lucia; "he is within the holy of holies, and his soul speaks with God. Oh, my Guardy! my darling! May our Blessed Mother of Sorrows crown your heart some day with rejoicing!" The music ceased, fainting, wandering, throbbing into silence like a passing life; the twilight shadows crept in; night, with its purple gloom and stars, wrapped the earth in its restful embrace. Then lights began to flit through the house; fires were replenished; wax candles lit; the evening meal, with its bright array of silver and rich china, its delicate dishes, and little vases of winter roses glowing here and there, awaited the master. Lucia and Frank came in, and were talking gaily over the morrow's journey, but still he did not come, and still they waited, and at last began to wonder where he could be.

"Where was he last?" asked Frank Yellott.

"In the music room," answered Lucia; "but perhaps he has gone back into the library, and fallen asleep there. I'll run and see."

She started to leave the room, and had got as far as the door, when a wild, unearthly shriek rang through the house, a shriek full of horror and

agony. White and trembling, Lucia paused, leaning against the door frame. Frank Yellott took the candle from her hand, and ran forward, following the fearful sounds, which were repeated with awful intensity, into the music room, where a sight greeted him which almost froze him with horror. Allan Brooke lay upon the floor, where he had evidently fallen, dead; and Maum Chloe, who had come there in search of him, and lighted one or two of the candles, thinking he might have fallen asleep in one or two of the cushioned chairs, stumbled against his prostrate form, and finding him cold and lifeless, lost all control of herself, and, wild with grief, beat her breast, uttering cries of anguish that filled the house.

Lucia, at first almost froze, and unable to move for very dread, wondered what awful thing had happened; then came the sudden thought of her guardian, accompanied by a sickening fear, which drove her, tottering, towards the scene. No need to ask what it meant, she saw it and knew it by the marble whiteness and stillness of the dead face at her feet! She stood a moment looking down upon it with wild, frightened eyes, her face of a deathlike whiteness, then slowly sinking on the floor beside him, she lifted his head tenderly and laid it upon her lap, and a low, wailing cry escaped her lips. "Oh if I had only staid, and never left him! if I had only come with him! Oh, Guardy, my darling! if I had only come and stood by you while you walked through the Valley and Shadow of Death, singing, singing, singing, and I listening but not knowing! Oh, if I had come you might not have died! You were coming to call me, I know, and, after all, for me not to be here—after all the last loving words! Oh, Guardy! how did I know they were to be the last, even when I heard you singing, singing!" she murmured, caressing the cold, peaceful face which lay upturned to hers, full of majestic peace and that awful serenity which death alone can give.

Frank Yellott was stunned and shocked beyond expression. He tried to get Lucia away; he tried to hush Maum Chloe's cries and moans, as she leaned over the body, rocking herself backwards and forwards, her face as gray as ashes, and refusing to be comforted; but they did not heed him, nor did they even, in the overwhelming grief of their loss, hear him.

Servants crowded into the hall and around the doors, frightened and sobbing. No one thought of doing anything, or dreamed that anything could be done, seeing that the master was dead, until Bligh, the gardener, came with his good Scotch head, and pushing them aside asked if the doctor had been sent for? Here, boys, go get a bottle and some pillows, and help me to lift your master up on

the sofa, then I'll go for the doctor myself." The things were brought instantly, and the master was lifted gently, in the strong arms of his slaves, and laid upon the couch improvised for him, Lucia holding his hand and kneeling close beside him, watching if happily some sign of life might show itself in the half-closed eyes, and still moaning: "Oh, had I only come!—had I only come! Had I only been here to help you at first! but one, two hours lying here dying—all alone, and I—I—laughing, talking, so near, yet knowing nothing!"

Poor Lucia was like one in the whirl of a sudden tempest: she could see nothing, think of nothing in the terrible anguish that wrung her heart, to comfort her; nature held sway and felt only the cruel wound inflicted with such fearful suddenness. But presently, when nature should sink exhausted under the cross, the grieved heart would recognize who walked beside her; she would know whose Cross she was bearing, and feel that, although He might slay her, yet would she trust Him to the end.

The Blessed Virgin and the Pope.

When the Holy Father was in peaceable possession of the city of Rome, the peasants from the adjoining country came in bands during Advent to the city, and with pipe and harp played sweet canticles before the many statues and images of the Madonna which testified the devotion of the Roman people to the holy Mother of God.

But since the usurper entered the city through the breach in its walls, made by the soldiers of an excommunicated king, outrages have been heaped not only on the living Vicar of Jesus Christ, but also upon the statues of the Blessed Virgin, and the men who have done this thing have thereby purposed to manifest their hatred to Christ and His Church. The complete triumph of wrong over right, seems now attained by the opening of the Italian Chambers in Rome, with a speech from the excommunicated king, who has succeeded finally in crushing within his breast the sentiments of faith he inherited from his ancestors.

Thus while the excommunicated child of the Church insults in person the Father of Christians, the infidel and infamous men, who use the Excommunicated for the attainment of their infamous ends, show their hatred to God and religion by outrages against the Blessed Virgin and blasphemies against her divine Son, Jesus.

Humanly speaking, the Holy Father stands alone, without any support from man.

And the Blessed Virgin is insulted in Rome.

But it is precisely when all human aid is gone,

that God appears and makes known His power, that all men must exclaim when they see the victory of the Church: "The finger of God is here!"

So will it be with the Holy Father in the present terrible state of affairs.

But we, in the mean time cannot look, unmoved, on the trials of the Chief Pastor of the Church. We know that God protects him; yet we know also that God wishes us to pray earnestly for what He intends to grant us. We should therefore pray fervently, especially at this holy Christmas time, for the triumph of the Church, in the person of its chief Bishop. All who have the happiness of receiving Holy Communion on Christmas day should offer it up for the Holy Father, that he may be delivered from the wild beasts who seek to devour him, and that the great metropolis of the Christian world may be delivered from the petty creatures who would reduce it to the dishonor of being the capital of a tottering kingdom the discordant parts of which can never hold together.

Seventeen years ago it was our happy lot to be in Rome on the 8th of December, in the basilica of St. Peter's—close by the High Altar, to hear the Holy Father proclaim the belief of the whole Church in the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God—to behold the rapt ecstatic look of the great Pontiff as he sang in his rich powerful voice the Preface of the Mass, and to join in the *Te Deum* that was caught up by the eighty thousand people who filled the basilica. Then the Holy Father had returned from exile, and all Rome and the whole Catholic world were rejoicing over his triumph and the triumph of Our Blessed Mother on that day so glorious to her and her chosen Pontiff.

So will it be again. The *Te Deum* will again be sung for the deliverance of Pius IX.

In this happy consummation of the present troubles, all Catholics have a perfect confidence. Nor is it a blind unreasoning confidence,—it is founded on the whole past history of the Church, especially of the See of Rome.

But while we have this confidence, and while we pray, we should not forget that the Holy Father is now suffering; that he has many hardships to bear, awaiting the coming triumph. We should help him by the temporal goods that God has given us; and though we cannot take up arms and fight for the Pope, we can furnish him with the "sinews of" modern "war,"—we can send him money. And this all should do. What a pleasure it will be for Catholics to be able to say when he Holy Father comes out victorious and triumphs from this rude combat with infidelity and false Christians, "I helped in this victory, by my prayers, and by contributing to the Holy Father's sup-

port when all the governments of the world had deserted him."

In giving our Christmas gifts this year, no one should forget the Holy Father. Whether the gift be small or whether it be great, it should be given to him with a willing hand, and with great love for this Father of the faithful who so steadfastly upholds the rights of God and His Church.

Soon will be heard again the *Te Deum* in Rome. The vile rabble that has congregated from all quarters of the earth—though they may yet do much mischief—will be expelled from the Holy City; the hymns of praise and thanksgiving will again be heard, and Our Blessed Mother will triumph by obtaining the triumph of her chosen Pontiff over infidel hordes and excommunicated kings.

A Beautiful Example.

Very Rev. Father Sears, Missionary Apostolic, writing to us from the scene of his arduous labors, and sending honoraries for Masses to be said for members of his pious flock, says: "Among these intentions there are some from an Indian who had travelled some two hundred miles through the trackless forest to come here to have Masses said for departed relatives."

Does not this poor Indian teach a lesson to many Catholics who are enjoying the comforts of civilized life, and bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of those who, perhaps, are living on the fruits of the industry and toil of departed relatives, yet never think of having Masses said for them?

THE ROSARY, with illustrations and meditations. New York: T. W. Strong, late E. Dunigan and Bro.

This little work is presented to the public in cheap form, and every one of the many who say the Rosary should have this complete treatise on the devotion; therein they will find an account of the founder, of the establishment and propagation of the devotion, the mysteries commemorated, the confraternities, indulgences attached to the recitation, and many other particulars calculated to make the recitation of the Rosary a favorite form of prayer.

Hon. Thomas Ewing.

The last great act of this truly great man was his profession of the Catholic faith and reception of the Holy Sacraments. It might seem to some who knew him not as his children and his intimate friends knew him, that this step, because so long deferred, was, at last, hastily taken. But this is not so. It was the subject of serious meditation,

especially after his marriage, fifty years past, with his late admirable Catholic wife. During that long interval he frequently declared his conviction of the truth of the Catholic religion. And yet from an exalted, perhaps we may say an exaggerated sense, of his responsibility to God and man for his final determination, he still lingered on the threshold of the Temple—still anxiously disciplined his mind and feelings before his solemn approach to the altar. Last December, when Archbishop Purcell went to Mount Vernon, Ohio, for the marriage of his son, General Charles Ewing, he addressed a letter to Mr. Ewing, urging earnestly and respectfully his entrance into the one fold of the one Heavenly Shepherd. To this letter, written by the Archbishop, as he stated in it, after Mass, after placing his forehead in the dust, on his knees on the vigil of the festival of the unbelieving and believing St. Thomas, Apostle, he received the following reply:

MOUNT VERNON, DEC. 20, 1870.

Most Reverend and Dear Sir—I regret that I cannot accept your suggestions, but I have difficulties which you, educated in the faith from childhood, can hardly appreciate.

I am satisfied that the Christian religion is the greatest boon, moral and social, that ever Heaven bestowed on man. This is to me the highest evidence of its truth, which would be lost if we repudiate the Catholic Church by which it was originally taught, and has been transmitted through ages.

Its doctrines and their proofs have been for some years, and are still, my study, but my convictions are not as unwavering as I could desire them, and I must be sincere before God and man, and have full faith, before I make avowal.

With sentiments of the highest respect and esteem, I am your life-long friend,

T. EWING.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP PURCELL, Present.

The second paragraph of this beautiful letter covers the entire ground. The light so long sought and so frequently implored was granted in his last hours, and he died a true believer.—*Cincinnati Telegraph*.

DEATH OF A LIFE SUBSCRIBER.—Died, in St. Louis, Missouri, on the 22nd ult., strengthened by the Sacraments, Miss ALICE CODY, after a long illness which she suffered with exemplary patience. Miss CODY was a devoted client of Mary, a life subscriber to the AVE MARIA.

May her soul rest in peace. Amen.

DIED, October 27, 1871, at St. Mary's Convent, St. Joseph Co., Ind., Sister MARY OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS, (formerly Miss Josephine Dwyer,) in the twenty-second year of her age and second of her Religious profession.

May she rest in peace.

DIED, at Georgetown, D. C., on the 26th of November, MRS. MARY ANN PETTIT. May she rest in peace.

XIMENES.

An Historical Tale.

BY MARIAPHILOS,

Author of "Thecla," "Modestus," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

Perhaps the colonial policy of Spain at the time of which we write, and for a couple of centuries afterward, was more remarkable than that of any nation of which history makes mention. Though material aggrandizement was common to her with other states, there was one feature altogether her own. The spirit of religion was dominant in all her enterprises of discovery. Though new possessions made her rich and powerful, yet all this was considered secondary in importance to the salvation of souls. Hence, every expedition that left Spain was always well provided with self-denying and pious missionaries, whose zeal for the spiritual enlightenment of the savage was deterred by no obstacle, nor abated by the menaces of the lawless adventurer, who saw in the poor heathen a source of wealth and personal profit.

The class of bad men, who called themselves Christians and Spaniards, were the most bitter enemies of the missionaries. By calumny and even violence they strove to drive the priests from the Spanish possessions. In some cases they succeeded, but it was by the agency of corrupt colonial governors and not through the Spanish Government, which was ever the stern upholder of a just, prudent, and humane policy toward the Indian. To prove this, all we have to do is to study the correspondence of the good Las Casas with the Spanish government. Their purpose and policy were identical. If they did not succeed, it was due to the fact mentioned above and the great distance from home which made active interference very difficult and sometimes altogether impossible.

Wherever the Catholic Church was untrammelled by the vexatious interference of those corrupt viceroys, her beneficent rule produced its legitimate result. Even to this day, the traditions of the Indians of South America bear testimony to the kindness, forbearance, and Christian charity of the Church in their regard. The germ of civilization and happiness was introduced among those peoples by the establishment of the *reductions*, so deservedly eulogized by Protestant authors by no means favorable to Catholicity. But even these were rendered often useless by the adverse agency of lawless adventurers, who scandalized religion in the eyes of the simple natives, and excited, in many cases, a wild spirit of vengeance among

them which did not discriminate between friends and foes.

Columbus was profoundly Catholic. His spirit was akin to that of the illustrious champion, whose immortal words deserve to be enshrined in the hearts of every Christian. "I would sooner save one soul than conquer an empire," he said. If Columbus never spoke thus, his whole life was a practical enunciation of the same words. He did what he could personally to shield the poor Indian from the unscrupulous wretches who followed in the wake of discovery. Injustice became too strong for him. He appealed to the home government, but, as we have said, though his burning words were not needed to influence Ferdinand and especially Isabella on the side of right, there were too many powerful persons at court interested in the success of the nefarious schemes of the persons complained of, to justify his hopes of obtaining redress. The evil courtiers prevailed, and the world was moved by the sight of genius in chains. Yes, Spaniards, undeserving of the name, sent Columbus to Spain manacled like a felon. Though Isabella and the whole nation were insulted by this outrage—though every link of the great man's chains spoke eloquently in denunciation of his enemies—though the governor who perpetrated the outrage was deposed and disgraced, yet Columbus died as much from sorrow at the condition of the unfortunate Indians as he did of grief at his most undeserved and unjust treatment. We have thought this slight explanation necessary in order to appreciate the interview which we shall now attempt to describe.

Long before the time announced for the reception of the Indians, the streets leading to the palace were filled with a motley and dense crowd of people. Here one might see mountaineers from the *sierras*, bedecked with holiday finery, and mounted on fiery horses that had often faced the infidel in the onset of battle. Their long hair and fierce moustachios gave them a warlike appearance, and few would have cared to excite their ire by word or deed. They had done the state some service, and were proportionately proud of their achievements. There the eye rested upon groups of fishermen who had left their ordinary avocations that they might catch a glimpse of the man who had conquered the terrors of the sea and opened the panorama of a New World to the amazed peoples of the Old. Large numbers of jolly vineyard men, whose sorry donkeys were hustled about by the multitude despite their protesting brays, pushed boldly through the crowd to obtain a nearer approach to the palace. Some spots were sacred from intrusion, where stood numbers of monks who had gathered from the neigh-

boring monasteries to see the pageant. Others, too, were almost as exclusive, and these were points occupied by a brilliant array of young cavaliers. These chatted and banded witticisms with the common people. Some provident souls sat in large old-fashioned carriages, eating and drinking with much gravity and talking of the approaching audience as if it were the most solemn subject that the mind of man ever conceived. Again, there, enthusiastic tradescrafts which had considered the occasion especially favorable for making a display. Almost every other man of them staggered under a huge banner, which, sparkling and waving in the bright sunlight, gave the crowd the appearance of an army in battle array. Wonderful were the devices of those banners,—great the importance of each particular handicraft on their own showing—and appalling the calamities which should ensue if the rights, privileges, and prerogatives of one of them were infringed upon.

Standing by themselves in a convenient corner were our old friends, Carlos the inn-keeper, Antonio the smith, and the rest of the party who graced the inn door at the opening of this history. Jolly Carlos was loud in his approbation of everything. But Antonio, being of a sharp and sarcastic humor, indulged in many scathing remarks touching the trades' guilds and the donkeys. Let us approach and hear what they are saying.

"Antonio, dost thou see yonder popinjay youth?" cried Carlos. "He with the pink doublet and wide boots, I mean."

"Aye, aye,—what of him?" asked the smith.

"Dost he not look well, good Antonio? Hath he not a commanding—or, as one might say, a dignified carriage?" asked the innkeeper.

"Dost thou mean himself, or his horse?" rejoined Antonio, with a grim smile.

"Bah! thou art in a fretful mood to-day, friend," said Carlos. "Who may he be, think you?"

"Perhaps young Prince Philip, who hath married our Infanta Joanna," replied Antonio, very drily.

"Wouldst believe? It's Bartolemao Diaz, formerly pot-boy in my good inn, but now, mind you, a Knight of the Yardstick to old Benny Hadan, the converted Jew. What think you of that, my masters?" concluded Carlos, eyeing his former dependant with a certain proprietary satisfaction.

"I think," replied one of the party, "that old Benny Hadan, the converted Jew, should have an eye to his strong box, neighbor Carlos. Methinks all that bravery and display must cost money!"

The rest inclined to the speaker's opinion, with many meaning nods and shakes of the head, after the approved style of your accomplice of detraction in every age.

"I have no faith in converted Jews," said Antonio, with solemn emphasis. "They are too fond of writing in Arabic."

The shrewd smith referred to the general suspicion which then existed of the Jews corresponding with the Moors concerning matters that boded no good for Spain. But honest Carlos, though a clever host, was no politician. So he took Antonio's remark literally.

"And why should they not write in Arabic if they know how?" quoth he. "I wish I could write in Arabic—"

"Or any other tongue, Carlos," interrupted Antonio, the sarcastic.

"Aye, or in any other tongue, as you say, Antonio; although, for good manner's sake, I would thou wert more chary of thy interruptions," said the good-natured Carlos, quietly. "But, what have we here?"

The latter exclamation was caused by the appearance of a tall, ungainly cavalier, seated very stiffly upon a mule of egregious ugliness. He was dressed in an extraordinary garb, which seemed to be made up of every style that existed since man was first covered; and yet the stuff of which this wonderful dress was made was rich, nay splendid. His extremities threw all the rest of his person in the shade. A very high peaked hat with narrow brim and a prodigious ostrich feather tipped with crimson nodding over his back gave a grotesque look to the man's head which the mob seemed fully to appreciate, for they roared with laughter. His boots could have easily accommodated the historical little lady, who, distracted with her numerous progeny, subjected them to stern discipline, ordered them to their beds, and, with matronly foresight, sallied forth to the baker's to purchase bread, and all the rest about her returning and finding her offspring prematurely defunct. A sword, as long as a pike staff, hung at this cavaliero's gaunt side and trailed on the ground to the great detriment of numerous unwary toes.

The jokes and jibes of the humerous multitude were manifold. They found waiting for Columbus and his savage deputation rather tedious, and, therefore, any thing was acceptable that relieved the monotony of their position. A vision like that which now burst upon their gaze was considered a very dispensation. The marvellous knight waived the people out of his path with a majestic sweep of the right arm, saying, at the same time, in a singularly gruff voice: "Make way, good people, I have business with their Majesties!"

"Stand back!" cried a bluff fellow in the crowd.

"Make way for the greatest hidalgo of the age!"

"I warrant thee he is Columbus in disguise!" exclaimed another, at which there was a general roar.

"What, Columbus? Not he, neighbor. 'Tis the Cid himself in the very habiliments that frightened the wicked Moor, Aldabrare the Giant, to death." This was greeted with indescribable delight, especially by the small boys.

"Mark ye, my masters, the length of his sword. It hath cut elephants in twain many a time, I doubt not. 'Tis as long as old Sancho's flail handle."

The cavaliero had pushed on in dignified silence, unmoved by these favors, when an incident occurred which proved too much for his patience. This was no more nor less than a dirty faced citizen making an ineffectual pluck at the gorgeous plume that nodded high above his head. He reined in his beast, looked about him upon the swaying crowd and then said:

"I marvel much, good people, that ye act without sense or remorse of conscience in the very precincts of their Majesties' abode. What! shall we courtiers be insulted when we seek the palace by special command? Be there no by-laws in this bailiwick for the correction of tumult? Do you not know that clauses touching riotous excess have been sat upon by the council? Have you no—"

Here some mischievous urchin goaded the mule with some sharp instrument, which caused the unfortunate beast to plunge forward so suddenly that the speaker was presently stretched upon the ground. Those nearest him raised him up quickly, with many maledictions upon the head of the perpetrator of the outrage. The cavalier, no ways injured, dusted his plumes with a rueful visage, adjusted his insulted feather, and mounted his mule without speaking a word. Standing up in his stirrups to draw his sword, he flourished that formidable weapon to such good purpose that the mob made way for him in a twinkling.

"Why, it's Pedro!" exclaimed Carlos, as the stranger passed.

It was Pedro, sure enough, who had borrowed his dress from the identical pot-boy, erstwhile of the innkeeper's household. He sidled up to where his friends stood open-mouthed in amazement, and greeted them with a mightily dignified and formal bow.

"Why, Pedro, where art thou going?" asked Carlos, hardly crediting his eyes, as he stared upon the metamorphosed muleteer.

"I am summoned to attend their Majesties at the audience presently to be given to the renowned Columbus and his savage men," answered Pedro, with an important, not to say a mysterious, air.

"Why?" Carlos was too much astonished to speak further.

"There be 'whys' and 'wherefores' in state

affairs, friend Carlos, which must not be ventilated before the multitude. But wilt thou be at home to-morrow evening?" asked Pedro.

"I will," answered Carlos.

"Then, until that time, fare thee well, Carlos," said Pedro, more mysteriously still. "Ha! Antonio," he continued, observing that worthy; "I hope you are well. I bear you no malice for impugning my mule the other day. If I can further your hopes at the court, I'll not forget ye." Whereupon the magnanimous cavalier ambled off and was soon seen entering the court-yard of the palace.

What might have been the comments of his ancient cronies upon the strange spectacle which honest Pedro presented, we know not. They were cut short by a tremendous cheering at the far-off outskirts of the crowd. All eyes were soon turned in the direction whence proceeded the shouts, and were soon greeted by the appearance of the vanguard of the long-expected pageant.

First came a brilliant body of the household troops, splendidly dressed in the graceful uniform of the time, and mounted upon Andalusian steeds, renowned for speed and courage. Their helmets of burnished steel flashed in the sun with a martial light that overawed the crowd, lately so boisterous. Their drawn swords they held perpendicularly before them, as emblems of the zeal with which they guarded the precious persons of royalty. Their breastplates and cuirasses were of a greenish hue, bordered with gold.

After these marched twelve trumpeters with silver instruments who gave forth at intervals weird and softly beautiful notes. Their uniform was the same as that which has been made familiar to our age by the Pope's Swiss Guard.

Following these came a splendid array of horsemen, four deep, the knights wearing golden armor, white plumes, and a delicate cream-colored silk cloak, pendant, in easy grace, over the left shoulder.

Then appeared a large number of those noble and heroic gentlemen to whom threatened Europe many a time owed her deliverance—the Knights of Malta. Their modest yet martial bearing evoked immense plaudits from the people. Their good swords, which never rested in their scabbards, had done such good service for Christianity and civilization, that many an eye looked upon them with an interest akin to awe. Before them was borne a flag of white silk, with a red cross in the middle.

But the applause was deafening, when a single horseman, bareheaded, and modestly attired, came on at the head of the Indian chiefs. Bouquets of flowers were cast before him, and the air resounded with shouts of "Long live Columbus, the

glory of Spain!" The great admiral bowed gracefully from side to side, his long hair falling upon his shoulders, his face flushed with pleasure, and his eyes eloquent with his soul within.

Nor did the Indians fail to receive their meed of applause. There was a deep shade of melancholy upon their bronze features that told but too plainly that their thoughts were far away on the wings of the Western wind, revelling amid the once happy scenes of their childhood, among their own simple people, for whose sake they had braved the terrors of the uncertain deep. They were a fine, independent looking body, very different from the squalid wretches of our own times. Alcohol and disease had not as yet depreciated a noble race. They did not appear to understand the applause of the crowd. They drew closer to Columbus instinctively, as if to insure their safety by means of the man who had ever proved himself a true friend of their oppressed race.

As the picturesque cavalcade passed in front of the palace, Ferdinand and Isabella appeared upon the balcony, and bowed graciously from time to time. Then the enthusiasm was at its height. Up went the plumed hats of the nobility and the flat caps of the tradesmen, in a delirium of delight and affectionate devotion. A little behind them stood two men. No one could be mistaken in the grim, stern features of the haughty nobleman whose desperate valor had been proved on many a hard-fought field, and "Live the Duke of Alva!" resounded far and wide.

The other figure was in strange contrast to the Duke. He was dressed in the coarse garb of a Franciscan monk, but his appearance was even more imposing than the warriors. He gazed upon the sea of upturned faces in a sort of dreamy distraction that manifested his utter indifference to the attractive spectacle before him. When their Majesties re-entered the palace for the interview, he followed them, engaged in earnest conversation with Alva.

"Who is he?" asked one.

"Which—the monk?" asked another.

"Yes."

"I know not, friend; but, methinks, he must be of importance," said a third.

Good Carlos had also seen the monk.

"Antonio, dost remember that reverend man who called at my hostelry the other day?" he asked.

"What of him, Carlos?" said the smith.

"'Tis the same. I knew him, look you, the moment he appeared." Carlos mused awhile, and then said sorrowfully:

"Would that I had known who he was. He would have had the chickens,—he would have a banquet, I warrant you."

The innkeeper alluded to the offer of chickens which he had made to the strange religious.

"Well," he concluded more cheerfully, "I scored nothing against the holy man, that's one comfort."

"I marvel what's his name?" exclaimed another of the party.

A well-dressed stranger turned toward the last speaker and said:

"He is Archbishop of Toledo, neighbor, and his name is Ximenes, so, at least, I heard one of the chamberlains say, a few moments ago."

"Archbishop!—Toledo!" cried Carlos. "Come, Antonio, let's away! I burn to meet Pedro and hear the news. I'll have speech of the Archbishop before long. His cellars may want wine, and who so apt to supply them as honest Carlos, who scorned to put him on the score? Come away, good Antonio."

With this, "mine host" hurried off, followed by his bosom friend, the smith.

But this chapter is getting too long, so we shall give to the audience a fresh one which its importance justly deserves.

Paula's new Meditation Book.

Paula—"Paula! what an old fashioned name! Paul is bad enough for a boy, but who ever heard of a girl named Paula? Paulina is a beautiful name, a romantic name; and Lina is such a pretty pet name; but Paula!"—

Yet, Paula, my dear romantic young friends, was the name of a noble Roman lady, and a friend of that great scholar, Cardinal and Latin Father, St. Jerome. This noble lady left her vast possessions and the luxury of her patrician home, to seek out the place where Jesus Christ lived when upon earth, and the story of Paula and of her daughter is one of the most charming in Christian literature. For the sake of these associations, which have made the name so dear to me, instead of calling the young friend I wish to tell you about Paulina, I have given her the name of the Roman patrician lady, St. Paula. Paula, then, shall be her name; and now you shall have the little incident which I intended to relate for your special benefit.

You have all found yourselves catching, rather than learning, some pleasing air which everybody around you is singing, humming, or whistling. You cannot tell where, or from whom, you caught the air, and, therefore, cannot say that you learned it; still you hum, sing, or whistle it like your companions. It was in some such way as this that Paula, while still very young, caught this habit of meditation. She was so young, indeed, that no

one thought of teaching it to her; but as she saw the nuns kneeling in the convent chapel, it seemed to her that they were engaged not so much in reciting prayers and litanies as in talking with Jesus upon the altar, or in thinking about Him. This was the idea she got as she watched them, in her innocent way, during their visits to the chapel; and, just as she caught the gay or the sad air sung by her companions, or the beautiful anthems sung by the chapel choir, she had, before she knew it, caught the habit of meditation. Day after day, as she stepped softly from the shaded walks along the bank of the St. Joseph into the still more serene shadows of the dear chapel of Loretto, her heart settled, habitually, into the very state which others try to arrive at by means of books. Little Paula did not know that this was meditation, which she supposed was an exercise possible only to grown-up or very wise people; and therefore, when she grew older, she tried to learn from books the rules for meditating. It was while she was vexing her soul over the rules and the science of meditation, that she was suddenly deprived of every book which contained them. You have heard how miles and miles of houses and churches and public buildings were swept away before the fire of the eighth and ninth of October; but you may not realize how many pious people lost their prayer books and meditation books, as well as scholars their dictionaries and encyclopedias, in that awful conflagration. Yet so it was, that when the truth dawned over the devastated city, lurid with flames which had exhausted themselves in their fury, our Paula had not a single meditation book to lay her hands upon. Her anxiety to meditate by rule had quite broken up the simple habit of meditation caught in childhood from the nuns in their convent chapel, and now she found herself utterly at a loss. Poor Paula! She had lost everything she cared for, excepting her friends, by the terrible fire; but, of all those treasures, the one she missed with the keenest sense of loss, was her well thumbed meditation book. She was homesick, lost, without it.

Only a few days after the fire a dear friend returned from a visit to Europe, Africa, Asia,—Asia, where Adam lived in the garden of Eden—and what almost took Paula's breath away, to that most sacred part even of Asia where the second Adam became incarnate, was born, lived, suffered and died for us! How worthy of veneration seemed the person who had once trod this Holy Land, the Land of the Palmer and of the Crusader, the Land towards which the heart of every Christian turns with such a far off, worshipful longing! How eagerly, too, she asked her friend about Nazareth and Bethlehem and the Holy Sepulchre! But the descriptions which she heard from her friend were

not all which had been reserved for her by the one who knew how Paula's heart yearned over those sacred spots, for she laid into her hands something which she had brought all the way from the Holy Land—sometimes on the back of her faithful camel across the weary desert, and in the panniers of the slow but sure-footed mule along the steep mountain paths of Judea—on purpose for Paula, and this was a block of olive wood as large as a man's hand, and two inches thick, with the rough bark of the olive tree actually cleaving to it. One side was smooth and polished like marble, showing the fine grain of the wood; but on the other side some good monk of Jerusalem, some lay-brother in his monastery, had carved all the instruments of the Passion of our Lord. In the middle were the three nails, the crown of thorns and the cross, while around these he had placed the chalice which the angel brought to Him in His agony in the garden, the pillar at which He was scourged, the cock which crew when Peter had thrice denied Him, the seamless garment, and the dice with which the soldiers cast lots for this precious robe, the reed and the sponge on which the vinegar and gall had been put to His parched lips, the hammer which drove the coarse nails into the living, quivering flesh, and the pincers which drew them forth again when those tender hands and feet were quite still and cold in death; the ladder upon which Joseph of Arimathea mounted when taking that sacred Body from the cross, and the spear with which the Roman centurion had pierced that loving heart and drawn from it the last drop of the precious Blood.

All these significant symbols of the Passion had been pictured on the block of olive wood by the pious chisel of the Jerusalem monk, and the name of the Holy City had been carefully printed in Hebrew characters above the whole. Paula's hands trembled as the precious block of olive wood was laid into them, and the tears gathered and fell from her eyes as she raised it reverently to her lips. How could she thank her friend enough for such a memento of the most sacred spot on the round world, and given to her just when her heart was sore with the loss of so much that had made devotion easy as well as life pleasant? For, as she held it to her trembling lips, pressed it to her beating heart, she felt that she had found *all* her meditation books, since the contents of those books were expressed in the sacred symbols before her. A great and strong light broke in upon Paula's mind and strengthened her heart. She took the block of olive wood, which she called her "Little Calvary," to her narrow cell of a room, laid it on the small stand which served as her oratory, and there took up

again the simple habit of her convent days in the chapel of Loretto and among the good nuns; and although she may, as years go on, have many books that will *help* her to meditate, she will never again be afraid to resign herself to the peaceful inspiration which comes to her when she turns her heart, her mind, her thoughts and her affections, to her heavenly Spouse, contented to know that she loves Him, and is loved by Him, whose all-atoning sacrifice is pictured on the block of olive wood, which is to her indeed a true Calvary.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Hymn from the Italian.

The following hymn was transferred from a little church in Italy, and translated by a young lady in Brooklyn:

O blessed feet of Jesus,
Weary of seeking me,
Stand at God's bar of judgment
And intercede for me.

O knees that bent in anguish
In dark Gethsemane,
Kneel at the throne of glory
And intercede for me.

O hands that were extended
Upon the awful tree,
Hold up those precious nail prints
Which intercede for me.

O side from whence the spear point
Brought blood and water free,
For healing and for cleansing,
Still intercede for me.

O head so deeply pierced
With thorns which deeply be,
Bend low before Thy Father
And intercede for me.

O sacred heart! such sorrows
The world may never see
As that which gave Thee warrant
To intercede for me.

O holy scarred and wounded,
My sacrifice to be,
Present thy perfect offering,
And intercede for me.

O loving risen Saviour,
From death and sorrow free,
Though throned in endless glory,
Still intercede for me.

—N. O. Picayune.

A Simple Story, but True.

The following beautiful story is taken from the *Young Catholic*, a Child's Monthly (published by the Catholic Publication Society) which every family with young children should have:

It was a cold, wet November evening. The stages were rolling up town, filled to overflowing, and the hurrying foot-passengers pushed and jostled each other's umbrellas, all eager for the shelter and comfort of home.

Through the rain and wind the lights along Broadway shone out with a brilliancy increased by contrast, and the great hotels, with their curtained windows, and the warm atmosphere which stole out from them when the doors were occasionally opened, seemed like palaces of luxury and comfort to the drenched, chilled passers-by. In one of these, scattered in various directions, was a party of cadets from West Point on furlough. Several days' gaiety and dissipation had left them, on this November evening, tired and listless—somewhat disgusted with the world and with themselves. With one of them, whom we will call Mac, (trusting he will forgive us, since it was not his name,) these feelings, perhaps, were even stronger than with the others. He had withdrawn himself from his companions, and half reclining on a sofa in one of the reading-rooms, shaded his eyes with his hand, and with a dreamy and half-discontented way watched the motions of the other inmates of the room. The low murmur of voices from the different groups of people were fast lulling the drowsy young man to sleep, when in the doorway opposite his sofa appeared a child of perhaps eight years. She was poorly clad, and her thin shawl was wet with the storm. She paused a moment, a half-frightened look in her blue eyes, and then slowly and shyly drew near the young soldier. She told her story in low, hurried tones—a common story enough. Her mother and herself strangers in the land, her father dead, her mother sick, their money gone, and for two days no food. The young man, idly looking at her from under his hand, allowed her to go on to the end, more from indolence, perhaps, than any desire to listen, but when she held out her slender little hand and asked for a few pennies, he answered, somewhat roughly, "I haven't any pennies; I'm sick, too, and I haven't had anything to eat for *three* days."

The child looked up, her timid expression giving place to a great surprise, which softened into sorrow as she turned away. She passed from one to another of the occupants of the room, Mac following her with his eyes the while, the discontented feeling within him rather intensified than

otherwise, and the dull aching of his head no less.

Some looked at the child, merely commenting on a little girl's being in a place like that at such an hour. Some, with a shake of the head, stopped the story on her lips, while others dropped into her hands a few pennies, a half-dime, or a dime, as the tide of charity ebbed or flowed within them. Finally the child disappeared through a door leading to another apartment, and again the young man's vague, wandering thoughts had almost settled into sleep, when he saw the little girl standing near the doorway by which she had first entered from the hall. She was looking wistfully towards him, and as she half turned away he noticed she was working at the corner of a handkerchief, in which she had tied her little store of money. And then, with a quicker step and a self-forgetfulness that almost overcame her shyness, she came close to his side, and laying a silver coin upon his knee, whispered, with her earnest eyes turned up to him: "If you haven't eaten anything for three days you must be *very* hungry; take this, and buy some bread with it." For a single instant Mac sat as if a great light had blinded him, then catching up the child in his arms and holding out on his palm the little coin, "See here," he exclaimed excitedly, and, with an eloquence lent him by the enthusiasm of the moment, he told the story so touchingly that when he threw into his cap two golden eagles and held it out on behalf of the frightened little one, now crying bitterly and not at all comprehending she had become a heroine, both gold and silver were given freely even by those who had turned a deaf ear to the child's pleading. From one reading-room to another, up-stairs and through the parlors, repeating the story and winning substantial sympathy from all, then down again to the billiard-room and bar-room, the child still crying, and sometimes in her terror trying to free herself from the strong arm that held her, the voice of the young soldier ringing out to claim attention, and his own emotion moving others, every hand was opened, and the cadets, crowding around their companion, fairly impoverished themselves to add to the ovation.

Standing her upon a table, Mac at last dried her tears and tried to soothe her. "Don't cry, little one; you shall go home now, and make your poor mamma rich and happy."

A carriage was called, and one of his comrades volunteering his attendance, they followed the directions given them by the child, whose quivering lips and occasional sobs still showed she could not understand the meaning of it all.

In an upper room of a poor but decent lodging-house Mac found the sick mother, who rose in a

nervous, frightened way, as her child threw open the door and ran to her, followed by the young man in his cadet uniform.

The story was soon told, and the money, amounting to no inconsiderable sum, counted out before her. At first, in her bewilderment, the poor woman could find no words. Kneeling beside the child to wipe away her tears, her own falling unheeded over her pale cheeks the while, it was only when the young man turned to leave that she caught his hand and poured out her thanks and blessings.

One small silver coin Mac carried away with him that night, and he keeps it still. Often forgotten in the excitement and pleasure of his life, when the years that have passed since then have sometimes brought him to an utter weariness of the "world and the things thereof," when his faith in humanity has failed him, then out of the darkness of his troubled soul rises a child's face, with the glow of a divine pity upon it.

"My children, I often think that most Christians who are lost, are lost for want of instruction; they do not know their religion well. For example, here is a person who has to do his day's work. This person has a desire to do great penances, to pass half the night in prayer; if he is well instructed he will say:

"No, I must not do that, because then I could not fulfil my duty to-morrow; I should be weary all the day, and should not do half as much work as if I had rested at night; that must not be done."

"Again, my children, a servant may have a desire to fast, but he must pass the whole day in digging or ploughing, or whatever you please. Well, if this servant is well instructed, he will think:

"But if I do this, I shall not be able to satisfy my master."

"Well, what will he do? He will eat his breakfast, and mortify himself in some other way. That is what we must do—we must always act in the way that will give most glory to the good God. . . . A well-instructed person always has two guides leading the way before him—good counsel and obedience."—*Curé of Ars*.

FEW are the single lives that are in themselves complete—rounded and finished like a star. The most of us are but notes in the mighty anthem of human effort and human suffering—the waiting and the loving of the world. Blest is he whose tone or two makes harmony—whose breath of life is a breath of melody.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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No. 52.

The Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

If our memory serves us right, we have never said anything in these pages of the Office of our Blessed Mother. We confess it as an oversight on our part, not, however, as a lack of esteem and veneration, for we never knew of any other pious practice for which, from childhood, we ever entertained so much love, and which we have as often and as warmly recommended whenever an occasion has presented itself.

As the number of Communities and pious Societies becoming subscribers to the AVE MARIA is sensibly increasing, we deem it by no means an idle talk, but one of the best themes on which we can engage the attention of a vast number of our readers. Should we benefit but a few, in as much as these few doubtless are from among the best, it would be no loss of time; for if the portion of our readers who daily recite the Office of the Blessed Virgin could be brought by our remarks to love it more and to appreciate better the signal honor they enjoy; if they could be made more interested in the holy practice, and thereby induced to study it attentively, they would soon satisfy themselves that they have at their disposal a mine of untold wealth, in which great men, and even great saints, have often taken delight to enrich their souls while praising best the holy Mother of God. If some such results could be obtained by our present effort, we should consider ourselves more than repaid. With these preliminary observations, we enter at once upon our subject.

Among the various forms of devotion instituted by Catholic piety to honor the holy Mother of God, the most ancient, the most authorized, the first in dignity, is the Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

So excellent is this devotion in the mind of the Church, that instead of leaving it optional, as are many other pious practices consecrated to the honor and praise of the Queen of Heaven, she has imposed it upon a countless number of religious Societies as a *daily duty*. This is what places the Office of the Blessed Virgin incomparably above all other practices of piety towards Mary; for,

however venerable and precious and beautiful they may appear, their origin is to be traced up to individual inspiration,—some of them, we know, have been inaugurated by saints. But the Office of the Blessed Virgin was composed and prescribed by Holy Church herself, for the public and universal use of her children. Hence, it must appear evident, that if it is good and praiseworthy, among fervent Catholics, to satisfy their personal piety by such pious formulas approved and spread through Catholic lands in honor of the holy Mother of God, still those who recite the office of which we now write, are, in a special and direct manner, the official interpreters of the piety of the Church herself,—they are the acknowledged organs, the very voices the Church uses to express her veneration and love for her august Queen and Sovereign.

What, then, is this Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and what is the meaning of the word or title itself?

The *Office*, in the language of the Church, is a certain form of worship and prayer, destined to sanctify the various hours of the day.

Our Blessed Lord says in the Gospel: "We must pray always without ceasing." But it is easily seen that such an unceasing prayer cannot consist in a series of uninterrupted vocal prayers. The pious sentiments of the heart, which fill our leisure moments or prompt our actions, or even our acts themselves, when undertaken with a supernatural motive, are an extension or a continuation of prayer, as meant by the declaration of the Saviour.

Nevertheless, to imitate, as far as possible, the perpetual hymn which is sung in the highest Heavens around the throne of the Most Holy Trinity; to echo the celestial sound from here below in the fulness of human strength, the Church has ordained that a divine praise to God should be heard, as it were hourly, the whole day.

But to conciliate this pious wish of a perpetual praise with our weak nature, it was necessary, without infringing upon the liberties of private devotion, to fix precise hours and a form of prayer, in order to add among the faithful the merit of

obedience to the merit of piety; to supply them with means of daily communing together, thereby to unite and fuse as in one the aspirations of their hearts; and to present to them all at all times, a common expression of their purest and most fervent feelings in appropriate forms—elevated, dignified and mysterious.

To reach this end, the Church selected the two following texts of the Royal Prophet: "O, Lord, I rose up in the middle of night to confess and praise Thy name." And again: "Seven times a day I sang Thy praises." In accordance with the former, the hour of matins was instituted: it corresponds to the night time. To conform with the latter, seven special hours were designated through the day: they were called Lauds, Prime, Tierce, Sext, None, Vespers, and Complins.

Lauds has for its object to sanctify the dawn of the first rays of the sun; Prime, to sanctify the first hour of day, after the manner of computing hours at the origin of the Church; Tierce, the third one, that is to say, 9 A.M. Sext represents noon; None, 3 P.M.; Vespers 6 P.M., or the setting of the sun; and Complins 9 P.M., or the moment of retiring to rest.

To each of the above *Hours* is attached some religious and touching memory.

Matins is consecrated to honor the precious and ever memorable instant when the Saviour came into this world at midnight, and when He rose again from the tomb the third day after His death.

Tierce, at 9 A.M., reminds us of the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the assembly of the apostles. Hence the choice of this hour for the public offering of the Holy Sacrifice, to call to our minds that this Divine Mystery is accomplished upon our altars by the operation of the same Holy Spirit who formed in the chaste womb of the Virgin the sacred body of Jesus.

Sext is set at the hour when St. Peter, who had retired that he might pray apart, had a mysterious vision, by which he learned that the truth of the Gospel was not to be confined to the Jews only, but to be communicated to all the Gentiles.

None, at 3 P.M. It is the moment forever made sacred by the death of Jesus Christ on Calvary, where the great work of our redemption was consummated. It is, above all others, the hour of grace and blessing most truly entitled to all our respect and gratitude.

The Vesper hour, at 6 P.M., was likewise a religious hour under the Mosaic law. It was *then* the religious day opened,—the celebration of the Sabbath and feasts commenced. The same custom passed into the Christian Church, and, to this day, all feasts of some solemnity open on the eve at first Vespers.

Such are the mysterious reasons for which certain hours of the day are privileged, and by which the Church, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, was led to mark them out from among the rest, and consecrate them to prayer, that they might thus become the undying heralds of her most precious and important events.

If we join together Matins and Lauds, as the universal practice now is with us, the *Office* comprises seven great divisions, or seven hours consecrated by prayer through the day: Matins and Lauds, Prime, Tierce, Sext, None, Vespers, and Complins.

This number of seven was not chosen without a design. God Himself, who has done all things "in number, in weight, and measure," communicated to us His choicest favors under this septenary form. We find evidence of it in the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost, in the Seven Sacraments, in the Seven Principal Christian Virtues, in the Seven Mysterious Seals of the Book of the Lamb, in the Seven days of the Creation, in the Seven days of the week, etc. If, then, God has chosen this number of seven to bestow upon us so many blessings, it is meet we should also adopt it to return our thanks for the same.

As to the substance of the *Office* of the Blessed Virgin, we may say it is chiefly composed, like the *Offices* of the Breviary, of a certain number of psalms chosen by the Church and assigned to the various hours for each day, and to which are added some canticles and hymns, as also three lessons daily, and some anthems and responses with slight variations according to the ecclesiastical season.

Who has not been sometimes delightfully surprised and edified almost to tears, by entering a church or a chapel where pious nuns or fervent sodalists were reciting in double choir the little Office of the Blessed Virgin?

To the eye and the ear of an experienced observer the manner this act alone is performed, reveals more of the Community or Sodality than is commonly supposed.

Heaven's Christmas Gift to Holy Mary.

A wondrous light beams on the sky;
Unearthly music thrills the air;
The brightest orbs wax dim and shy,
From radiance pure, beyond compare.

Why quivers thus the brilliant East?
What hour of joy is soon to dawn?
Is it that clash of arms hath ceased,
And Rome aways all the sun shines on?

Ah, great Augustus! near thy throne,
Triumphal arch, imperial train,

Never hath such refulgence shone
As this o'er Bethlehem's wintry plain !

The midnight skies bend down to kiss
The cave, from whence a Babe, just born,
Unbars the golden gates of Bliss,
To mark the world's first Christmas morn.

Oh, Mother of the Infant God,
Adoring, speechless, lost in love !
For thee, for THINE, is cast abroad,
Celestial beams around, above.

The purblind eyes of stolid men
See not the angels bending round,
And Caesar sleeps, unconscious, when
Judea's Infant King is crowned.

Judea's Queen ! robed in the grace
Of thy unearthly majesty,
What dost thou read in that dear face
Turned with such pleading love to thee ?

His errand unto earth ! Blest claim !
With thee, O Mother without sin,
Our Infant God assumes our shame,
That we may peace and pardon win.

Celestial light and minstrelsy ;
Yet, to my humbled, grateful heart,
The manger's cold, its poverty
Are Bethlehem's dearest, hollest part.

Teach me, blest Mother, while I live,
To prize these trophies, all divine,
As purest treasure God can give,
Since they were meet for thee and THINE.

The Pope's Allocution.

The following is a translation of the Allocution delivered by Pope Pius IX in the Secret Consistory, held on the 27th of October :

VENERABLE BRETHREN : We have called together your venerable College without the solemnity of the accustomed ceremonies in order to acquaint you, having regard to the gravity of the matter, with what we have decreed with a view to provide for the spiritual wants of the Christian people of Italy. It is not necessary, venerable brethren, that we should remind you on this occasion of that which we have several times deplored in our Allocutions, or in our Encyclical letters sent to all the Bishops. That has been so well understood and so studied by all that it is impossible, without the grossest shamelessness, to deny or to attempt to offer an excuse to diminish their odious character, the great and cruel attempts which in this unhappy Italy have been so long and so persistently directed against the Catholic Church and this Apostolic See—attempts which in this occupied city, we are compelled together with yourselves, to endure and to witness ; so that we have a right to say with the Prophet King : " I have seen violence and strife in the city. Day and

night they go about upon the walls ; mischief also and sorrow are in the midst of it." Truly, venerable brethren, we are already almost swallowed up in the waves of that sea of tribulation, and yet we refuse not—God strengthening our weakness—to endure still more for the right. Further, we are prepared to face death with joy, if it shall please the God of mercy to accept the sacrifice of this humble victim for the peace and freedom of His Church. For a long period, however, among many causes of sorrow, one of the most serious for us has been the vacancy of so many Sees which, in unfortunate Italy, are deprived of the guardianship of their Pastors, whence arises that want of spiritual assistance from which the faithful are suffering in this unhappy state of things and times. But, as this necessity has assumed an urgent character, the charity of Jesus Christ impelling us, we can no longer abstain from making provision. After having passed in review the great number of Sees vacant in the most extensive provinces of Italy, which now hardly possess two or three Bishops ; after having considered the violence of the long continued persecution which afflicts the Church and the efforts of imploring men to extirpate the Catholic faith from the hearts of Italians ; after having considered the dangers of those great disturbances which were a danger even to civil society, we have deemed it not to be possible longer to defer the succor which we have brought to the extent of the power, to our dear sons, the faithful of Italy. Their complaints, while they groaned under their deprivation, have often reached us. It was time to place at their head Bishops of approved virtues, who, devoting themselves entirely to the glory of God and the salvation of souls, would bring in aid of these objects all their efforts and all their zeal. We therefore to-day appoint Bishops to some of the widowed churches in Italy, and we defer the nomination of others for a very short time, being persuaded that He who has entrusted us with authority, and traced out our course of duty, will, in His infinite mercy, bless and assist our efforts undertaken with the sole object of the salvation of souls after having removed all the difficulties which might be opposed to the fulfilment of our ministry. At the same time we protest before the whole Church that we absolutely reject the bonds which were offered us under the name of guarantees, as we have distinctly declared in our Encyclical Letter of May 15th of the present year. We declare openly that in exercise of the extensive powers of our Apostolate we put in force our authority which is intrusted to us by Him who is the Prince of Pastors and the Bishop of our souls—that is an authority which Jesus Christ Himself has remitted to us from the Blessed Peter, from whom has proceeded—to use the expression of our predecessor Innocent—the Episcopacy and all authority under that title. Upon this occasion we cannot pass over silently the impious temerity and perversity of some who in another country of Europe, departing miserably from the rule and communion of the Catholic Church, openly attack, either by books filled with errors and all kinds of falsehoods, or by sacrilegious associations, the authority of the very sacred Council of the Vatican, as also the verities of faith declared and defined by it—among others the

supreme authority within the jurisdiction which the Roman Pontiff, successor of the Blessed Peter, enjoys over the whole Church by the will of God, and also the prerogative of infallibility, which distinguishes him in the fulfilment of his functions as Pastor and supreme teacher of the faithful, in order that he may define to them truths relating to faith and morals, and it is for that reason that the sons of perdition excite against the Catholic Church the persecution of the secular powers, endeavor fraudulently to persuade them that the doctrine of the Church has been changed by the decrees of the Council of the Vatican, and that from them has arisen a serious danger for the State itself as well as civil society. Can anything be more wicked or more absurd, venerable brethren, or imagined than these calumnies? It is, however much to be deplored that in one country, the Ministers of State themselves, misled by these lamentable misrepresentations, and not considering the outrage done to the feelings of the faithful, have not hesitated to give open encouragement to these sectaries, and, by showing them favor, to confirm them in their rebellion.

In thus offering now our lamentations, briefly and succinctly, we at the same time admit that we owe well-merited praise to the distinguished Bishops of that country, among whom we may specially mention our venerable brother, the Archbishop of Munich, who in this strange disturbance of men's minds, are by their Pastoral zeal, their admirable courage, and their remarkable writings, defending with so much success the cause of truth against these attacks; and we attribute a portion of this praise to the eminent piety and religious feeling of the whole body of the clergy and of the faithful, who, under the protection of God, eagerly respond to the zeal of their Pastors. Venerable brethren, direct your thoughts and the inmost wishes of your hearts to that source whence alone can proceed the needful help. Cease not by day or night to appeal to the merciful God, that through the merits of His Son Jesus Christ, He may enlighten the minds of wanderers, so that, seeing the danger of their course, they may be led to think upon their eternal salvation, and that He may abundantly bestow upon His Church in this grave conflict, the spirit of strength and zeal, that He may deign to offer for them by the offerings of holy works, by the worthy fruits of faith, and the sacrifices of justice, the hoped-for days of propitiation, after the destruction of these errors and these calamities; and the reign of justice and peace being restored, it may render to His majesty the sacrifices of thanksgiving and praise which are His due.

Contributions to the Papal Fund.

Mrs. A. Redmon, St. Mary's Academy, Ind., \$5 00
James Beigley, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1 00

A MAGNIFICENT statue of the Blessed Virgin, in massive silver, valued at thirty thousand francs, has just been sent to the Pope by the Catholics of Spain.

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ZOE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

PART II.

CHAPTER VII.

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

That was a night never to be forgotten: the night that the master of "Haylands" was stricken dead in the noon of his life, in the fulness of his honor. Lights shone from the windows,—but how silent and hushed the house. The wood-fires glowed and crackled upon the wide hearths,—but their bright cheer had no gladness in it. Loving forms moved about,—but they moved noiselessly, like ghosts, and spoke in low whispers, as if dreading to break the deep stillness of the solemn hours.

The first wild outburst of sudden grief was over; it had sunk into bewildered silence, sinking, like a stone thrown into the water, down, down into the depths of the hearts that were wounded by the blow.

Away in the distant cabins of the slaves, dark forms huddled around the wide chimney places, leaning over the flickering coals, and talking in low, troubled voices of the sad event—doubly sad to them, as it left no certainty of their future, and much to dread. For in those days, when a good master died, no matter how faithful his slaves may have been; no matter how kindly and indulgently treated, no matter what their mortal worth, or their value as chattels, when *the estate* came to be settled up, and portioned off to the various heirs, according to law, there was generally a great severing of the family ties; partings without hope, and separations, the very thought of which was more cruel than death. But these evils were rarely of the master's wish or will; they were simply the inevitable results of the slave system, which, under then existing laws, might be foreseen, but could not be averted. It was very often the case that an estate was encumbered by debt, and slaves, bringing a better price than land, were sold to the highest bidder, to do no matter what, to go no matter where, for the purpose of satisfying the claims of their owner's creditors. The heirs themselves were frequently compelled, by their own necessities, to sell as soon as they came into possession of their living, breathing legacies; and it was always a dark day to the poor slaves, when "the old master, who was good to them," died.

The negroes at "Haylands" had often talked over the prospect of falling into the hands of the

Yellots, among themselves, particularly after they heard that "Miss Lucia was goin' to marry Mars' Frank," and the prevailing sentiment among them was that he would bring them to grief; for they, by ways they had of finding out, knew exactly what manner of man he was, and how little to be trusted.

"Besides," said one of the old patriarchs of their number, "dey's Yankees; de mother's Virginny born, but de children's all Yankees, and wouldn't be boddered wid us; dey'd sell us right off for what we'd fetch, and go norf to spen' de money."

And so they sat, talking and crooning over the coals, dropping many a big tear as they recalled their master's various acts of kindness towards them, until far in the night.

Wonderfully patient and submissive the slave bore his heavy cross, without murmur or resistance, and when struck and told to "go faster" by some brutal task-master, he only bided God's time with simple faith, and in words of esoteric significance, comforted himself with the hope of a great day of "jubilo" surely coming, which would deliver his people from their oppressors, and their chains. We refer to these things because they form part of the history of the times of our story; and some years hence, when slavery is almost forgotten in the land, it will be a matter of interest to those who never saw the system in operation to read something illustrative of it's influence and effects.

Frank Yellott endeavored to persuade Lucia to leave the body by whose side she knelt, and to whose frozen hand she clung, thinking that the scene was altogether more than she could bear; but she was in that unreasoning state, when the mental equilibrium, just trembling in the balance, is incapable of weighing effects, or of listening to argument, when no will is left, but the will to cling to the great sorrow that strikes and lacerates the heart prostrated at its feet. As the surface of the sea is lashed into storm and tempest by adverse winds which disturb not the eternal calm of its depths; so afflictions which swoop suddenly down upon the unprepared heart, torture and toss nature into such wild tempests that even the voice of Him who calmed the stormy sea of Gallilee, speaking to the soul in holy accents of peace, is for the time unheard and unheeded.

"But, Lucia," he said gently, "your staying here will do no good; it is too distressing, too great a tax on your nerves; come, won't you come away?"

"I will not go away from him. Let me stay, Frank; I will be very still,—but I will not go," she answered, in tones unnaturally clear and low, "But he is dead—"

"You say he is dead, but the sound of his voice is on the air still; I hear it, and I will kneel here, watching and praying, lest he awake and wonder where I am."

Her face was as white as Parian marble, while her luxuriant black hair, loosened from the comb, fell like a mourning veil over her shoulders to the very floor. Now and then she touched the broad, massive forehead of the dead,—but its icy coldness made her shudder, and his hand, which she held close pressed to her heart, growing colder and colder, as the last glow of vital warmth departed, chilled all hope little by little. It seemed so strange to her to see him lying there so utterly still; never had she seen so serene an expression on the loved and noble face; and now that death, like a master sculptor giving the last exquisite finish to his work, was touching its lines bringing out all that was best and lovely, until it looked like chiseled marble, never had she seen his countenance wear so grand an aspect. But the silence! the awful silence! the mystery! the impenetrable veil now drawn between her bleeding heart and the motionless heart which had all along beaten with such warm, watchful love for her!—how could she bear it? how could she believe that he would never speak to her again—never brighten her life with his genial smile and cheering words?

While Lucia knelt there, frightened, bewildered and doubting, Maum Chloe sat on the floor, crouched at the dear master's feet, uttering low, shivering sighs, wringing her hands, and biting back her outbursts of grief until her lips were stained with blood, because a cruel whisper had sounded in her ear threatening to send her away if she did not keep quiet. She knew the voice, and she knew that the cruel heart would not stop at a threat, for was not *he* master now? The thought was worse than death—it was the crucifixion added to the cross, to her poor old broken heart, and she so defenceless, so helpless!

Frank Yellott drew a large chair into the deep oriel window, and threw himself back on the cushions, trying to collect and compose his thoughts. The heavy damask curtains partially concealed the sad group at the other end of the drawing-room from him. Like the ancient Greeks, he had a horror of death, and would have drowned the sounds of mourning in bursts of music and revelry; but here it had met him face to face in all its grim reality, shocking his sensuous nature into something of a cowardly fear. He had done, however, what the needs of the event demanded; he had sent messengers to St. Inigoes, and Hugh had driven away in hot haste for Dr. Bean. Others had been dispatched on horseback to carry the intelligence to certain old family friends in the

neighborhood; and there was nothing to do but to wait. Something like a genuine sentiment of sorrow softened his heart with momentary emotion now and then when he thought of the fatherly affection, the unselfish liberality, and all the kindness of his uncle towards him; but an involuntary feeling of exultation mingled itself with his natural regrets, smothering the faint sparks of genuine affection in the thought that the fortune so long coveted was now within his grasp—what he called chance had favored him beyond his expectations, and the golden anticipation of the future was an elixir which would strengthen him to bear with philosophic calmness the calamity of his loss. He went once to speak to Lucia, which he did very soothingly and tenderly; but without even turning her white face towards him, she only said, speaking in the same clear, unnatural tones.

"Do not disturb me, please. I am calm, you see; but don't you know that prayers may help him, if he indeed be dead? I am praying to Our Lady of Sorrows to help him, living or dead."

Frank Yellott walked away; but instead of going back to the oriel window, he walked across the hall, took a candle from the dining-room table, and, stepping noiselessly, went towards the library, the door of which was closed. He paused a moment upon the threshold before opening the door, and when he did so he still paused, and, peering curiously into the darkness before him, started back; he imagined there was some one sitting in his uncle's chair. A strange, eerie feeling came over him, and he would have gone away but for that shadowy something leaning back in the chair. He thought of all the valuable papers in the drawers and cabinets; it might be some thief who would steal the will itself and ruin all. He thrust his hand into his breast pocket, grasping the small pistol he always carried there, and holding the candle above his head he approached the motionless object, and found it to be nothing but his uncle's large Spanish cloak, thrown there, when he came in late that evening, by his own hands. Relieved, and yet biting his lips with anger at his unmanly weakness, he placed the candle upon the library table, and, removing the cloak, threw himself into the chair to recover entirely from the effects of his fright before returning to the drawing-room. Involuntarily he began to finger the loose papers lying about on the table; on some of them he recognized his uncle's cramped, regular handwriting, and thinking perhaps there might be something of importance among them which should be taken care of, he examined them more closely. He remembered that his uncle frequently deplored his own carelessness, and two or three

times had come near having heavy losses through mislaying deeds and other papers. But there was nothing here of any importance, except Maum Chloe's free papers, and a memorandum written in pencil on the back of a letter, dated

"MAY 20th.

"This day, Lucia D'Oliverez, my beloved ward, solemnly promised me that when I died I should be buried near her mother. This is my request to all whom it may concern, that I be laid in the spot designated.

ALLAN BROOKE."

"Suppose there should be no will?" thought Frank Yellott, pushing the papers aside, "how then? Mrs. Yellott and her three children inherit the estate by law, without incumbrance or division. That would be highly desirable, and I hope that he has died intestate."

Full of these selfish thoughts, without a single feeling of tenderness or ruth for Lucia, he pulled open the table drawer, and finding other papers in it, began to turn them over and read them, refolding and carefully replacing them; then he walked over to the private *escritoire* in the recess. The key was by a strange accident in the lock; he opened it, and had reached out his hand to take from its place a carefully folded package of papers which looked suspiciously like a will, when he heard horses' hoofs and men's voices approaching the house. He had meant no harm, and had he found the will, he only intended looking over it, if unsealed; but he started, closed the *escritoire* hastily, and went towards the door, where he stood listening. It would not have looked well for him to have been found turning over his uncle's private papers, and poking into his affairs so soon after his death, and before he was quite cold. In fact, the thing would not have borne a legal investigation had it been discovered, particularly if any question arose about the will, making one necessary.

The hall door was open, and Dr. Bean walked in, wearing a troubled countenance, and moving as if he shrank from what he had to encounter. Frank Yellott met him, and the old man wrung his hand, but did not speak, then followed him into the drawing-room where the body lay.

"Miss Lucia, my dear, this is hard upon you, upon us all," said the old doctor, his tears falling like rain, as he leaned over her and laid his hand gently upon her shoulder.

"Yes! very, very hard; but don't send me away; and please lose no time, it has been so long, so very long since we found him in this way. I don't think he's dead, doctor, because his hand does not feel so cold as it did, and I am sure that I have seen him breathe," she answered in low clear tones.

"God grant it, my dear, God grant it, for we can

but illy spare him," answered the old doctor, throwing off his overcoat and preparing for work. But without a hope, for his experience told him at once that this was death, but he faithfully applied every restorative known to his skill, patiently and untiringly; when one failed he tried another, with like result; Lucia kneeling near by, and watching with glittering, tearless eyes all that was done, while her white lips moved in whispered prayers the decade of the passion of Jesus and Mary; watching as if her life hung upon the doctor's verdict. At last he spoke:

"It is no use attempting anything further—life is entirely extinct. My opinion is that death was instantaneous and without the faintest struggle. I have suspected heart-disease for some time,"—and then the old doctor quite broke down, and cried like a school-boy.

Lucia heard every word, although he had spoken in a low whisper to Frank Yellott; her last hope vanished, and a cry of bitter anguish escaped her lips as she fell fainting to the floor. Dr. Bean lifted her in his arms, and bore her to her room, thankful for the rest that the swoon would give to her overtaxed nerves, and sat beside her until she showed signs of recovery. He had prepared a composing draught and succeeded in persuading her, in her half-consciousness, to swallow it. It soon took effect, and directing her maid to throw something warm over her, he went down stairs.

Lucia awoke with a start from her deep sleep: awoke with a sense of something dreadful oppressing her; the sun was shining through her ivy-draped windows, and a robin was singing blithely among the leaves. For a moment she was bewildered, then it all came to her.

"How did it happen? Oh, my God! Dead! Oh, Guardy! can it be that you are dead?" she wailed. "And the sun shining? and that bird singing there? and the river running bright, just as it did yesterday?" Then a torrent of tears gushed from her burning eyes, relieving the pressure on her heart and brain. The door opened and the ashy face of Maum Chloe looked in, and seeing that Lucia was awake, she came tottering towards her, with a look so piteous and desolate that Lucia held out her hand, and laying her head upon the old woman's breast they wept their common loss together. Separated by race, color, and social laws, they were united by a bond of sympathy stronger than death, and the threads of their lives were interwoven by strange circumstances which time alone could develop.

Lucia felt a broad hand laid upon her head as if in benediction; she started, and looking up quickly saw Father Jannison standing by her side, a grieved,

sorrowful expression on his countenance, and traces of tears upon his eyelids. It was his cross as well as hers, Lucia well knew, for as David loved Jonathan, so had the good priest loved Allan Brooke, and never, in all his career, had he known a sorrow that struck as deeply as this.

"Oh! Father Jannison, do you know that Guardy is dead?" sobbed Lucia, clinging to his hand.

"Have courage, my child, it is a heavy cross, but our Father in Heaven, sends it. Let us remember the sorrows of our blessed Mother. We must, we must indeed, try to be patient, and resigned like her;" was all that Father Jannison could say, in a broken voice. Then he walked over to the window, where he relieved his full heart by weeping in silence; he had come in his priestly character to the house of mourning to comfort the afflicted, but by the bler of his dead friend, human nature asserted itself and he himself felt all the need of that divine strength and consolation which alone can lift up the sorrowful heart and bid it be glad. He knew, too, that this was not the moment to offer consolation, or insist upon resignation, to the hearts so sharply and suddenly bereaved; nature crying out in her bitterness must have way, like stormy tides and winds, before the still small voice of God's patient angel, waiting, and watching for the moment to whisper peace, could be heard; or faith take the place of unreasoning grief, to lead the soul heavenward for that consolation which earth cannot give.

He knelt for a short time at Lucia's oratory, and besought the aid of her who had endured the supreme sorrow ever known to humanity, and besought her to pity their weakness, and help them with her strong, tender hand.

"Lucia my child, and you my poor Maummy who nursed the one whom we all mourn, at your own breast, this is a heavy, heavy blow, and I can't tell you not to grieve," said Father Jannison, when he arose from his knees, "but while you grieve, and 'shed tears for the dead,' don't fail to ask the aid of the Mother of Jesus, who stood weeping at the Cross of her martyred Son, herself the Queen of Martyrs. She never turns away from the sorrowful, for her own heart was pierced by pangs sharper and crueller than a two-edged sword, and the beings purchased by the passion and death of her Divine Son are dear beyond all price to her; they are her children by the baptism of His blood, and she counts their tears, and gives ear to their sighs, offering them in union with His bitter passion, to the Eternal Father. We cannot die even when wounded almost to death; grief seldom kills; life and its warfare, its responsibilities and struggles, still lie before us, and we must gird ourselves to meet them, even though we go

like the oxen bearing the ark, moaning into the wilderness, leaving all that is dear to nature behind us. Have courage, my children, I am speaking to myself as well as to you, for this sudden taking off of my best friend comes hard to me, for I shall never look upon his like again. If ever a pure heart was called to meet the promised reward, Allan Brooke is now dwelling in the eternal bliss of the presence of God."

"Oh! Father Jannison! are you sure that he is dead?" asked Lucia piteously.

"My poor child, he is dead. Our love can do nothing now, but follow him whither he is gone, and pray for his eternal repose; for if the angels themselves are not without blemish in the eyes of the Eternal Father, so may our friends who in our eyes were perfect while living, carry with them before Him some stain we knew not of, from the penalty of which they can only be released by our fervent prayers."

"Oh, God! oh, my God! help me!" wailed Lucia, in a passion of grief. "It kills me to hear him talked of as of a thing passed and gone! It was only last night that he was here, opening his heart and life to me, drawing me closer and closer to him by his goodness—and now—! Oh, Father! if I had only gone to him when I heard him singing—did you know that he sung *Dominus regit me*,* just a minute before, filling the house with the anthem, and I stood listening while he entered the 'Valley of the shadow of death,' never going to him when I might have helped him! Oh, Guardy! Guardy! how could you leave me?"

"Lucia, my child, look here!" said Father Jannison, laying his hand on Maum Chloe's shoulder. The poor broken-hearted old woman, exhausted by grief and excitement, had fainted, her head resting against Lucia's pillow. It was a good thing for both; it rested the tired aching heart of one, and was a strong appeal to the other, and gave her something for her hands to do outside her own grief, which checked for the time its unreasoning current, and by its demands for ministration gave her a strange relief. Forgetting self, her sprained arm and the heavy sorrow which so strained the fibres of her heart, she arose quickly from the bed, and with Father Jannison's help laid Maum Chloe upon it, and ringing for her maid, sent for such restoratives as were needed. When the old creature recovered and saw Lucia bending over her, she whispered:

"You's all I got left now, honey." Lucia acknowledged the claim, and felt that she was not to live for herself, to nurse a grief and indulge in emotions which would avail nothing.

"No," was the response of her soul, "a sense-

less, unchristian grief will not bring him back; and must I despair? Oh, Guardy! you yourself would be the first to chide me if you could speak out of the silence, but I cannot help myself; I cannot heal up the wound all at once! Oh, Mother of Mercy! pity and help me, that I may help others; befriend me now, that I am left desolate."

This was the first feeble approach of that mourning heart towards RESIGNATION, a balm which is slow in distilling from the cross; a precious *amberggris* given by the Angel of Death to the memory of the dwellers of the sepulchre, after the tyrannic demands of nature are sloughed away, and the soul conforms itself to the Divine will. And from that hour Lucia, in the desolation of her spirit, in her tempests of weeping, in her almost wild fits of grief that would sweep over her with greater violence from having been suppressed did gird her spirit up, and whisper:

"I will try! I fail, but I will try again. Help me, *Madre Dolorosa*!"

She scarcely knew how she got through those dreadful days. Neighbors came from far and near to offer sympathy and assistance; and two ladies, old friends of Allan Brooke's, remained, at Lucia's request, who took her place, and directed all that could be done to be done according to her wishes.

"Keep the blessed candles burning day and night, and tell Bligh to bring the fairest and rarest flowers to place around him. Oh, it may seem childish to think of such things, but he loved brightness and everything that was beautiful. I have heard him *talk* to the flowers like St. Francis of Assisium used to, Mrs. Frith," she said to one of the ladies who had come in to ascertain her wishes about some of the arrangements. And in the great drawing-room, the resting-place of the dead master looked like a high altar dressed with flowers and lights as for a holy festival. Friends knelt there, praying for his eternal repose, and weeping their loss. At all hours of the day and night they came to take a farewell look, and breathe a *De profundis* from their full hearts that he might be released from all his debts. Maum Chloe never left the side of her dead foster-child—he was more to her even so, than all the living—except now and then, moving feebly, she would creep up to see if Lucia wanted anything, and tell her of the wonderful mystery of beauty that had settled upon his face. Father Jannison came every day; and at last, on the eve of the burial, he remained to celebrate a Mass for the dead on the following morning, for which everything had been appropriately arranged under his direction in the great drawing-room.

We have lost sight of Frank Yellott, who had written kind and tender words to Lucia, begging to

* Psalm xxii.

see her; had come to her door asking admittance and imploring her to let him do something for her; but she could not see him yet,—there was nothing to be done. "Tell him to be patient with me," she sent him word, with which he was obliged to be content. But on this last day, the sad eve of the dead master's going, never to return from his old habitation, Lucia wrote Frank Yellott a line, saying that it was her wish to go down that night, when every one else had retired, to take a last look at her friend; but that she desired to be entirely alone when she did so. He sent her word that it should be as she wished,—but he feared that it would be too much for her to bear alone, and afterwards came up to her door to remonstrate with her, speaking very gently and softly. She stood within. It was late twilight, and they did not see each other's faces; but she listened to what he had to say, feeling that he meant kindly.

"It's no use, Frank. You mean well, but I must be alone there. My last farewell must be sacred to him and me," she said.

"But Father Jannison—"

"No one," she answered quickly, "no one,—I wish to be alone."

"I will see, then, that no one goes into the room while you are there," he replied, gently.

"Thank you. I do not wish to be unreasonable, but I must spend that last hour with him alone—" a sob choked her utterance, and she closed her door, Frank Yellott going away with a derisive smile upon his lips, for how could a nature like his comprehend the sacredness of a grief like this?

It was past midnight when Lucia went down, and when Frank Yellott met her at the drawing-room door, he started and could scarcely refrain from expressing the shock her appearance caused him; for as she paused an instant, looking eagerly beyond him at the hundred blessed tapers that were burning amidst the flowers around the white, silent image in the centre of the room, the light streaming upon her wan, solemn face, her white-robed figure, all contrasting intensely with the blackness of her eyes and hair, she looked more like a mournful spirit than a mortal.

"All alone, if you please," she whispered, and as Frank Yellott left the room, she closed the door and approached the bier, her heart throbbing wildly, and every emotion roused into a passion of grief; but when in the calm, silent presence—when she looked down and saw the majestic and unutterable peace resting on the marble features, the smile so full of the mystery of eternal repose—the tempest of nature was stilled, and an elevation of feeling, a sort of solemn joy filled her soul, seeming to bring her nearer and yet nearer

to her departed friend. The flickering of the blessed candles trembling over the dead face, gave it a living expression, while the silent breast seemed to stir once more with breath. But of glistening lights and rare flowers, there was nothing in it all so purely, holily beautiful as that smile lingering upon the dead lips. Long did Lucia lean over him, gazing with mournful tenderness on the transfigured face; long did she kneel, offering her fervent prayers for his eternal rest. All thoughts of death as a cruel destroyer were forgotten, and in the solemn communion of spirit with spirit she was comforted. While she knelt, a thought suddenly came into her heart, which broke into a sad smile upon her lips, and rising up, she went into the music-room—separated from the drawing-room by wide, folding doors, which were rarely closed—and went to the organ, still open, and the music books open just as he had left them the night he died, and, sitting down, touched the keys in soft, wailing chords; then her voice, low at first, rose and swelled in volume and richness, thrilling the silence with its solemn, unearthly sweetness, as she sang *Dominus regit me*. The music-room door leading into the hall was open, and the exulting sounds filled the silent house with their harmony. The sleepers awoke, wondering if they still dreamed, and those who were "watching,"* listened, awed and breathless; but no one intruded, for it was soon whispered from one to another that it was Lucia who sang, in the sacred strains the dead master loved best, her last farewell. When the notes died away, she left the instrument, and, coming back, stood by the bier to take the last, lingering look at the face she loved; then leaning over she kissed the calm, cold forehead, the folded hands, and the feet which had walked life's pilgrimage without offence to God or man; then she went away, back to her room, as noiselessly as she had come.

We will not describe the funeral rites, or the honors paid to the memory of this good and great man, whose death was felt far and wide to be a public loss. Everything—the solemn Mass, the burial, and all the usual ceremonies, were conducted in the most impressive manner. Lucia was present, never leaving the side of the coffin until it was lowered into its last resting place and the earth heaped above it. Contrary to the fears of Father Jannison and her friends, who had dreaded a painful scene at the last, she was composed throughout, only the extreme pallor of her face and the woe in her great, sorrowful eyes, told of the anguish that filled her heart. She felt as if she could never weep again,—never be grieved by anything again, the blow had so completely benumbed her faculties.

* In Maryland those who sit up with the body are called *watchers*.

XIMENES.

An Historical Tale.

BY MARIAPHILOS,

Author of "Thecla," "Modestus," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

It is a well-known historical fact that there probably never was a monarch less inclined to display than Isabella. But, nevertheless, strange as it may appear, no period of Spanish history was ever so magnificent as that during which this great Queen reigned. Nor was there the slightest inconsistency in this. The condition of the times required display. The Moors, who had been finally subdued by the energy and genius of her generals and her own tact and intrepidity, were a people passionately fond of splendid pageantry. Their tropical nature could never separate the idea of monarchy from profusion, rich robes, gallant spectacles and magnificent ceremonies. The oriental despots so well understood this weakness, that they always appeared before their people brilliantly arrayed and loaded with precious jewels. They knew they had a firmer hold on the allegiance of their subjects by such a course, than could have been attained by just laws or beneficent rule. The masses forgot their miseries amid the enchantment of a *gala* day, and the tyrant felt that he secured a further lease of power by imposing presence and open-handed largesse.

Isabella was compelled from motives of sound policy to appear before this conquered but hardly subdued people with all the splendor which they had been accustomed to see about their own monarchs. She was, moreover, very generous to those Moorish chieftains whom her armies had compelled to submit to the Spanish yoke. And this proceeded not so much from a desire to influence the lower classes of the Moorish population, through their natural leaders, as from the kindness of her heart.

On this occasion the grand hall of reception was one blaze of splendor. Yellow and white satin, ornamented with the royal arms of Spain in pure silver, was the material with which the chamber was tapestried. The fine marble floor was covered temporarily with rich velvet set off by beautiful raised flowers of exquisite design and workmanship. Luxurious ottomans of blue and silver, which the Moorish kings had imported from the East, lay scattered about, inviting to repose. A few priceless pictures stood out in the subdued light of the apartment with startling reality. In the center was a beautiful little jet of

water which fell in graceful spray upon a delicate and transparent basin of Parian marble. The jet was upheld by a figure in silver of one of the Graces. The windows were open, and disclosed lovely bowers where the rose, jasmine and mignonette charmed the senses with beauty and pleasant odors.

The throne was one mass of gold, silver and precious stones. A rich canopy, from which fell splendid curtains of cloth of gold trimmed with purple filagree, covered the dais on which the chair of State stood. Beside it was one allotted to Ferdinand. It was of inferior grandeur, denoting that the Queen alone was the *monarque propriétaire* of Spain.

All the great officers of state,—the generals of the army,—the intrepid mariners whose deeds were famous from America to Tunis,—the astute statesmen of the realm—the heads of religious orders, together with a large number of the nobility of Spain, crowded the chamber. Pages in blue and silver glided through the throng with noiseless celerity, bearing missives to the lords in attendance.

The door opened, and Ximenes, Columbus, the Duke of Alva and the Indians entered. The low buzz of conversation ceased, and then restrained but general applause greeted the illustrious Admiral and his companions. They took their station near the throne, entering into conversation with those near at hand. Many curious eyes watched the Indian chiefs to observe the effect of the magnificent scene upon them. If the courtiers expected to find them bewildered they were disappointed. The savages looked about the throne room, with sensible pleasure sparkling in their dark eyes, but further than this they displayed no emotion whatever. Their natural grace of demeanor was a pleasant offset to the carefully studied elegance of the courtiers.

A moment afterwards there appeared the proper officers carrying the great seal, the crown, the sceptre and the other paraphernalia of royalty. After them came a long train of ladies in waiting, members of the proudest and oldest families of the kingdom. They were richly though not extravagantly robed, for Isabella would not allow her attendants to indulge in excess in this respect. They were all charming and beautiful persons, whose modest deportment was in striking contrast with the usually received ideas of court ladies. Then the King and Queen appeared, and walked to their respective thrones. Both the one and the other were arrayed according to their state, very tastefully and splendidly.

The Queen surveyed the brilliant and famous throng for a few seconds, during which all pre-

served a respectful silence. Then she spoke, and her voice was musical and soft:

"We have assembled you here to-day, my lords, for two reasons. First, that the leading estates of our realm may witness a discussion which is of the utmost importance as to the future relations of the Colonies toward Spain. Secondly, that no one hereafter shall be able to say that my husband or myself favor in the most remote degree the abuses which we fear exist beyond the seas. For indeed we do not; but rather grieve that Christians and Spaniards are to be found so lost to every sense of religion and justice as to oppress and outrage in divers ways the poor people whose representatives are here in our presence. My lord Admiral," she concluded, turning to where Columbus stood, "bring before us the chief who can speak our language."

In obedience to the Queen's command, Columbus led forward a tall, handsome young man dressed in the style usual to his race, and, having around his head a gold band like a coronet. He folded his arms and gazed about him with a proud, even haughty air, that equalled the carriage of the noblest *hidalgo* present. Then he fixed his piercing black eye upon the Queen.

"Chieftain," asked Isabella, "why come you to our court?"

"We have heard the great Mother of the Spaniards is a good woman and loves *Manitou*. We were in sorrow and poverty from wicked men, and we said let us go and ask the great Mother to help us; let us ask her for justice. So we are here."

The savage spoke in a deep voice which, though harsh, had a tone of melancholy very pathetic and touching.

"And justice ye shall have, chief; you and your people, I promise you," answered Isabella kindly.

"It is all we want, Great Mother," replied the chief; "listen; I had a squaw and little children that filled all my heart, for we, too, have our feelings as well as the Spaniard. When I felt weary at the hunt, I said to myself: Have courage, thy little ones are waiting patiently in thy wigwam for game. And it consoled me. The Spaniards came one day when I was far away in the forest and stole my squaw and children and sold them for money to the stranger. When I returned home, the fire in my lodge had gone out and the pleasant voices of my children had died away from my hearth." The Indian here paused and sternly suppressed the emotion his trembling voice betrayed. "I sought them day and night, but I never found their trail. O great Mother! give me back my squaw—give me again my children, and I ask the Great Spirit to give you a pleasant home in the happy hunting-grounds of the Spaniard!"

His grief mastered him at length. The arm^s which he had stretched toward the Queen dropped listlessly to his side. He bowed his head upon his breast and burst into tears.

One of the chiefs said something to him in their native tongue. The effect was striking. He dashed the tears from his dusky cheek with an indignant gesture, and was as calm as ever.

"Admiral," said Isabella, who was much affected, "you must set inquiries on foot for the recovery of this poor man's family. They must be found." She paused, and then said vehemently: "This is dreadful! it will call down the wrath of God upon us. Let it be well understood, my lord, that all who so outrage justice shall be severely punished. We command, under penalty of our high displeasure, that no one shall countenance or shield the wicked perpetrators of those acts. I have heard that there be some persons high in position in this realm who tolerate, nay encourage, those wicked men that they may serve their vile interests and petty avarice. Let me get proof of this, and they shall find that Isabella is Queen of Spain and a foe to such abominable sin."

Several of the courtiers raised their plumed hats to their faces and were evidently much discomposd by the firm, even threatening, tone of the Queen's voice. Others looked anxiously at their neighbors, or, with an imperceptible motion, shrugged their shoulders.

"Heaven bless your majesty!" said Columbus, who deeply appreciated the good Queen's firmness. "I am not surprised that injustice must ever wring the tender heart of Spain's royal mistress, but I am proud that the sufferings of the poor Indians will now be somewhat abated."

"The soft-hearted Admiral is quite a crusader," said the Marquis of Villamarina, in a loud whisper to another lord.

Columbus heard him, and Ximenes started at the change which took place in the great discoverer. His usually mild eye flashed fire,—his form dilated,—and his features assumed a cast of bitter defiance as he spoke,

"Yes, I am a crusader, my lord Marquis, and would to God you were a friend to the same cause. I have not yet reached that happy condition of indifference to human woe which courtly philosophers vaunt as the essence of earthly happiness. I tell you, I have often been disposed to curse the day I turned my venturesome bark to unknown seas, so great have been the evils that followed of wake. But, I crave your Majesties' pardon far concluded, bowing to Ferdinand and Isabella that am over-warm on this subject, for it is God by the heart." "an by the

"Tut, Admiral," said Ferdinand, "yc

ments are those of a brave and honest man. Why should you not speak them freely anywhere and to all persons? You deserve honor for them, which, I grieve to say, cannot be said of all men." The king glanced sharply at Villamarina, whose face was flushed with sullen anger at Columbus' words.

"What are the general features of this vile oppression, Admiral?" asked Isabella, who had been pleased to hear her husband rebuke the Marquis, who was strongly suspected of an agency in the things of which Columbus complained.

"Robbery of property, personal maltreatment, slavery, and rapine, are of every day occurrence, your majesty," replied Columbus. "I would not interfere in matters which pertain to your majesty in council, but I implore, in the name of justice, religion and right, that some one may be appointed as commissioner to inquire into those terrible abuses, and that the evil men, who are often mere tools of others, may be expelled from the Colonies immediately. If this be not done, your majesty, it requires not the gift of prophecy to foretell the utter destruction of Spanish power across the seas, together with a bloody servile war."

"We shall know how to suppress servile rebellion," exclaimed Denia, "whether fomented within or without—by Spaniards or meddling foreigners." The Marquis looked significantly at Columbus while he spoke the two latter words.

The Spanish nobility never liked Columbus. They were jealous of his influence with Ferdinand and Isabella, and they envied his overshadowing fame. This was increased by the fact that he was a foreigner.

Columbus spoke not, but merely treated the ungenerous nobleman to a look which made him quail in spite of himself.

"My lord Marquis," said Isabella, her face flushed with indignation, "if you can stand up in the presence of one who has shed immortal glory on our reign and use such words as you have just spoken, I envy not your manhood nor justice!"

"Your majesty," replied Denia, "I have ever been a true friend of my Queen and country. But I like not this brawling in the presence, about servile insurrection and the like. What! shall we who broke the power of the infidel Moor, fear the uprising of a few paltry savages? I wot not for one."

The assembled courtiers cast approving glances at the speaker, but said nothing.

From the East, it sayest thou, Alva? Thou art a soldier," said Alva. A few pained glances were cast at him. A few pained glances were cast at him. A few pained glances were cast at him.

In the center of the assembly—like less exclusive mobs, audibly, to the great discomfiture of Denia.

"Your majesties," responded Alva, in his quick, abrupt manner, "I would treat the savages as fellow-men, and try and convert them. I would deprive them of all excuse for rebellion, so that if they attempted war, I could crush them with an easy conscience."

The Indian chief, who had spoken, turned around and stared at Alva with something like a recognition of his rough, manly sentiments, which, evidently pleased the dusky stranger.

"Ha,—your words are good. You are a brave. I thank you," he said, and then resumed his former attitude.

After a short consultation with Ferdinand, the Queen informed Columbus that the whole affair would receive immediate and careful attention. The council was summoned for the next day, and so the meeting terminated.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Memoir of Mother de Chaugy.*

Jacqueline Philippine Lucrece Claudine de Chaugy was born January 1, 1611, in the diocese of Autun, near Cussy-la-Colonne, where she was baptized. Her father was a man of rank and consideration in the province, and was an officer at the court of Mary de Medicis; her mother, Claudine de Toulonjon, was a sister of the Count de Toulonjon who married one of the daughters of St. Jane Frances de Chantal. On the other side she was also related to the family of St. Francis de Sales. Her education was brilliant to a degree that threatened injury to her eternal interests through the worldly spirit it produced in her. Handsome, high-spirited, full of vivacity and grace, she charmed all the world and the world charmed her. St. Francis de Sales saw her one day at Moulins, when she was about eleven years old, and said to her: "You are to be one of ours." There seemed then little probability this prediction would ever be fulfilled. With a strong natural inclination to piety and uncommon vigor of mind, Mademoiselle de Chaugy was nevertheless completely fascinated by the apparent charms of the destiny before her. An attachment, sanctioned by her father's approval, seemed to give certainty to her expectations, but the opposition of her mother broke this tie that held her to the world; in truth it was but a flimsy one. Madame de Chaugy then

* LIVES OF THE FIRST SISTERS OF THE ORDER OF THE VISITATION. By Mother Françoise-Madelaine de Chaugy, Superior of the first Monastery at Ancey, in the Seventeenth Century; with a Memoir of her Life, by Louis Veuillot. Translated from the French for the AVE MARIA, by R. V. R.

tried to arrange another match for her daughter, but to this the young lady would not consent; wishing to reconcile her inclinations with her ideas of her duty she resolved to wait in patience till her mother would yield to her wishes or till she should become of age to dispose of herself. Nothing turned out as she hoped. Her father died, and the gentleman she preferred, despairing of any better fortune, embraced the profession of a soldier and was killed on the first battle field on which he fought.

It must be acknowledged, that not even all these sorrows sufficed to detach the affections of Mademoiselle de Chaugy from the world, or to make her look on a cloistered life with any favor. She who was to become so perfect a religious, and a model of devotion—even while the remembrance of Madame de Chantal was yet fresh in all minds—at this time regarded a conventual life with actual aversion. But God's Providence is never wanting in the means to lead the most rebellious souls into their destined path. To escape the too trying vigilance of her mother, who opposed her most reasonable desires, Jacqueline took refuge with her aunt, Madame de Toulonjon whose house afforded her an asylum as unexceptionable as her own home. Here she met Madame de Chantal, who was returning to Annecy after a journey, and the holy Foundress of the new order offered the young lady the shelter of her monastery. Seeing nothing better to do under the circumstances, Mademoiselle de Chaugy left the dwelling of her relative, and went with Madame de Chantal, without however making any engagement to try the religious life, nor was this even asked of her. In her own mind she was fully resolved never to be a nun, while her saintly protectress was fully convinced this was her destiny. St. Jane Frances had fathomed the depths of the great heart of her *protégé*—she appreciated the strength and nobility of her mind; she besought God to withdraw this heart from the dangers that menaced it in the world, and to give this clear intellect to the aid of the Institute she was engaged in founding.

As Mademoiselle de Chaugy afterwards confessed, she experienced the utmost repugnance to passing through the portal of the convent. To prevent her trouble and terror from appearing outwardly, she invoked the assistance of St. Joseph, and promised herself the cloister should only be her dwelling for a very short space of time. All the nuns, when they became acquainted with her, formed quite contrary desires. One of these religious—whose life in after time she was to write with a special charm—Mother Marie-Pérone de Châtel, then superior of the first monastery of Annecy, was exceedingly desirous of gain-

ing in this soul another daughter for St. Jane Frances, and a sister for herself. In firmness of character, in mental qualities, and in more than one of the circumstances of their lives, Mother de Châtel perceived a resemblance between herself and Mademoiselle de Chaugy, and was attracted by this congeniality. She also had been obliged to struggle against the seductions of the world—now, victorious over them, she earnestly desired a like victory for this soul, which she saw in similar peril. "Ah," said she to Madame de Chantal, "if God does but become Master of this heart, what an instrument it may be made to His glory!" And whenever she happened to meet Mademoiselle de Chaugy going about the house, she would ask playfully: "Pray, when are you going to be pleased to give audience to grace?" Before long grace indeed commenced speaking, but to a heart unwilling to listen to it. To dissipate her *ennui*, Mademoiselle de Chaugy wrote hymns, and some beautiful commentaries on exhortations that she heard, which made however more impression on her memory than on her heart; she tried by these means to distract her mind from more serious impressions, and perhaps it gratified her to be able thus to exhibit her talents. Still St. Jane Frances and Mother de Châtel persevered in praying for this soul, and the rebel herself began to fear she would be finally subdued. She came at last so far as to ask herself if she had not really better consider the choice between the cloister and the world. While she was debating this question in her mind, a clergyman came to the convent to preach the panegyric of the Holy Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul. Praising their obedience to the voice of Jesus Christ, "it is," said he, "in this facility to yield to grace that we recognize true generosity of character. Those possessing this generosity do not wait to be coaxed or bribed, but readily give themselves to the service of God, the instant they perceive they are called thereto; their way of proceeding is the exact reverse of the mercenary who always waits to discover the highest bidder. It is offering a most flagrant insult to a divine vocation to weigh it in the balance with any other object, as if the world could enter into comparison with God, and a reward of equal value might be counted on from either!" Hearing these words, Mademoiselle de Chaugy hesitated no more. Bursting into tears, she hastened to cast herself on her knees before Mother de Châtel, declaring her resistance was at an end, and that she surrendered to grace. The gentle superior embraced her and instantly led her to the cell of the holy Foundress. St. Jane Frances showed far more joy than surprise—God had revealed to her what was to be. "But," said she, "I wished that you should be apprised of the will of God by the direct action of the Holy Spirit, rather than by the mouth of a sinner like myself."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE LITTLE FLOWER ANGEL.

An Old Story truly Told.

I must tell you, dear children, of the history of a simple flower which God once made the instrument (as He does the beautiful angels,) of converting to His love the soul of a poor wanderer who had long gone astray from His protecting care. He was an orphan, and, unhappily for himself, the possessor of immense wealth. His parents had died when he was quite young, so the unfortunate youth was deprived of that home training so essential to the formation of true principles. His guardian, a careless, worldly-minded man, was more eager to see him well established in the world, than to mind the concerns of eternity. He took care, however, to have his mind well cultivated and highly accomplished, while the poor heart was but a barren desert.

This youth's name was Charles Veramont de Charney; he just came into possession of his great fortune as the first Napoleon was made Consul of France, after the destruction of the kingdom, and the murder of Louis the XVI. Charney was young handsome, highly educated, with more than ordinary talents, and possessed of boundless wealth. What wonder that he became a star of the first magnitude in Paris, the most brilliant city in the world. He mixed much in what was then called philosophical, but now is more truly named infidel, society. Scoffing at everything sacred, and sneering at the most trifling peculiarities of God's ministers was the fashion of the day, and was always done with such refined wit that the grossness was hidden under an epigram, whilst the malignity was rendered more poignant.

Soon young de Charney became imbued with those false principles; and from scepticism, he finally stepped into avowed atheism. He might almost be called the sun of the circle in which he moved; yet, withal, he was not happy—nothing gave him satisfaction—nobody pleased him—everywhere he found a vacuum. He admired nature and all her varied beauties; but she spoke no language to his heart. Disgusted with the falseness of his fellow-men, he became weary of life, raised his eyes to the myriad worlds shining at night in the heavens, and his spirit longed to soar, and seek something to love; but he had taught himself to believe that all this was only the creation of chance; where, therefore, should he seek happiness?

Poor Charney! little he knew that what he sought was his God. No wonder his heart was empty and his soul full of bitterness. The smallest and poorest child, who knew the first chapter of his catechism, could tell him we were created to love, honor and serve God in this life that we may be happy with him forever in the next.

His dear Lord Jesus, who had shed his precious blood to redeem him, however, was not unmindful of poor Charney, and sent a little flower to be the means of bringing his soul back to him once more. But I must tell you how it happened.

Charney had an active mind, as I told you before, superior talents, so he felt he must busy himself about something, for he loved excitement. He engaged in a conspiracy against Napoleon. The plot was revealed by some of the members, and the conspirators punished. Count de Charney was sent to the Fortress of Fenestrella, and there imprisoned. He had no comforts whatever—no books to read, no means of writing, and, of course, not the least approach to amusement. Sometimes he would sit for hours, lost in gloomy thoughts, and sad forebodings. Once in a while he would pass his time drawing designs on his wooden table with a piece of charcoal, and one day with the same instrument he wrote on the wall of his cell, "Chance, though blind, is the author of creation."

One day Charney was taking his usual walk in his stone paved court-yard. High walls surrounded it; no vines, no trees o'ershadowed it. His only view, the flags at his feet. The high stone walls around, and the little patch of blue sky above, whose short-lived sunshine seemed like a mockery to the poor prisoner. Looking sadly down, he observed that the earth between two huge stories was broken; stooping, he pushed it aside and saw a blade of green springing up, he even fancied the breeze brought him a faint perfume of flowers. He mused upon this adaptation to its wants, and resolved to cherish the plant. Day by day the leaves unfolded and deepened in hue. The stem strengthened and stoutly held itself up. The Count watched it with increasing interest; he saw the down upon the stem, and thought to himself, "why was it there?"

Next morning he observed that a slight hoar frost had fallen, but resting on the down was prevented thus from reaching and injuring the plant. When the wind blew, the slender stem bent, and the storm passed over without injuring it. If it received any hurt, the sunshine came out and healed it, while the little pores of the leaves drank in water to nourish it.

* *Picciola* is an Italian word, and signifies, "Poor little thing."







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